

STERLING CITY NEWS-RECORD

VOL. XI.

STERLING CITY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1911.

NO. 10.

TEXARKANA VETO SUSTAINED BY HOUSE

MAJORITY OF HOUSE STAYS WITH THE GOVERNOR.

VOTE FOR VETO 62 'GAINST 95

Motion to Stand by Its Own Action Fails in the House by Majority of Three.

Austin, Feb. 22.—The message which Gov. Colquitt sent to the House of Representatives, the body in which the measure originated, vetoing the Texarkana charter bill, is an elaborate discussion of his objections to the initiative, referendum and recall, which he declares are contrary to the provisions of our Constitution and not in consonance with the principle of local self-government, of which he has been a conspicuous advocate. Further he shows that in opening his campaign for Governor he announced his opposition to the initiative and referendum.

Gov. Colquitt was sustained by the House of Representatives by a vote of 62 to 95, upon the motion to pass the bill notwithstanding the Governor's objection.

It would have required a two-thirds vote of the House to pass the bill over the Governor's head, but the motion actually failed to receive a plain majority. More than half of the members of the House present voted on the Governor's side.

Gov. Colquitt is very pleased over the result, although it was expected. He says that if the prohibition issue had not been involved in legislative proceedings, there would not have been twenty-five votes for the bill upon this occasion.

As the measure originated in the House the veto message was directed to that body, and the action there has finally disposed of it.

The vote against the Governor was: Ayes—Astin, Baker of Hood, Baker of Panola, Barrett, Bolin, Bonner, Broughton, Brown, Burns, Cable, Cather, Caves, Coffey, Cox of Eastland, Craven, Cureton, Davis, Fant, Gathier, Gilmore, Goodner, Gross, Hall, Hamilton of Childress, Hamilton of McCulloch, Haney, Heney, Henry, Hillier, Humphrey, Johnston, Lane, Lawson, Lee, Logan, Mangum, Martin, Maxwell, McDaniel, Milton, Morris, Nickles of Hill, Nichols of Hunt, Oliver, Pharr, Porter, Randolph, Rogers, Ross, Russell, Robertson of Bell, Stepler, Tarver, Terrell of Cherokee, Walker, White, Woods, Woods. Total—59.

Noes—Bagby, Bierschwale, Birdsong, Brooks, Brookshire, Buchanan, Buffington, Byrne, Camp, Campbell, Chapin, Corder, Cox of Rockwall, Cranke, Crisp, Dillard, Donegan, Dotson, Dunn, Elliott, Flourney, Fourginn, Gelpner, Harmon, Haxthausen, Heilig, Herder, Highsmith, Hill, Hornby, Hubbard, Hunt, Keeble, Kennedy, Kralitcher, Landry, Leach, McGowan, McNeal, Mikaska, Mulcahy, Robertson of Bell, Robertson of Travis, Rucks, Savage, Schlick, Schluter, Shanon, Singleton, Smith of Atascosa, Smith of Houston, Spradley, Sandifer, Stevens, Stone, Terrell of Bexar, Turney, Wahrumund, Watson, Williams of Dallas, Williams of McLennan, Yarbrough. Total—62.

Absent, Excused—Messrs. Brownlee, German, Maddox, Parker, Rowell, Teel, Total, 6.

Absent, Excused—Messrs. Graham, McDowda, McKinney, Wortham, Total, 4.

To Make Up a River's Flow.
San Antonio.—The city council passed a resolution recently to set apart \$10,000 for sinking artesian wells at the head of the San Antonio river to restore the stream to its former flow. The resolution sets out that during the drought of the past years the condition of the river was such as to menace the public health.

The Rice Situation.
Beaumont: Frank Randolph, editor of the Crowley Signal, and who is the original promoter of the Southern Rice Growers' Association, states that the rice market shows a slight reflex on the heavy buying movement in January, but the outlook is decidedly encouraging. Speaking of this year's crop, Mr. Randolph believes there will be a decrease of acreage in Louisiana and Mississippi River states, a slight increase in Arkansas and Texas. On the whole, he thinks the total acreage this year will be less than last.

T. B. Funk of Dallas, after visiting several factories, bought a two-passenger biplane of Wright manufacture. This is the first sale made for Texas, cost \$5000, and is to be delivered to transportation company by April 1.

Waterways Bill Passes House.
Washington: Rivers and harbors bill which passed the Senate Thursday evening was as quickly passed by the House Friday afternoon, carrying \$1,744,000 for Texas. Included in a lock and dam at Pine Bluff on the Trinity River. This does not alter the \$40,000 allowance previously provided for in improvements on the Trinity River at other points. The \$25,000 was sought as an additional allowance.

STATE RAILWAY IS A BURDEN

A Miserable Ending to Texas Experiment in State Ownership of Railways.

Austin, Feb. 21.—Concerning the bill which he introduced to authorize the sale of the State railroad, running from Rusk to Palestine, a distance of thirty-two miles, which road was completed under an act of the twenty-first legislature, Senator Henry B. Terrell of McLennan says:

"It will be remembered that that act made it the duty of the penitentiary board to dispose of the property upon the completion of the line, but, as the project was one of Ex-Gov. Campbell's pet schemes, no effort was ever made, so far as I am advised, to dispose of this property, operated at considerable loss.

"The recent report of the auditor of the system shows that this line of railroad, which cost the people of Texas fully \$500,000, is being operated at a loss of several thousand dollars per month, and Gov. Colquitt, in his recent message, recommended the sale or lease of the property, and that some action be taken immediately.

"Under the provisions of this bill it is made the duty of the Prison Commissioners and the Railroad Commission of Texas to place a minimum price on this property, taking into consideration the condition of the road and all of its equipments, and its value to the State under State management, operation and control.

"The Penitentiary Commissioners are then authorized to sell this property, and it is made their duty to make an honest and faithful inquiry to find and procure a purchaser of said railroad.

"Provision is also made in the bill that if sold or leased to any railway company now owning or operating a line in Texas it may operate this property in connection therewith and under the same supervision."

TEXAS FACES DEFICIT.

Gov. Colquitt Discusses Finances of the State.

Austin: In a message delivered Wednesday, Gov. Colquitt discusses at length the financial condition of Texas government. There are deficiencies created by the late administration, it seems, sufficient to practically consume the ad valorem taxes. In addition to the usual expenses the State Institution of Learning ask for \$629,000 to meet urgent demands for imminent necessary enlargement; law expenses already called for by law amount to \$911,355; on account of the retirement of school 5 per cent bond a deficit is created amounting to \$20,000 and an additional deficit of several thousands of dollars will arise from the inability of purchasers of lands in the west to pay promptly the accrued interest, owing to the long drought. The Governor concludes that by September State scrip may be peddled on the streets of Austin owing to an empty treasury. The statement shows a balance of only \$159,258.16 in the treasury to the credit of general revenue on December 31, 1910, whereas the amount of cash balance in the treasury one year prior to that date was \$1,693,331.45.

If prohibition carries, as it is likely to do, an additional deficit of \$123,322 will be created.

In view of this situation the Governor urges the Legislature to bestir itself to provide for maintenance of government, continuation of schools and eleemosynary institutions and pay most of debts already made or authorized.

Wichita Falls Auto Factory.
Wichita Falls: Blue prints and specifications for the automobile factory to be constructed here were given to contractors to bid. The plans were designed in Detroit and call for two buildings, one 240 feet long by 100 feet wide, and another 25x100 feet the former being the main building, in which the machinery will be installed and the latter the office building. The buildings will be constructed largely fireproof, brick and steel being largely specified.

Seminole Closes Railroad Contract.
Seminole, Gaines County: The railroad committee closed a final contract with Col. Fred A. Beall of New York by the terms of which he is to build his proposed railroad from Kerrville, to Tucuman, N. M., through Seminole. This road will cross the Texas & Pacific at Odessa, and from there north through Shafter, Lake and Seminole, and will cross the Santa Fe at or near Texico. Seminole raised and donated a sum of \$100,000 to be paid when it reaches here, except \$10,000, which is to be paid for the northern connection. Work will begin at an early date at Odessa and will be pushed to completion.

Proposition to Dam Nueces.
San Antonio: To build a dam across mouth of the Nueces river and build a causeway across Nueces bay 250 feet wide for a wagonway and automobile speedway, railroad and interurban tracks is the project of J. E. Franklin, president of the St. Louis Frank Trust Company and the Crystal City Railroad. This would furnish water for irrigation and domestic use and that a large fresh-water lake would be created which would supply Corpus Christi with water sufficient for all purposes.

LIFE'S DISAPPOINTMENTS



EXPECTATION REALIZATION (Copyright, 1911)

QUANAH PARKER HAS PASSED AWAY

GREAT INDIAN CHIEFTAIN DIES SUDDENLY.

LAST OF THE GREAT CHIEFS

Attack of Rheumatism Stopped the Great Comanche's Heart. Funeral Friday.

Lawton, Okla., Feb. 23.—Quanah Parker, Chief of the Comanche Indians, last of the great Indian braves who once spread terror among white settlers of the great Southwest, considered by many the greatest living blanket Indian of his later days, is dead.

He died at his home, four miles northwest of Cache, fifteen miles west of Lawton at the foot of the Wichita Mountains, Thursday from a severe attack of rheumatism, which affected the heart. Parker and his family had been on a visit to the Cheyenne Indians near Hammon since Sunday. He had been suffering from rheumatism for several weeks and even when he left home was not well. While among the Cheyennes the recent cold wave brought on a return of rheumatism and, believing his end was near, he ordered his relatives to bring him home. He arrived at Cache on a stretcher shortly after 11 and within twenty minutes after being carried to his home died.

Despondent Farmer Suicides.
San Antonio: Despondency over financial reverses caused Charles Obst, aged forty-four, a farmer living six miles north of here, to hang himself in his feed house. The body was found by Thomas Blackwell, when he went to feed the horses.

New Million Dollar Lumber Concern.
Lake Charles, La.: The charter of the Rice Land Lumber Company of Lake Charles, capital \$1,000,000, formed to handle the Rice Institute timber lands, has been recorded. From the fact that those named as directors of the Rice Land Lumber Company are mostly trustees of the Rice Institute or concerned in the settlement of the estate, it is probable that the company, organized as noted above, is a holding company, designed to facilitate the transfer of the timber land if the present negotiations for its purchase are completed.

Wichita Falls Annual Fair.
Wichita Falls: Dr. J. M. Bell, chairman of the agricultural committee of the Chamber of Commerce was instructed by the directors of that organization to formulate plans for the holding of an annual fair in Wichita Falls, beginning with coming fall. It is intended to incite the adjoining counties to join in the movement and a strong organization will be worked up. The site will be at Lake Wichita, where some provisions for a fair association were made last year.

Reapportionment Bill Will Pass.
Washington: Prospects now favor the passage of the House Congressional reapportionment bill by the Senate and its enactment at this session. The objections of Democratic Senators for fear the bill would give the Republicans undue advantage in electoral votes in the 1912 election, and the opposition of Senator La Follette because the Crumpacker measure increases the House membership, are withdrawn.

Historical Character Passes Away.
Muskogee, Okla.: Captain S. B. Callahan, who died here, had, since the death of Senator Vest of Missouri, been the sole survivor of the second congress of the confederacy. He represented the Creek and Seminole Indian nations in that organization, and had been a striking figure in the history of the Indian country since 1833 when the Creeks were forced from their homes in Alabama and Georgia to the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma.

MISS SOPHI MAKES 850 MILES

Balloonists From San Antonio Descend in Missouri.

Cover, Mo.: The balloon "Miss Sophia," piloted by William Assman and his aid, J. M. O'Reilly, both of St. Louis, landed near here Sunday. The balloonists encountered a terrific snowstorm while 16,000 feet in the air and the aeronauts were forced to descend because of the terrible snow. The distance traversed from the starting point, San Antonio, to the landing near here is approximately 850 miles.

The balloon flight of the two St. Louisans was an attempt to break the world's long-distance record and lift the Lahm cup. Both men are leading figures among balloon pilots of the country and have reputations for daring and skill which extend to European countries. The "Miss Sophia" is a full-sized balloon, holds 30,000 cubic feet of gas and has a carrying capacity of more than three tons. Two thousand pounds of sand were carried along as ballast.

Train Loads of Immigrants.

San Antonio: Last Thursday was homeseeker day, and an unusually large number, probably the season's record-breaker, arrived here. It is estimated 2,500 or 3,000 are in the city. It required five special trains, in addition to the extra equipment on the regular trains, to handle the large number. They are destined to all portions of Southwest Texas. Of the homeseekers a large number are destined to Crystal City, LaPray, Big Fork and other new towns in that section, for Cotulla, Gardendale, Laredo and other points south on the International and Great Northern Railroad and for the Brownsville section. A number of the newcomers had signed contracts for the purchase of land before leaving if same was satisfactory, and it is expected that an exceptionally large number of deals will be consummated in the party were fifty Dunkard families. This religious sect has established a colony near Crystal City, and those arriving will settle there. This is now the largest Dunkard colony in Texas. They have cleared more than 2,500 acres, and all of it will be planted this season.

Deadly Auto Skid.

Fort Worth: Mrs. O. T. Ramos of Fort Worth and her father, T. B. Sears of Dallas, were taken to the Medical College Hospital seriously injured, following an automobile accident on the Handley boulevard. Mr. Sears died Thursday night. The car was driven by Mr. Ramos and was coming down a sharp declivity at that point, when the wheels skidded, threw the car against a telephone pole and turned from the road, going over a culvert and down a high embankment, the machine turning completely over in the fall.

Handsome Farm Prizes in Dallas.

Dallas: The agricultural committee of the Chamber of Commerce, in compliance with the board of directors, has reported a plan for awarding in prizes the \$1,000 offered by the Chamber to be given, as cash prizes for the best yield of cotton and corn in Dallas County this year. The committee conferred with Col. Henry Exall, president of the Texas Industrial Congress, in formulating the plan. This plan, which has been approved by the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce, is to offer \$200 as the first prize, \$200 as the second, \$150 as the third and then seven \$50 prizes. They are to be offered for the best two acres of cotton and the best two acres of corn raised in Dallas County in 1911.

Negroes Hold Up Prospector.

Clarksville, Tex.: While en route from Manchester in the northern portion of this county, near Red River, to Clarksville after a prospecting tour, a citizen of West Texas named Yarbrough was held up and relieved of \$50 in cash Monday morning, by two negro men, who used a shot gun as a method of persuasion. Yarbrough came to Clarksville from West Texas several days ago, and went to Manchester for the purpose of inspecting a tract of land.

Aeroplane Invades Celestial Empire.

San Francisco: Fung Guoy a Chinese, left here for his native land, taking with him a Curtis biplane in which he intends to make exhibition flights. It is believed that he will be the first aviator in China. Fung Guoy has been experimenting with aeroplanes for about two years. He constructed several machines and after many mishaps recently gained success in his flights. He has invented several contrivances to facilitate flying. The machine he is taking to China is of his own construction.

The Oklahoma Legislature has set March 4 as day of adjournment.

Private cable dispatches from London announced the death of Mrs. Granville Alden Ellis, better known in literary circles under the nom de prume "Max Elliot."

Flyer Falls at Baton Rouge.
Baton Rouge, La.: Aviator Purvis of Chicago was slightly injured and his Gates biplane wrecked Thursday when he fell a distance of 100 feet. Purvis had flown about 600 yards when a gust of wind upset his machine and a moment later dashed it to the ground.

THOUSANDS ATTEND GEN. CABELL FUNERAL

LARGEST AND MOST IMPRESSIVE EVER HELD IN DALLAS.

'T WAS A MILITARY PROOPLY

Hundreds of Visitors from Remotest Parts of Texas and Neighbor States.

Dallas, Feb. 27.—Impressive in its grandeur and resplendent in its military pomp the funeral of Gen. William Lewis Cabell Sunday afternoon was witnessed by a multitude estimated at between 40,000 and 50,000 persons.

Observance of full military honors, the large attendance and the prominence of the dead General made the funeral one of the most impressive in the history of the Southwest.

All classes united to do honor to the memory of Gen. Cabell. The Confederate veterans, for whom no man had greater love than he, mingled with soldiers who wore the blue, met them on a common ground of sorrow and mourned together at the passing of a man whom both had loved and admired.

Even before noon had come friends began to assemble at the home of Mrs. J. C. Muse on North Pearl street, where the body lay in state and watched over by a Confederate guard of honor. Long before the hour fixed for the services at the residence the crowd had become so dense on Pearl street that the street cars were blocked and every tributary to this street was filled with people.

Throughout the line of the march were lined on both sides from the residences to the gates of the cemetery, a distance of more than two miles.

While composed for the most part of citizens of Dallas, there were those in attendance who had traveled many miles to be present for the last sad rites over the body of the departed soldier. Morning trains into Dallas brought sorrowing friends from many parts of Texas and several from adjoining States. New Orleans was represented and Texas residents from as far west as El Paso were here. In suburban lines from Fort Worth and Sherman were asked to furnish a number of special cars for private parties and in addition to this all incoming cars were heavily loaded with those who were to attend the funeral.

From Fort Worth and points between the number here was especially large. Robert E. Lee Camp, U. C. V. of Fort Worth, was represented by a company of Confederate soldiers and many prominent personages in other walks was present.

Plenty of Municipal Tickets in Dallas.
Dallas: Besides the Socialist ticket, nominated some time since, for mayor and commissioners of Dallas, Saturday the Jeffersonians, a secret organization, with passwords and countersigns, nominated for mayor, J. C. McNealus, a newspaper man; for commissioners, Wm. Reilly, a printer; Horace Williams, a lawyer; Sam Dealey, a real estate man, and Geo. B. Latham, an advertising man. The Citizens' ticket is headed by W. M. Holland, a lawyer; for mayor, and W. T. Henderson, engaged for several years in banking, and recently in the employ of the city as auditor; R. R. Nelms, for many years in active charge of the water system of the city; J. E. Lee, an insurance man, and F. W. Bartlett, an attorney. Another ticket that is attracting attention is talked of under the name of the Progressive League, with Curtis P. Smith, former mayor of Dallas, and a successful lawyer at its head, and with Henry Hamilton, a prominent capitalist; Lee Hughes, a well known and progressive citizen, as commissioners. With four tickets in the field and more coming, there is something doing in Dallas all the time.

In Memory of Houston.

Huntsville: The log room 20x20, which was erected in the early '50s by Gen. Sam Houston in the front yard of his home and which has been moved to a location some distance away and used as a rent house by the purchaser of the Houston home—stead some years later, has been rolled back to its original location. Although much dilapidated and bearing the stamp of many years, it is to be put as nearly intact as practicable and means devised whereby it may be protected from undue ravages of time.

San Angelo's first annual fat stock show and auction sale will be held on March 2, 3 and 4. Numerous cash and other prizes have been offered.

Plainview's Celebration a Success.

Plainview: Saturday was the day of barbecue and general water show and the attendance was estimated at around 4,000, perhaps 50 per cent of them people outside of Hale County. Hundreds of people visited the flowing wells during the day and in addition to the conference and general institute work listened to a number of the fine talks and lectures on irrigation, dairying, scientific farming and hog and poultry raising.

HOME TOWN HELPS

GIVE TREES A LITTLE CARE

It is Much Easier to Prevent Injuries Than to Cure Them After Their Infliction.

Indiscriminate trimming and a lack of sealing causes the death of 50 per cent of our fruit and shade trees. Diseases which result from an unhealed wound are many. Most common and probably the most destructive is the bore or tree worm. He gains entrance wherever the bark is broken and eats to the heart of the tree. These worms multiply rapidly and soon the tree they are eating begins to look unhealthy. The leaves become brown and some of the branches die.

Whenever there is a hole that holds water the rot will start and eat out the heart and a hole where water can accumulate is illustrated by an old apple tree. Water gathered; winter came on; it froze and burst the entire bark of the tree. As a result, a grand old family tree which had furnished luscious russets to three generations of little folk was lost. Then there is the winged ant, which also enters through an unhealed wound and flourishes in colonies fatal to the life of a tree.

Seventy-five per cent of the trees in the avenues and streets of our American cities and villages are suffering from one or the other of these evils, if not all. And yet that is not so serious as it sounds, for the growth of a tree is of such a nature that all of these troubles can be overcome. However, the best way to keep your trees healthy is to protect them from injuries. Careless bumps from a lawn mower at the base of a young tree often gives entrance to the bores and results in its death. Keep nails and spikes out of them. Do not allow rope or wire burns to be made upon them, and do not burn off the grass where you expect young trees to flourish.

A tree grows only on the outside—the interior or heart contributes nothing to its life. If there is a hole, big or little in your tree, spend a half holiday in tree surgery and save the years of waiting which a new tree necessitates.

BUILD CITIES TOO COMPACT

One Reason Why History Contains Record of So Many Destructive Conflagrations.

Among the fires which have entailed a loss of \$10,000,000 and upward in less than two and a half centuries past may be mentioned London, 1666, \$33,650,000; Smyrna, Turkey, 1772, \$20,000,000; Constantinople and suburbs from 1729 to 1870 a dozen fires ranging from \$10,000,000 to \$25,000,000 each; New York, 1835, \$17,500,000; Hamburg, 1842, \$35,000,000; Charleston, S. C., 1861, \$10,000,000; Portland, Me., 1866, \$10,000,000; Chicago, 1871, \$165,000,000; London, 1874, \$70,000,000; St. Hyacinthe, Que., 1876, \$15,000,000; St. John, N. B., 1877, \$15,000,000; Kingston, Jamaica, 1882, \$10,000,000; St. John's, N. F., 1892, \$25,000,000; Guayaquil, Ecuador, 1896, \$22,000,000; Ottawa, Ont., 1900, \$10,000,000; Baltimore, 1904, \$50,000,000; Toronto, 1904, \$12,000,000, and last but by no means least San Francisco, 1906, \$350,000,000 or more, and yet it has been rebuilt in the same old way.

There have been many other fires of less extent but which have been nevertheless of serious proportions. The destruction by these fires has been appalling. And yet in almost every case the city has been rebuilt in the same compact mass in utter disregard of the lesson it has just received.

Utility of Front Porch.

A front porch is good for two purposes—to inspect the passing wrong, and to display one's self to them. If these uses do not appeal to us, we would better eliminate the front porch in favor of a side piazza, with an outlook on the garden. There is the difficulty, perhaps insurmountable, that the lot may not be wide enough for a piazza at the side; or the view from the front may be the prettiest we have; or we may be so far in the outskirts of the town, or set so far back from the street, that the front piazza is wholly unobjectionable. If we are in town, and yet for some reason must have a front porch, we can screen it in with vines and flower boxes until it gives at least a measure of privacy; but we will always regret the side piazza, we want—a screened in piazza, overlooking the garden, where meals may be served in warm weather, and which, fitted with glass walls, may be used as a sun room in winter.

Keep Everybody Busy.

The most successful towns and smaller cities are those which have no loafers; where everybody is busy. For recreation spots they have a park and a picnic grounds, also a building equipped with athletic apparatus and a good library with suitable reading-rooms. This takes care of all the spare hours of the inhabitants of all ages and all classes. When the festive hobo appears he is at once set to work, so that the whole community helps to keep up the hum of industry. That is as near as we approach to the ideal city, and is "mighty good."

Cheer up; we won't run out of nitrate for 120 years.

Seriously, is it worth \$1,200 a year to be a New York society person?

Portugal will reorganize its navy. It appears that the boat needs overhauling.

It is dangerous to become a centenarian, for one drops off nearly every day.

Big chance for some one to buy the Madison Square garden. Marked down to \$3,500,000.

The Jmswinger paved the way for the coming of the clawhammer. The former is the pioneer coat.

A diplococus 175 feet long has been discovered in Utah. A diplococcus is something like a dinosaur, only more so.

They do things in style in Chicago. A woman there carefully removed the glasses from another woman's face before slapping her.

Why all this fuss about the theft of two opera scores in New York? Several of those produced lately were more or less stolen.

Uncle Sammel will build two battle-ships in 1911. Possibly when they are finished they will be far enough behind the times to be used as targets.

Boston's mayor can get wild applause by singing "Sweet Adeline" in public. In some respects Boston's leadership in culture seems hopelessly secure.

The United States court of customs appeal has decided that a hen is not a bird. Perhaps it would have called her a bird if she had been laying eggs regularly.

"Have women a sense of humor?" is a question that is bothering German literary men. The dear girls must have a sense of humor to tolerate mere man.

A few days ago Miss Stefanija Pietrzykowski married Jan Sadowsky in Chicago. We merely reprint this item to annoy the composers and the proofreaders.

Vienna is growing faster than Berlin and it now has 2,094,291 inhabitants. The old city is holding its own famously, especially in the respect of waltz music.

China is nothing if not progressive. The pigtail is to go, a constitution and a parliament are to be established, and some think a bald-headed Chinaman will yet be seen.

A building 58 stories high is about to be erected in New York. All of which goes to show that even the buildings want to get as far away from the town as they can.

We are told by a Buda-Pesth belle that American men are flirts. This is easily explained. American women are so surpassingly beautiful that the poor men can't help themselves.

Last year's fire loss in the United States and Canada foots up \$234,470,650. In all Europe the loss was but one-sixth as large. This leak is a powerful indictment of American waste.

It does not matter so much whether they are sending us pure champagne or imitations from France, as most persons in this country who buy the fizzy stuff judge it solely by the price anyway.

A member of the audience in a Hamilton (Ont.) theater was struck in the forehead by the point of a sword which flew over the footlights. It would be no more than just to give him his money back.

Snowballs were used in Pennsylvania the other day to put out a fire. Whenever you feel one smite you on the dome, gentle reader, blaspheme not, but remember that sometimes a snowball is a blessing in disguise.

Football may be a rough game, but when it comes to roughness those Russian students have their American brethren trimmed forty ways. To earn his college emblem it is necessary for a student to croak a policeman.

Six London policemen held at bay for five hours by a bulldog, may have been restrained from harsh steps by the fear of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Of course, it would have produced a German war scare if the obstinate animal had been a dachshund.

Wealthy Americans gave a way publicly in big chunks \$153,197,125 last year, and this was not probably one-half of charity's grand total in this country.

A Connecticut girl, angry at a mere box of candy as a birthday gift, from her betrothed, hurled it into the furnace. She has just discovered that a \$100 diamond ring was among the candy, and is now repeating her rash act. The point of this is not so much emotionalism in the New England temperament.

A Chicago woman thinks—no, says—she has a phone through which we can talk to the dead. But when you try it you will probably be told the line is busy.

New York reports the case of the perfect cure of an adult criminal by a surgical operation. They have done the same thing in Europe for centuries by surgical operations consisting of amputation of the head. But either the old or the new method depend greatly on the primary factor: First catch your criminal.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

CHOSEN SENATOR FROM MAINE



No climate in the country has been regarded as less encouraging to the growth of Democratic timber than that of the Pine Tree state, but since the thaw of last September the meteorological conditions have been altered.

It was admitted by some political Jeremiahs that a Democratic governor might slip through the breach in the Republican lines and trench himself at Augusta, but the most enthusiastic visionary hardly dreamed of a Democratic legislature or a Democratic senator. Not since 1856, when Hannibal Hamlin crossed the Kennebec, had a Democratic senator been sent to the national capital from Maine, and not for thirty years had any New England state elected a Democratic senator.

So, as Democratic senator from Maine, Charles F. Johnson will naturally be the center of interest when he reaches Washington to supplant Senator Eugene Hale. He has had less experience as a legislator than his distinguished predecessor, but he has had long experience in public life.

The newly elected senator was born 52 years ago in the old town of Winslow, on the Kennebec. He was sprung of New England stock on both sides, his father being a harness maker, not a poor man, but by no means affluent. Young Johnson was educated in the country schools and went in due time to Bowdoin college, entering with the class of 1879.

After his graduation he studied law, teaching school in the meantime to bring in some money. He was admitted to the bar in 1886 and has continued to practice since then in the town of Waterville.

GOVERNOR-ELECT OF GEORGIA



Governor-elect Hoke Smith of Georgia, who exposed a plot of New York cotton speculators to infect the cotton fields with the boll weevil for the purpose of cutting future crops short and enabling the speculators to win a fortune by going "long" of the cotton market, was a member of President Cleveland's cabinet. He was last fall elected governor of Georgia.

The first information of the plot came in a letter to Mr. Smith from a man whose name he refuses to give, but in whom he places entire confidence. At Mr. Smith's request the writer came from New York for a personal visit with the governor-elect.

Convinced by the evidence offered by this informant, Governor-elect Smith gave prompt warning to the farmers and the planters of the south that two plotters have in their possession at least 1,000,000 live boll weevils, and are waiting their opportunity to scatter these disastrous insects over Georgia and South Carolina.

The exposure created the liveliest interest throughout Georgia, especially in view of the fact that very recently the experts of the country gathered at Atlanta to make plans for combating this insect.

Governor-elect Smith is a native of North Carolina, but studied law in Georgia and was admitted to the bar in Atlanta, where his home has been since 1872. He has been a delegate to two national Democratic conventions and was secretary of the Interior under Cleveland from 1893 to 1896.

HANDLES BIG EDITORIAL JOB



Hugh Chisholm gave a dinner recently to the American contributors to the Encyclopedia Britannica. There are 1,500 contributors to this stupendous work in England and America. They have written 40,000 articles, comprising 50,000,000 words. Editing all this is an enormous undertaking and even the proof reading is a stupendous job.

The issuing of the encyclopedia is the greatest undertaking in modern literature. Even the binding of it may create a panic in the market for fine leather. The binding of 3,000 copies requires 15,000 skins. What makes the task of producing the work more serious is the fact that it is brought out in 23 volumes simultaneously, whereas the last previous edition was published one volume at a time and took 14 years to complete.

Mr. Chisholm has 64 editors working under him and the cost of preparing the issuing of this edition is the fact that for the first time in its history the India paper as well as the ordinary stock occupy so small space (28 inches in all) that the entire 23 volumes and index can be lifted at one time. Mr. Chisholm has been in charge of this work for eight years. He came to it from the position as leader writer on the London Times and he expects to go back from it to his newspaper work.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS EXPERT



There is now a movement in New York for the building and operation of a new subway to relieve the congested traffic conditions, and one of the prominent bidders for the work is Frank J. Sprague, whose portrait is shown. Mr. Sprague is one of the best known and most highly successful electrical engineers in the country. At one time he was an assistant to Thomas A. Edison and is known as the pioneer of the modern electric railway. He founded an electric railway and electric companies and has been engaged in electrical work in navy yards, torpedo stations and battleships.

The other bidders are William M. Adoo, who constructed the Hudson river tubes; John Bradey, a large contractor, and the management of the present subway.

One of the greatest problems confronting New York today is that of transportation. The facilities for handling the millions of residents are entirely inadequate and patrons of its subway, surface and elevated lines are crowded into cars like cattle. It is doubtful if any other community in the country would submit to the conditions which are declared to prevail in the metropolis.

Proper Way to Die. George—Missus, the little pigs be all dead! Missus—Lawks, Garge! How did they die? George—I think they died 'appy, missus.—The Sketch.

More of a Sinecure. "An easy job will suit me, senator." "How about winding the clocks every week?" "I might make that do. But what's the matter with tearing the leaves off the calendars every month?"

Getting Back at Her. Maiden Aunt—Do you know, Dolly, it's a very solemn thing to get married! Dolly—Yes, auntie; but I should think it was much more solemn not to get married.—M. A. P.

New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Sherman's Simulated Anger

Craftiness of Great Statesman Illustrated by His Pretense of Rage for Edification of Groups of Constituents.

John Sherman, great statesman though he was, could be at times as crafty a politician as the next one; and I know of no better anecdote illustrating this point than the hitherto unpublished one of the manner in which Sherman simulated anger for the edification of a protesting group of constituents.

During the entire period that he had a seat in the lower house of congress, which stretched from 1879 to 1887, Benjamin LeFevre of Sidney, Ohio, was one of the most popular men in that body. He had as many friends on the Republican side as he had among the Democrats, and by reason of his personal popularity he was one of the conspicuous members of the house.

On a very hot day in April, 1881, Ben LeFevre went to President Garfield with the request that the latter appoint a new postmaster in a certain town in LeFevre's district.

"Why, Ben," said the president, "you know I cannot appoint a Democrat postmaster, even to oblige you." "I don't want you to appoint a Democrat, General," replied LeFevre, also a veteran of the civil war. "I ask you to appoint a good Republican, a man who left a leg on the battlefield, and a staunch supporter of you."

"What is the matter with the present postmaster, Ben?" the president asked.

"It's a personal matter; the man has gone out of his way to insult me, and I don't propose to stand it. The man I ask you to appoint is as good a Republican, and he was a brave soldier, besides."

"Ben," he went on, "if you'll do what I tell you, I think you can get your postmaster appointed and confirmed. John Sherman is out of town today. You go right to the capitol, call out Senator Pendleton, tell him I am going to send the name of the man you want appointed postmaster to the senate immediately, and ask him to get the confirmation through at once. Then, if that is done, hurry back here with the commission, and I'll sign it."

As soon as a driver could urge a sweating horse up to the capitol, Ben LeFevre was at the senate chamber and in consultation with Senator Gould, who was then in charge of the senate.

George H. Pendleton, Democrat. The senator agreed to expedite confirmation. A few moments later the appointment was received by the senate and Senator Pendleton moved that the senate go into executive session. In that session he made a personal plea, saying that the appointee was a good Republican—none better in the district—and he would take it as a personal favor if there was immediate confirmation. His appeal was heeded, and an hour later the commission of the new postmaster was signed.

On the following morning, Senator Sherman, having returned to Washington, saw in his newspaper the announcement of the new postmaster in LeFevre's district. The senator made haste to visit the postoffice department. When he was closeted with the postmaster general he asked: "What is this I see about the appointment of a postmaster in Ben LeFevre's district? It was done over my head; I wasn't consulted."

The postmaster general thought the better way was to tell Senator Sherman the whole story. When he finished Sherman exclaimed: "I want to express my indignation at this unusual discourtesy to me." Then, in a lower tone of voice, he asked: "Have you observed my indignation? If you

have"—his voice rose again—"then I strike this table with my hand while denouncing this action." Sotto voice: "Did you observe me strike the table with my hand? Now"—his voice pitched high again—"in my anger I pace up and down the room while I protest vehemently against this deliberate discourtesy to me." Aside: "Do you hear me protest indignantly? Do you behold my angry stride?"

"Very well"—and Sherman's voice sank to a whisper—"and yet I want to tell you, confidentially, that I'm glad the one-legged soldier's got the job. But there will be a rumpus among the Republicans of LeFevre's district, and they will come to see you, and when they do I want you to say to them that Senator Sherman was so reluctant to denounce the discourtesy shown to him in the matter of this appointment that he actually struck this table with his hand and paced up and down this room in his anger."

The postmaster general promised to report the scene faithfully. A few days later, when a group of protesting Republicans from Ben LeFevre's district called on him he fulfilled his promise to the best of his ability. And with his description of Senator Sherman's conduct in that very room in regard to the objectionable appointment the protestors were obliged to be content. (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Why Gould Clung to Morosini

Giovanni Enabled Jay to Escape From Legal Predicament by Removing Evidences of Certain Stock Transactions.

For many years there were all sorts of surmises and conjectures to explain the queer intimacy and kindly protecting association which characterized the relations of Jay Gould with Giovanni Morosini. Mr. Morosini died two years ago, leaving an estate estimated at six million dollars, and this was regarded as the fruits of his close association with Jay Gould, and as a great fortune to be accumulated by a man who was believed to have begun life as a sailor before the mast.

The explanation which was commonly accepted as the true one for this business and personal intimacy was that at some critical time in Jay Gould's career, when his life was threatened, or when he was in danger

of bodily injury, Mr. Morosini had protected him so as to avert the danger, and thereafter became Gould's personal bodyguard.

But this was not the explanation Mr. Morosini himself gave to a personal friend upon an occasion when he and this friend were brought for several days into very cordial and intimate relations.

"Many persons have wondered," said Mr. Morosini, one evening, "why Mr. Gould and I are on terms of friendship. Some of the explanations they give have made me smile. There isn't one of them that is correct. But I don't mind telling you, provided you won't say anything about it, as long as Mr. Gould and I are living, if you should happen to outlive us, you may tell them."

"You remember that I was the auditor of the Erie railroad at the time when Mr. Gould and Jim Fisk, who then owned it, were printing stock certificates as fast as the printing press could run, and selling them, fraudulently, as charged. It was my duty to keep a record of those transactions."

"Afterwards, the great fight was begun to oust Gould and Fisk from the control of the road, and the New York courts got after them, and the offices of the road were removed to New Jersey in order to escape jurisdiction in New York. I was instructed to remove from the books all evidences of the stock certificate transactions, and I obeyed orders. I was told to tear the leaves out of the books and destroy them, and I did tear the leaves out."

"Of course, Mr. Gould did not want to know personally anything about this, so that if he were put upon the witness stand he could testify to that effect. I was presumed to have destroyed the leaves. But Mr. Gould has never known whether I did that or not. That is my secret. Now, if I kept those leaves, why, you can easily see that to have produced them at any one of several periods might have caused Mr. Gould considerable trouble."

"I won't even tell you what I did with those leaves—whether I destroyed them or not—and nobody will ever know. But as long as I had and I obeyed orders, I was told to tear the leaves out of the books and destroy them, and I did tear the leaves out."

"I am sure, Mr. Gould did not want to know personally anything about this, so that if he were put upon the witness stand he could testify to that effect. I was presumed to have destroyed the leaves. But Mr. Gould has never known whether I did that or not. That is my secret. Now, if I kept those leaves, why, you can easily see that to have produced them at any one of several periods might have caused Mr. Gould considerable trouble."

"I won't even tell you what I did with those leaves—whether I destroyed them or not—and nobody will ever know. But as long as I had and I obeyed orders, I was told to tear the leaves out of the books and destroy them, and I did tear the leaves out."

"I am sure, Mr. Gould did not want to know personally anything about this, so that if he were put upon the witness stand he could testify to that effect. I was presumed to have destroyed the leaves. But Mr. Gould has never known whether I did that or not. That is my secret. Now, if I kept those leaves, why, you can easily see that to have produced them at any one of several periods might have caused Mr. Gould considerable trouble."

"I won't even tell you what I did with those leaves—whether I destroyed them or not—and nobody will ever know. But as long as I had and I obeyed orders, I was told to tear the leaves out of the books and destroy them, and I did tear the leaves out."

"I am sure, Mr. Gould did not want to know personally anything about this, so that if he were put upon the witness stand he could testify to that effect. I was presumed to have destroyed the leaves. But Mr. Gould has never known whether I did that or not. That is my secret. Now, if I kept those leaves, why, you can easily see that to have produced them at any one of several periods might have caused Mr. Gould considerable trouble."

"I won't even tell you what I did with those leaves—whether I destroyed them or not—and nobody will ever know. But as long as I had and I obeyed orders, I was told to tear the leaves out of the books and destroy them, and I did tear the leaves out."

"I am sure, Mr. Gould did not want to know personally anything about this, so that if he were put upon the witness stand he could testify to that effect. I was presumed to have destroyed the leaves. But Mr. Gould has never known whether I did that or not. That is my secret. Now, if I kept those leaves, why, you can easily see that to have produced them at any one of several periods might have caused Mr. Gould considerable trouble."

"I won't even tell you what I did with those leaves—whether I destroyed them or not—and nobody will ever know. But as long as I had and I obeyed orders, I was told to tear the leaves out of the books and destroy them, and I did tear the leaves out."

"I am sure, Mr. Gould did not want to know personally anything about this, so that if he were put upon the witness stand he could testify to that effect. I was presumed to have destroyed the leaves. But Mr. Gould has never known whether I did that or not. That is my secret. Now, if I kept those leaves, why, you can easily see that to have produced them at any one of several periods might have caused Mr. Gould considerable trouble."

"I won't even tell you what I did with those leaves—whether I destroyed them or not—and nobody will ever know. But as long as I had and I obeyed orders, I was told to tear the leaves out of the books and destroy them, and I did tear the leaves out."

"I am sure, Mr. Gould did not want to know personally anything about this, so that if he were put upon the witness stand he could testify to that effect. I was presumed to have destroyed the leaves. But Mr. Gould has never known whether I did that or not. That is my secret. Now, if I kept those leaves, why, you can easily see that to have produced them at any one of several periods might have caused Mr. Gould considerable trouble."

"I won't even tell you what I did with those leaves—whether I destroyed them or not—and nobody will ever know. But as long as I had and I obeyed orders, I was told to tear the leaves out of the books and destroy them, and I did tear the leaves out."

"I am sure, Mr. Gould did not want to know personally anything about this, so that if he were put upon the witness stand he could testify to that effect. I was presumed to have destroyed the leaves. But Mr. Gould has never known whether I did that or not. That is my secret. Now, if I kept those leaves, why, you can easily see that to have produced them at any one of several periods might have caused Mr. Gould considerable trouble."

MANY WAYS OF COOKING HAM

More Tender if Baked Than if Fried—Excellent Idea for a Luncheon Dish.

Sliced ham is more tender if it is baked than if fried. Cut a slice three quarters of an inch thick, put it into a small enamel pan, turn three-quarters of a cupful of milk over it, cover and bake for an hour and a quarter, basting every 15 minutes with milk.

For luncheon grind the ends of a boiled ham and mix it with a button onion that has been chopped fine and a little minced parsley. Put the mixture into a pan with a little butter and moisten with hot water or cream. Simmer four or five minutes and then heap on slices of toast.

For curly bacon cut it very thin and half-cook it in boiling water, then curl it, fasten in shape with a toothpick and broil it over the fire.

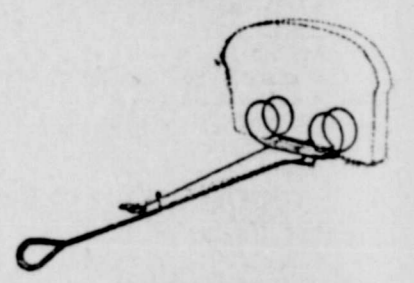
A little grated American cheese mixed with minced ham used in sandwiches is delicious if the sandwich is fried brown and served very hot.

Cold ham is tasty if it is shredded and cooked in currant jelly sauce. Put a cupful of the shredded ham into a saucepan with a level tablespoonful of butter and half a cupful of currant jelly. As soon as the jelly and butter begin to bubble add four tablespoonfuls of sherry and a seasoning of paprika. Simmer the mixture about five or six minutes and serve with toast.

IMPROVED FORM OF TOASTER

Holds Bread in a Vertical Position While Being Prepared for the Table.

The toaster which is illustrated in the accompanying sketch is arranged for use in toasting slices of bread in a vertical position. The holder is swivelled on the handle of the toaster,



and a rod is attached to one end of it, with which the holder may be turned on its pivot to bring the opposite side of the slice to the fire. The rod passes through an eye formed in the handle, and is provided with a notch, which engages the eye when the holder is at right angles to the handle—Scientific American.

When Buying Vegetables.

In buying vegetables avoid carrots, beets and similar roots that have their green tops removed.

As withered or discolored tops would betray vegetable age, the dealer carries off or trims them off. Roots with the earth clinging to them are usually fresh. Roots that are too free from earth and very clean looking are usually stale and old. They look clean because they have been freshened by soaking in cold water. Dealers have not time enough to clean fresh vegetables simply for the joy of doing it. When they do so you can be sure that it is to their advantage.

Sauce Cakes.

One-half cup chopped figs, one cup seeded raisins. Pour over these one cup boiling water in which one level teaspoon soda has been dissolved. Stir and let cool. Once cup granulated sugar, one-half cup butter, one and one-half cups flour, one level teaspoon baking powder, yolks four eggs, whites two eggs, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoon allspice, one-quarter teaspoonful cloves, one and one-half teaspoonful nutmeg, one-half cup chopped nut meats. Mix together, except flour and fruit, which should be added last. Bake as solid or layer cake.

Smothered Mutton.

Cut in small pieces as much raw lean mutton as desired. Slice seven small potatoes thin, peel four large onions. In a baking dish put a layer of mutton, sprinkle with onion, salt, pepper and dots of butter. (Butter may be omitted.) Cut bread in dice, dry in oven and use for next layer, or use only potatoes. Fill the dish with layers making the top one of bread. It is nice to use bread only for the top. Onion extract may be substituted for the vegetable. Turn over all one and one-half cups of hot water. Bake slowly.

Scraped Beef Sandwiches.

Take a juicy piece of steak, lay it on a board and with the bowl of a large spoon scrape until only the tough fibres are left. As the meat is scraped off put in a dish and season with salt; spread on a thin slice of bread and lay another on it, pressing down carefully, cut in pieces an inch square and arrange daintily on a pretty dish. Very highly recommended for building up a fever patient or any weak person.

Stuffed Haddock Baked.

Wipe a four-pound haddock; stuff with onion dressing made by melting one-fourth cup butter, adding one small onion cut fine and one cup stale bread crumbs, season with salt, and sew together. Lay on strips of salt pork in a baking pan, season with salt and put three strips of salt pork on top of fish. Bake about one hour in a hot oven, basting often with the fat in the pan.

Southern Corn.

One can of corn, one pint of milk, two eggs, salt, pepper, nutmeg to taste, one teaspoonful chopped red pepper. Put corn in dish, beat eggs and milk and seasonings together, add to corn and set in pan of hot water; bake in moderate oven until set. To be eaten hot; this quantity makes enough for six people.

Cheese in the Soup.

In making soups, if your stock is not as rich as you wish add one-half teaspoonful or less of grated cheese. You will be surprised how greatly it will improve the soup. Save bits of cheese left over, grate and keep in a covered glass vessel, ready to use as wanted.—From Woman's Home Companion.

Hunter Had Their Word for It

Joe Perkins, retired woodsman, hunter and trapper, was snugly housed for the decline of his old age on the shore of a small inland lake. Joe had lived through an era of frontiersmen, and he was another Leather Stocking in his lofty contempt for the rules of civilization and game laws. One day the game warden caught him in the act of bagging a pair of ducks.

The duck himself. My eyes are bad, and I can't tell which kind from which at a little distance. But when a flock lights in the swamp, I paddle out close to them, as close as I can without scaring them. I take good aim with my shotgun. And then I call out:

"Are you mallards?" "If they answer 'Yes,' I paddle back home. But if they don't, I fire."—Youth's Companion.

The Courtship. "Then the duke and the betress 'Seems' not. The thing was mismanaged on both sides. The continental newspaper failed to cooperate properly with the American press."

The Reason Why. "See here, boy, I don't like the way your bills keep coming in. When do you intend to settle up?" "Oh, sometime—when I settle down."

\$3.50 RECIPES CURES WEAK KIDNEYS, FREE

RELIEVES URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES, BACKACHE, STRAINING, SWELLING, ETC.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a QUICK RECOVERY, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-23 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power. It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

LOGICAL.



Assistant Manager—What shall I do with the amount the cashier took; charge it to profit and loss?

Manager—No; put it down as running expenses.

COULD NOT STAND SUFFERING FROM SKIN ERUPTION

"I have been using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for the past three months and I am glad to say that they cured me of a most annoying skin eruption. It began by my noticing red blotches appearing on my face and scalp. Although they were rather disfiguring, I did not think anything of them until they began to get scaly and dry and to itch and burn until I could not stand the suffering. Then I began to use a different soap, thinking that my old skin might be hurting me, but that didn't seem to do any good. I went to two different doctors but neither seemed to relieve me any. I lost many nights' sleep in continual scratching, sometimes scratching till I drew the blood on my face and head. Then I started in to use the Cuticura Remedies and in two months I was entirely relieved of that awful pest. I am so delighted over my cure by Cuticura Remedies that I shall be glad to tell anybody about it." (Signed) G. M. Macfarland, 221 West 115th St., New York City, Oct. 5, 1910.

Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston, for free book on skin and scalp diseases and their treatment.

One Happy Condition. "Wireless is a wonderful thing, isn't it? It's going to take the place of everything—telegraph, telephone, thought transference—why, they even transmit newspaper photographs that way."

"Yes, but there's one thing they'll never do with wireless."

"What's that?"

"Wire-pulling."

That Awful Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Smith—She is so unobservant! Mrs. Brown—And always complaining. The other day, while ballooning near a storm center, she collided with a rain cloud and reported to the authorities that the driver of an aeroplane sprinker had splashed water all over her best gown!—Widow.

If It's Your Eye Use Pettit's Eye Salve for inflammation, stye, itching lids, eye aches, defects of vision and sensitivity to strong lights. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

His Light. Ella—He says that I am the light of his life.

Stella—That's gas.

The strongest symptom of wisdom in man is his being sensible of his own follies.—Rochefoucauld.

Your cattle always have pure water at small cost to you if you have a bottomless tank. Booklet "A" free. Alamo Iron Works, San Antonio, Texas.

What women feel is more convincing to them than what men know.

INDIGESTION

CAN BE RELIEVED AND HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is the medicine you can rely on to do the work

It is a real digestive help Try it today

Refuse all substitutes

The World's Wonders

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

EARLY LIFE-SAVING STATION

On the south shore of Long Island, N. Y., near the present Napeague life-saving station, half hidden from view by the sand dunes that have been built up about it by the gales that have swept the coast during the past half-century, stands an abandoned life-saving station, the only one of its type in existence, and the first that was erected by the national government.

In 1845 the Humane Society of Massachusetts, which may be considered the parent of the United States life-saving service, had 18 stations on the Massachusetts coast, equipped with boats and mortars for throwing lines to stranded vessels, in addition to numerous huts or houses of refuge at exposed points.

Congress finally was awakened to action and a bill appropriating \$500 for life-saving purposes was passed March 3, 1847. In 1848 a second appropriation of \$10,000 was made.

Again in 1849 the sum of \$20,000 was appropriated and eight stations were built on the coast of Long Island, N. Y., that at Napeague being one of the number and the only one of the original sixteen, so called, now in existence.

The stations were plain houses 42 feet long, 15 feet wide, of two stories and four rooms. One lower room was used by the crew, which later manned each station, as a mess room. The other contained the life boat and additional apparatus used at shipwrecks. One of the upper rooms was used as a chamber, the other as a storeroom.

The old station that still stands near Napeague was one of the first to be manned by a crew of regular surfmen. It is in a fairly good state of preservation because it was used until a comparatively short time ago as the home of the coast guards.

Visitors to the Napeague life-saving station take great pleasure in visiting the old station which is now used as a storehouse. The whirling sands that are driven against it by the furious gales that sweep the coast of Long Island have worn the shingles down to a thickness not much greater than paper, but the oak timbers are sound.

The building seems destined to last for many years, a relic of the first days of the United States life-saving service.

CHICKS HATCHED IN POCKET

It is not every day that chickens are hatched in the train and in a lady's pocket. This novel experience has befallen a Kirkcaldy (Scotland) lady. She had arranged to go with a friend to Edinburgh and after dressing herself and finding she had still a few minutes to spare before train time, she decided to have a look at two eggs which ought to have hatched out the day before. Proceeding to the

Making a Giant's Tumble Safe

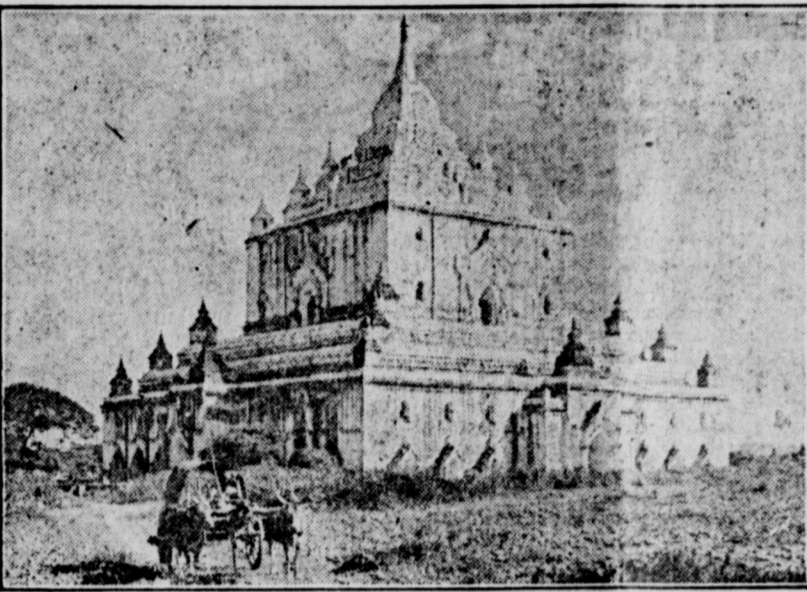


In the great sequoia forests of the west the work of the wood-cutters is not without its perils, and they must take precautions to see that the immense redwoods that are felled tumble in the right direction. For this purpose there has been designed the simple apparatus for "sighting" that is shown in the illustration.

DEMOCRACY OF ROOSEVELT

Here is a little story from the closed and sealed closets of the state department, told by diplomats who have recently visited Washington: At the funeral of King Edward in London there were diplomats from every nation on earth, who mingled with the kings and emperors. It will be recalled that Theodore Roosevelt was the special envoy of this nation. At one imposing ceremonial attending the burial of King Edward the former president was standing in a row with seven kings when Emperor William of Germany came in, receiving formal salutations from the group, including Roosevelt. Then, in very informal manner, Emperor William went over to Roosevelt and remarked in English: "Do you know I have come here an hour ahead of time in order to have that hour in conversation with you?" This was certainly a compliment, coming from a sovereign, and the other crowned heads were startled to hear the former president reply: "Indeed, I thank you very much, but I hope

One of Burma's Great Shrines



Of the hundreds of temples in Burma, that of Thapinyu is the second in size and one of the finest shrines in the country. It dates from about the year 1100, is a square pyramidal building of great beauty, rather severe in its lines, and is two hundred feet in height and perfect in its proportions. The Thapinyu has but one shrine, in which a huge gilded Buddha sits in conventional attitude. This temple is built of burnt brick covered with stucco, no stone being used, and in its solid construction and tasteful design contrasts strongly with the flimsy atrocities erected there in the present day.

garden she found the eggs still unhatched, and thinking they were unfertile, she took out the eggs and put one in each pocket of her ulster, with a view of taking them to the house.

On reaching the door she found her neighbor waiting for her with the information that it would take them all their time to catch the train. The lady accordingly ran into the house for her umbrella, and, forgetting all about the eggs, proceeded with all haste to the station. On approaching the ticket office she put her hand in her pocket to get her purse when she was shocked to find that she had omitted to leave the eggs behind. Being afraid that they might get broken and spoil her dress, she throughout the journey sat with a hand in each pocket holding the eggs. The heat of her hands seemed to provide all that was necessary to complete the hatching, and before her arrival at Edinburgh she had a healthy-looking chicken in each pocket.

THEY ENJOY THE FRIED CAT

With a fine contempt for ancient prejudice against tabby as an article of diet, some schoolboys of Allen county, Ohio, have developed a taste for fried cat. Their method of getting the feline live stock into condition is to take a few plump young kittens, pen them up and feed them on milk diet for several weeks, before preparing them for the cooking range. The meat is described as firm, with a wild game taste, and is said to be equally as palatable as squirrel or rabbit. The youngsters are said to have played a game on some of their elder friends recently, whom they invited to a supper of rabbit, the supposed "kill" of a hunting expedition. It was not until the feast was over, and the guests were

praising the high quality of the "game," that they learned to their surprise and horror they had been gorging themselves on fried cat!

MAGPIES OF SENEGAMBIA



A common feature in the villages of Senegambia is the crowd of black magpies which frequent the neighborhood of the huts and subsist largely on the parasites which infest the sheep. The latter are often irritated into flight by their too persistent attention, for the birds sit on their backs, and though no doubt in search of ticks and other creatures, they are not above a peck at any open sore which the unfortunate sheep is most liable to have. It is interesting to watch these birds mounted on the sheep's backs, several at a time, resisting all attempts to dislodge them.

HURT DOG CALLS ON DOCTOR

Exceptional sagacity on the part of a dog was shown recently by a bull terrier named Toke, owned by Henry Kitchikis of Topeka, Kan. Toke loves a fight, and has had to be treated several times by the veterinary surgeon as a result of his fondness for a scrap. The other week he was again in trouble, and retired from the battle with a broken leg. Instead of running home, Toke limped straight to the establishment of the dog physician, who recognized him as an old patient, and at once attended to the wounded limb. As a result the intelligent animal is now making good progress, with its leg in splints.

STOPPED HIS OWN FUNERAL

An eerie and extraordinary affair occurred recently at Yaquialpan, Mexico, during the course of the burial services of a miner named Reginio Campo, who had been injured in an accident in one of the mines, and pronounced dead. To the horror and consternation of the mourners the "dead" man sat up suddenly in his coffin as a priest was about to read the prayers for the dead. He protested loudly, stopped the funeral ceremony, and refused to be buried.

looks exactly like the original. This wonderful chunk of yellow metal, known as the "Welcome" nugget, was dug up at Bakery Hill, near Ballarat, in Australia, and was sold for \$46,625. It weighed 2,159 ounces, so that the price obtained was \$21 per ounce. When melted in London, a few months later, it was found to contain more than 99 per cent of pure gold. It was 20 inches long and 12 inches broad. The two men who struck it fainted dead away in the hole they had dug, believing that they had come upon a whole "reer" of the solid stuff.

MAKES HEN DATE HER EGGS

The demand for strictly fresh eggs has stirred the inventive minds of hundreds of persons. The latest method for furnishing a guarantee of freshness with eggs makes the hen herself register and stamp her eggs as fast as they are laid. The device, which is patented by a Buffalo enthusiast, is an attachment fastened to the hen. When the egg is laid the marking is recorded on the shell immediately.

BIGGEST NUGGET EVER FOUND

The American Museum of Natural History has recently placed on exhibition a replica of the largest nugget of gold ever found. Being gilded, it

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Remove the orchard litter.

Sweet clover is very drought-resisting.

Plan for an orchard this year, if you haven't got one.

The cow is the final judge as to the real worth of silage.

Rye straw is of very little use on the farm except for bedding.

A cow should be dried off for a few weeks before the calving period.

Keeping records of the cows is oftentimes the first step toward success.

During the summer months poultry consume a large amount of green forage.

Chickens are always considered more or less of a side line on the farm.

Plenty of outdoor exercise and fresh air will insure a crop of vigorous lambs.

Regularity in milking helps the flow during the present and all subsequent lactation periods.

Good drainage to a cow stable is absolutely necessary, and a cement floor serves this end to good advantage.

Keep your chicks on dry ground, where they can get no red worms, and they are not likely to have gaps.

Except when pigs are small, two feedings of warm, sloppy feed per day, morning and evening, is sufficient.

The trap nest picks out the layers, the best brooders, the drones and the unprofitable hens as well as the egg eaters.

The season has arrived when farmers and gardeners should begin testing seeds to determine their power of germination.

There will be no danger of white specks, or black specks either, in the butter if the cream is strained into the churn.

The sooner anyone gets rid of "cull" stock the better, and when a favorable opportunity comes it is well to take advantage of it.

A cow that is run down or hide-bound, the result of faulty digestion and assimilation, needs a tonic to build up her blood.

Many of the troubles experienced at lambing time are the result of rough handling and treatment during the period of pregnancy.

The farmer's family is fortunate in having an abundance of good food at all seasons of the year, but this is especially true in the winter.

Every farmer can have plenty of eggs and chickens for himself and for market if he will only turn a little of his energy toward the hen house.

Are there not some places about the farm where evergreens ought to be planted? They make a splendid wind-break about the barns and yards.

In hauling manure, ice, wood or other slow work about the farm where a team stands a good share of the time the use of blankets is to be recommended.

You must keep track of your hens and know what they are doing if you are going to keep them at all, and then you can have as large a flock as you can manage.

There is no danger of cattle choking on shredded fodder. They chew it the same as hay before they attempt to swallow it and it goes down their throats as easily.

Someone who has not been asleep all the time during recent years has said: "Cement and alfalfa are going to make western farmers the most independent people on earth."

Before the appearance of blossoms and foliage, spray for soft scale and like insects with the lime-sulphur wash or kerosene emulsion. No fruit grower can expect to have clean, healthy trees unless he uses sprays and washes.

Given plenty of good roughage and a light grain ration of wholesome farm feed supplemented with a little oil and some root crops or corn ensilage for succulence the ewes should then be in ideal flesh condition at lambing time.

Well Described. A little girl was walking quietly along the street with her mother when she espied a ferocious-looking but amiable bulldog approaching. "With a He!" she screamed she elung to her mother, crying: "Oh, mother, quick, look at the dog with the tangled face."

Many Fall to Pass. Only twenty of every hundred candidates for the London police force are successful in passing the entrance examination.

Poultry prefer light houses.

Be careful of your feed with all stock.

Drainage is a necessary foundation for a good road.

Gapes can be cured by fumigating the chicken with sulphur.

Select your cockerels to overcome the shortcomings of your hens.

Baked potatoes occasionally fed to the chicks are relished by them.

Butter fat seems to absorb more moisture when comparatively warm.

Many growers think there is more money in raspberries than strawberries.

Sunshine is a great purifier; allow it free access in the barn whenever possible.

Milk is very susceptible to filth and disease, and care must be exercised in handling it.

The cow that does not yield a profit at the fall eats just about as much as the cow that does.

Don't plant any flowers in straight rows except hollyhocks or sunflowers, or plants for borders.

The one cry against the general practice of dairy farming is that it requires too much labor.

The well ventilated barn will be more comfortable on the coldest day than one poorly ventilated.

Twenty acres of corn put into the silo is worth more in feeding a dairy herd than 30 acres in the crib.

Don't forget about the lice these days, when the hens are shut up a good part of the day and night.

There is a best temperature for each individual lot of cream, but this can be determined only by experience.

If the man who has no silo would watch his neighbor feed and watch the results he would soon have one.

Do not neglect to use these days when the ground is frozen hard to dress the land liberally with manure.

A hill of potatoes stripped by bugs, or on which the leaves are injured by blight, cannot give a satisfactory yield.

Whitewashing or painting the interior of the cow stable is advisable and does not bring a burden upon the dairyman.

Place no reliance in the theory that breeds contaminate by simply seeing a different variety on the other side of the fence.

Unless the dairy farmer really knows a good dairy cow when he sees one, he should not attempt to build up a dairy herd.

There is a tradition that cows will do better in warm weather than in cold weather, but experience has disproved this fact.

The best way to feed straw to horses and mules at work is to reduce it to chaff and mix it with middlings and corn chop.

No animal suffers more readily from intense cold in the winter or more severely from intense heat in the summer than the hog.

Get ahead of the season in all garden work. By and by the rush of other things will come and a part of this work may be neglected.

Plant strawberries as soon as the season will allow. Next year's crop depends upon the start made this season, so strawberry growers say.

To seed down a vegetable garden after the earth has been worked, firmed and raked thoroughly, the first needful thing is to level the ground.

The time will soon be here when we shall need seed corn for planting. It is always well to make a selection and have all things ready before planting time.

The cow freshening in the spring will produce a maximum flow of milk during the first couple of spring months because of the ideal conditions of the pastures.

If perches, houses and coops are thoroughly treated now with a good mite destroyer there will be no danger of their making any further trouble until next summer.

Stables should be cleaned carefully daily, and disinfected thoroughly at least twice during the winter season, and always after a case of disease among the animals in the stable.

Don't forget the machinery, the tools and implements that may need a little tinkering with here and there to be put into good working order, so that they may be ready at the first call of the new season and not cause you delay.

It is advisable to gain the bull's confidence and let him know that you are his friend. Be kind, but firm, and always make the bull keep his place. Never take any chances, by getting careless, and never fight a bull unless you want trouble.

The Superstitious. Let me tell you that Diogenes walked on a day with a friend to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons and looking glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby horses, and many other gimmicks, and having observed them and all the other fair-brimbrums that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things there are in this world!"—From Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*.

CALUMET

The BAKING POWDER That Makes the Baking Better

Failure are almost impossible with Calumet. We know that it will give you better results. We know that the baking will be pure—more wholesome. We know that it will be more evenly raised. And we know that Calumet is more economical both in its use and cost. We know these things because we have put the quality into it—we have seen it tried out in every way. It is used now in millions of homes and its sales are growing daily. It is the modern baking powder. Have you tried it? Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in price. Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.



ASTONISHED THE "OLD MAN"

His "Rah" Son by No Means the "Dude" He Had Hitherto Seemed to Be.

The new governor of a western state has two sons. One is big and husky like his father, but the other is more slight; and at times he rather vexes his father by his affection of "rah-rah-boy" clothes and a general air of lassitude and doddiness.

The two sons and the father were in the library one night and the name of a prizefight referee came into the conversation. The "rah-rah" boy had been sitting by, twiddling his thumbs, but his ears pricked up at the man's name and he drawled: "I rather like that chap. He's all right."

"What do you know about him?" the other brother asked, rather contemptuously.

"Oh, he gave me a shade the best of it one night."

"Gave you the best of it?" both father and brother shouted.

"Yes; you see, I fought under the name of Young Ryan and he counted pretty slow one time when I was down."—Saturday Evening Post.

Wifely Solitude. Appealing to the police to find her husband, who went to work and had not returned home at eight o'clock, but requesting that the officers neither arrest nor "talk cross" to him, a woman left a note in the hands of Patrolman Hickerson at Sixth and Edmond streets containing information concerning the missing husband.

The note in addition to giving a description of the missing man read that the wife "was worried nearly sick because it was the first time that he had done this."

"I don't want you to arrest him," continued the note. "Tell the police to please not talk cross to him."—St. Joseph Gazette.

CHILDREN AFFECTED BY Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mothers' milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babes.

The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point: "I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not do without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added, two years later, a chronic sour stomach."

"The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!"

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience and she told me to quit coffee. I have since ascertained that it really drives up the milk."

"So, I quit coffee and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk."

"My husband then quit coffee and used Postum and quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spots, pain in my heart or sour stomach."

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in glass.

"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.

W. F. Kellis, Editor and Proprietor.

Entered Nov. 10, 1902, at the Sterling City postoffice as second class matter.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT STERLING CITY, TEXAS.

Subscribers failing to get their paper on time, will confer a favor by reporting same to us.

Don't forget clear up day.

March 11th clean up day.

The tabernacle. Talk it, boost it, push it and we'll build it.

A report says that the scalp bill was vetoed by the Governor, but it is not true, for it will become a law.

March 11th is clean up day. You are expected to have your premises clean after that time. Don't forget it and get tangled up with the court.

When we buy cotton goods to the amount of one dollar, the farmer gets 27 cents, the transportation companies 7 cents, the English manufacturer 33 cents and the government 33 cents, while with the factory in Texas the entire dollar would remain with us.

The following from Geo. H. McEntire explains itself.

Dallas county is spending \$400,000 to improve 1 1/4 miles of road across the Trinity bottoms.

It does seem to me Sterling county could spend that measly \$16,000 on all the roads.

GEORGE.

We are in receipt of a splendid article along this line from Mr. McEntire which will appear in next week's issue.

We have at last got Saint Peter to subscribe for The Success. We sent him a few sample copies and he found out things were not just as the News-Record and San Angelo Standard represented them in regard to the rain, but declared both papers were worthy of patronage from the West Texas people, and the rain they had reported previous to the last two weeks were only showers, but that both editors were excusable, as Pat lives in a "wet town" (prohibitionally speaking) and Bro. Kellis has been drunk on excitement for the past 18 months on account of the tremendous growth of Sterling City. But we notice that the Standard has begun to reform, as the Saturday issue reported a sprinkle at San Angelo Friday, and now if Bro. Kellis will get right we will keep Saint Peter posted in regard to the famous Concho-land, the home of the happiest, most contented and prosperous people on the globe.—Eldorado Success.

The great rains that we have had in the last three weeks certainly makes us all jubilant and we, whose wishes are always for the good, can now afford to say it "sprinkled" when even a fair rain has fallen. You know when things begin to look blue and life is made hideous by the wailings of the croaker and the hard-luck tales of human failures, it is then up to the editor to keep up that good old tune: "Ho-ho-ho, boys don't you know, There's a better day a-comin' When we'll see the time" etc. During the terrible drouth which pervaded all Texas all last year and particularly West Texas; when things looked glum in every quarter, the Standard and News-Record arose every morning with a cheerful twitter, and even the reliable Success joined in the cheerful noise by converting a dew, into an optimistic shower.

We hope it won't be long before our Eldorado brother will also be drunk—dead drunk—on excitement over the sound of the locomotive whistle in his town. He deserves it for his is one of your boosting optimists.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

I confess I am vindictive enough to hope and trust, as the young king of Italy said in his first speech from the throne, "with my whole strength and soul," that those who have so cruelly oppressed and tortured God's dumb creatures in this world may in the next sphere change places with the creature and be themselves the beasts of burden, that in some way in the future it may be, so to say, made up to the animals for all they have suffered in this mortal life.—From "In a Tuscan Garden."

SANTA FE OFFICIALS HERE

Fourteen High Officers of The Big Railroad Pay us A Visit

Yesterday evening the following head officials of the railroad came in on a special car:

K. S. Hull, Vice-Pres. Temple; W. E. Maxon Gen. Supt., Galveston; J. S. Hershey, Gen. Freight Agent, Galveston; A. C. Fonda, Asst. Freight Agent, Galveston; G. E. Dalton, Gen. Auditor, Miles; D. W. McLeod, Auditor, Galveston; F. Merritt, Chief Engineer, Galveston; M. F. Temple, Asst. Chief Engineer, Galveston; G. Haase, Secretary, Galveston; R. E. Buchanan, Gen. Claim Adjuster, Galveston; C. B. Van Skjke, Gen. Live Stock Agent, Galveston; J. G. Fitzhugh, Live Stock Freight Agent, Temple; H. E. Everhart, Agent, San Angelo; J. W. Barthlow, Chief Clerk to Engineer.

Emette Westbrook; J. T. Davis, Dr. Carver and O. H. Graham met the party at the depot and drove them over to town in their automobiles. At 8:30 they were escorted to the court house where they were met by a large crowd of our business men. W. F. Kellis opened the meeting with a short speech in which he told the visitors that their presence was much appreciated by the people of Sterling. He was responded to by W. E. Maxon, Gen. Superintendent, who said that they were on a tour of inspection. For about an hour each side took it turn about in enthusiastic talks. A good feeling was generated by the meeting and many congratulations exchanged between the citizens and their visitors.

The head of each department promised to do all in his power to promote the welfare and upbuilding of this town. To these promises many of our citizens responded that they would help them do it as well as pull for the railroad.

A Noted Indian Chief Is Dead

Last week Quannah Parker, a noted Indian Chief died at his home near Lawton, Oklahoma, and was buried beside the grave of his white mother.

Quannah was the son of Cynthia Ann Parker, a captive white woman and Pete Nocona, a famous Comanche chief and warrior.

When a girl nine years of age, Cynthia Ann Parker was captured by the Comanche Indians at Fort Parker in 1836. Fort Parker was a stockade built by the Parkers and others in what is now Limestone county for mutual protection against the Indians.

One evening in 1836 the gate of this stockade was left open and the Indians under the pretense of friendship, rushed the fort, killed several of the inmates, and carried off several prisoners, among whom was Cynthia Ann Parker.

Every effort was made by her relatives for her recovery. Her uncle, Isaac Parker, spent many years in a fruitless search for his captive niece. All this time the little white girl was learning the language, customs and ways of her captors and when she arrived at the age of womanhood she had forgotten the ways of her people and learned that of her captors. What harrowing things she endured during this period will never be known.

When she arrived at the age of womanhood she easily became the belle of the tribe, for, she had forgotten the ways of her people and knew only the ways of an Indian maiden. Among her many suitors was a famous war-chief whose name was Peta Nocona, whom she married.

To this union of two races which hated each other and who sought each other's destruction, were born three children: Quannah, Prairie Flower and another whose name we do not recall.

Peta Nocona and his warriors during all this time had committed

and died, that he (Quannah) saw him die)

At this juncture, Lieutenant Tom Kellikair came up with a supposed squaw who carried a baby in her arms. She was weeping and attracted attention by her apparent distress. It was also observed that she had blue eyes, which was rare among Indians, but not a word of English could she speak. It was soon discovered that she was a white woman and she was placed in the care of some white ladies at one of the forts who treated her with great kindness and consideration. Hearing of her capture Rev. Isaac Parker, her uncle, who had spent so many years on the Texas frontier searching for her, came to see her in the hopes that she might prove to be his long lost niece. After trying in every way to discover some mark or word of identity, the old man was about to give up in despair, when he incidentally pronounced the words "Cynthia Ann." Instantly the light of intelligence came in her eyes as if the spark of memory which had so long lain dormant sprang suddenly into a flame and pointing with her finger to her breast, she said: "Me Cynthia Ann! Me Cynthia Ann!" and it became plain to the old man that his long lost niece was found, but oh what a sad change! She had been changed from a white civilized girl to a savage woman. In her arms she held a little savage girl baby whom she loved as a mother can, be she Christian or heathen. She was torn away from her boy, Quannah and she knew not but at that moment he might be in want and the need of mother's care. She begged to be allowed to return to the people of her adoption, but she was carried to the home of her white relatives where she once more learned the ways of the white man, but the memory of her boy on the plains never left her. She died in 1870, her little Prairie Flower having preceded her some time before. Her body was exhumed last fall and re-buried in Quannah's country near Lawton, Oklahoma, beside which grave Quannah was laid to rest last week.

After Captain Ross had captured the mother, Quannah, who was then a lad, escaped with other Indians and had to look out for himself. The fine judgement which his white blood gave him coupled with the courage of both races, he soon became a war chief and led his people in many raids against the whites, but one day in 1870 General McKinzie with his soldiers struck the Comanches a blow that forever chilled their opposition to the white man and Quannah and his men laid down their arms and surrendered and went on their reservation to learn the ways of the white man. Quannah was a man of good judgement and soon became popular with the whites and through this friendship he was enabled to better the condition of his people to a marked degree. At his death he had been the husband of seven wives and the father of twenty-one children, fifteen of whom are living.

BODY OF L. S. FAUCHER IS FOUND IN A DRIFT

The body of L. S. Faucher who was drowned in the South Concho several miles south of San Angelo on Feb. 18th, was found last Sunday. For more than eight days an incessant hunt had been kept up by neighbors and people of San Angelo. Last Sunday two men were searching in a drift when a bit of clothing was discovered by one of them. On closer examination the body of the dead man was found covered with drift and mud. From surrounding circumstances, the searchers were led to believe that the body had not lain in the water more than a little over 24 hours. It is said that the body was in a remarkably good state of preservation, considering the fact that it had lain so long. This no doubt, is owing to continued cold weather.

J. T. Webb of Baskett, Brown County, Texas, had been down with kidney trouble and unable to do any work for three years when he got Murray's Balsam for the lungs and kidneys and in less than one month he was entirely cured.

W. A. Gordon of Tolar, Tex., had not known what it was to be clear of a weakness or pain in his back and kidneys for 15 years when he got and used two bottles of this remedy and was cured and never had a return of it. Before he got it, he frequently would be down for several days at a time that he could not get out of his chair without help. Thousands of people have had similar experiences with this Balsam. It is prepared by F. I. Murray, Abilene, Texas. For sale by

WIMODAUSIS CLUB RECEPTION

One of the pretties, as well as perfectly planned entertainments, was given by Mrs. Hallie Knight, corner of Elm and Sixth Streets, in honor of the Wimodausis Club.

The entrance hall was neatly arranged with Washington's picture and the American flag giving a patriotic air. The living room was appropriately decorated in the Club colors—lavender and white. The nook and punch room were arranged in National colors, with mistletoe suspended above the cut glass punch bowl. In the spacious dining room the mingling of the red, white and blue was the prevailing idea, and where Washington pictures were given away and sweet violets were used to decorate the table. The beautiful parlor was so neatly and exceptionally decorated in National and College colors, with many vases of violets and La France roses.

The guests were met by Misses Jesse Foster, Vera Kellis and Ethel Foster, who introduced Lady Washington, Mrs. Hallie Knight. The receiving line were in the living room and were Mesdames Annie Knight-Clark, R. L. Lowe, C. R. Carver, W. L. Foster, E. Westbrook, B. F. Roberts and O. H. Graham. Miss Cora Carver took the guests from the receiving line thru the nook to the punch bowl where Misses Mary Gladys Knight and Irma Clark, who were dressed in the Stars and Stripes, served a delicious and refreshing punch. Miss Mary Yates took the guests from the punch bowl to the guest register where Miss Rose Carver presided. The guests were then invited into the dining room where Mesdames N. L. Douglas and Lewis E. Alexander poured hot chocolate and Mrs. W. Y. Crain served. Mrs. D. C. Durham invited the guests into the parlor where a nice selection of sweet and appropriate music was rendered by Misses Jesse and Ethel Foster, Vera Kellis and Mrs. Annie Knight-Clark. The souvenir of the occasion were small George Washington hatchets hand painted and tied with dainty ribbon. During the afternoon about 55 called.

Press Reporter.

Katie and the 'Phone. Katie is just over, and she is employed as a domestic in a big house surrounded by shade trees on the Cass farm. She is as willing as a hungry mosquito, but there are things she has not yet learned.

Katie is having a hard time in mastering the telephone. She has had many lessons and long, but there is a mystery about the whole thing that inflames her superstition. "Any one call or ask for me by telephone while I was out, Katie?" asked the mistress.

"In dae they did mum. The boy jingled and a lady wid a voice like a coffee mill says: 'Hello,' and I says, 'Hello, yerself,' and she says, 'Who is this?' and I says, 'None of yer business.' And she says, 'Is Aunt Mary there?' And I told her she'd better ask a policeman, and she foired sumthin' in my ear, and I dared her to show the ugly mug of her back of our barn and she said nuthin'. I'll talk in that machine no more, mum."

Notice to Hunters.—Posted.

My pasture is posted according to the law made and provided in such cases and all persons are hereby warned and forbidden to hunt, fish, or otherwise trespass upon any of the enclosed lands owned or controlled by me, under pain of prosecution to the full extent of the law. J. T. Davis 5-4 '02

Notice to Trespassers

Notice is hereby given, that any person or persons who shall hunt fish, cut or haul wood, work or drive stock, or otherwise trespass upon any land owned or controlled by us, or either without our permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Those driving stock down lane must keep in the lane until across Deal's creek. W. K. Feikes By J. D. Lane, mgr.

WHAT'S THE USE?

"What did your mother whisper to you before she let you come out on the veranda with me?" "To scream if you tried to kiss me." "Why, I wouldn't dream of such a thing." "Let's go back in."

P & O Success Sulky Plow

A Frameless Plow that Will Last a Lifetime. Simple Strong Light Draft Easy Running The Best in Every Way. This famous Sulky Plow has been the leading riding plow for nearly 15 years. No other plow made approaches it for simplicity. It has only two levers (one with a double adjustment) but it is just as flexible, and has all the advantages of plows requiring three and four levers. No one ever made a mistake in buying the Success. It has every other plow on earth beaten for strength. The manufacturers have so much confidence in it that they back it up with an unqualified guarantee. You can't buy a better plow—they don't make them any better than the Success.

LOWE & DURHAM Headquarters for All Kinds of Up-to-Date Farm Machinery

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF STERLING CITY, TEXAS. CAPITAL \$60,000.00 Accounts are solicited from individuals, who may rely upon courteous consideration and the very best terms that are consistent with good business methods.

O K WAGON YARD MILO MAIZ, KAFFIR CORN, CANE & MILLET SEED AT COTTEN & DAVIS

New Furniture NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE, VARIETY AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS, TRUNKS AND VALISES, ETC.

GLASS, TIN AND ENAMELED WARES S. R. WILLIAMS

J. L. CARNES, CARPENTER AND BULDER

STEVENS Less Work for the Bride-elect. All of the fashionable stationers in the larger cities this fall have women in their employ whose sole work consists of preparing and sending out wedding invitations. This is more onerous than one would think, for the approval wedding invitation contains a blank space in which must be written the name of the person to whom the invitation is extended. Previously it began: "Mr. and Mrs. Soandso request your presence, etc." Now it starts off: "Mr. and Mrs. Soandso request the honor of —"; then the name is written in. Of course, this entails quite a lot of work, and the respectable bride, who is busy with her trousseau, is only too glad to have the stationer take it off her hands for a consideration.

A Modern Cain

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY Former Chief United States Secret Service

The barren, rocky little farm in Northern Vermont, a mile or two out from the village of Newbury, was suggestive mainly of hard work and small returns, to the ordinary observer. Its buildings were small and old and out of repair; its fences were sagging in places; the orchard, long past its prime, was dying out, and the lack of money to buy new trees had prevented the filling up of the vacant places. But in spite of all its drawbacks, this barren, rocky little farm was a glorified place to John Barrows that day in early spring in the fifties; for that day Jane Heath had promised to be his wife. Jane had lived alone in the little house in the village, left to her on the death of her father and mother several years before, and always the families had been friends. She was a beautiful girl, with the glossy black hair, the dark and sparkling blue eyes, the firm apple cheeks and the sunny smile and undaunted courage of her Irish ancestors. She had never been afraid to live alone—neither fear of possible physical peril nor of the mental attitude that sometimes is more to be dreaded even than thieves or wandering beggars, by people who have too much of their own society, ever had disturbed her. She possessed a strength of character which she herself did not realize but which, in promising to marry John Barrows, meant that she gave him her undying devotion.

She had known John Barrows long and intimately—since the days when they went to the little village school together. In later years, often she had been a guest at the Barrows farmhouse, where the family was made up of John and his mother and his brother Andrew. Mrs. Barrows loved the sunny-faced girl as a daughter, and Andy—Andy was the one source of apprehension to the otherwise entirely happy young couple. An amicable agreement as to the division of the farm had been reached, but lately Andy had seemed moody and despondent, and often he watched John and Jane with jealous eyes. A few days before John's proposal, Andy had asked Jane to marry him, but she had gently refused.

"Yes, I know why you won't marry me. You're in love with John. He's younger than I, and better favored, and you've fallen in love with his handsome face. But you're mine by rights—as I'm the oldest. Oh, do say you love me, Jane!"

"Why, Andy, you know I couldn't say that, when you know I do not care for you in that way. I'm so sorry."

"I don't want your pity. Even if you don't love me, I love you enough for both—can't you marry me? I could fit it so we'd have all the farm, and you need never want for anything."

"No, Andy, I don't love you, and I never shall, and I'm not going to marry you. I'm sorry you feel so bad; can't we be friends?"

"Yes, we can be friends, but even if you won't marry me, neither shall you ever marry John. Mark my words!"

Andy Barrows had an intimate friend, Malcolm Thomson, a close-mouthed, crafty Scot, and to him Andy confided his troubles. Thomson considered the matter, then advised Andy to be friendly to his brother and thus lead him to think that he—Andy—was reconciled, but to bide his time.

Plans for the marriage were discussed, and Thomson's day was decided on for the wedding. The sale of John's share of the season's crops and livestock, with the money—the bank account dear to the heart of every New Englander—which John had in the bank, would be enough to build the little house, on the opposite side of the field from the old one, on which the young couple had centered their dreams. John was working his hardest to coax the old farm to yield, and hauling logs and lumber to add hours for the new house and outbuildings. One day, early in the fall, the brothers were working in the field near the house. The days were growing shorter, and Andy suggested that he remain in the field, working as long as there was light, and that John go to the house to do the chores. John agreed, and went to his chores with a happy heart, thinking that Andy hadn't really been so greatly disappointed, after all.

"Mother," he said, as he brought in the pails of foaming milk, "I believe Andy's got all over being jealous of me. He's so pleasant and agreeable lately that I can't help thinking he has forgiven me."

"He had nothing to forgive, my son," said Mrs. Barrows, "but was glad as you are to see him in a more reasonable frame of mind. I only wish there were two Janes. She is a good, sweet girl, fit to be the wife of any man."

"Bless you for saying that, mother."

Sure to Find His Level

Real Worth, Not Brag or Bluster, Must Give a Man Permanent Position.

Many persons are so carried away by their own importance that they lose sight of the fact that the world sees through its own eyes. It may be persuaded to accept for a time at least a man's estimate of himself, and may even allow him the opportunity of living up to that estimate, but in the end the world forms its own opinion, unaided and unbiassed, and the amazing demeanor of many of life's puppets as they strut across the stage does not deceive it in the least. It is a matter for consideration whether or not the man who makes the most noise in the world is really not ashamed of the

took every possible opportunity to impress on judge and jury that circumstances were mighty against John Barrows. These old neighbors always had been his friends and were not really malicious, their action being merely the result of the well-sown seeds of distrust scattered by Malcolm Thomson. John was adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree.

Jane Heath vowed she would move Heaven and earth to free her lover, and through her efforts he was granted a short respite by the governor of the state, and he was to remain a few months in jail before the execution. With renewed hope, she determined to prove his innocence and save his life. She insisted that there was no proof whatever that Andy Barrows was not alive; that all the evidence was purely circumstantial; and she so earnestly persisted in her theory, and cast so much doubt on the guilt of John, that she finally prevailed upon the governor to commute his sentence to life imprisonment.

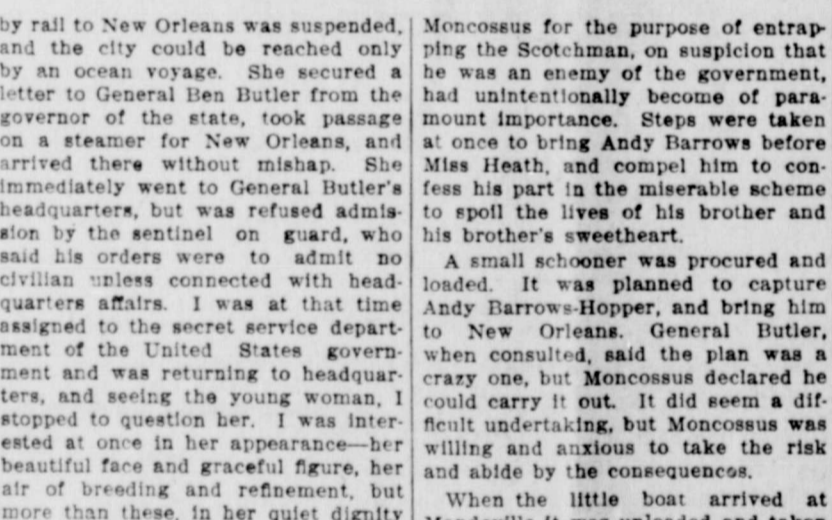
Soon after the trial of John Barrows, Malcolm Thomson determined to leave that neighborhood. Before doing so, he called on Miss Heath and talked to her most consolingly. But Jane was suspicious, and his professed solicitude caused her to believe his declarations of sympathy and friendship were not genuine. His talk sounded sincere. Jane made up her mind to watch him, if possible to do so, as she believed he held the key to the mystery of Andy Barrows' disappearance.

Two years later—years in which John Heath, though not inactive, had accomplished practically nothing toward the release of her lover—a young soldier returned to northern Vermont from the south on a furlough. From him Jane learned that Thomson was in New Orleans. She decided to go to that city, making the long journey as did Evangeline—not to find her lover, but to accomplish his freedom. Travel

scarcely realized that the handsome youth was in reality a refined young woman.

Not long after this Miss Heath reported to me that she had discovered Malcolm Thomson, and was sure he was engaged in some kind of crooked business. I sent a skilled man to the neighborhood where Thomson was living, to cultivate that gentleman's acquaintance. Soon he discovered that Thomson was carrying on a thriving business smuggling goods across Lake Pontchartrain into the Confederacy. Also it was found out that Thomson was greatly afraid of detection by the federal authorities. Like all crooks he deemed everyone else crooked, and was seeking an alliance with someone who could "fix" the ruling powers. This timidly led him to take into his confidence the detective in my employ, Colonel Monocossus.

Monocossus easily arranged a partnership with Thomson, after convincing him of his—Monocossus's—great influence with the federal authorities and his ability to obtain the necessary permits for taking out goods and bringing in cotton. Thomson was to furnish the money, while Monocossus was to take charge of the little schooner employed, and manage the authorities. There also was a third partner in the scheme, a man named Hopper, who was located at Mandeville, just across Lake Pontchartrain and inside the Confederate lines. Colonel Monocossus wished to meet this partner, to whom he was a stranger, and Thomson furnished him with a photograph of the man, that there might be no trouble in identifying him. Monocossus brought the photograph to me, and I left it on my desk without thinking much about it. Miss Heath happened in soon after, saw the photograph and recognized it as a picture of Andy Barrows. The mythical scheme that had been planned by



by rail to New Orleans was suspended, and the city could be reached only by an ocean voyage. She secured a letter to General Ben Butler from the governor of the state, took passage on a steamer for New Orleans, and arrived there without mishap. She immediately went to General Butler's headquarters, but was refused admission by the sentinel on guard, who said his orders were to admit no civilian unless connected with headquarters affairs. I was at that time assigned to the secret service department and was returning to headquarters, and seeing the young woman, I stopped to question her. I was interested at once in her appearance—her beautiful face and graceful figure, her air of breeding and refinement, but more than these, in her quiet dignity and evident sincerity of purpose. At my request she gave me the letter addressed to General Butler, and I took it straight to him. He glanced at it and handed it back to me, directing me to ascertain what the young woman wanted and report immediately to him. The letter introduced the bearer, approved her mission, and requested that all possible courtesies be shown her. She was seeking a permit to visit the various points of the department of the gulf where troops were stationed, and told me frankly the object of her visit.

On listening to Miss Heath's story I was convinced of its truthfulness and made up my mind to aid her, so far as was in my power, in her mission of love and fidelity. I felt sure, also, that her services could be made available to the government, and in aiding her I might also be aiding the cause for which I was working. I offered to employ her to pick up information in regard to the doings of the enemies of the government. This would give her a good chance to travel about within the Union lines and thus serve her own ends, so she promptly accepted the proposition. For convenience, as well as better to conceal her identity, I suggested that she assume masculine apparel. She acted at once on this suggestion, and when she appeared before me, prepared to enter on her duties, I could

part he is playing. Into every man's life there must come times when it is necessary for him to turn on the light of truth and examine into his conscience. Some of us may delay this ordeal as long as possible, but in the end, whether we are ready for it or not, we must hear its inquisition. The man, however, who has won high station through mere bluff is very likely to continue to hold it by bluff, and the chances are that he realizes the dangers of his position. There are times, possibly, when the noise a man makes

was badly wounded, and seemed to realize that the end was near. He appeared to be a man of some education and refinement. His high cheek bones, his coarse features and pale blue eyes, however, were indicative of his wicked nature. The tightly drawn lines about his mouth showed inflexibility of will and iron nerve to carry out whatever he undertook.

When I went forward to speak to him I recognized Hopper as a man who had been tried and convicted for passing counterfeit money at New Orleans several months before. He had been sent to the penitentiary at Baton Rouge, but had escaped during a battle at that point in which the prison was partially destroyed. He made his way across the Atchafalaya river into the Confederacy where, by standing in with the commanding Confederate officer at Mandeville, he was enabled to handle and ship out cotton.

I seated myself beside the wounded man and took his hand, and never will I forget the ghastly stare with which he regarded me as I endeavored to impress upon him the full realization of his condition and the duty incumbent upon him. My urgent appeal had its effect. Hopper admitted that his mind was burdened with a great crime, which he was willing to confess. I had set him down as a scoundrel, but was not quite prepared to be brought face to face with one whose heart was so inhuman as deliberately to plan to hang his own brother.

"A few years ago," he said, "I, with my younger brother, lived with our widowed mother on a little farm in northern Vermont. There lived near us a most estimable young woman. I paid her some attention, and in time fell madly in love with her. When I supposed I had won her affections I asked her to marry me. She refused and did not deny that she loved my brother when I charged her with that as being the reason for her refusing to marry me. She was not to blame. She had made no promise, and I had merely mistaken her sisterly regard and kindness to me for affection. I alone was responsible for the error."

Here he paused for a moment as if to gather courage for what was to follow. Up to this time he had met my eyes frankly, but now he shifted his gaze, and continued:

"When she told me she could not marry me, and made no denial of her regard for my brother, I was filled with unutterable rage. Calling her a heartless flirt, I seized my hat and left her. I was furious, desperate, and determined to be revenged. While my heart was filled with rancor and my mind with spiteful thoughts, I confided my troubles to Malcolm Thomson. He always was an evil counselor, but a cunning one. He dissuaded me from my plan for immediate revenge, and advised me to appear friendly with my brother in order better to carry out a plot which he revealed to me."

"Soon after this my brother announced his engagement to marry Miss Heath, and I wished him well with bitterness in my heart. Plans were made for the marriage, and I seemed to take an interest in them, and to have forgiven my brother and his fiancée my fancied wrongs. But I was only biding my time.

"When the time was ripe for executing the plot we had arranged, I managed to be at work with my brother in a field on our farm. On the previous night Thomson and I had placed the body of a man about my size in a haystack, which stood near where we were at work repairing a fence. Thomson had obtained the body from a pauper's burying ground on the Canadian side.

"My brother left the field that day just before dark. I remained for the purpose of completing the work. When the sun had set and it was dark, I punctured a small vein in my arm, and with the blood smeared the bit of the ax we had been using. I cut off a lock of my hair and scattered it on the bloody blade, and then pitched the ax into the grass. Reaching beneath the body in the hay I deposited my pocketknife and bunch of keys. Then I set fire to the stack and hurried to join Thomson, who was waiting near by with a horse and buggy. We drove rapidly away, and I soon was on my way to New Orleans, where Thomson was to join me in a few weeks."

"It was agreed that Thomson should first return to the village and stir up suspicion, which would result in a search for me and the discovery of the burned body. Everything turned out thus far as we had planned. My brother was accused and convicted.

"It was my purpose, when my rival should be out of my way, to return home, and after a time renew my attentions to Miss Heath, but I put off going from time to time. I could not face my old friends and neighbors. Through Thomson I learned that my brother's sentence was commuted. I was thankful for that. No one ever will know the remorse I have suffered for my crime. My name is Andy Barrows."

Death came soon to Andy Barrows, and he was beyond the jurisdiction of mortal tribunals. Thomson, who in some way got an inkling of the turn of affairs, disappeared—he whose wicked brain had devised and managed the entire plot.

Miss Heath, with documents fully verifying the experiences through which she had passed, hastened home to lay before the governor the proofs of the truth of her intuition. A pardon was promptly issued, and she was given the well-earned privilege of carrying it to the lover whose innocence had been established by her faith and untrusting devotion.

Food importance.

"Why is it," asks the modern novelist, "that a woman always says she isn't hungry, and that a man never believes her?" Which brings us to the question of food and its rational application. Not to care about what we eat is either genuine or hypocritical. If genuine it betokens a defect of which we ought to be ashamed; for surely the stomach is as noble an organ as the face, and deserves as much earnest attention. If hypocritical it is a most absurd affectation.

WANTED TO BE AGREEABLE

Farmer's Rather Humorous Explanation for Telling Exceedingly "Tall" Story.

Irving Hatcheller once told a story of a farmer on the Connecticut hills. "Pretty steep land for planting, isn't it?" a visitor asked the tiller of the soil.

"Pretty steep," the farmer assented. "I suppose it's quite difficult to plant your corn?"

"Quite difficult," came the echo. The visitor was interested, and would not be put off with short replies.

"Eh—how do you manage to plant on this hill?" he persisted.

The farmer gazed at him pityingly. "We have to shoot it all into the earth with shotguns, stranger," he assured his guest.

The visitor gasped. "Really?" he ejaculated. "Really now? Is that actually true?"

The farmer sighed and turned upon his guest a look of withering scorn. "No, that isn't true," he answered. "I'm trying to make conversation."

Critics.

"Only competent critics can give competent criticisms," said Admiral Mahan, in the Immortals' recent reception in New York. "The ignominy of the critic is the ignominy of the critic—even of the very finest things—that he will pronounce."

"A man in a bar was praising a famous American journalist, a justly famous journalist, a journalist who gets out a really fine paper."

"Yes," the bartender agreed, "his paper is a good one. It picked two winners last week."

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 600,000 bottles sold last year. \$2.50 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers, Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

The Final Settlement.

"A verdict for \$10,000 isn't so bad," said the junior partner. "How much shall we give our client?"

"Oh, give him \$50," answered the senior partner. "But hold!"

"Well?"

"Don't be hasty. Promise to give him \$50."

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen is Nature's great remedy—Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough and all throat and lung troubles. At druggists, 50c, 25c and \$1.00 per bottle.

Can a woman become a member of the Daughters of the Revolution just because her ancestors murdered the king's English?

Garfield Tea purifies the blood, cleanses the system, clears the complexion, eradicates disease and promotes Good Health.

The measure of what we love and admire is the measure of our own worth.—Dobson.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

For a full description of this medicine, and how to use it, send for a free copy of our book, "The Cure of Prolapsus Piles in 6 to 14 Days." 50c.

And many a man never realizes the value of his home until he has occasion to collect the fire insurance.

Garfield Tea is the best remedy for constipation. Take a cup before retiring.

A girl is always sure her latest love is the real thing.

The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other 5c cigar.

Some men will do anything for the sake of a little newspaper notoriety.

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and in an enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the back-ache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLIVE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Bloating, Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Beatt's Good

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL

THE LINIMENT FOR

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA

ALL ACRES AND PAINS

Mfg. by A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

Be master of your own time.

Use a

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

IF YOU HAVE A SICKLY YOUNGSTER TRY THIS FREE

The family with young children that is without sickness in the house now and then is rare, and so it is important that the head of the household should know what to do in the little emergencies that arise. A child with a serious ailment needs a doctor, it is true, but in the majority of instances, as any doctor knows, the child suffers from some intestinal trouble, usually constipation.

There is no sense in giving it a pill or a remedy containing an opiate, nor is flushing of the bowels to be always recommended. Rather give it a small dose of a mild, gentle laxative tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which, by cleansing out the bowels and strengthening the

little stomach muscles, will immediately correct the trouble.

This is not alone our opinion but that of Mrs. N. H. Mead of Freeport, Kans. A child with a serious ailment needs a doctor, it is true, but in the majority of instances, as any doctor knows, the child suffers from some intestinal trouble, usually constipation.

There is no sense in giving it a pill or a remedy containing an opiate, nor is flushing of the bowels to be always recommended. Rather give it a small dose of a mild, gentle laxative tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which, by cleansing out the bowels and strengthening the

Suffered 16 Months

In a letter from Johnson City, Tenn., Mrs. S. H. Blair writes: "I had suffered from womanly troubles for 16 months, before I tried Cardui. I had four doctors attending suffering until I began to take your great medicine. After I had taken two bottles, I was greatly relieved, so I continued until I had used eight bottles, and now I feel about well. I cannot say enough in favor of Cardui."

If you suffer from any of the troubles arising from weakness or derangement of the womanly organs,

TAKE CARDUI

CC 63

The Woman's Tonic

the oft-tested, old, reliable medicine, for women.

For fifty years, it has been helping sick women back to health. We wish you would let it help you.

In addition to its specific action upon the womanly organs, Cardui has the further advantage of being a building, strengthening tonic, of special value to women.

Thousands of ladies have written to tell how they were benefited by using this well-known remedy for their troubles. Why not profit by their experience and advice, and test it for yourself? Get a bottle today.

At Your Druggist.

PROGRESS of the WORLD

SOME THINGS THE BUSY WORKER IS DOING FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION

ASK STATE TO AID IS TIME TO PULL UP

British Plans System of Compulsory Insurance.

BRIEF OUTLINE OF SCHEME

Bulk of Funds to Be Provided by the Employers—Risks on All Lives to Be Accepted if Idea Is Declared Feasible.

The British chancellor of the exchequer has drafted a scheme, which is subject to amendment, giving the outlines of the state plan for insurance against sickness and invalidity. It is the result of several private conferences between Lloyd George and the members of the committee of the national conference as representing friendly societies formed on a permanent basis, and the intention throughout has been to make the provisions with a view to the compulsory state scheme being worked as far as possible through the existing voluntary permanent organizations. The main outlines of the scheme as drafted are as follows:

Compulsory insurance for sickness and invalidity for the whole of the working population of the country whose incomes are below the income tax level of \$500 a year. The minimum amount of the insurance to be \$1.25 a week; all insurance beyond to be a purely voluntary insurance with the Friendly society. The minimum of \$1.25 a week to be guaranteed by the state, but the extra insurance to carry no guarantee of any kind.

The period which the state insurance will cover is to be the working years of life between 15 and 70. The age of 70 has been fixed because of the provision of old age pensions, but there will be no opposition on the part of the state to a man insuring for a further sickness or superannuation benefit.

The contribution needed to provide sickness insurance of \$1.25 a week will be calculated by the government actuaries and the cost will be met one-half by the workman insurer and the remaining half in equal proportions by the employer and the state. In the case of a workman who is already insured through an approved society for the minimum amount of sickness benefits, the production of the contribution card to the employer will be sufficient to obtain exemption from any deduction from wages; in the case of a workman who is not so insured the employer will deduct the amount necessary to cover the workman's por-

tion of the contribution on the payment of the wage, and the man's name will be added to the list of one of the approved societies.

Employers of labor will pay their own and the workman's share of the contribution direct to the state, which will make the payments to the various societies. The employers' contribution toward the payment of those among their workmen who already are members of friendly societies will also be made in the same way as those who are brought under the compulsory powers of the insurance law.

The proposed scheme of insurance, being compulsory and universal in its application so far as the working population is concerned, will accept the risks of all lives, good and bad. This constitutes the uncertain factor in the scheme.

The Hand and the Mind.

As dexterity with the hands frequently demands considerable mental effort, so manual training appears to react upon the brain in a stimulative way. This is the conclusion of Professor Blazek of Austrian Poland, and Doctor Schuyten of Antwerp, who, at the recent international congress of school hygiene at Paris, advocated the view, based upon experimentation, that manual training has the effect of developing mental qualities of readiness and concentration. Many have noticed the beneficial effect of manual labor upon mental activity, a historic example being that of Gladstone and his tree-chopping—an experience which he shared with Horace Greeley and Abraham Lincoln.—Youth's Companion.

Best Screw Driver.

The ordinary screw driver has been in use for so long and is so conventionalized that it would seem presumptuous to suggest any changes. A writer in an English mechanical journal recently expressed his surprise, however, at the number of inefficient screw drivers in use. He claims that no such implement should be shaped down to an edge like a chisel, but should be squared and blunt. The edged tool requires a stronger twist and cuts more screw heads than it is worth. The driver should be just large enough to fit the groove closely, for tests have shown that a driver which is a fraction too small for the groove requires almost double the force to turn the screw.

Combines Fork and Shovel.

A combined fork and shovel has been invented by a Washington man, the scoop that forms the latter implement being removable.

WELL TO WATCH FOR SIGNS OF MENTAL FATIGUE.

Nature's Warnings Must Be Heeded In Time or Dire Results Are Sure to Follow.

Every business woman who works hard and concentratedly has beheld at some time or other that awful bugaboo, nervous prostration. To the woman who is entirely dependent on herself it is something more than a bugaboo, rather a sign of despair, to sap her strength and give her hard-earned savings to doctors and nurses and leave her poor in pocket, weak in body and less capable of sustained effort in mind.

The trouble lies in neglecting mental fatigue. When you begin to find that your work pulls upon you and that you cannot do nearly so much as you could a year before, when there is a dull ache at the back of your head, when you are easily vexed about trifles and prone to exaggerate them out of all proportion to their importance, take warning—your nerves are on a rampage.

What, then, is to be done? In the first place, if possible, ease up on the amount of work you are doing. Do the essentials and leave the extras. After working hours get a brand new set of interests, go to the theater and laugh, go and see old friends, start some lessons in music or dancing, join a gymnasium class, anything which will keep your mind from your work for a time.

Retinuing Copper Articles.

Retinuing copper articles may be made a simple or a rather complicated process. A simple method is the following: Scour the article thoroughly, wash and dry. Then heat it sufficiently to melt pure strip tin spread smoothly in contact with it. Rub the tin over the hot surface and spread brought with a lump of tow. Here is something a little more elaborate: Boil the copper piece in a water solution of soda to remove all grease. Then soak it in a pickle of diluted spirits of salts—say a pint of killed spirits to three pints of water—remove and wipe dry with a clean cloth. Heat the article over a gas flame or a coke fire, then with a pad of tow wipe the tin over the surface.

Improved Phonograph.

To make the sounds from phonographs more mellow a New Yorker has invented a horn in which the sound waves literally are filtered through a resinous gas.

SAVED FIRM MONEY

Plan of Manager Stopped Waste of Stationery.

EMPLOYEES PUT ON RECORD

Stenographers More Careful When They Were Told Their Work Would Be Watched—Other Good Points of the Scheme.

The stationery waster is perhaps the most expensive type of office worker to be found in the business world. At night, and sometimes at noon, her wastebasket is filled to overflowing with crumpled sheets of expensively engraved paper and envelopes, which reach their ruin usually through absolute carelessness.

The amount of stationery wasted in one large publishing house in Wabash avenue was reaching such alarming proportions of loss that the manager in charge of the stenographers resolved to locate the origin of the miraculous disappearance of stationery by making it necessary for each one to secure her supply of paper from his desk, delivering to each one who applied a package containing 500 sheets. Thus, by keeping record of the number of letters each girl wrote daily, he was able to ascertain when a stenographer called for an additional 500 sheets, whether her request was legitimate or caused by an abnormal inclination toward carelessness.

The plan revealed that over half the 75 girls in the department wasted on an average of from 20 to 25 sheets of paper and envelopes in a day, and, strange to say, those doing the least work wasted the most paper.

After locating the guilty, he proceeded to revolutionize by announcing to each stenographer at the time she secured her 500 letter heads and envelopes that a complete record of the letters she would write. The first week a general reformation was apparent, the stationery waster not averaging over one or two sheets by each operator. Greater care was exercised to avoid errors, and when they did creep in, erasures were made instead of the former habit of consigning the entire sheet to the waste basket and starting anew.

Nearly every printer delivers stationery in packages of 200 or 500 sheets, which makes it easy to adopt this manager's stationery saving system. At the same time a record of the entire supply of stationery on hand may be kept by subtracting each time a stenographer is given to the total. When the supply begins to diminish, more may be ordered from the printer, which method will avert the panic which usually results when some one suddenly announces in the office that "the stationery is all gone."—Chicago Tribune.

SNIP-O-GRAMS.

Omnivorous fiction reading is a waste of time.

The brilliant man is not always his own best friend.

The good mixer isn't always the best business man.

If you don't believe in your own ability, others won't.

System in gathering ideas leads to knowledge and power.

Promises are all right if you can and do deliver the goods.

Imagination, plus hard work, pulls the plodder out of the rut.

There's always a way to convert spare moments into dollars.

Mental notes are good things, but pencil and paper are better.

The wise man always has the construction gang a mile ahead.

A live wire can always learn something from every one he meets.

If you can't enthuse over your business quit it and get another job.

The fellow who can get better prices and keep his customers satisfied is the real salesman.

The successful man gets ideas for his own business from everything he sees and hears.

World's Largest Plant

A recent census of the great Krupp works of Germany proves conclusively that it is the largest single industrial plant in the world, employing 65,726 workers. The number includes officials, clerks, skilled workmen, and laborers. These workers and their families would make a fairly respectable city, even in these times of large cities. On the basis of three persons to each worker the total would be more than 200,000, not to count the grocers, butchers, dry goods and clothing merchants, and other business men who would be supported by the Krupp toilers, and their families in addition. The total number directly dependent upon the Krupp works is in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million persons—a city as large as St. Paul.

Of the workers 37,761 are employed in the steel foundry and gun testing grounds. Coal and coke amounting to 2,491,406 tons were consumed in the

A Workday Prayer.

O God, it is good to be alive, to be straight of limb and strong of heart, to have the great battles of life to fight, and to have the chance to win. It is good to be in touch with the great things of life—the mighty struggles, the glorious defeats, the splendid victories.

O Lord God of Hosts, it is the chance for which we ask: Let not any

A Goat Hunt in Washington

By DELOS W. FOWLER
Copyright by FIELD AND STREAM

IT WAS a bright October morning, and the sun was rising over the foothills of the Cascades, spreading its glory over the beautiful Wenatchee lake, and the valleys leading to it. The vines, maples and alders in all the small canons were clothed in their gorgeous autumn colors, varying in hues from bright yellow to deep purple, and inlaid among the deep green of the pines and cedars, making a magnificent landscape. As we ascended the mountains we came upon a camp of Siwash Indians, and judging from the number of buck Indians that they would kill all the game in the hills, or drive it so far up to the summit of the mountains that a white man would not be able to get a shot. We made up our minds to go after the goats at the earliest moment, after reaching camp, which we intended to establish at a high elevation, because the mountain goat inhabits the least accessible altitudes.

The North Fork of the White River runs through the camp ground, making a narrow and deep canon of several hundred feet with the most exquisite scenery, consisting of waterfalls dashing over the cliffs, and through a small meadow of stream grass and rushes. Looking up through the canon we could see the glacier peaks from the foot of which springs the White river.

Our guides, Bill and John, began gathering wood for the night, and preparing supper, while Nell, Ross, and myself, attended to the erection of the tents, and a general investigation of our surroundings. Ross and I climbed up a dizzy summit that hid our camp from the main hill, to see if we could discern any game. On reaching the top of the cliff we did not see the sign of a goat, but stood scanning the hills for half an hour. Presently we saw a white spot leap across a narrow opening between two clumps of bushes, about half a mile from us, and well up on the range to our right. Then we saw another, and still another, and then the fourth goat. While we were watching these, a herd of eight goats passed the opening, and made their way leisurely down to a slide, where they stopped and began feeding. We saw that it was up to us to plan our strategy to gain a position above them where we could begin operations.

The mountain goat is extremely cautious and observing, and when pursued will never go down hill unless when wounded, when they will often hide in a clump of bushes, or in the crevices of rocks, rather than expose themselves to punishment.

I have often watched a goat try several times to get from one cliff to another, that were separated by a small chasm, which it could easily leap across, but rather than take a chance, it would walk for half a mile out of its way so as to reach the other side in safety. When hard pressed by hunters it will, of course, take leaps that it would not otherwise do in its moments of leisure. A goat, when pursued, will climb along shelves of rock on the walls of precipices, with apparent unconcern, walking in places that would completely shatter the nerves of any one who attempted to follow it.

We had breakfast about four o'clock and then drove up past the peak of the mountain, loaded up with ammunition, arranged our gunnysacks and ropes on our pack straps, and started for the hills. We agreed that myself, with Bill, the guide, should work our way among the crags on the other side of the sheep and secure an advantageous position above them, while Ross and John should get below them and drive them up past the peak. I would occupy Bill and I climbed to an almost inaccessible position among the crags, overlooking the canon, where we could see both the herd and our companions.

With John leading the way and Ross and Nell following, they made a detour and got below the goats, and here they began to shoot. The herd of five broke up into two sections, two of the animals heading for the canon that I commanded, and the other three broke off in a westerly direction, heading for a thicket of alder and willow, which offered them for the time being complete security.

At this moment Bill, the guide, with Ross, made a bee line for the thicket the sheep were heading for. In the hope of intercepting them, while Nell fired his gun at the two sheep that were rapidly approaching my position. The animals were soon within range and, of course had no suspicion that I was located right above them. Taking careful aim, I singled out the leading goat and fired. I knocked him down and he fell on his side, kicking furiously. The other goat was wounded by Nell, who was in hot pursuit, and after falling to the ground, got on its feet again, and kept on heading for the top of the canon. Signaling to Nell to go after the goat that was lying on the ground, I took another shot at my quarry and succeeded in knocking him over. As soon as Nell got up to the goat I had disabled, he put a bullet through its head, killing the animal completely. It required three more shots from my rifle to kill the hardy animal that was working its way into safety. I signalled to Nell to go back and rejoin Ross and the



guide and drive the other three goats to the canon. Ross joined Nell and Bill on the edge of the thicket and together they began to climb a small ridge in front of them.

"By Jove," said Bill, "those fellows are going right into a goat if they don't look out, and none of them seem to see him."

"Bang! Bang! Crack! Ping!" "Now they've done it," said Bill. "Look at him go; the rocks are full of them. Great Heavens! what a mess they have stirred up. Even that goat is going; it has only crippled him. Now, look at him hiding behind that rock."

"Yes," said I, "but Ross sees him; he has a head on him now. Bang! He has got him."

Ross laid down his gun, took out his knife and, on reaching the goat, attempted to take hold of a horn to lift up Mr. Goat's head and bleed him, when his quarry made a leap off the rock they were on and bounded around the other side of the cliff as though he had just woke up.

"Haven't those blamed fools got that goat killed yet?" said Bill. "Look at him go; he'll get away sure."

The goat was making across the slide where we had seen them the night before and was headed for a thick patch of timber.

"Bang! Bang!" "Well, they've got him down again," said I. "I guess they have got him this time, so we might as well go back to camp."

"Well, don't be in a hurry," said Bill, "we're not sure yet. Where are they now? Where is the goat? That's what's bothering me."

"By Jingo," said I, "there he is, heading this way."

We were so excited at the prospect of the others losing the goat that our der a simultaneous impulse we both climbed down the precipice into the canon below, and headed for the clump of brush into which we had seen the goat disappear. Here it was where our troubles began, for we had to try our hand at climbing up a steep rock slide for nearly half a mile. We

ran for about 20 rods and then went into a maple clump that was nearly as bad as the alder and willow brush we had crawled through early in the morning. Nell lost his hat. Then a limb of a tree sprang back and struck my forehead, knocking me into a woodchuck's den. When I came to there was Mr. Goat sitting a few yards from me, chattering as if I had plundered his orchard. I took out my Colt revolver and settled his hash, as I thought. At the crack of the weapon Nell came hurriedly up to see what was happening, and fell off a log he was climbing over, and skinned his elbow on a rock. In the meantime the goat hobbled up the mountainside and lay down upon a ledge of rock about 200 yards above us. The way we went up that rock slide on all fours would surprise a Siwash. We got up within about 25 yards of the rock and Mr. Goat stuck his head over the ledge as much as to ask where we came from.

"Shoot him," yelled Nell. "Shoot nothing," said I. "I can't shoot a flock of balloons—shoot him yourself."

At this the goat thought it was his move and hobbled off the rock, passing Nell within about six feet. Nell grabbed a handful of wool and lost his hold. He then made another lunge and stubbed his foot and fell flat, and then stepped in front of the goat's hind leg. He was dragged for about 20 feet, yelling for help at the top of his voice. Finally the goat fell down and Nell got up, still hanging on to the leg. He managed to get his revolver out, but the goat kicked and floundered so that he could not handle both.

By this time I had got to him and he gave me the goat's leg to hold, and then stepped in front of the goat to get a shot at his head. Mr. Goat did not approve of that and made a lunge sideways that upset me and I was dragged about 15 feet. When I managed to get right side up I found that the goat had wedged himself between two rocks and had to stop. Here is where we killed him at last.

The Millionaire and The Boy

The other day, when the elevator service in the Standard Oil building, at 26 Broadway, New York, gave out, the newspapers had considerable amusement over the fact that the millionaire tenants of that building had to walk from two to fourteen flights of stairs to get to their offices. In this connection an amusing story is told about Henry M. Flagler, one of the oldest of the Standard Oil pioneers. While approaching the age of 81, he is strong and stalwart, paying regular attention to his large business interests, both in New York and in Florida. His office is on the twelfth floor of the Standard Oil building, and it was thought that he would not care to do many a younger man would shrink from, and so a porter was sent to meet him at the door and advise him to establish his office temporarily on a lower floor, as the elevators

were out of service. While the porter was hastening on this mission, Mr. Flagler was gayly climbing the stairs and shortly appeared on the twelfth floor as unconcerned as ever. W. H. Beardsley, Mr. Flagler's right-hand man, tells an interesting story of a messenger boy who was to have delivered a message to Mr. Flagler, but who declined to climb the flights of stairs to do so. "How old is the boy?" asked Mr. Beardsley. "Sixteen," was the reply. "Well," said Mr. Beardsley, "you can tell that boy that a fine old gentleman approaching his eighty-first birthday has just climbed the twelve flights of stairs without turning a hair." Turning to Mr. Flagler, Mr. Beardsley remarked: "You have taken the conceit out of a good many today." So much for good habits and right living.—Leslie's.

A Lost Homer

"I always thought a homing pigeon would go straight home," said a man who kept his country house open for the winter week-ends. "But I was up at my place a while ago and the gardener told me about a curious exception to the rule. He was out in the barn one day when I flew a pigeon through the open door. After it had flown from one post to another, he approached it gently and caught it. Then the bird was seen to be a homer, with a gilt band on one leg and two silver ones on the other. As it was toward night, the gardener thought it would be only humane to take it indoors and release it the next day after breakfast. But in the morning the pigeon flew back to the barn, then to a neighboring roof, and finally back to the barn for the night. That homer hung around the place ten days, and then he flew off, never to be seen again. The only way I can account for it is that he lost his bearings and stayed by us until he found them—or thought he did."

The Real Reason. "Can you tell me, my boy," said the prim teacher, "why the race is not always to the swift?" "Yes'm," said the little boy, promptly. "It's because sometimes they're tired bust."—Baltimore American.

Pin Holder. Cut a strip of dark felt cloth three inches wide and long enough to reach around the right hand end of the table of your sewing machine. Draw the ends underneath and fasten. As you take out pins stick them in this cloth or even lay them on. They will not roll off and you will save yourself many steps.

Cranberry Jelly. Pick over one quart cranberries, cover with hot water and let stand two or three minutes. Pour off water and add two cups boiling water and cook twenty minutes. Now add two cups sugar and cook ten minutes longer. Cranberries look like cherries and skins are perfectly tender.

Molded Cranberry Jelly. Molded cranberry jelly is made as follows: Cook one quart of cranberries and one cup of water ten minutes. Add two cups of sugar and cook ten minutes longer. Run through a strainer into china mold. When cold turn out on plates.

SOME KITCHEN HINTS

WORTH BEING POSTED WHERE THEY CAN BE SEEN.

Some Directions That Are Household Words, and Some That Set Forth Ideas That Are New and Valuable.

Here are a few rules that it would be well to cut out and paste up in your kitchen. They are hints about affairs of that very important region of the home:

1. Wash a saucepan in plenty of hot water; but never wash cake tins or frying pans. Wipe them well with a piece of paper, which is afterward burned, and polish them with a dry cloth.
2. Stand saucepan, fish kettles, etc., in front of the fire for a few minutes after washing them so that they may be thoroughly dried inside. This makes them last longer and helps to keep them in good condition.
3. Padding cloths, jelly bags and so on should be well washed, scalded and hung up to dry. It is not necessary to iron them, but they should be smoothed and folded before they are replaced in the drawer.
4. Add a little soda to the water in which you wash plates and dishes. The soda loosens the grease on them and gives the china a good shiny surface.
5. Never add soda to the water in which you wash silver. Use a wooden tub, with plenty of hot water and soap, and dry the articles with a soft cloth. If silver is carefully washed and dried, once a week will be found enough to keep it bright. Silver should be kept in a lined leather drawer or basket, for if it is laid on hardwood it is apt to be scratched.
6. Never put the handles of knives into hot water or they will split. If a knife has been used for cutting onions or any other strong-scented vegetable dig the blade of it once or twice into garden mold to remove the smell before it is washed.
7. If a pan is burned or blackened rub the inside of it with a hard crust of bread dipped in salt and afterward wash it with hot soda and water.
8. Be very careful to keep the lids of saucepans clean, for the flavor of one dish may cling to a lid which has not been washed and spoil a second dish which is prepared in the same pan.
9. After washing up wipe out the dish tub and allow it to stand by the fire till it is dry. The dish tub should be scrubbed with boiling water and soap at least once a week.

The Home



To keep butter sweet in warm weather pack the butter in a crock; make brine strong enough to bear up an egg, and pour over it. To remove indelible ink: Take a small lump of cyanuret of potash, rub it on the ink stain, first dipping it in water, then rinse the cloth in cold water. When baking cake, should the oven become too hot, set a basin of cold water in it. For chapped hands: Wash your hands in sugar water; dry them with corn meal, night and morning.

Cake-maker's Hint.

When it is necessary to make several cakes at once, save yourself the tiresome beating of the batter by putting the required ingredients in your usual order into a small ice-cream freezer. A few minutes of turning the crank results in the fine smooth batter necessary for a successful cake. This is a great improvement over beating with a spoon after the old fashion.

Cleaning Compounds.

Mix one ounce of borax and one ounce gum camphor with one quart boiling water. When cool add one pint of alcohol. Bottle and cork tight. When wanted for use shake well and sponge the garments to be cleaned. This is an excellent mixture for cleaning soiled black cambric and woolen dresses, coat collars and black felt hats.

Cranberry Salad.

Cranberry salads serve with roast meat. Allow one package of gelatin to soak in one pint of water until dissolved. Pour over this two quarts of boiling cranberry juice, adding just one lemon, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, sugar to taste, and when cool one cup black walnut meats and one cup of celery chopped fine.

Pin Holder.

Cut a strip of dark felt cloth three inches wide and long enough to reach around the right hand end of the table of your sewing machine. Draw the ends underneath and fasten. As you take out pins stick them in this cloth or even lay them on. They will not roll off and you will save yourself many steps.

Cranberry Jelly.

Pick over one quart cranberries, cover with hot water and let stand two or three minutes. Pour off water and add two cups boiling water and cook twenty minutes. Now add two cups sugar and cook ten minutes longer. Cranberries look like cherries and skins are perfectly tender.

Molded Cranberry Jelly.

Molded cranberry jelly is made as follows: Cook one quart of cranberries and one cup of water ten minutes. Add two cups of sugar and cook ten minutes longer. Run through a strainer into china mold. When cold turn out on plates.