ELECTION ALL ONE WAY

THE TAXPAYERS' TICKET HAD NO OPPOSITION

Exempt in First Ward, and the Nominees Won There Returns from Townships

---

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS ABOUT FOLK YOU KNOW.

Midsummer Day.

TO AID IN IMPROVEMENT

THE CLEVELAND-CLIFFS COMPANY STIMULATES ENDEAVOR.

Prizes for School Children's Gardens
Mr. Moulton Comes Here
to Supervise Work.

Presbyterians Extend Call.

Lost Many Votes .

Indoor Base Ball.

George B. Mitchell Dead.

Old Resident Dead.

Extensive Improvements.

Treasure of Laguna Cave

WHERE a canyon opens out half-bowldike to the sea is Laguna, a tiny place far from from a railroad. There the beach is terminated on either hand by rocks, and on them the wild Pacific rends its breast; or here lies purring on warm sand like a cat upon a hearth.

From El Toro the stage comes rattling through the canyon at dusk, and deposited Harrison Batcher and wife at the largest of those wooden houses that face the beach. On the porch was a sign, "Rooms for Rent.

They, an eager young couple, entered a large living apartment; and Mrs. Miggs sat there knitting. In a corner, bent over a table, stereotyped were cards, which told the lovers of high and low tide, set a very old man.

"Here we are again!" cried Jennie Batcher. "Just as last year, ready for another vacation. How is the crop of abalones?"

Hie gave Mrs. Miggs an unmistakable kiss.

"You see," said Batcher, "we're so glad to get out of Los Angeles and the curio store that we want to jump right into the sea. We'll gather ab-alones. The demand for them is big at the store."

Plump, placid Mrs. Miggs pointed a thumb to her pile of abalone shells under a window. this and stacks' eggs in a bowl, startled on the wall to and another vacation and things all over the house.

"See," she said, "how many old Mr. Jones has got for me."

Old Jones was mumbling in his beard: "848 a me, fourteend the third. Lowest in sixty-two years. Two more days."

Some of the shells had been ground, and glowed with the tight and coloring that have made California shells famous.

"If they are so plentiful," cried Jennie, "we can make our vacation expenses out of abalones. Mrs. Mrs. Miggs, how we have abned! And poor Harrison half sick! We are building up a trade; and in a few years, maybe, we shall be out of debt!"

Old Jones bore down and faced Jennie, who was a picture of optimism and health. There was a wide smile on his countenance, which was hag-gard and startling.

"Come here!" said Jones, and did hled to a window. The Batchers stared where he pointed. His voice was like the rustling of dead papers. "Down that way there ain't none." He swept his hand out of sight.

"Oh, thanks!" said Jennie, thrilled to edge away from him. And Batcher could stoop the cold-sh and health. There was a wide smile on his countenance, which was hag-gard and startling.

"Come here!" said Jones, and did hled to a window. The Batchers stared where he pointed. His voice was like the rustling of dead papers. "Down that way there ain't none."

"Has old are you?" shouted Batcher.
"Oh, don't yell," said Jones. "Nine-ty-five. I'll go to bed."

He mumbled, and went up the stairs. His old legs wabbled. He was saying to himself; "9 if. November the third I owned it by shell.

Up he climbed; now his hand disap-peared; now his withered trunk; now his rickety legs. They heard his feet fall, soft and strange, along an upper hall. Old Jones had left a chill in the kind.

"Was is that peculiar person?" Jennie whispered to Mrs. Miggs.

"Some old seller," was the Miggs reply. "He came two years ago, and was always studying the tides, just as now; and seemed to be watching for something that didn't come; and then of a sudden he dropped out of sight. A week ago here he was again, kid-ding in."

Next day the winter sun was warm. Mrs. Batcher was an inspiring thing to the bathing suit, running down over the sand like an autolop, nove build in her then in the waters ands hold into the sea she plunged, shouting, for joly, ing lather-cleared husband after When they emerged, yonder was old Jones gazing at them through a win-dow.

"He makes me cold," shuddered Jennie, stopping in a tangle.

But Batcher roared with merriment. "Poor Jones!" peculiar head was thrust far out over the roof of Mrs. Miggs' porch, and while the haggard face

smiled widely bland, the head wagged three times to the north. Jones shut one eye as he wagged.

"Horrors, what does the creature mean?" said she.

"He means to hunt to the north. He said that there are no abalones to the south."

"Mercy, let's do it, and get out of his sight," she said; and went skim-ming the sand and leaping the rocks he after, in the search for abalones.

After an hour, when she had been foiled by a billow, she poked her glow-ing head up through the crest and he-held the eye of old Jones. Old Jones was seated on a crag seventy feet high.

"Harrison!" she said; "look at him."

Batcher paused with a mammoth yellow abalone in his hand, and stood in four feet of water, gazing up as though Jones had been a comet. Old Jones' horrible head was thrust out further over the uneven edge of his precipice, and wagged three times, que-jestiz, yet grimly, to the north. He shut one eye as he wagged.

"What a lugubrious mortal!" said ont.

That night old Jones seemed feebler as he sat in Mrs. Miggs' house, mum-bling over his tide-cards. Now and then his old eyes gazed at Jennie, ana-lytica and uneasy. She was an alarm-ingly healthy; no wonder she got upon the nerves of anybody so near his grave as old Jones. Mrs. Miggs was stringing linnet shells from the hang-ing lamp. Mrs. Miggs had big, red crawfish in a pan. Old Jones went up to bed in ramshackle way; his head dis-appeared; his trunk; his legs. They heard him rustling footfalls grow fainter in the hall above.

The walls of that house were very thin. In the night, Jennie Batcher awoke from her vigorous sleep with a sense of queerness. But all she heard was old Jones in a distant room mut-tle and ramble in wakefulness; and say: "Two more days. Oh, me."

Had Mrs. Batcher not been one of the most extraordinarily healthy wom-en that ever drew breath, she would on that very morn have died, for grave as old Jones. Mrs. Miggs was stringing linnet shells from the hang-ing lamp. Now, Miggs had big, red crawfish in a pan. Old Jones went up to bed in ramshackle way; his head dis-appeared; his trunk; his legs. They heard him rustling footfalls grow fainter in the hall above.

The following afternoon, again in bathing suit and grumbling beyond all reason, she went over the rocks with her husband, who grinned, half-stup-fied at her vim. To the rear she saw of old Jones creeping out of the house with his eye fastened on her.

"Harrison," she whispered, where Mr. Batcher stood poised on a crag-and hugged him in the sight of gazing ng engulfed "that old thing yonder—he's batting us. I see right through him. Ugh! See his bad eye! I learn that men must be codes of abalones under these northern rocks, and what that all eyebrows says is befuddled to deceive. He's going to shove us off, and to get rich. O-oh! I got so mad I could cry."

"Pshaw," said Batcher, "that's mighty fancy of the imagination. But Jennie, I am afraid your imagination isn't all wrong. Anyhow, there's old-uns of abalones."

They went, then of old Jones and his eye at last, Everybody in Laguna had remarked on the tide to-day, low-est in sixty-two years, when Mrs. Batcher plunged into the sea under these northern rocks. And old Mr. Jones crept away from the house without ruffian, as though an old man were slinking as a snake in the grass. Away across the sand she flew.

Yonder across the gap the northern rocks rose, and Batcher saw her dis-appear among them; the powerful old Jones, fifty yards behind like, rose, with bland smile of anticipation and wicked humbling. And Batcher sat down in his beach sense, with laughter, lost inter followed Jones.

Jennie, making flying leaps over in-credible gulfs between rocks, was find-ing quantities of abalones.

"Phat shantrunes old oodget!" cried she, and stood gazing round at the soft spot wherein she found herself; or slinking her to and into the un-uncompa saw as shore the sun and Batcher for a-awaile. Batcher was hard in a minute with feet stride.

"Oh! Jones is in a horrible way," said Batcher. "Telling at the top of his voice that he will die Jest overnode ing 1!"

"I don't believe him," said Jennie. "I'lere goes!"

And they cornered in. This cave was sand, and led up out of water to the center of those rocks, and there stopped. It was as ugly pit; thick, steep-il was so ugly place; as a minute with feet stride.

"Silent," said Jennie, "we have cor a stupid old-cave!"

"What's that?" cried Batcher, hold-ing the muzzle to a rock. She was pointing at something—a glim-mering in a crack. At the end of her pointed finger, pried the rock. There dropped a handful of coins, and then a pretty jewel.

"Mercy! Get away," said Mrs. Batcher. "See, Harrison!"

"Say, come out," rustled old Jones.

His countenance had a dreadful look. "Come north, along of me, to where your husband is. I'll tell you about Dana."

"About what?"

"I sailed with Dana," cried the old man, hoarsely, over the rock. "With Richard Henry Dana in the Pilgrim away back in the thirties. You read 'Two Years Before the Mast'?"

"Oh, surely?" cried Mrs. Batcher, making such a jump to the shore that Jones rubbed his eyes.

"Come away; I'll show you where we threw the bloss down," he said.

"Hurrah!" cried Mrs. Batcher; and spattered on the sand toward Batcher. "What do you think! This old exhibit was with Dana."

The exhibit came toddling along. "Here," he mumbled, croaked, pulling them by the clothes. "You can't see the place unless you come away to the north."

Old Jones could make pretty fair time himself when he had a mind to. Batcher was laughing, to Jennie's disgust, and she hit him on the back. But it was all tragic to Jones. The sweat stood out on his brow.

When they came to the summit of the northern rocks, he stood whisk-shaken and dispitated under the cir-cling gulls, and pointed to a distant cliff.

"Yonder," he said, "we threw them down. The ship was gathering hides from the Mexicans to sell in Boston. To every old a shot up and down the coast we went. Oh, me. Queer days. The captain was a tough one. At San Juan Capistrano, behind that moun-tain, they collected many, and brought 'em yonder. We climbed up there, and threw them to the beach. Oh, how they would aim at the big inches dirt."

"Yes," said Jones, "he done us dirt."

The old man would say no more. Watchful, feeble, he clung to Batcher and his wife all day like a leech. They agreed to go south no more till they could do it secretly. They felt sorry for the wobbling old codger.

At night Mrs. Batcher are dozens of slices of bacon, not to mention eggs.

"Oh, Mrs. Miggs" she whispered, "I know we can pay for our vacation with abalones. The sea is so good for Harrison! In three years we will be out of debt, and maybe build a house of our own."

And Mrs. Miggs rattled a new kind of chintz that she had in her pocket, and laughed her easy laugh.

Jennie slept like a log, so extraordi-nary, a miraculous, slumber, till 2 a. m. And then up she woke of a sudden as though she meant business for cer-tain. She heard a rustling outside her door. Ah—to be sure. But two things in the world rustled like that—old Jones' feet. She was going to see. was Mrs. Batcher, and creeping to the door, opened it a crack. At the end of a corridor was a guile window over the sea, and through it moonshine fell. Nine came close, and found Jones with his head sticking out in the moonshine, staring at the Pacific. He seemed to be crazy and in pain. He wept pite-ously.

"I will not live to find it," he said. "I am dead. Oh, the tide! You white inseatle noon, you make them I see the Pilgrim now. Captain, we'll get them down. Oh, captain, don't beg me no more, I'm old, I never dune us hurt to you. Don't beat me no more. I can't carry it; that is the place in the rocks; it was in that direction; the tide him never been low enough. Those modern house lether me. But it will be low enough. Why couldn't I have been built?"

He put his head down and sobbed. Jennie Batcher picked him right up, and bundled him to bed; just bundling him right along. Then she slept like a top till ten minutes of eight, and Mrs. Miggs' lore rose through the whole house on the breezy wings of the morn-ing.

This day Jones was too feeble to get up, a fact which craned him the more; when they went out to hunt for aba-lones they left him raving. Mrs. Miggs, scared, was sending off for the doctor.

"I'm going right where he sold not to go," said Jennie. "There's some mystery about that. Anyhow, there are oodles of abalones."

They went, those of old Jones and his eye at last. Everybody in Laguna had remarked on the tide to-day, low-est in sixty-two years, when Mrs. Batcher plunged into the sea under these northern rocks. And old Mr. Jones crept away from the house without ruffian, as though an old man were slinking as a snake in the grass. Away across the sand she flew.

This day they found the cave again. Jennie fished out the pretty jewel and the handful of coins. Batcher burst into the cave and stared in wonder.

"Oh my! We're rich!" yelled Mrs. Miggs, seareh over them; "there's hun-dreds here." Then as they felt, with their eyes tur turning to the hand over on the leeway wings of the morn-

"Say," said Batcher, "there must be a fortune here beyond pen and tongue, of falling bodies, of broken steel, and of fellow-beings too. Now I know, boys, a cypress tree in Capistra-no, Mexico, that is 6,200 years old.

Cluth Binding for Books.

It has been a generally received ob-ject-ion that books worn that bound in cloth—those enjoying the "books" less prominently the "book" less common use—in 1820. A volume has however, been shown to be in yer in sul By Mr. Tom, the Citmore rescen, in ancient volume, which bears internal evidence of having been of original basing that at least thirty years earlier, since the has the word of 1785.—Rocheen.

TONS OF PRINTING FOR FARMER.

Agricultural Department Publications Number 12,421,385 in a Year.

A young member of the Chicago bar who recently bought a small farm in Illinois for the purpose of going into the agricultural business along sci-entific lines as a side issue wrote to his member of Congress asking him to forward all publications of the Agri-cultural Department which might aid him in his aim. The Congressman be-gan to send him documents by the scuttful ton days ago and he is still sending them. The would-be farmer has orders to keep his hired man at the county paofflce each day for some time yet to come.

While this is a facetious illustration of the work of the Agricultural De-partment, it can be stated without fear of contradiction that one of the highest compliments paid the efficiency of this department is the constant and growing demand for its publications all over the country, writes Leroy T. Ver-non in the Chicago Daily News. In recent years the agricultural year books have come to be considered real works of art and a set of them from the beginning a highly prized addition to any library.

The enormity of this printing work by the department can be best under-stood by the figures from the printing department. Last year 572 different publications were turned out by the department, of which 213, embracing 22,000 pages, were absolutely new mat-ter. The total number of copies of all publications issued during the year was 12,421,385 and the total number of publications was 4,121, or more than fifteen separate pieces of work for ev-ery working day of the year. This represents a growth of new publica-tions and in number of documents that well illustrates the favor with which the work of the department is being received.

During the last session of Congress right of these publications, aggregat-ing 557,900 copies, were authorized by law of Congress. Of this number 500,000 copies were of the year book for 1908. In addition 100,000 copies of the publication on "Diseases of the Horse," one of the most popular ever issued by the department, and 80,000 on the best-seller industry were au-thorized by special resolution. The cost of these publications was $400,000.

Among the smaller publications the greatest demand is for the Farmer's Bulletin, of which 612 different issues were made last year. The aggregate number of copies issued was 6,425,000 and of this number Senators and Rep-resentatives distributed among their constituents 4,900,000. During the past three years the Congressmen have sent out 13,000,000 of these documents alone. The amount of money expend-ed for the various bureaus, divisions and offices of the Department of Agri-culture for the printing of their various reports was $196,465.08. The average cost of the Farmer's Bulletin is 1% cents a copy.

UNDERGROUND FIGHTING.

"Repeer" Tells How One Wall at Fort Arthur Was Opened.

One hour before midnight you could see once more the mine tent who had planed the explosion to the boy mak-ing for their victim. The foundations of the engineers was made of con-crete, sand and steel plates. It could burn the largest and most powerful shells ever manufactured by men into a hard and foolish joke. The men car-ried this time a larger quantity of poi-sonous gas. The object of the gov-ernment agricultural experiment sta-tion, and here comes the source of many labor-saving experiments. By the use of electricity it is found that the roots of the cotton plants, the tree-sub of the slants more grow. The an-bling of the various operation at the work required the solving of prob-lems which required to be the circumfer-ence each year. But the oldest liv-ing thing in the world to-day, so far as known, is a cypress tree in Capistra-no, Mexico, that is 6,200 years old.

NERVOUS HEADACHE

MARRED A YOUNG WOMAN'S HAP-PINESS FOR SEVEN YEARS.

Interfered With Her Social Duties and Threatened to Cause Her Retire-ment—Now She Is Cured.

Every sufferer from nervous headache knows how completely it unfits one for the duties and pleasures of life. Any little excitement, or over-exertion, or ir-regularity brings it on. Sometimes the pain is over the whole head. Again it is like a nail driven into the brain, or a wedge splitting it open, or a band tight-ening about the head, so thin at the top of the head, at another it is all at the base of the brain.

Most headaches can be traced to some nervous trouble in the blood. When the blood is poor or disordered the nerves are not nourished properly, and the consequence is frequent and severe headache.

The important thing is to get rid of the disease condition of the blood that causes the attack by the use of a remedy that will do its work quickly and thoroughly. What is that remedy? The experience of Miss Ellen McKenna fur-nishes the answer. She says:

"For more than seven years I was a great sufferer from nervous headaches and dizziness. My stomach was disordered, and I became so restless that I could not sleep nor eat my regular meals. I lost all my strength and interrupted my work greatly. At last the attacks were so severe, they interfered with my social duties, and gradually grew more violent, and I finally became so bad that I was on the point of relinquishing my membership in the different societies to which I be-longed."

"What saved you from that necessity?"

"A very simple thing; the call of a member of one of the charitable organi-zations to which I belonged. The latter, seeing how run down I was, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills before giving up. I at once purchased several boxes and before I had used them all I was cured. I have never been troubled since."

Miss McKenna is secretary of the Blessed Ladies' Benevolent and resides at No. 46 Wall street, Roxbury, Mass. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many hundreds of similar cases, and can be obtained of any druggist or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Com-pany, Schenectady, N. Y.

Science and Invention

Woman's Kidney Troubles

Friday, April 7, 1905.

Going and Coming of People.

Recital April 28th.

For Firemen's Ball.

Teachers' Applications.

Court Lacks Jurisdiction.

Common Council.

The regular monthly meeting of the Common Council of the city of Negaunee was held in the city hall, Thursday evening, April 4th, 1905.

Meeting called to order by Mayor Wodtke.

Present: Aldermen Deason, Collins, Johnson, Laughlin, Shea, Murphy, Willman, Trebar.

Absent: Ald. Dacosh and Heggatto.

The minutes of previous meetings were read and approved.

Finance committee reported all bills on file to be approved.

Committee on streets and highways reported that all gravel has been expended on the streets during the month and Mr. ... which report was on motion accepted.

The reports of the Supts. of water works also ... for water road and on motion is referred to committees to same ...

DIVERSIFIED LETTERS.

The following letters were modified for at the Negaunee postoffice April 6. Persons calling for them will please say advertised:

Jameson, Mrs. Hilda; Smith, Frankie; Johnson, J.; ...; Kuhmonen, Matti

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Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic

RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

In effect Feb. 12, 1905.

Trains leave Negaunee

I . ; Years the Standard

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Made from pure cream of tartar derived from grapes.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO.

Friday, April 7, 1905.

A Thousand Dollar's Worth of Good.

"I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pain," says A. A. Thurnes, a well known coal operator of Buffalo, O. "I got no relief from medicine until I began taking Foley's Kidney Cure, then the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick-dust-like substance and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. It has done me $1000 worth of good." Foley's Kidney Cure will cure every form of kidney or bladder disease. Sold by J. E O'Donoghue.

REPUBLIC.

Election day in Republic was exceedingly quiet, and if the rival bands had not put in an appearance in the afternoon the chances are that the whole town would have taken a nap. There were 201 votes polled 104 in the First precinct and 97 in the Second which is a good showing considering the fact that there was no opposition to the township nomination ticket. The ballot on the state ticket gave Moore, the Republican nominee for justice of the Supreme court, 178 and revealed the presence in the village of 6 Democrats and 7 Prohibitionists. All of the amendments submitted to the voters were carried so far as Republic is concerned.

In the afternoon the Finnish Cornet Band and the Republic Cornet Band enlivened matters with their music. The Finnish Band came to town gaily mounted on B. Levine's hay rack, and these west end boys realized that they had a reputation to make, so the men with the big horns blew until they were in danger of apoplexy and the bass drummer pounded so hard that he punctured his drum and deprived the band of its proper accompaniment of thunder. For the sake of accuracy it may be well to explain that the drummer's enthusiasm was not wholly responsible for the wrecking of the drum, for a lurch of the wagon which brought the stick handle-end-foremost against the drum-head was at least a contributory cause. Even thus handicapped, the Finnish boys won many compliments for their playing and for their trim appearance in their new uniforms. Naturally, more was expected of the Republic Cornet Band, for its roster includes men of twenty-five years' experience. And the older band did not disappoint its auditors, for its selections were excellent.

April is a lucky month for the Haggersons, all right. The 1st inst brought an addition to the family in the person of a bright baby girl and a couple of days later brought the news that two representatives of the family had been victorious in elections here and at Menominee. In this village C. E. Haggerson was rewarded for faithful service in the past by his reelection for a four year term as justice of the peace, and his brother came out on top of the heap in a stiff contest over the mayoralty of Menominee. Mr. Haggerson is the present mayor of Menominee and has been elected for another term, having had a majority of 11 over his Republican opponent.

The mills of the legislators grind slowly, but word comes from Lansing that the bill, authorizing submission to Republic township freeholders the question of bonding the township to provide funds for the installation of a water works and electric light system, has passed the House and will undoubtedly have the endorsement of Senate and the governor's approval at an early date. The news came in the form of a telegram from C. J. Byrns, the representative of this district, to Supervisor Morgan. If the voters approve of the project, as they undoubtedly will, between $20,000 and $25,000 will be made available in due time for the purpose of this improvement and the work can be begun at a reasonably early date.

Louis Laforius intends to remodel his sawmill, located on his property a short distance from the village, and he has L. E. Chausse, the Negaunee contractor, doing some figuring on what will be required to put the mill in the desired shape. It is expected that it will be decided to enlarge and otherwise improve the mill and that work will be be begun at an early date. The owner also contemplates the introduction of some new machinery, and when all of the work in view is completed he will be in a much better condition to turn out lumber cheaply and meet the strong competition to which the trade is subjected these days.

D. T. Morgan made a brief business visit to Ishpeming Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Patrick White left this week to join her husband at Butte, Mont.

The family of Mrs. Peter Johnson, who left here about a year ago to take up their residence at Lynn, Mass., returned to Republic last Tuesday morning. They will remain here, not having been altogether suited with the east as a place of residence. Fred Forslund, who had been the tenant during their absence, has vacated the premises and the Johnson family are back in their old home.

Mrs. Gooch was a visitor down the road during the past week.

Barney Peterson and his sister, Mrs. Bert Anderson, left this week for Alaska. Mr. Peterson went a day ahead so as to stop at Duluth for a visit with relatives, and was to join Mrs. Anderson at Staples, Minn., and proceed on the long journey. Mr. Peterson has been in Alaska before, and Mrs. Anderson goes to join her husband, who went to the Northwest some months ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Martell and Miss Blair, a sister of Mrs. Martell, and William Martell, a brother of Bert, left Monday evening for Sunrise, Wyo.

Word comes from Chicago that the operation which Louis Levine underwent proved very successful and the patient is gaining strength rapidly.

W. P. Kinsman, the enterprising representative of the Carpenter Cook Company, stocked up the Republic merchants with 150 barrels of flour during his few hours' stay in town Tuesday. A carload of the material for the staff of life had preceded him and Mr. Kinsman was prepared to deliver the goods forthwith.

Miss Kate Zeiler took the place of Miss Richard in the main school building during Miss Richard's absence in lower Michigan because of a death in the family. It is expected that Miss Rogers, one of the teachers who has been ill, will be able to return next Monday.

Plans have been practically decided upon for the building which Mr. Karsten is to erect at the corner of Front street and Republic avenue, but work will not be begun until the weather is more favorable. The Republic Store Company is to be the tenant and it thus will get back to the stand it occupied before the big fire of 1904. The contract calls for the completion of the building by August 15. The structure is to be 110 feet in length, which is about 30 feet longer than the *old building and the additional space* at the rear will be given over to warehouse purposes. The building is to include two stories and a basement. The structure will be of frame, with an iron roof. Large as the new building is to be, it is likely that the company will find little surplus room on hand, and the advantage that will be most appreciated will be the possibility of grouping and effectively displaying the large stock. The completion of this building will be another very substantial improvement to be credited to the year 1905.

L. Laforius attended to some business matters at Ishpeming and other points down the line last week.

Mrs. Polkinghorne spent several days with friends in Negaunee.

E. G. Dungey has resigned his position at the Republic mine machine shop and has been succeeded by Mr. Thompson, who comes from Chicago. The latter's family will remove to this village shortly.

Mrs. C. Lynch returned to Quinnesec the fore part of the week after a visit at the home of C. Lynch, Sr. Mrs. Lynch's husband is now employed at Bisbee and the family expects to remove from Quinnesec to Arizona at an early date.

Miss Jennie Laforius visited in Ishpeming last week.

All of the Republic school teachers attended the county institute at Marquette last week.

Word was received here during the past week of an unfortunate accident which befell Louis Buesse, a Republic young man who has been in the Arizona copper fields for some time past. At dusk one evening he was walking along a railroad track and stepped into a hole which had been washed out by the heavy rains. The limb was so severely wrenched that the bones between the knee and ankle were fractured. He is reported to be getting along nicely, but it will be *some time before he can return to* work.

Miss Richard, who was called to lower Michigan by the death of a sister, returned Tuesday morning.

Peter Souvigney paid a visit to Hancock.

A number of men came up from Witch Lake to vote last Monday.

The members of the local lodge, *Knights of Pythias*, are to have an interesting meeting on the 24th inst, when the grand master at arms of the order will be present.

M. Lally went to Newberry early in the week, having received word that his brother was not expected to live.

J. R. Peebles, station agent of the St. Paul road, spent Saturday down the line.

◆ ◆

It is difficult to cure a cough or free yourself from the discomforts of a cold unless you move the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar acts on the bowels and drives all cold out of the system. Then comes its soothing effect and strengthening influence upon the throat and lungs. For Croup, Whooping Cough, Colds, and all Lung and Bronchial affections, no remedy is equal to the original Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar. Sold by J. M. Perkins.

Vesselmen are now planning for navigation to open by April 10. All advices from the straits of Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie indicate that boats will be able to get through by that date. Unlike the last three seasons, when there was no anxiety to start, now everybody seems bent in starting out with the first chance of getting through. All the ships of the steel trust's fleet are now practically ready to leave the ports on Lake Michigan, where they have wintered.

Henry Thela, who returned last Saturday from a short stay at his homestead, situated about five miles north of Clowery, says the wolves are killing many deer in that vicinity. During his walk about the woods he ran across no less than twelve carcasses of deer, each only partially devoured by the wolves. He set bait and attempted to get near enough to shoot the wolves, but they are too wary, their cunning exceeding that of the fox. Mr. Thela says the present bounty on wolves should be raised in order to encourage the killing of these animals which are fast killing off the deer.

Men Past Sixty in Danger.

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostrate gland. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rock Port, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostrate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old." Sold by J. E. O'Donoghue.

MICHIGAMME.

Following are the figures compiled from the official returns of the election in Michigamme township last Monday:

Supervisor James F. Scanlon, 108; Charles F. Sandstrom, 90.

Clerk Gus J. Schwendeman, 127 (no opposition).

Treasurer G. G. Muck, 119; Chas. Craig, 76.

Highway Commissioner Ole Elnes, 126 (no opposition).

Overseer of Highways—William Pote, 125 *no opposition*.

Justice of the Peace Edward Byrns, 126; John Bonet, 71.

Member Board of Review John Milroy, 113; Nels Majhannu, 77.

Constable Ingebret Ore, 126; John Veace, 129; Frank L. Brown, 116; Isadore Lacoss, 71; Henry Johnson, 65; John Devins, 102; E. M. Stensrud, 82.

E. J. Majhannu paid a visit to Ishpeming last Sunday and gave an exhibition of the Columbia graphaphone, for which he is the district agent. Mr. Majhannu was obliged to disappoint his audience in the matter of Finnish musical selections, for the records containing the Finnish national airs have not been received. Mr. Majhannu was further handicapped by the fact that the acoustic properties of the hall where the exhibition was given were not adapted to this purpose. In spite of these drawbacks the people seemed to enjoy the music.

Posters will soon be out announcing the ninth annual ball of Patterson camp, No. 2012, M. W. of A., which is to be given at Odd Fellows' hall on Easter Monday night, April 24. The Michigamme Orchestra will furnish the music.

James F. Scanlon, who becomes the supervisor of Michigamme township, will make an efficient representative of this district. He is not without experience in public affairs, is a ready speaker and can be relied upon to give careful consideration to the duties of the office and be watchful of the interests of Michigamme township.

Frank Goodreau, who went to California a little less than a year ago, has written to Michigamme friends that he expects to return to the Lake Superior region about May 1st.

Mrs. Martin Casey spent a day with Negaunee relatives last week.

The Lenten season has put a quietus upon demands for the services of the Michigamme Orchestra, of which Oscar Johnson is leader, but the organization already has a number of engagements booked for the first few weeks following Easter.

Election is over, and notwithstanding that it was one of the warmest campaigns and spirited contests Michigamme township has ever seen it does not appear that the outcome has *left any sore spots*. C. F. Sandstrom makes no denial of the fact that he tried hard to win, but he is equally frank in his declaration that he is better off without the office of supervisor; that he can best invest both his time and his money in the conduct of his business, which has not infrequently been neglected because of the other claims upon his time.

N. Majhannu returned Wednesday from a trip to the Copper Country.

Joseph Labeau and family, who had been residents of Michigamme for a number of years, left Wednesday for Calumet, where Mr. Labeau has taken a position in a blacksmith shop at one of the mines.

Mrs. E. J. Majhannu and family spent a few days this week with relatives and friends in Ishpeming and Negaunee.

◆

Pinesalve acts like a poultice. Best thing in the world for boils, burns, cracked hands, tetter, etc. Sold by J. M. Perkins.

—The employes of the Cleveland-Cliffs Company's land department office have organized an indoor base ball club.

—The first strawberries for the season were received yesterday by Winter & Stess. They were retailed at 25 cents.

—At a meeting of S. H. & E. F. No. 8, held Wednesday evening, C. S. Thoren was elected a delegate to represent the local organization at the grand lodge session to be held in Eveleth, Minn., in June.

—The Negaunee and Marquette merchants are invited to attend a joint meeting of the merchants' associations of Marquette county at Ishpeming next Tuesday evening, April 11th. The meeting will be held in Anderson's hall commencing at 8 o'clock, and a pleasant and profitable time is promised all who attend. The Negaunee merchants will leave here on the street cars at 7:30 p. m.

◆ ◆

Woodmens' Convention.

The biennial convention of the Marquette county camps of Modern Woodmen was held last Wednesday at Michigamme, the various camps being quite fully represented. Three delegates and a corresponding number of alternates were elected to represent the county at the state encampment to convene at Battle Creek the fore part of next month. Frank Bashaw, of Negaunee, was one of the delegates chosen, and T. W. Simcox, also of this city, was named as one of the alternates. The next conty convention will be held at Ishpeming two years hence.

Among the subjects to be brought up at the state encampment is that of having the national convention but once in four years instead of biennially. There was considerable discussion of the matter at Michigamme and the sentiment seemed to be in favor of the quadrennial conventions, but the Marquette county delegation was left uninstructed.

Very Low Rates to St. Louis, Mo.

Via the North Western line. Excursion tickets will be sold on May 13 to 22, inclusive, limited to return until May 24, inclusive, on account of National Baptist Anniversaries. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Ry. 27-18

AFTER LAGRIPPE—WHAT?

Usually a hacking cough and a general feeling of weakness, often leading to fatal results after the patient is supposed to have passed the danger point. Foley's Honey and Tar is guaranteed to cure the "grippe cough" and make you strong and well. It never fails to stop a cough if taken in time. Take no substitutes.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

SCHUYLKILL

ANTHRACITE

COAL

Has been sold in this city for **Thirty Years**, always giving SATISFACTION — better than any other Coal in the market.

☞Also our SOFT COAL for family use is the best in the market.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS AT

HOULE'S COAL OFFICE

DON'T BE FOOLED!

The market is being flooded with worthless imitations of ROCKY MOUNTAIN . . . TEA . . .

To protect the public we call especial attention to our trade mark, printed on every package. Demand the genuine. For Sale by all Druggists.

BEE'S Laxative HONEY AND TAR

An improvement over all Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies. Cures Coughs, Strengthens the Lungs and Gently Moves the Bowels. Pleasant to the taste and good alike for Young and Old.

PREPARED BY Pineule Medicine Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

Sold by J. M. PERKINS, Negaunee

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Prevents Serious Results From a Cold.

Remember the name Foley's Honey and Tar. Insist upon having the genuine.

Three sizes 25c, 50c, $1.00

Prepared only by Foley & Company, Chicago.

Pabst Brewing Co.'s

MILWAUKEE

Lager Beer:

CHAS. JOHNSON, Agt. NEGAUNEE

Bottled Beer.

BAVARIAN, BOHEMIAN, SELECT EXPORT

Pints or Quarts!

ELECTRICITY
FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME ALWAYS
THE POWER

FROM THE

NEG. & ISH. ST. RY & ELECTRIC CO'S PLANT

Will give the best form of light obtainable. Incandescent light and enclosed arc lights are in use in the leading business establishments of our great cities. The N. & I. St. R'y & Electric Co. furnishes daylight and will be glad to send representative to furnish you with full details, prices, etc.

COAL AND WOOD

Johnson Bros.

is the place to go for

THE BEST QUALITY LOWEST PREVAILING PRICES and PROMPT SERVICE.

We give special attention to Wood sales by the cord. We also handle Lumber, Feed, Cement, Brick, and all kinds of Building Material.

15% Reduction ON Monarch

MALLEABLE IRON AND STEEL The "Stay Satisfactory" Range

OTHER STEEL RANGES from $19.50 up.

JOHN W. ELLIOTT, Store in Williams' Block.

The First National Bank

OF NEGAUNEE, MICH.

—CAPITAL— $100,000.00

—SURPLUS— $20,000.00

A. MAITLAND, President.
GEO. J. MAAS, Vice President.
T. C. YATES, Cashier.
G. E. O'CONNOR, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS:
A. Maitland J. H. Winter
Geo. J. Maas
A. B. Miner T. C. Yates

Drafts sold on any part of the World.

INTEREST Paid on Savings Deposts.

ALWAYS WITHIN REACH

is the money to your credit in the bank. But it is your reach only. Burglars and swindlers have no chance to reach it. Your own signed check is the key that unlocks it.

THIS BANK

is desirous of increasing its accounts It will open one with you with as little as one dollar. Your own proper pride will make you increase it.

Telephone by either line "Negaunee Greenhouses."

NEGAUNEE NURSERY AND GREENHOUSES.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Etc. House and Bedding Plants, Cut Flowers

FLORAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

The public is invited to visit our Nursery, which contains 60,000 Fruit trees, Shade trees, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, etc.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

YOU

May make your astronomical calculation and scientific investigation, but you will never discover anything to equal the product of the

Upper Peninsula Brewing Co

FOR TABLE AND EXPORT USE. BREWED FROM PURE MALT AND HOPS

The Beer that makes Marquette Famous

Yours for the asking
THE ALFRED PEATS BOOKLET ON HOME DECORATION 1905

¶ It tells WHAT to use—HOW and WHY—thoroughly and briefly.

¶ An artistic and individual home is not so much a question of pocketbook as of personal taste and knowledge. The Booklet gives the necessary practical information.

O. J. LACOMBE, Painter and Decorator,

can supply a copy and show you how to carry out the ideas with

ALFRED PEATS "PRIZE" WALL PAPER

WEAT Russia needs most of all for immediate relief is a grand duke famine.

Looking at his picture, one wonders to drown all the ideas might start the ball rolling by jumping off Brooklyn bridge.

A New York physician who wants to educate poor mothers should start the bathing amuse.

The magazine "How to Make Money" has failed. Lots of persons are suspected of having made money by failing.

Apparently a model husband is but what the women want. They prefer a creature of flesh and blood, even though he has imperfections.

Maxim Gorky is said to be studying English. That looks like contracting evidence that some enterprising American lecture bureau has opened negotiations.

Uncle Russell Sage may not be one of the ten men who are to own this country in the near future, but he'd like to see them get his share of it away from him!

The wonderful success of the Japanese army doctors in saving their sick and wounded soldiers has attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. What is the secret?

Mrs. Hetty Green, it is said, is much given to handing on doughnuts. The doughnut resistance is cheap, filling, and shape bears an attractive resemblance to an additional cipher.

It is interesting to learn that time I fails on Sunday fourteen times during the present century. Still there is nothing that can be done. The world will have to try to make the best of it.

Marie Corelli resents Carnegie for clearing away placard historic buildings at Stratford-on-Avon for a literary site. When in doubt as to the best way to get publicity, tangle up with Carnegie.

The discovery of Jupiter's sixth satellite is peculiarly gratifying. We have always felt that a luminary of the size and brilliancy of Jupiter could not have failed to have so many distinct moon-shine hangers on.

The Vandalia Railroad Company is penalizing its employes who are 70 years of age and over. There undoubtedly are serious corporations, but it is wrong to conclude that a thing is soulless merely because it is a corporation.

New York people now ride in subways, they have taverns in subways, where they can eat, drink and be merry underground, and a good many of these soon their living in subways and now they are to be buried.

Eight hundred thousand pumpers, back in the frightful revel of Rangoon and Naize at the end of November last, when winter was just beginning. One person in every forty-one of the whole population was in receipt of poor-law relief. Almost a quarter of a million persons were in the workhouses and the rest had outdoor relief. The numbers were much larger than those of the year before, and were increasing rapidly. Distress was general in London, but the severity, not only in the misery the condition of the poor was more wretched than it had been for many years, and there is no prospect of better times in the near future.

"People are not wanted in any branch of the United States army, for men of that class rarely make good soldiers," said J. E. Stanley, a sergeant of the United States army at the Eighth and High streets, Cincinnati. "The public does not know that something more than physical fitness is required of a man who wants to enter the army. Of course, the recruiting officers cannot investigate the moral character of every recruit. If, however, a recruit shows that he is of low moral character and takes pride in being a tough, he is refused permission to enlist. Whenever a father brings a son to our station and wants us to enlist him we always investigate closely. Usually we find that the son is incorrigible."

Our government is constantly called upon to protect "American citizens" who become involved in difficulties abroad. But nine-tenths of the most important of the cases of the class are the most difficult and embarrassing. If performed at all it must be performed promptly and effectively, and yet the department is always handicapped by the possibility that such applicants are imposters because they are of naturalized citizens. It is safe to say that a majority of the so-called American citizens who appeal for interposition in their behalf are foreigners by birth who have taken out naturalization papers with the avowed object, and pretend to have taken out, naturalize that papers for the express purpose of...

returning to the land of their nativity and there engaging in pursuits more or less acceptable to the authorities.

After many years artists and archeologists are again turning their attention to Herculaneum, which was buried by the outpouring from Vesuvius at the same time as Pompeii; and an effort is making to raise funds to undertake excavation of the lost city on a large scale and in a systematic manner. A small part only of Herculaneum has been uncovered, but the treasures found were more valuable and interesting than those found in Pompeii. The city lies under eighty feet of soft rock formed from the mud which was once really worked in the ashes which covered Pompeii. Nothing has been done since 1865, when the excavations threatened the two villages that long been built over the site of Herculaneum, but if sufficient money were available the whole city could be reached and nothing worth while need be lost. Provided owners of land the houses that overlie the buried town could be induced in the subject, and President Roosevelt has consented to act as chairman of the American committee that is to be formed for raising the needed money.

The old appointive system had many evils, and its victims have been almost surely paid for grit and for spirit. Dickens' "Matchhouse," with her small nations and big florid lungs, and Simon Tappertit, with his small legs and smaller brains, were fair personifications of popular prejudice against the system of "blinding out." But at least an apprentice did have a chance to learn a trade. To-day such learning comes more by hit than any good will. A young girl hired by a dressmaker runs errands, does up bundles, or at most oversees a seam; but she learns nothing of the art which her mistress practices. So the shop-boy knows best of tools tins of brooms, and takes, at least, an "influence" to secure for him a position for which he has no technical training. To make a beginning in supplying the need for skill in its cheerful life, trade schools for girls have recently been started in New Rochelle. Applicants must be between the ages of 14 and 17. They are examined in the rudiments of sewing, which must be thoroughly learned before they go farther. Then they are taught every one of the needle—dressmaking, dressmaking, millinery and embroidery. They study the various machines for sewing, buttonhole making and braiding. A good course in designing is open to girls who show skill in it. Meantime they are trained to neatness and punctuality, and to right into the larger questions of business conditions, business methods and business honor. When they put on their finished they are prepared to get that pay to which any employer will pay. If an employer of such, and are also equipped with skill to meet the demands of labor, then as at present, and need not idle, no less of help.

"Ro your teacher doesn't like you, eh?" said the old boy to the young one. "What's the reason of that? Don't you ever do anything that calls for a licking?"

The youngster grinned. "If she licked us she'd get stop-piked," he explained. "Teachers ain't allowed to lick the children. She messes with us, and if we don't behave she suspends us."

"Licked?" said the old boy, rubbing his chin. "I've heard something of the kind, but I never quite understood exactly how it worked. How often have you been suspended?"

"I never was. Ethan Taylor, he was suspended once. He set fire to a little girl's hair with a match, and when the teacher warned him to say he was sorry he said bad words at her. They suspended him for two weeks."

"Hum?" said the old boy.

"And once we all got to hollering and laughing in the geography lesson, and when Miss Watson told us to stop we just kept right on."

"Why?"

"Oh, just for fun. Jimmy Walling he was making paper balls in his tin and throwing them at the map when ever Miss Watson turned her back to point to it. She got awful mad and she said she'd suspend us all if we didn't behave ourselves.

"She must be a pretty harsh sort of a person even to talk of suspending you for a little thing like that, I should say. I suppose you whisper in school sometimes and push the boy in front of you in the back and stick pins in him and make faces and shoot beans and things like that?"

"I should say," replied the young one.

"And you get suspended, eh?"

"Oh, most generally we get socked down as your department."

"Suspension?" commented the old boy. "I don't see how a teacher can have the heart to do such a thing. It must be pretty painful, isn't it?"

"No, that don't hurt. You just get up off ground on your department real."

"Well," said the old boy, "it may be all right, but it sounds blamed to me. Why I was at school the teacher used to just never mached or so."

"Yah," said the youngster, "he could leave heavily well-defined marks with his bare hand. His thumb and forefinger when they closed on a boy's ear could lead that boy along the path of knowledge irresistibly. But his marks of absolute disappeared he usually laid us with a leather breakfast, and they ain't no way to leave it on now to raise the devil to hit. When real business was to be done, and all the rubbish invisible. Now where's the satisfaction of every kind obtained by the commissioner was voluntarily and freely offered by the packers, all books of records and papers connected with the business having placed at his disposal.

"Did it do you good?"

"Well, come to think of it, I don't know that it did," replied the old boy, "but then I don't think we got any 'that as off noughly of the striking. Yes, I think it surely how these you good to attend his school."

"And it do you good?"

"Well, come to think of it, I don't know how much good I was advanced in the right switch. He did wanted a boy occasionally, however—by the collar of his jacket—but never for so long as two weeks. We never made it necessary for him to spend so much time. We used to always feel, the high prices of beef which caused so much complaint among consumers at the time more attributable wholly to these abnormal cattle prices."

The report of Commissioner of Corporations Garfield on the beef industry, after about eight months' investigation in Chicago and elsewhere, shows that there has been an enormous amount of exaggeration in the statements that have appeared for some time past in regard to the beef business. This investigation was of set fact by a resolution of the House of Representatives adopted March 7, 1904, and the association force after a most rigid examination of the methods and general conduct of the business are contained in a report covering 360 pages. Its figures and tables conclusively show that the popular belief in enormous profits made by the large packers, such as Armour & Co., Swift & Co. and Nelson Morris & Co., and in the exclusive control of the business now which many think they enjoy, is really without foundation.

The report made to President Roosevelt by Commissioner Garfield is really the first official statement of the actual conditions of the beef business that has been made, and as all the calculations arrived at are based, point by line, upon data officially obtained, there seems to be no reason why they should not be regarded as reliable and in all respects trustworthy.

This report shows why the price of both cattle and beef advanced in the winter of 1904 lower than the short corn crop of 1901, and states that because of the decrease in number of cattle and rise in decreased weight, "the high prices of beef which caused so much complaint among consumers at the time more attributable wholly to these abnormal cattle prices."

All the figures of the live weight and live cost of all dressed beef cattle were obtained from actual killing records and all information of every kind obtained by the commissioner was voluntarily and freely offered by the packers, all books of records and papers connected with the business having placed at his disposal.

To make certain that the results of the investigation should be absolutely accurate, the Commissioner states that a double method of ascertaining profits was adopted, and, without going into detail here, it is found that the conclusions arrived at show an average profit of 99 cents per head. The Commissioner knew more than those particulars in the conduct of the two methods of ascertaining the profits combine conclusively the correctness of the general conclusions." It is clearly established that "western packers do not control more than half of the beef supply of the United States," the conclusion of the Commissioner being that the business done by them amounts to "about 45 per cent" of the total slaughter of the country.

The whole report is extremely interesting and well worthy of careful perusal. As an official report it may be regarded as worthy of confidence and it certainly leads the reader to the conclusion arrived at by the Commissioner when he states that "the capitalization of none of the concerns is excessive as compared with the actual investment" and that from thorough and rigid investigation of original prices in books and papers in which he had access there was also "indisputable evidence that the profits of the business on the beef cattle is not larger than the average in other mercantile business," the Commissioner being "clearly satisfied, from every point of view, that the profits are slimly supposed." In a recently established that "western packers do not control more than half of the beef supply of the United States."

Beheriahness on a Plaster.
In 1870 something happened on Jupiter which caused a blotch to appear in his southern hemisphere, near one of the great belts that cross his face like stripes banded of the sunset clouds. It was 30,000 miles long, and just it stands out on the globe's surface like scarlet on a very dark man: "He thought for a few moments and then coiled his meaning. "I am bound to say my boy—that this thing is beyond me," he said. "While the clock was gone I asked my Uncle what he meant. 'Oh,' he said, 'we always do that on New Year's night when the clock strikes twelve.' 'Then I understand,' he said. 'When it is the fashion to do it I shall know better than to argue,' which is always by the blessing of the Lord and the ministration between two jolly professors.'

"Bishop Maxwell, is it not?" inquired Mrs. Spaulding, cordially, as her guest came down to breakfast, soft rose in hand. "I feel that I know you through my son, and I was so glad when he arranged to have you stay with us on your way through the city. But what does this impromptu mean? You're going to stop a day or so?"

"On thank you, Mrs. Spaulding," returned the bishop, "I must go right on to-day."

"Oh, that makes it doubly unfortunate that I had to be away last evening. I hope you found my message of explanation! The friend I was called to was very ill, and I felt sure you would understand; but the fact that Mr. Spaulding was out of town, too, made it difficult doubly especially. I do hope my maid took care of you comfortably, and that you rested well. I thought you must have been weary when I came in at ten and found you had retired."

The bishop replied politely, but there was an odd constraint in his manner which boded no ill humor with his breakfast out of the house after breakfast.

"What can be the matter?" puzzled Mrs. Spaulding, as she watched the distinguished gentleman walking down the street. "Dick was so anxious he should like me."

Then a sickening thought struck her, and she dashed up the stairs.

It had been Mrs. Spaulding's custom during the boyhood of her only son to correct his failings by pasting about the house little placards which gently pleaded with him on the error of his ways. A week or two earlier, when Dick was coming home for a brief vacation, she had been struck anew later, but she remembered now that, after being summoned to the sick friend the morning before, she had had her sow—and not bethought of those to Dick's door, and had said, "I must remedy this." She had even swept and arranged for the Bishop Maxwell exactly as we did it for her Mr. Dick last week. Do you understand?"

With whiter on her feet Mrs. Spaulding flew to the room the bishop had occupied, but at the threshold she paused, but to the softest fixture. "Please don't sleep in your night-clothes of the morning," queried the first maid. "Please don't leave your coat on a chair!" Hung it up." "Please don't leave your soul brush on the bureau." Close off the hot water! "Please don't splash water all over everything." "I've used every means sufficient heat is really much more than is frequently supposed."

"If you take a bath, please wash out the tub!" It's disgraceful not to! Youth's Companion.

Business Forms of Standing to Western Cities in the World.

"I've noticed many changes in later ships I saw here three years ago," said a Tycoon who does business in the Kansas City market, reports the Kansas City Star, "and next to the city's great growth, the greatest difference is—well, just exactly what I have seen. Everywhere, on pictures and wall. 'Please don't leave your coat on a chair! Hang it up.' 'Please don't leave your soul brush here just took break in the back room.' 'Please turn out the gas when you leave.'"

BIGGEST PASSENGER STEAMER IN THE WORLD.

THE NEW CUNARDER "CARONIA."

The biggest passenger steamship in the world is the Caronia, built by Messrs. John Brown & Co., Clydebank, England, for the Cunard Company. She is 675 feet long—175 feet longer than St. Paul's Cathedral; her breadth is 72 feet 6 inches; her displacement is 30,000 tons; and her continuous sea speed 20 knots. She can accommodate 2,650 passengers. The numeral 13 has been carefully avoided in the numbering of state rooms.

GAVE AWAY THOUSANDS.

A Characteristic Story of Jay Cooke's Generosity.

The death of Jay Cooke of Philadelphia, the elder head dealer of millions, preserver of the national credit and lifelong philanthropist, seems to have opened the floodgates of recollection, and the horizons of his later years are being told now much finer, as time and that time he was ranked as one of the richest men in the country. One of the most characteristic is a story told of the great financier by her Robert Mallock, now dead, who was

JAY COOKE.

president of the Evangelical Alliance of Philadelphia shortly before the Jay Cooke's sensational failure in 1873.

"I was one of a committee," Mr. Mallock would say, "appointed to visit and confirm up on finances enough of those same minister from money to certain charitable enterprises which we found worthy one. Among the men we had planned to see was Jay Cooke, for the most of that time he was noted as one of the wealthiest, and this was the reason why I did go to see Mr. Cooke for a resolution."

"'Well, Mr. Mallock,' he said, 'you will beg back in this chair, 'let the subject of your business up to me say money for any charitable purpose.' I told him so, and I named the sum. He drew out his check book and filled in the required amount. The amount was generous to make me very happy. He handed me the check and I started to express my thanks. 'Now, don't say a word about it. You won't do that.' I said, 'The figures we have mentioned already, said me. 'Now, I thank you, but the figure was far more than I had asked.'

"'Oh, no,' replied that he. 'That isn't enough for anyone so worthy, Mr. Mallock,' and he most carefully pushed me out of his office before I had time to say anything.'"

Main Things.

At a small station in the north of Ireland an old man carrying a carpet bag, and accompanied by an old woman, approached the ticket office.

"While the clock was gone I asked my Uncle what he meant by kissing his wife. 'Oh,' he said, 'we always do that on New Year's night when the clock strikes twelve.' 'Then I understand,' he said. 'When it is the fashion to do it I shall know better than to argue,' which is always by the blessing of the Lord. 'Don't a check to Mr. Mallock's or

A Brand-New Shirt.

It was 11:15 by the cuckoo clock.

"A great busy fellow that cuckoo," said Pouring Horne, "to without saying."

The wife—proposed Miss Pantaloon as she told us to mingle a goose, "that they are seated about seen by proposing. They tried it in the morning window. With a little sketch the old 'uns would be better advised that the wife was neatly, bright and strong while she took those features and all that and she sent him her best with the manners of a full-fledged dressmaker,"—Boston Post.

HAD TO GIVE UP.

Suffered Agonies from Kidney Disorders Until Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

George W. Blount, of 1923 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, Pa., a master of horse shoeing, says: "I had to give up work. For nearly four years my back had given out, my back and kidneys that I often had to stop in the street and lean against some building for support. The kidney secretions were unnatural, and passages which were too frequent, and contained sediment. My appetite was poor and I was losing flesh. When my trouble was at its worst it finally went to the height and I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and improving until my back was strong and my appetite returned. During the four years since I stopped using Pills I have enjoyed excellent health."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Blount will be mailed on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents.

A Reversion Idea.

"Good horses must good horses said Archibald. There's nothing fixed." "Oh," remarked Miss Montague, who helps the appearance of a town's horse."

The Girl and the Boy.

An Altchison newspaper man recently, leaving two children, a girl of 6 and a boy of 8. The kind neighbors to be provided in the parlor, held the girl, but the boy was missing. After a long search he was found buried deep in a feather bed with only his nose above the covering. A scratch was made, and "Don't cry," was the whispered exhortation to the little girl. "Mother's angels in heaven. The tears were next to the surface of a very young smother, but he was not afraid and said, "Mother's whitened going to smother him in the parlor."

The Girl and the Boy.

An Altchison newspaper man recently, leaving two children, a girl of 6 and a boy of 8. The kind neighbors to be provided in the parlor, held the girl, but the boy was missing.

Go Where Glory Waits Thee.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To tithe ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other eyes may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made them love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around the dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gray beams blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then, should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,
Oh! then remember me.
—Thomas Moore.

"One Touch of Nature."

For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest
by th' hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he
would fly,
Grasps in the comer; welcome ever
smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let
not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole
world kin—
That all, with one consent, praise new-
born pride,
Though they are made and moulded of
things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'erdusted.
—William Shakspeare.

LIFE ON A FIGHTING SHIP.

Not so Monotonous as It Once Was for
the American Naval Officer.

Wardroom life aboard American
men-of-war has greatly changed with
the growth of the new navy. The bigger ships of to-day carry more officers
than those of twenty years ago, and
the hastened promotion of the last five
years has changed somewhat the character of the personnel in the wardroom. The officer who presides at the
head of the wardroom table is no longer a grizzled veteran who has eaten
his heart out with twenty years of monotonous service in the grades below
lieutenant-commander. Bearded experience 30 years of age and drawing pay
that barely enables them to live no
longer haunt the ships of the United
States navy, says the Philadelphia
Ledger. Promotion and command came
earlier, and men who even ten years
ago would have been seated well toward the foot of the wardroom table
now dine in the less dignity of the
cabin. With the faster ships of the
wardroom there is more variety of
character and conversation and with
greater activity everywhere throughout the service men have livelier interests. Old stories are not heard so
frequently, and men do not harden into set peculiarities of views and
manner as they did when promotion
was slow and duty, from being the
same for long years together, was dull
and insipid.

Some things remain, however, much
as they were, because tradition is powerful in the navy. Chaff? You a good
deal of it as of yore. There is always
some man in the twenty or more who
live in the wardroom keen enough to
provoke the most severities of his
fellows and thereby their lurking
weakness lives discovered, that
weakness is a proper subject for chaff.
The freedom of "the young doctor,"
the indolence of the paymaster, the
non-military of the junior lieutenant,
are subjects that furnish unfailing
amusement when conversation runs
low. On the whole, the chaff of the
new navy is broader, and less monotonous than that of the old, because
there is a wider range of individual
peculiarities.

Wardroom hospitality is of the old
flavor, though perhaps the increased
variety of wardroom life makes the
landsman a little less welcome as a
dispeller of monotony. It is a singularly hearty and courteous reception,
however, that awaits the guest in the
bosom of the great mess pale in which
America's naval officers now go to sea.
The presence of a guest always carries
with it certain privileges. Then it is
a matter of course that the executive
officer at the head of the table seats in
the affirmative when the request is
made that smoking be permitted after
dinner, ordinarily the smoking is
done on deck above fashion, but a
landsman may be supposed to find it
more agreeable not to leave the seat at
table when the time to smoke arrives.
The landsman's breeding is put to

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a pretty test when he becomes a guest
aboard ship, and the officers are quick
to detect the fact that the tether has
failed to realize that the wardroom is
both drawing room and dining room,
and to comport himself accordingly.
He may not feel any marked coolness
in the attitude of those with whom he
is dining, but his individual best is
likely to bear something from his
mannoisms that will prevent the reappearance of the offensive guest. The
visitor who makes no mistakes and
has something to say worth hearing is
sure of a welcome, and is made to see
that he is the guest not only of the
officer who brings him on board, but
of every division of the wardroom. To
the guest the luck of the table is likely
to be fresh and interesting, no matter
how trite it may be to some of his
hosts. Nobody objects to an old story
as long as the guest seems to relish it,
though after his departure ample revenge may be taken upon the offender.

BEWARE THE TUB.

Wear Many Clean Clothes and Bathe
Yourself Less.

The medical faculty are keen upon
attention, but never before has the
Englishman's "tub" been assailed.
Now we are not only warned against
the dangers of the daily or weekly
bath, but deliberately told that we are
courting pneumonia and various diseases.

Is this true? Medical authorities
speak of the necessity of keeping the
pores open. Physiologists depict the
danger of not bathing, and early in life
we are educated into the principle
of the daily bath until it becomes a
continued habit.

It is argued that the higher the civilization the more public baths, the
more private bathtubs, the more provision for hot water, and, as a rule, the
cleaner the people.

The construction of the skin is not
sufficiently strong for the frequent use
of that product of modern civilization
—the daily bath.

It is said that in the days of our
youth we have a strong predilection to
avoid the bath; that we are attracted
to mother earth, and grow fat and
dirty—"no, not dirty, but covered with
clements that are helpful to us." Instinct teaches children right; but
as the summer time we get much less
meat, more fruits, and peculiar which
therefore the skin eliminates no poison, and an examination of the human
perspiration shows it to contain nothing poisonous.

This is how pneumonia is invited.
The virtuo gets into a tub of hot water; he bathers his body with soap. He
rubs the skin with a flesh brush; the
skin glows; the blood vessels are laxed
to their limit. The soap dissolves the
fat that agglutinates the pores and
holds intact several layers of epidermis. He leaves the bath (oh—glowing, healthy man, eh? which a mind
that his bath has done its work. And for what
is all this risk? To be clean? Not so!
For to be clean is not to be moist,
but to be dry, and not to bathe, but to
keep clean clothes.

Therefore, on this principle, a chimney sweep is clean, because the matin
skin is covered with soot; the infant
is not dirty because he is covered with
earthen oil.

Why do we bathe? To be clean is
to look white? Is, after all, the Englishman's love of his tub a mere species of vanity?—London Express.

Candid Racing in the Desert.

The racing camel is very carefully
bred and valuable prizes are offered
by a racing society at Biskra for the
fleetest racer. I have seen the start of
a race and it reminded me, in a far
off sort of way, of a horse race. The
camels were all arranged in line and
they sniffed the air to their anxiety to
be off. A flag was waved and they
set off at a terrible pace, as if they
were only racing for a short distance,
They kept together until they were
almost out of sight. Then they seemed
to settle down to their habitual pace for
the race and the greyhound with long legs to
set about the competition. I
have also seen the finish of a camel
race, and it reminded me of the first
motor car pneumonia between London
and Brighton. The camels were certainly not so broken down and bedraggled, but they came in a torrent
of several hours and great patience
was necessary to watch them arrive.—
Pearson's Magazine.

The One Thing Needful.

I don't—I wish you would put a better mattress on my bed.
Landlady—Better mattress! Why,
that is a genuine hair mattress.
I don't—Oh, that being the case,
perhaps a bottle of hair restorer is all
that's necessary.

A circular has been issued by Paris
physicians telling the radical proof
that mustard is never sad cure prove
of any use whatever to the organism.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER
ARMY EXPERIENCES.

**The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of Late War, and in a
Graphic and Interesting Manner
Tell of Camp, March and Battle.**

In the summer of 1861 Col. Martin
Green was appointed a Brigadier-General of the Secession forces in the
First Congressional District of Missouri, and he gathered up 1,800 men
to stamp out Unionism in that section,
and particularly to wipe off the earth
Col. David Moore, and his "First
Northeastern Missouri Infantry,"
which were stationed at Athens, Mo.,
on July 3. Norris, now a prominent
physician of Kahoka, Mo., was one of
Green's band, "the flower of the host,"
as the Secession papers described them,
and gives this account of the battle:

"Our men got off their horses and
tied them to trees and fence posts.
They were armed with shotguns and
squirrel rifles that would shoot possibly from 75 to 150 yards. Then we
had two cannon, a six and a nine-
pounder.

"The Federals lined up in the form
of an L. Our cannon were unlimbered and the pioneers went to work. To
me it looked beautiful to paint those
grim monsters at human beings. Remember, none of us knew any more
of war beyond what we had read in
the books.

"The cannoneers applied their
matches. I shuddered and turned my
head. True awful detonations followed—and the balls fit in town. They
presionly traveled about 300 feet
above the enemy, who bored us.

"For two hours the battle raged
on flank and center. Word came to
us that the Des Moines River was
almost choked with the corpses of the
Federals. It was said for river was
becoming a rich carmine hue. We
cheered and started forward. Then
we made a disagreeable discovery—
the enemy's muskets would shoot
more than twice as far as our hunting
guns. We stabbed just as well have
been shooting in the air, for all the
good we were doing.

"Of course, the thing to have done
on learning of the superior range of
their guns was to fall upon them. There
were enough of us to have gathered
in the whole crowd, brass buttons and
all. But their guns could outshoot
ours, and it was as easy as adding two
and two to figure out that they must
necessarily be able to lick us. Every
blessed Confederate turned himself
into a fighting calculator to work out
the result, and then made a break for
his horse.

"Did I run, too? You bet I did. It
seems funny enough now, but I
thought I had a fine reason for it then.
In spite of the Des Moines River being dammed by dead innocents, we fell
back at first as though we expected to
reach us with those terrible long-
range muskets.

"Too bad! and ever it was only too
true. The fighting calculators, with
a knife, others tried to jerk them loose
by main force. The horse had bolted
the terror of their masters and jumped
around frantically. Many broke loose
and rushed wildly across the field, adding to the uproar. Some of the excited soldiers struck out across the
country without taking time to get
their horses. The cannon—those terrible engines designed to terrify the
enemy—were dragged off the field and
hidden in some hazel bush.

"The rout didn't stop until the Confederates got back to their homes in
Louis, Scotla, Shelby, Scotland,
Knox and Schuyler Counties. You
never saw men so homesick in all
your life. During all the panic and
confusion there was no attempt by
our officers to rally their men. Col.
Moore's soldiers could outshoot us,
they couldn't outrun us—but that day
Moore's soldiers could outshoot us.

"After the excitement had worn off
a bit, and the boys had rested, they
met and recognized. Every man said
he wasn't scared up there at Athens;
he just wanted to get away. They
laughed over their display of panic,
but were gradually determined it should
never occur again.

"Those men who ran the bravest developed into the finest soldiers you
ever saw. They joined the regular
Confederate army, and many of them
atoned with their lifeblood for their
scare at Athens. Inconsequential at
the battle was, it gave them in after
days the making of veterans. It
taught them how to stand and be shot
at without flinching."—American Tribune.

The Nation Psalmist of 1861.

"The Nation psalmist," said the Captain, "had a hard time getting into
the service and a hard time getting
out. I remember well that we began
to organize the psalmist as soon as the
news came to Chicago that Fort Sumter had been fired on. We had 800
members as soon as the word got out,
and the next day the spirits of the Nation
was more than full, and that we could
not be accepted under the first call,
to we must wait. We were so full of
fight that we got into a state like the
Mate of Mississippi. The winter of 1861
fighting men was no small thing in
the first months of the war, but Mr.
scout could not accept us and the boys
were told that we—and we would
find a place of some kind. Every one
was welcome, and we soon had a lot
of fighting men we were going to ride
in—

"We had landed on our name—
Yahe' psalms, carrying us through,
but other regiments got ahead of us
in completing their organization. We
thought the Governor hadn't taken
enough interest in the psalmist, and

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some of us told him so. Thereupon
the Governor, to show his interest in
the regiment, sent Captain O. L. Mann
to Washington to urge the immediate
acceptance of the psalmist. Finally the
regiment was accepted as the Thirty-
ninth Illinois Infantry, the day after
the first battle of Bull Run was
fought. We left Chicago Oct. 13, 1861,
for St. Louis. Five weeks later we
were ordered to Williamsport, Md., and
in a month were soldiering with the
best of the regiments in the field.

"We went into the service a prim
drill battalion and in good time we
won a reputation as good marchers
and fighters, and Governor Yates
showed a very kindly interest in us.
While we were in North Carolina, in
January, 1865, the Governor sent us a
new flag with his portrait on it, and
several months later we took that flag
into Fort Wagner on Morris Island,
South Carolina, under what might be
called a suspension of the rules. That
was a long siege, and we were in the
trenches a good many times. It so
happened that we were in the trenches
on the night the general assault was
ordered. Our colonel discovered that
the fort was being evacuated, and under the leadership of Colonel O. L.
Mann we scrambled into the fort just
in time to cut the foes out to blow up
the fortifications.

"After a scrap with the rebel rear
guard we hoisted the Yates flag on
the parapet and our commanding officer sent a quaint dispatch to General
Gillmore, announcing that the Yates
phalanx was in the bombproofs of
Fort Wagner two hours ahead of time.
This was talked about a good deal
when we returned home, and the
Army of the James, and in the course
of the next six months lost nearly 200
of them in battle. In the charge at
Deep Run, for example, we climbed
over the rebel works to find the rebs
ready for a hand-to-hand fight. They
put 104 of our men out of action, but
we captured the works.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Rebel Yell.

In the bloody attack of Pelnce's division against Chattanm, writes a war
historian in describing the battle of
Kenesaw Mountain, the Confederates
reserved their fire till the assailants
were very close upon them, aimed up
to the Confederate intrenchments. As
they came into full view from the
tangled underbrush, there broke upon
them an appalling fire of a sheet of
flame and sound of musketry that
shook the ground. In two or three
places almost the entire Union line
seemed to disappear under it.

"Surceeding this murderous sweep
of death," says a writer who witnessed the scene, "there arose from
behind the intrenchments a wild and
piercing sound. It was the rebel yell,
often ere this it had occurred on the
fields of strife, but never before had
it sounds the ears of the men of the
West. Above the roar of the battle,
clear and shrill, it rang out again and
again from the thousand Southern
throats and burst into the wood at the
foot of the hill. Like an impulse
from the dread of his fellows it passed
to arouse those from whose throats it
leaped forth to more than mortal
energy, and now, from 10,000 muskets
and from a score of cannon, there
poured forth an increasant blast, which
scattered carnage and death for hundreds of yards around."

The fire was so tremendous that
cannon ball planted the ground and
shell hurled earth and and into the
air like a charge of blasting powder
often winds trees were cut to pieces
and their branches dashed hither and
thither by the shot and shell.

The Flag Above the Schoolhouse Door.

"Is cities and in villages in country districts everywhere wide,
Above the schoolhouse door it floats—
thing of beauty and of pride.
The purest child, the loftiest maid—the
thrills in reunion to adore,
For it is the flag that proudly floats—
the flag above the school house
door!

What does it mean O careless boy, O
thoughtless girl, at happy play?
God for the blood your fathers shed no
some far-off, eventful day—
This era looked at her in swimming
sealed will its folds, and care no
more,
What means it—'see'd it, my child, the
flag above the schoolhouse door?

God keep it ever floating there—this
flag which o'er the land we love,
Let us its beauty teach—us lift, as on,
to the blue vault above;
And Oh! a better time shall come—a
better age for evermore,
So this flag shall be the emblem still—
the flag above the schoolhouse door."

Death of the Famous Author, Soldier,
and Statesman.

After a long illness, Gen. Lew Wallace, the well-known author, yielded to
death at his home in Crawfordsville,
Ind. Cancer of the stomach was the
cause. Up to three days of his death
he worked on his autobiography and
hoped to complete it.

Lew Wallace was born in Brookville, Franklin County, Ind., April 10,
1827, son of Gov. David Wallace. He
studied law, raised and saw around
lieutenant of a company in the Mexican war, and served to the finish.
About this time he wrote "The Fair
God." In 1861 he was made colonel of
the Eleventh Indiana Infantry and
took an important part in the capture
of Fort Donelson. Shortly afterward
he was made major general. He saved
Cincinnati from invasion by E. Kirby
Smith, fought the battle of Monocacy
with Jubal Early and was a member
of the court that tried the conspirators
of Lincoln. After the war he made
a splendid reputation as a lawyer, but

GEN. LEW WALLACE.

gained his greatest fame as the author
of "Ben Hur." President Hayes made
him Governor of New Mexico, and
Garfield sent him as Minister to Turkey. He wrote a life of President
Benjamin Harrison, and various novels
since 1888. He wrote only by intention
study and painstaking toil. He was
his own best critic, and scrutinized
every line before he let it appear in
his final copy. His habit was to write
the rough draft of his ideas at a sitting,
so that erasures could be made easily,
then to transfer the writing with all
corrections into a permanent form,
adding such changes as he thought fit,
again to copy, now for the third time,
to make still further revision, then,
finally, he would proceed to rewrite
the whole book with the precision of a
clerk. When "Ben Hur" was sent to
Harper's it was beautifully written in
almost copperplate hand. He said he
took the book that the publishing house im-
possible. The fact was that the book
had been held by him so long, and so
often re-written, that copperplate had
become second nature to him.

An Unintentional Pun.

The difficulties of learning and using a new language are many, and the
unfortunate foreigner in this story,
from the Boston Transcript, at least
must have felt that his own efforts
were not altogether cynical.

A druggist was obliged to be absent
from his store one day, and he left his
book his place. A large Norwegian,
who spoke English with difficulty, entered and said:

"Iff you vos so gude und gif me all
right."

"All ven do firm fifty cents."

"Dot is all right, I pay you quick."
The dog opened the door.

"Very well," replied the druggist's
wife; "just pay it to me and it will be
all right."

"Iff ven do firm fifty cents."—
London Express.

After a while the man came in.
"Yes I understand. If you vould buy
afraid, I vill give you a receipt for it."
"The man looked at her in amazement and bewilderment, forming a firm but
strong mental reservation never to call
before her again. He never bought liquor
of leatherette again, from that time on,
until the store was closed. Afterwards
he told the druggist what had happened.

In a Painful Predicament.

Hostess hurrying off her gowns—Mr.
Jinkin, will you take Miss Smith out
to dinner?
Mr. Jinkin (his first experiences)—D—!
Mrs. Jones, but that unexpectedly brought
this pocketbook of mine—oh, I beg your
pardon, Madam. Anything in the
to pay right away.

A boy for prince who whispers which
will resist the work of a new has been
discovered by a Philadelphia inventor.
It has a number of longitudinal holes
over the surface, which are filled with
glue. There's very easy and the saw,
and is likely to discourage the sawyer.

What in office called believes is
the universal conviction of human
proof."—H. G. Roberton.

Bishop Potter will soon publish a
book on "Temperance," setting forth
the views he has long held and his
reasons for his attitude toward saloons.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publish "George Gissing's last work, "Veranilda," a romance of the Roman and
Goth, of which only the closing
chapter or two remained unfinished at
the date of his untimely death.

Prof. William Cleaver Wilkinson of
the University of Chicago will publish,
through the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, "Modern Masters of
Pulpit Discourse," with sympathetic
appreciations and criticisms of Beecher, Liddon, Phillips Brooks and other
great preachers of England and America.

In connection with requests from
members of the families of several
universities, both old Harvard among
them, Harper & Brothers, New York,
are issuing a "university edition" of
their great 28-volume library, the
American Nation." Each of the five
volumes thus far bound is the finest
work of an eminently qualified specialist.

Dr. McCook, lately retired from active service as pastor, has published,
through George W. Jacobs & Co., New
York, a novel in memory of his late
Senator Horen. The two were born
in the same Ohio town and were playmates and close friends for fifteen
years of childhood and boyhood, and
their friendship was never broken. It
is entitled "The Senator."

Gertrude Atherton declares, in the
National Magazine, that London is her
real home. "London is a place fit to
live in. We get along famously, London and I. After a trip to America,
looking twice and thrice, I turn back, a
verbitable Lot's wife, and I want a
quite grown again and in London and
does me with sugar and pour heavy
over me and make me myself again."

Moffat, Yard & Co. is a new company formed to engage in a general
book, art and periodical publishing
business at 240 Fourth avenue, New
York. Mr. Moffat has been twenty
years with Charles Scribner's Sons and
was lately business manager of Scribner's Magazine, and Mr. Yard has been
literary and advertising for the same
house and editor of the Book Buyer.
The firm has also acquired an interest
in the periodical News and Country.

Skees Furnish Not Only Sport but
Necessary Means of Travel.

It is during the Norwegian winter
that the most characteristic sports in
that country occur, when the
fiords are frozen after the snow has
fallen, the forest sleep, robed in the
bright, shining ice, and, like the gulls
during the summer, the Norwegian
boys glide about on their skees where,
in July and August, they had roamed
in sailing boats. But when the snow
covers mountain, valley, and fiord
many find deep and exhilarating recreation when it is called in Norway, interests individual, without any extra
sport, but also as a necessary way of
traveling.

The skees are made of wood, generally of ash. It is the most suitable
wood for the purpose, but they can
also be made out of pine, or birch, or
of any kind of wood in which the grain
runs straight, and which is not too
knotty. The edge is straight, the
is both hard and flexible, are admirably adapted for skeemaking. The
skees are some two feet and about
four inches broad, and taper up in
front at the ends. About the center of
the base of the loop for the toes and
a strap which passes round the heel to
hold the skee in place. A stick
goes about half an inch wide about
two feet long, which is a strongly a
pivot it stays, a string quite a lot
power the snowy expanse, from sliding
to one side. About four feet broad a
the middle of the skee a hole is
made out of reindeer lines, is placed to
prevent the skee from slipping backwards when it is going uphill. The
skees are some two feet and are wearing
over the surface, which are filled with
sloped to the surface under this shoulder, the prevent the skee from slipping backwards which it is going
uphill, and is likely to discourage the sawyer.

Real Jones—"He spoke to actor, Joe,
Why not go in the profession and see.
Sonny?
Joe—"He's too good."
Real Jones—"Too good!"
Joe—"Yes; good for nothing."

First Over the Wire.

The first actual conversation by
telephone over an electric wire was in
1876, when Leonard, a French philosopher, found it possible to transmit the
tones of the human voice over a wire.
His success created an immense furore, but was entirely forgotten long
ago, and the present generation until
lately supposed that the telephone of
to-day was the production of some
native genius who had carried the
thing to perfection.—Kansas City Star.

NERVOUS PEOPLE.

SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

—Pay your water rates.

—Call and see the new overshoe.

Trees and Shrubs
That Will Grow

Young Faces for Sale.