CARLISLE MERCURY.
G. R. KELLER & SON, Pubs.
CARLISLE, KENTUCKY

SUMMARY OF A WEEK'S EVENTS

Latest News of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Man.

PERSONAL.

Theodore Roosevelt has added to the string of letters he is entitled to write after his name the LL. D. of Cambridge (England) university. With quiet ceremonies the signal honor from one of the world's oldest and most famous universities was bestowed upon the former president.

Robed in a white lace gown that cost $15,000, Miss Mathilde Townsend, one of the best-known girls in Washington, D. C., daughter of Mrs. May Scott Townsend, was married to Peter Goelet Gerry of New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry of New York.

A Boston (Mass.) patrolman, Stephen Higgins, is standing a lot of joking from his fellows because he mistook Thomas W. Lawson for a second-story worker the other night and actually "captured" the financier.

Leroy Hendricks, eighteen years old, son of Mayor A. R. Hendricks of Sterling, Ill., has started on a tour around the world on a motorcycle. He expects to earn his expenses by painting signs.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt visited Buckingham palace and had a long chat with Alexandra, the queen mother. The call was made at the suggestion of her majesty, who, when she received Mr. Roosevelt, expressed the hope that she might see the former president's wife.

Wearied of publicity, tired of fame, of newspaper praise and abuse, James A. Patten, the wheat and cotton king, is to retire with his millions from business July 1.

Commander Robert E. Peary received the honorary degree of doctor of laws from the University of Edinburgh. The conferment was made before a notable company, which gave the American explorer a cordial welcome.

Charles P. Taft of Cincinnati, brother of President Taft, will make no fight in Ohio this year for the United States senatorship, but instead will go to Europe, leaving the field clear for Charles Dick, the present incumbent.

A bronze statue of the late Samuel Spencer, first president of the Southern railway, presented to the city of Atlanta and the state of Georgia by 30,000 employees of the railway, was unveiled at Atlanta.

Mrs. Hetty Green has been haled to court in a suit for $550 in New York. A safe deposit company says she owes the sum as rental for boxes used to store papers belonging to the estate of her father.

Albert J. Snell, son of the millionaire, Amos J. Snell, whose murder here, in 1888, created a widespread sensation, was found dead in bed at a cheap rooming house in Chicago.

President Taft, Mrs. Taft, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, King George of England, President Diaz of Mexico and William Jennings Bryan were made life members of the World's Sunday School association in the convention at Washington amid scenes of great enthusiasm. For each of those so honored $1,000 had to be subscribed.

GENERAL NEWS.

The trump card in the prosecution of Charles R. Heike, secretary of the American Sugar Refining company, was played at the sugar trust underweighing conspiracy trial when Prosecutor Simpson called as the government's first witness Oliver Spitzer, superintendent of the Williamsburg docks, who some months ago was convicted of underweighing and sentenced to two years in the federal penitentiary.

E. F. Hutton & Co., one of the most prominent brokerage firms in New York, was suspended from membership on the New York stock exchange for one year for having violated a strict rule of the exchange in regard to splitting commissions.

While trying to dive under a ferry boat in the English channel, the French submarine Pluviose was rammed and sunk with all on board. The Pluviose carried a crew of 23 men and four officers, and all went down when the vessel sank.

The story of how a bribe of $2,000 was offered Representative William C. Blair of Mount Vernon to vote for the anti-local option bill in the last Illinois general assembly was told the Sangamon county grand jury at Springfield by Ernest A. Scrogin, assistant superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league.

The Mississippi Valley Historical association held its semi-annual meeting in Iowa City, Ia., with a large attendance.

Montclair, N. J., will vote next Thursday on the adoption of the municipal art commission's plan to spend $1,500,000 for a "city beautiful."

Secretary MacVeagh of the treasury department has ordered a machine to wash and iron dirty paper money.

The police authorities of Madrid, Spain, after careful investigation, are of the opinion that the bomb exploded in that city May 23 was intended for King Alfonso.

State's Attorney Edmund Burke of Springfield, Ill., opened his investigation of the alleged use of money in connection with the anti-local option bill in the legislature by issuing subpoenas for seven men prominently identified with the liquor interests of the state.

The Standard Oil company has increased the wages of its workmen from 6 to 10 per cent. The order is retroactive and became effective May 1. It is estimated that the company will add from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000 to its annual pay roll expense. The new scale affects employees engaged in the company's works and factories, but the office men will not be benefited by this increase. Most of the employees who will get the increase are laborers, and the advance applies to all the subsidiary companies in the United States. The company has approximately 70,000 employees. The Standard is one of the very few big concerns of this country which has never had a strike among its employees.

Oliver Spitzer, former superintendent of the docks of the American Sugar Refining company in Williamsburg, explained in court at New York why he did not confess during the trial which ended last February with his being sentenced to two years at Atlanta. Such a confession, he declared, would "have carried him to a cemetery." In other words, he would have implicated a dead man, Henry O. Havemeyer, late head of the sugar trust.

After he had mowed the grass on his own burial lot in preparation for Memorial day at Battle Creek, Mich., William E. Parmless, seventy-five years of old, fell dead, rake in hand.

Commissioners of the Presbyterian general assembly at Atlantic City, N. J., object to Speaker Cannon having the power of appointing the proposed federal commission for the investigation of the liquor traffic in the United States.

Motion for a new trial for Dr. Haldane Cleminson, convicted of the murder of his wife, was overruled by Judge McSurley at Chicago. A motion in arrest of judgment was granted and sentence deferred to allow appeal.

A union of washerwomen has been formed at Orange, N. J., with a membership of 300. The officers announce that the standard of wages will be raised from $1.25 to $2 a day and the hours of labor will be reduced from nine to eight.

Illness of a son of H. Clay Pierce in St. Louis prevented Pierce from being present to testify in the ouster filed by Attorney General West of Oklahoma against the Waters-Pierce Oil company and the case was continued until June 15.

After falling four stories down an elevator shaft and landing in four feet of water, in which he was nearly drowned, John J. Sloggart, a carpenter of New York city, escaped with a broken arm and many scratches.

As a result of what the Chicago police charge was a fight among thieves over the division of their spoils, one man was shot and killed, another is believed to have been wounded, and a third is under arrest.

Bitten by his pet dog, which he had been teasing, Jackson Edwards, seventy-four years old, of Denver, Col., became alarmed over the thought that hydrophobia might set in. Two hours later he was dead.

Beaten by a woman with a corridor and a rolling-pin, Louis Gratch, a burglar, fell out of a third-story window in a New York house which he had entered and was dashed to death.

Belle Moore, the negress convicted in New York of placing two girls for immoral purposes, was sentenced to the Auburn prison for women for not less than two years and six months nor more than [illegible].

State's Attorney [illegible] has summoned an army of witnesses in the Rock Island [illegible] investigation of fraternal insurance scandals. It is now said that former members of the societies involved are affected by the alleged embezzlements. The state's attorney feels confident that indictments and convictions will follow the grand jury investigation.

James A. Patten was forced to "take the count" in one of the liveliest bouts he has ever had with the bears on the Chicago board of trade. The big speculator acknowledged defeat by throwing on the market several million bushels of September wheat at quotations said to average fully ten cents a bushel under the purchase price. Many of his followers likewise suffered losses which in the aggregate amounted to a large sum.

Word received at New York from Atlanta, Ga., indicates that Charles W. Morse, the convict banker, is ill and has been removed to the hospital of the federal prison. He is said to be suffering from kidney trouble.

Fire destroyed the downtown car barns of the City Railway company at Des Moines, Ia., burning 20 street cars and crippling the service. The loss is $160,000.

Because she refused to give her age to the census taker, Miss Sarah E. Peck, head of the normal department of Union college, has been indicted by a grand jury in the United States district court at Lincoln, Neb.

James M. Anderson, formerly confidential secretary to Emil Winter, president of the Workingmen's Savings Bank and Trust company of Pittsburg, who pleaded nolle contendere in the recent graft cases, was fined $250 and costs. He was alleged to have mutilated the bank's books.

Thousands of persons marching in double file on either side of the catafalque on which rests the coffin of Edward VII passed through Westminster hall, and when the doors were closed at night there were seemingly miles of them still in line.

The mother queen, Alexandra, received Mr. Roosevelt at Buckingham palace. The two had a long chat, during which her majesty took occasion personally to tell the former president how much she appreciated the sympathy exhibited for her in America at the time of her bereavement.

It appears to be not unlikely that responsibility for the huge robbery of the Durant & Elmore Grain company of Chicago, through its local offices in Albany will be traced to employees in the freight offices of several railroads and that a gigantic scheme of systematic swindling of the firm through this source will be uncovered.

Representative Foss, the newly elected Democratic representative from Massachusetts, made a radical attack upon the Payne-Aldrich tariff in the house at Washington. Mr. Foss denounced the Republican policy of protection as an unmitigated evil.

WIRE NEWS IN BRIEF

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST GLEANED FROM MANY SOURCES.

MEETING OF POSTOFFICE CLERKS

State Branches of Michigan and Arkansas of National Association Hold Their Conventions.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Nearly 300 delegates and guests met here for the annual convention of the Michigan state branch of the United National Association of Postoffice Clerks. All first and second class postoffices were represented. Among the well known men on the program for talks were Senator Burrows, Congressman Denby and Postmaster Homer Warren, of Detroit. The subjects discussed by the delegates included a 48-hour week, 30-day vacation, and other matters pertaining to their work and salaries. President W. E. Eddy, of Grand Rapids, was in the chair.

Hot Springs, Ark.—The Arkansas state branch of the United National Association of Postoffice Clerks held its second annual convention here with about 25 delegates present besides those from Hot Springs. B. A. Reeves presided and the clerks were welcomed by Postmaster F. E. Johnson. The day was devoted to business, and in the evening there was a banquet at the Moody hotel.

Professor Robert Koch, the world's greatest bacteriologist, who discovered the bacilli of tuberculosis and cholera, died at Baden-Baden from a disease of the heart. The great savant was only 67 years old, and until a week or so ago was apparently in excellent health. He was born at Klausthal, Hanover, on December 11, 1843. Prof. Koch was graduated in 1866 from the University of Goettingen, and while a practitioner at Wollstein began his researches in bacteriology. His first writings, covering investigations of anthrax and the aetiology of traumatic infective diseases, marked an epoch in medicine and placed bacteriology on a scientific basis.

Mrs. Rachel Johnson, of Dayton, O., was killed and Mrs. Bert Hyde and her little daughter were seriously injured in a runaway accident which occurred at Hammond, La.

The ladies were driving across a bridge over a creek when an Italian suddenly arose at the other end of the bridge and frightened the horse. The animal plunged off the bridge into the creek, carrying the buggy and its occupants with the vehicle.

Mrs. Johnson was terribly crushed and died shortly afterward. Mrs. Hyde was seriously injured, but her injuries are not believed to be fatal. Mrs. Johnson was visiting relatives in Hammond, La.

The senate adopted an amendment to the railroad bill placing interstate telegraph and telephone lines under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. An attempt to restore a portion of Section 12, affecting mergers, caused adjournment. The Dolliver amendment to provide for federal regulation of the issuance of railroad securities, so as to prevent overcapitalization, was defeated, 19 to 47.

John W. [illegible], cashier of the Farmers' Bank, Flemingsburg, Ky., went to Maysville as president of Group 9 of the Kentucky Bankers' association, and presided over the executive committee, composed of J. N. Kehoe, of Maysville, F. M. Ferguson, of Augusta, and William Addams, of Cynthiana. The committee met for the purpose of arranging the program for the next meeting, which is to be held at Ashland, Ky., August 2.

Suit for $20,000 damages for alleged slander was filed against Oscar Lawler, assistant attorney general, detailed to Secretary Ballinger's office, by Christopher P. Connolly, a lawyer of Montana, and a magazine writer, in Washington. The suit is based on alleged utterances of Mr. Lawler during the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry.

In the arrest of E. A. Starkloff and George W. Post in Philadelphia, and their indictment by the federal grand jury in Chicago government officials declare they have "nipped in the bud" a million dollar "green goods" swindle, the first that has been uncovered in Chicago in more than a decade.

Immediately after the prosecution in the sugar underweighing conspiracy trial had closed its case, three of the defendants, Harry W. Walker, assistant dock inspector, Jean F. Voelker and James Helligan, Jr., former employes of the American Sugar Refining Co., withdrew pleas of not guilty and admitted their guilt.

Martha Bolton obtained judgment for $3,000 against the L. & N. railroad and Southern railway for damage to her property at Jellico, Ky., when a carload of dynamite exploded there three years ago. It required six weeks to try two cases.

Gov. Hughes has called an extra session of the New York legislature for Monday, June 20. This action resulted from the defeat of his direct primaries measure at the closing hours of the present session.

Calais, France.—The French submarine Pluviose, which was struck and sunk by the cross-channel steamer Pas de Calais, was located after having been driven from her mud moorings and carried away by the swift lower currents.

Various craft moored above the spot, and sent down divers in an endeavor to fasten chains about the wreck so that it may be raised to the surface.

That the 27 officers and men all perished is the belief of the naval officers assisting in the wrecking operations.

REVIEW OF TRADE

Moderate Improvement is Apparent in Many Lines Including Iron and Steel.

New York.—[illegible] & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

"Changes in the business situation are in the line of moderate improvement. Crop reports are better, and this is plainly indicated by the downward tendency of prices. Visible improvement is taking place in the iron and steel trade, and this is the best development of the past few days; there is a larger demand for both pig iron and for finished products, especially in agricultural and structural lines.

"Demand from railroads for equipment is somewhat restricted by uncertainty regarding freight rates, yet some good business in rolling stock is regarded as certain and rails have been taken in moderate amounts.

"Buying of cotton goods is still limited and mills are still indisposed to accept long contracts owing to unsatisfactory prices. Curtailment is growing as the crop season advances.

"The trend of trade is toward improvement, however. In woolens and worsted stock goods are being offered at concessions and mills are conservative in the matter of operation in fall lines not under order.

"The yarn markets are steadier and a little more business is being done. Jobbers are making headway in cleaning of seasonable goods, but retailers are still very conservative in the volume of their weekly purchases.

"Trade in footwear continues slow and unsatisfactory, large jobbers throughout the country having failed to follow up initial purchases by supplementary buying of account. Curtailment of production is a necessity.

"The question of price has apparently little bearing on the volume of present traffic. Leather is generally inactive. Considerable curtailment of production has recently taken place, and some large upper leather tanners are running only [illegible] per cent of capacity.

"Pronounced dullness continues to rule throughout the entire hide market and all varieties of both domestic and foreign hides are weaker."

FAILURES AND EXPORTS.

New York.—Bradstreet's review says:

"Business failures in the United States for the week ending May 26 were 200, against [illegible] last week, 205 in the same week of 1909, 263 in 1908, 142 in 1907 and [illegible] in 1906.

"Business failures in Canada for the week ending Thursday number 15, which compares with 19 last week and 22 in the like week of 1909.

"Wheat, including flour, exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending May 16 aggregate 3,594,144 bushels, against 2,918,162 bushels last week and 3,182,809 bushels this week last year.

"For the 47 weeks ending May 26 exports are 133,531,354 bushels, against 1[illegible],784,312 bushels in the corresponding period last year. Corn exports for the week are 240,261 bushels, against [illegible]2,609 bushels last week and 88,622 bushels in 1909. For the 47 weeks ending May 26 corn exports are 27,019,61[illegible] bushels, against [illegible],919,243 bushels last year."

PETRIFIED BODIES FOUND.

Baltimore, [illegible].—While exhuming bodies in St. Charles cemetery at Pikesville, grave diggers encountered a remarkable case of petrification, one body being found that had become as hard as rock and as heavy, and was preserved to the veriest detail of feature.

When the men sought to lift the coffin in which was the body of Mrs. Eliza [illegible], they found they were unable to raise it from the grave.

Mrs. [illegible] died 15 years ago. The petrification is attributed to the chemical action of elements in the ground at the point at which the bodies were interred.

TOBACCO MARKET.

Louisville, [illegible].—The offerings amounted to [illegible] hogsheads of burley and [illegible]. Burley prices ranged from $[illegible] and dark from $3.90a[illegible].

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Cattle—Shippers [illegible], butcher steers, extra [illegible], choice $6.35a6.90; heifers, extra [illegible], good to choice $[illegible]7.25, extra $5.75a6, good [illegible].65, canners $2.25a[illegible], extra $5a5.75, fat bulls [illegible], cows—$2a3 per head [illegible], extra $8.50, fair to [illegible], common and large $4a7. [illegible] choice packers and [illegible].50, mixed packers $6.50a7.75, common [illegible], fat sows $7.50a8.75; [illegible] (and less) $8.75a9.50. [illegible] good to choice $4.25 [illegible]. Lambs—Extra $5.50 [illegible] choice $[illegible]a8.45, common [illegible]; clipped lambs slow at [illegible].

GRAIN MARKET.

[illegible], Ohio.—Wheat—No. 2 red 98ca$1.06, No. 3 red [illegible], [illegible] 65¾a66c, No. 3 [illegible], No. 4 white 60a62c, [illegible] 61¼c, No. 3 yellow [illegible], mixed 60½a61½c, No. [illegible], white ear 62a64c, [illegible], mixed ear 59a61c, [illegible] 42½a43c, No. 3 [illegible], standard white 41½a42c, [illegible], No. 2 mixed 41a [illegible] 40a41c, No. 4 mixed [illegible], No. 2 spring 72a74c, [illegible] 64a65c, extra No. 3 [illegible]—No. 2 82a84c.

[illegible] Government Troops.

[illegible] government forces [illegible] fire of the gunboat [illegible] the insurgents and [illegible] Bluefields bluff. The [illegible] forces probably [illegible].

Senate Amends Railroad Bill.

[illegible] Before reaching the [illegible] on the railroad bill [illegible] an amendment placing [illegible] telegraph and telephone [illegible] supervision of interstate [illegible] commission.

USE OF LIME-SULPHUR PREPARATIONS FOR SPRAYING

Bordeaux Mixture Growing in Ill Favor With Apple Growers, and Experiments Making With Other Fungicides.

(By W. M. SCOTT, BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY, U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE.)

In recent years Bordeaux mixture has come into ill favor among the apple growers on account of its injurious effect upon the fruit and foliage of certain varieties, and there is a growing demand for a reliable fungicide which can be used for the control of apple diseases without producing such injury. Bordeaux mixture is undoubtedly the best all-around fungicide known, and it is unfortunate that the apple growers have to consider the possibility of giving it up; but the russeting of the fruit and the burning of the foliage caused by it are so objectionable that it seems highly desirable, if not necessary, to adopt a less injurious fungicide even at the risk of a partial sacrifice of efficiency in the control of disease.

The acreage in apple orchards in this country is rapidly increasing, and in the future the production of apples will undoubtedly be much greater than at present. The writer is of the opinion, however, that there will be no serious overproduction and that there will always be a good demand for apples, while the poor stuff so common on our markets today will not pay the expenses of handling. It should be the aim of every orchardist to produce and market nothing but first-class fruit, and if he does this he may reasonably expect always to obtain good returns from his investment.

In all the orchards treated in recent experiments the fruit sprayed with the several lime-sulphur mixtures was smoother and more highly colored than that sprayed with Bordeaux mixture. The Bordeaux mixture russeted the fruit of the Ben Davis so that it did not have the "finish" required for fancy apples, and a small percentage of it had to be discarded as culls on account of the roughened appearance due to the mixture. The Yellow Newtowns were russeted considerably and the Winesaps only slightly, while the York Imperials showed practically no russet effect.

The lime-sulphur preparations caused no russeting, or at most very little where the strongest solutions were used, and the fruit sprayed with these mixtures was smooth, clean and well colored. The difference in color between the fruit sprayed with the Bordeaux and that sprayed with the several lime-sulphur preparations was very striking, and this feature alone would make the latter sprays preferable to the former if other things were equal.

A lime-sulphur solution containing, when diluted, about four pounds of sulphur to 50 gallons of water appears at present to be the most promising preparation. This may be obtained by using the commercial solution at the rate of 1½ gallons of water, or by preparing the lime-sulphur solution at home and diluting it so that each 50 gallons will contain four pounds of sulphur. The mixture at this strength injured apple foliage in Virginia very little, and if these results could be taken as a reliable guide there need be no hesitancy in using it; but under different conditions the results might be different, and the matter must still be considered as more or less experimental. A strength of 1¼ gallons of the commercial solution may prove to be sufficient in most cases, and the danger of injury would then, perhaps, be entirely eliminated.

Apple Tree Sprayed With Lime Sulphur.

PRUNE TREES AND SHRUBS

Severe Annual "Slashing", So Commonly Practiced By Unskilled Persons Should Not Be Tolerated.

The severe annual "slashing" so commonly practised by unskilled persons on many of our city street trees should not be tolerated by the authorities.

Evergreens should never be trimmed in the fall, and the older wood should not be cut.

Vigorous growing vines, like the Virginia creeper, may have practically all the secondary growth cut away during the dormant season, as this dies of itself sooner or later thus forming lodging for dust, insects' and sparrow nests.

When pruning roses, the stems should be shortened one-third to one-half. The gardener's rule is to cut back the weak growing varieties severely, and the stronger ones less.

The ideal street tree like the ash, locust, poplar, cottonwood or walnut, has a well-defined trunk with lateral branches uniformly arranged about, and is headed high enough so as not to interfere with those passing by. Such a tree is not difficult to get if one starts out right. None but straight, healthy trees should be planted, and these headed six or seven feet high as soon as convenient, though this matter should not be hurried. A central leader should be kept and the lateral branches cut back enough, where their growth is too open, to secure a symmetrical and also substantial form. This latter is necessary because street trees are subject to damage from windstorms more than other trees. Interfering or scraggy limbs should be cut out as fast as they appear, while large branches that begin to bend down should be removed limb by limb, so as not to give the appearance of severe cutting. After such trees come to be of some size, little further pruning is necessary, other than that of maintaining generally a uniform development of the head. Shade trees about one's home or in parks are treated similarly, though they be allowed a wider range in their development.

Factors in Crop Production.

Discussing current advice to farmers, during the course of an address in Chicago recently, Prof. Cyril G. Hopkins said:

"There are six essential factors in crop production; seed, oil, heat, light, moisture and plant food. The first five are supplied in abundance, but the last is ignored, misunderstood, or neglected. Of the ten elements necessary for plant food, phosphorus is found in such limited quantities in normal soil that crops are limited.

"Yet we permit the annual exportation of more than twice the quantity required for the total wheat crop; and for every five dollars of foreign money paid for phosphates this material would be worth at least $1,000 to our own children."

Paint the Stubs.

Paint the stubs of all large limbs, also all peeled spots, when pruning. It prevents the trees from splitting, cracking and drying, through the action of the sunlight and other elements.

The sow that carries a reasonable amount of flesh evenly laid on is usually the one that does the best with her litter.

ESSENTIALS OF GOOD FARMING

Ten Important Factors Necessary for the Success of Modern Farmer—Keeping Account of Products Is One.

(By SAMUEL KNAPP.)

1. Prepare a deep and thoroughly pulverized seed bed, well drained; break in the fall to a depth of eight, ten or twelve inches, according to the soil, with implements that will not bring the subsoil to the surface (the foregoing depths should be reached gradually).

2. Use seed of the best variety, intelligently selected and carefully stored.

3. In cultivated crops, give the rows and the plants in the rows a space suited to the plant, the soil and the climate.

4. Use intensive tillage during the growing period of the crops.

5. Secure a high content of humus in the soil by the use of legumes, barn-yard manure, farm refuse and commercial fertilizers.

6. Carry out a systematic crop rotation with a winter cover crop on southern farms.

7. Accomplish more work in a day by using more horse power and better implements.

8. Increase the farm stock to the extent of utilizing all the waste products and idle lands of the farm.

9. Produce all the food required by the men and animals on the farm.

10. Keep an account of each farm product, in order to know from which the gain or loss arises.

Potato Fertilizer.

H. B. Fullerton of the Long Island experiment station says that with wood ashes and manure used for three years he produced smooth, even and large potatoes with a fine flavor. With a high grade potato "fertilizer" he reports a very small yield of under-size potatoes with poor flavor.

Nobody denies the usefulness and economy of the cream separator on the farm.

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Evaporated Milk

Contains double the nutriment and none of the impurities so often found in so-called fresh or raw milk.

The use of Libby's insures pure, rich, wholesome, healthful milk that is superior in flavor and economical in cost.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is the purest, freshest high grade milk, obtained from selected, carefully fed cows. It is pasteurized and then evaporated (the water taken out), filled into bright, new tins, sterilized and sealed air tight until you need it.

Use Libby's and tell your friends how good it is.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

GOOD AND WARM.

First Office Boy—I hear your boss made it hot for you yesterday.
Second Office Boy—Yes; he fired me.

When Her Faith in the Lord Failed.

During the progress of a big "protracted meeting," for which the south is famous, an ardent sister of the church, who usually came in an old-fashioned buckboard drawn by the family horse, was late for a particularly important service and was being severely censured by the pastor.

Explaining the reason for being late the good sister said that the horse had taken fright at a passing train and bolted and that the wreck of the rig had prevented her from being on time.

"My dear sister, such little things should not make you late for divine services. You should trust in the Lord."

"Well, brother," she replied, and there was a look of calm peacefulness on her face. "I did trust in the Lord till the bellyband busted and then I had to jump."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Spreading the News.

Postmaster Fuller of Rockland, Me., was the sparkling wit at the postmasters' dinner. He announced with mock solemnity that he had just received word from his congressman that his name had been sent in somewhere in Washington for reappointment in recognition of his efficient service and the votes he could swing.

"I have dashed the momentous news of my triumph to distant Rockland to my wife, and if I am acquainted with the lady, as I believe that I am, the glad tidings have ere now penetrated to the most remote section of that district," was a sally that brought down the house.

HARD ON CHILDREN.
When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously.

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation.

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room.

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavor, and nourishing.

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer.

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

The ISLAND of REGENERATION

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds a human skeleton, the skeleton of a woman, a Bible and a silver box, which lead her to the conclusion that her companion was cast ashore on the island when a child, and that his name is John Revell Charnock of Virginia. Near the skeleton she finds two woman's rings, one of which bears an inscription "J. R. C. to M. P. T. Sept. 21, 188-." Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem had attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire becomes infatuated with her, and they decide to put her theories into practice. With no other ceremony than a handclasp they go away together. A few days on the yacht shows her that the man only professed lofty ideals to possess her.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

She began to realize how helpless she was. Under the inspiration of a belief, which was as honest as it was mistaken, she had put herself in the power of this man. Even if she were ashore, there would be no one to whom she could appeal, and here on the ship she was helpless. Lingering remains of better things had kept him from the last resort of the tyrant—force!—but how long these would be operative in restraint she could not tell. She fancied not for long. What should she do then?

She saw the end coming when in his anger he resorted to drink, to drink which exploded the last vestige of his philosophy, however he had professed it. She was frightened beyond measure when she realized the depths to which he had sunk and to which, in spite of herself, he had dragged her. What further descent was before her? She did not even yet abandon that philosophy which had served her so ill. She clung to that with the more tenacious pride because of its very weakness, but she loathed mankind. On that yacht he summed up for her the whole human race, and she hated him and it. To what sorry pass had a few weeks' practical experience reduced her!

She had begged and pleaded with him to alter the yacht's course, but he had sworn he would go farther south into those unknown seas and keep her there until she crawled to his feet. So the long hours dragged on. The inevitable rupture drew nearer. At last it came. In its details it was horrible, but there was in it a great relief after all.

CHAPTER VII.

The Joy of Freedom.

One night at dinner she had fled from him. He had been drinking more heavily than usual and was in an ugly mood. His handsome face was flushed, a savage frown overspread his brow. He had risen during the meal and with a coarse endearment had attempted to lay hands upon her—at last! She had broken away and darted into the nearest cabin, which happened to be his own. She had closed the door and turned the key against him before he realized what she was about. She stood within the little room, panting, enraged, fearful, yet ready to defend her all and almost glad the crisis had arrived. She could hear his drunken laugh outside the door.

"Why, you little fool!" he cried, "do you think I can't break that lock down in a moment? The ship's mine, every man on it's mine. I pay 'em. They do my bidding. I have you where I want you and I can have you when I please, now—or later."

Was it true? Could she appeal to the men? But what could she say? Although the world knew there was no binding tie between them, to the officers and men of the yacht she was his wife. They would not interfere. And if she declared the truth, she would put herself beyond the pale of their sympathies. Being merely stupid men, with conventional ideas about propriety, in that event they would be less apt to interfere than ever. It was true she could do nothing. She sank down on a hassock, clenching her hands.

As she sat, her eyes fell on a chest of drawers screwed against the bulkhead. The top contained various toilet articles of silver. Among them was a picture, the picture of a woman. It was not her picture. Moved by what impulse she did not stop to analyze, she rose and picked it up. The face she looked at was ineffably vulgar and common. Across the bottom was written in a scrawly unformed hand, "Your devoted wife." There was a date several years before that hour. Your devoted wife! She had been in that stateroom before; she had never seen that picture. He had only brought it out since the rupture between them.

And so while entering into this relationship with her, in compliance with principles and ideas which she at least regarded as sacred and holy, he had not been a free man! There was another woman to whom he had been bound. Oh, not by the marriage tie that she disdained, but by the honor which was supposed to exist among thieves and which certainly should exist among philosophers. And such a woman! A cold fury filled her mind as she looked at the picture. The last completing touch had been given. To contempt and pity for him was added hatred. The combination transformed her. Instead of avoiding, she would seek him.

He was still in the cabin. She could hear him muttering thickly to himself. Impulsively she stepped to the door, turned the key in the lock, threw it open and entered the brilliantly lighted luxurious cabin. He had dismissed the attendants some time since with orders not to reappear unless he summoned them, and they were alone. There was no likelihood of any interruption whatsoever. The man, who was leaning back in his chair, bent forward when she opened the door. He laughed viciously. If she had reflected, she would have marveled at the change that a few weeks had wrought in one whom she had hitherto deemed worthy of her affection, but she had eyes and thought for nothing except the business in hand.

"So you've come out, have you?" he stammered triumphantly. "Come of your own free will! You've found out, have you, that I am master and you are coming to heel?"

He whistled to her derisively, whistled as if to a dog!

"Who is this?" asked the woman in a voice carefully suppressed, yet which shook with wrath.

She held the photograph in its heavy silver frame up before him.

"That's my wife," he said equably, with no surprise or consternation. "We haven't lived together for some years," he went on with drunken good nature, "or I'd take you back to San Francisco and introduce you to her."

"Your wife!" exclaimed the woman in that same low, tense voice. "Then what am I?"

"My mistress," said the man, bluntly, throwing the last shred of concealment and decency to the winds, "and a damned obstreperous one at that," he went on.

Now, the woman believed in no Providence, but a trick got from her ancestry wrung the words from her lips.

"My God! My God!" she whispered.

"You haven't any," sneered the man. "You told me so yourself." He laughed. "And I believed you. I would have believed anything to get you."

Well, there was no God the woman realized, but she would be her own god. Her body shrank together a little, her hands clenched. The feline was uppermost. She could have sprung upon him, but she waited, waited for she knew not what.

"Whom the gods destroy," ran the ancient phrase, "they first make mad."

He rushed to his doom with blind folly.

"You needn't be jealous of her, my dear," he mumbled on. "I used to think I loved her and we were married, damned foolishness, as you might say. She can't hold a candle to you, if you are a little touched," he tapped his forehead impudently—"in the upper story."

And this man, this degraded thing, regarded her as a mad woman. There might be no God, but there was a devil and he stood before her. There might be no heaven, but there was a hell and she was in it.

"On second thoughts," he rambled on, "I couldn't introduce you to her. You aren't respectable and she is."

He stopped and poured himself another drink.

"Respectable!" he laughed. "To hell with respectability. We know a better thing that that! 'Soul to soul, heart to heart, the union of equals without the trammels of conventional bonds for weaker beings.' Yes, that's what you said."

And she recognized with horror that he was quoting her own words.

"But it doesn't go, you see. It's all very well in theory, but it doesn't work out in practice. The world's got some ideas of its own. It's been holding 'em for a good many thousands of years and you can't change 'em. You belong to me now. To hell with your equality! You are nothing more nor less than my property, and mark you," he reached out a trembling finger and shook it at her, "your salvation is with me. If I cast you off, you go into the gutter."

She wondered vaguely how much more of this she could stand and live.

"But don't be afraid," he went on with a drunken attempt at reassurance, "you are too fine and too handsome, even if you are cracked, for that—yet. I'm glad to see you've come to your senses."

He rose heavily as he spoke and felt his way around the table hand over hand. He approached her. She let him do it. She shrank a little closer together, every muscle tense for action. She was no longer a woman; she was a human tigress and her philosophy was gone. He was too drunk to see it, too incapacitated to take warning.

"That's right," he continued as he lurched nearer to her. "Stay right there. I'm coming to you as fast as I can and when I get close to you, we'll kiss, and—"

He was by her side now. He straightened himself up with a spasmodic effort, released his hold on the table and stretched out his arms toward her. And then she sprang at him. How she did it, she could never tell, but in some way her outstretched arms, grasping for his throat, struck him in the breast. Unsteady on his feet, he went down as if he had been shot. Such was the violence of his fall that the momentum carried her with him. She fell upon him with all her force. His head went back and struck the deck with a frightful crash. She herself was almost stunned by the violence of her own fall, although his body broke it.

She arose and stood over him for a minute and then she lifted her foot and brought it down upon him. He had said she was a mad woman and it was true. She was crazed by what she had heard, by the horror of the situation. She had not changed her dress for dinner that afternoon. She was wearing a pair of light boating shoes. It was lucky for him. If she had worn evening slippers with high, rigid heels, she would have mashed his face beyond recognition. As it was, she left horrible marks upon it. He lay absolutely motionless. She could see that he was still breathing and was not dead. If she had had a weapon she might have killed him in the fury and transport of her rage. This wretched philosopher! As no resistance came from him, she presently stopped, the feminine in her slowly rising to the fore.

She realized now that the irrevocable had happened; that there was no longer room for two of them on that ship. As the mists of passion cleared away, although the fire of rage still burned in her heart, her mind cleared also. She thought with such rapidity as she had never thought before.

In His Anger He Resorted to Drink.

First she picked up a cloak, threw it about her and went on deck. A cabin attendant was standing at the companionway, as was always the case, waiting a possible summons. She told him that his master was ill and did not desire to be disturbed. He did not even want the dinner things cleared away. He wanted to be left entirely alone until morning. The servant smiled slightly, she thought, in the light from the cabin skylight. She noticed that it was a moonless night, cloudy, overcast, for she could see no stars. She knew what that smile meant; that the man realized what sort of sickness his owner and master was liable to. She bade him tell the officer of the deck her message and then dismissed him.

Then she returned to the cabin and carefully locked the door. She glanced at the man as she did so. He lay just as he had lain before. She bent over him. He was still breathing, she noted with—was it regret? But she wasted no time over him. Time was the most precious of all things to her at that moment.

She had a clear and definite plan of action. She knew exactly what she intended to do and how she intended to do it. Fortunately the means of escape were at hand. They had passed one or two tiny islands during the day, mere treeless spots of sand or coral in the vast of the ocean, but prospects that others more inviting might be raised had caused the man to order the power tender to be got overboard. This was a good, substantial boat, 15 feet in length, broad-beamed and built for heavy seas, yet powerfully engined and capable of good speed. By his direction the tanks had been filled and everything overhauled so that it would be in readiness for use. The sea was very calm and the gentle air scarcely raised a ripple on its surface. To save the trouble of hoisting it aboard again, the tender had been left trailing astern at the end of a long line. It would be ready for instant use. She would escape in that. She knew how to run the motor and how to steer the boat. She had done it many a time.

Carrying her heavy boat cloak she entered her cabin, hastily packed her bag with what things she fancied she would need, returned to the table, took from it every scrap that was edible and portable; without much regard for the niceties she made it up in a heavy parcel which she tied with napkins. She remembered that the water tank in the launch had been filled, so that for a time at least she would lack nothing. Carrying bag and bundle in her hands and with the boat cloak over her arm and a straw hat tied on her head, after one long look at the man, she turned and went aft and re-entered the starboard after stateroom, her own.

The boat's painter had been affixed to the starboard side of the yacht. She opened the stern window and looked out. She leaned far out and by great good fortune in the darkness caught the painter. The boat of course, was swinging to a long rope. She pulled at this line cautiously, although the effort taxed her strength to the utmost. Indeed, she seemed possessed of a fictitious strength for the time being else she never could have accomplished her hard task. But she managed to get the boat practically under the cabin at last. She fastened the painter to her bed, which was of brass and securely screwed to the floor. Then she cut off the line and tied the bundle of provisions and her bag and cloak to the end of it. These she dropped down into the boat. Among the petty articles was a sharp sailor's sheath knife fastened to a lanyard. She slipped this lanyard into her blouse. Then she climbed up on the port sill and essayed the dangerous descent herself. She was glad that she was a strong, athletic woman, used to trusting to her own skill and powers, for it was no easy task to slide down that rope and get into a boat trailing along beneath the counter of a yacht going perhaps 12 knots an hour. Fortunately the engine was well aft and the bow of the launch was high out of the water; else her weight would have pressed it down and the back wash from the yacht would perhaps have swamped the launch.

She Believed That the Yacht Would Retrace Its Course.

At any rate, she succeeded, although after she got her foot in the bows she slipped and fell. But that she fell straight aft upon the cloak and bundles she would have hurt herself severely. If she had not fallen that way, if she had pitched to the right or the left she would have gone overboard and that would have been the end, for she knew that she would have died rather than appeal to that ship for help. She was fearful that the noise of her fall might have attracted the attention of some one on the deck, but the poop of the yacht was usually deserted at night and it was unlikely that any one would be up there.

Scrambling to her feet, she drew her knife and severed the taut rope that held the launch to the yacht. It parted instantly. She was whirled backwards and sideways with a suddenness that again almost threw her out of the boat. For one agonizing moment the launch lay full in the broad beam of light that proceeded from the bright cabin window she had left. For one agonizing moment of suspense she hung there and then the swirl of the wave carried her into the darkness.

She lay directly in the wake of the yacht, and the launch was pitched up and down by the waves made by the rapidly moving ship with a violence of motion that was sickening. There were a pair of oars in the boat, but she did not break them out. She just drew herself down in the stern sheets and lay there waiting. She knew that the clatter of the motor could be heard a long distance in so still a night and over so still a sea, and therefore, although her impulse was to start it at once, she restrained herself and waited, watching the yacht rapidly disappear. She could mark her course easily by the light from that cabin window. Her ear was keen and she listened until she could no longer detect the beat and throb of the steamer's engines. Then she rose and started the motor.

The boat was provided with a compass, and although she could see no star, she was able to set a course which was directly at right angles to the course of the yacht. She realized, or at least she thought so, that she would be pursued. She believed that the yacht would retrace its course. She decided that those aboard her would reason that she would endeavor to put as much distance as possible between herself and the yacht, and therefore she would sail straight away from it. Consequently, she went broad off to starboard at right angles to the other course. The gasoline tanks were both full. Inasmuch as the boat had been designed for extended cruising in shallow waters, there was enough fuel to keep the motor going for over 30 hours at full speed. The motor was capable of developing at least ten knots per hour. By the same time to-morrow night she would be 240 miles away from the present spot. Her yacht was going 12 knots an hour. Her [illegible] would not be discovered for ten hours. By that time the yacht would be 120 miles away. They would be 150 miles apart by morning, measured on the hypothesis, and by night, who could tell? At any rate, she had now done all that she could.

Her condition was desperate; her prospects gloomy beyond expression. She was alone in a small power boat which would be helpless, the sport of wind and waves, after perhaps 30 hours. That boat was alone in the great expanse of the Pacific ocean. Somewhere about there were islands probably. Indeed, on the charts those seas were dotted with points of land, but they were small, inconsiderable, uninhabited, unknown. In that little boat she might pass close by many of them without seeing them. She had provisions, such as they were, and water sufficient perhaps for a week or ten days. After that unless she landed somewhere she would drift on until she starved and died. If a storm came, the launch probably would not survive it. Her chances of escape, in any event, were worse than problematical. The end was almost certain.

But she was happy. The first real ray of happiness which had entered her soul since the beginning of the great awakening, which had culminated in the frightful scene of the night, illumined her being. As she sat in the stern sheets, her hand on the steering wheel, listening to the steady drumming of the motor, seeing the black water broken into foam by the boat's bows flash by her, keeping the launch steady on her course by the aid of the compass needle, her eyes turned ever and anon to the fast diminishing point of light which marked the rapidly disappearing yacht, and she realized that she was free. She had hurled out of her path—and how she exulted in her own prowess; it was something of a salve to her soul for the wretched humiliations which had been heaped upon it—she had hurled out of her path and stricken down as any other animal might have done him who had brought her to this awful pass. She was away from him, free from him. She was once more, so far as wind and wave allowed, the master of her fate, the mistress of her destiny.

She was glad in her heart, too, that there were to be no physical consequences from her brief alliance. She did not realize that there were to be other consequences which not even all the water of the seas over which she floated could wash out. There was a strange elation in her soul. She felt as if in some way she had vindicated her right to be. There was something yet in her philosophy and did opportunity serve, could she get free from the dangers that encompassed her, she vowed that she would prove it.

All night long she stayed awake, keeping the launch in her course. When morning broke she was absolutely alone upon the ocean. Standing erect upon a seat, from her low vantage point she could see nothing but smoothly undulating sea. She breakfasted sparingly from her scanty store and resumed her post at the wheel. She was tired and sleepy, but while the little engine was alive she could not leave it to its own devices. She must hold on her chosen course as long as the motive power remained. She could not lose a moment while that motor throbbed and beat. She must be alive with it. There would be time to sleep when it was exhausted. She must put as many leagues between her and pursuit by holding the direct course as long as was possible.

And so she sat there grimly, hands clutching the wheel through the long day and through the longer night and well into the following morning. It must have been half past ten on the morning of the second day before the motor stopped. The silence, after the ceaseless drumming of a night, a long day, a longer night and a still longer morning, struck her with the same strange sense of shock. She calculated that the motor had been running for 35 hours and that she had gone 350 miles at least on her course. She had seen nothing whatever of the yacht. The chances that it would pick her up, even if it came about and cruised for her, a lonely speck in the ocean, were millions to nothing. At any rate, she had done all she could. Her philosophy for once stood her in good stead. There was nothing more to be done. She was dead for want of sleep. The sky had been slightly overcast since she had left the yacht, but there had been no storm and weather conditions looked just as they had and seemed to be permanent.

Taking the precaution to examine the gasoline tanks and finding that indeed they had been drained of the last drop, she carefully closed and locked them, thereby assuring her salvation, and spreading the boat cloak in the stern sheets with her bag for a pillow and her straw hat tied over her face to shield it from the sun, she instantly dropped to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cast Up by the Sea.

Day was just breaking again when the woman awoke. Reference to her watch which she had taken the precaution to wind just before she retired disclosed the fact that it was four o'clock in the morning. She had slept unbrokenly since 11 o'clock the morning before. Her sleep had been a stupor of utter and complete exhaustion. Added to the tremendous physical strain of keeping awake and attending to the duty to which she had enforced herself had been the further strain of the terrible events on the night in which she left the yacht, and the apprehension of pursuit which had been continually with her. Her first motion, indeed, was to rise to her feet and scan the horizon. With relief indescribable her scrutiny discovered nothing. She was still alone. Neither the yacht nor any other vessel nor any smallest speck of land was silhouetted against the circling sky line.

She sat in the boat musing a long time and then woke to the fact that she was hungry. Again she satisfied her appetite sparingly from her scanty and rapidly diminishing store of food and drink, and then putting the past resolutely behind her, hoping and perhaps fancying by some exercise of her will power finally she could put it behind her forever, she gave serious thought to her condition.

She realized at last that she in the hands—another would have said of God! she said of chance. The fact that she was so helpless; that all her learning and all her training, and all her skill and all her power were of no avail, made the situation the more galling. Was there nothing that she could do? She reflected deeply and as she did so the breeze sprang up. She judged that the period during which she had slept had been calm and still. Any violent rocking of the boat would have awakened her. Indeed, she felt bitterly cramped and stiff from having lain so long on the hard floor, which only the boat cloak, thick and heavy, made a tolerable bed.

The coming of the breeze stimulated her imagination. It was a gentle breeze. She noticed that it blew from the direction whence she had come by her compass course. If she only had a sail of some kind the boat would be driven along. She must move somewhere. She had heard of ocean currents and drift but she doubted whether the boat was moving, at least sufficiently fast or in any definite direction to make any difference. Unless she got somewhere, she would slowly starve and die just where she was. She stepped forward in the boat and examined the oars. There was a sort of a deck forward over the gasoline tanks. She thought that she might make shift with the remains of the painter, of which she had a good length, to fasten one of the oars in an upright position against it. There were bolts and rings of various sorts on this little deck. She could step the handle of the oar between cleats or ribs at the bottom. At least she would try.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Surrendered Only To Age

New York Cashier Who Had Fourteen Days Off in Fifty-Two Years of Service.

For 52 years Louis Nicolovian had been cashier and office manager for Schefer, Schramm & Vogel, bankers and commission merchants at 476 Broome street, and in that time he had lost 14 days, the New York Times says. These came so far apart that most of the men in the office do not now remember that he was ever away.

One recent Tuesday the tall, straight, black-haired old man did not appear at his desk. The employes remembered that he had often said that he hated to see Sunday come in to spoil his work; that when on Monday morning he got back to his figures he had always seemed as happy as a boy out of school.

It was almost preposterous to think of him, though he was 97 years old, as sick; it was even more preposterous to think that he had allowed any ordinary thing to keep him away from his ledger. Yet no word came from him.

The large force of men over whom he had charge talked in whispers about the extraordinary thing that must have kept Louis Nicolovian away from his work. His chair seemed strangely vacant. There was about he always sat a depressing lonesomeness. It seemed as desolate as an old country house when its occupants have departed and its windows are nailed up.

After three days' absence, the old man entered the office. The employes expected him to take his chair and go on with his figures. He didn't. He walked into the private office of Carl Schefer, senior member of the firm, and remained there a long time. When he came out he walked to his old desk, weeping, bade it a silent farewell. Then he went out.

In the last few days his 97 years had at last forced him to recognize their claim. He had voluntarily retired. For the rest of his life he is to get a pension of half his salary.

What It Demonstrated.

"How did the Neverbust tire test turn out?"

"Do you mean the test run of the Skooter car equipped with Neverbust tires?"

"Yes."

"Why the chauffeur got full and ran the car into a hitching post."

"What did the Neverbust press agent say about it?"

"He said the test clearly demonstrated the fact that the country needs better roads."

MANY LIKE HIM.

"What kind of a fellow is he?"
"The kind that wears good clothes only on Sunday."

BABY'S SCALP CRUSTED

"Our little daughter, when three months old, began to break out on the head and we had the best doctors to treat her, but they did not do her any good. They said she had eczema. Her scalp was a solid scale all over. The burning and itching was so severe that she could not rest, day or night. We had about given up all hopes when we read of the Cuticura Remedies. We at once got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and followed directions carefully. After the first dose of the Cuticura Resolvent, we used the Cuticura Soap freely and applied the Cuticura Ointment. Then she began to improve rapidly and in two weeks the scale came off her head and new hair began to grow. In a very short time she was well. She is now sixteen years of age and a picture of health. We used the Cuticura Remedies about five weeks, regularly, and then we could not tell she had been affected by the disease. We used no other treatments after we found out what the Cuticura Remedies would do for her. J. Fish and Ella M. Fish, Mt. Vernon, Ky., Oct. 12, 1909."

An Unusual Attribute.

Little Johnnie, who cannot pronounce S, has been frightened into keeping out of the attic by tales told by his nurse of a dreadful ghost that lives in the dim recesses under the eaves. The other day he was overheard to say confidentially to a small friend:

"We've got an old gho't up in our attic!"

To which his friend, much interested, responded: "Do he butt?"

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. [illegible]

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Understood the Sex.

His Daughter—Daddy, you were twenty-five when this was taken, weren't you? Why, you might have sat for it yesterday.

Her Father—M'yes; your mother's own daughter. Well, well, you'll find it on the table, I think.

His Daughter—Find what, daddy, darling?

Her Father—The checkbook, my own lamb.

Doctors Know Soap.

Ask your family physician what he thinks about a laundry soap that is made of borax, coconut oil, clean tallow and naphtha. He'll tell you such a soap will be cleansing, sterilizing and antiseptic. That means it will not only make your clothing sweet and clean, but that it will also save you from the dangers of contagion that lie in common soaps. Easy Task soap is the only one that would fill his prescription.

Perspiring Vegetation.

The eyes of a little Washington miss were attracted by the sparkle of dew at early morning. "Mamma," she exclaimed: "It's hotter'n I thought it was."

"What do you mean?"

"Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."—Baptist Commonwealth.

Not Exactly What She Meant.

She—We've bin very busy at the mothers' meetin' gettin' ready for the sale of work.

He—Oh! I 'opes it will be a success.

She—Yes, I think so; yer see the vicar is goin' to take most of our clothes off of us.—Tatler.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.
Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Those who are untrue to themselves are false to others.

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