

THE STORY TELLER

GIVE FATHER A BOUQUET.

I've searched the magazines and papers, for lo, these many days, But I haven't found a poem that gives any praise. I've looked them over carefully, I've read and studied all, But the sturdy representative of Adam's early fall Seems to have escaped the notice of the poets' lucid powers, And the one who bit the apple first has gathered all their flowers.

Why no bloom from all the vistas of the poet's floral land Was ever given father, I could never understand. While mother sat beside the fire and darned the children's socks, Wasn't father out a-hustlin' to gather in the "rocks?"

And when Benny had the fever, and Bessy was so sick, Who tumbled over for doctor, and brought him double quick?

I would not rob dear mother of one single bit of praise, For faithfully she did her duty in childhood's anxious days, And all through youth she was a mother ever kind and true, But I've got quite a chunk of praise to hand to father, too.

How he worked and sweat and grumbled, whistled, sung and smiled, Toiled until his back was bent for mother, home and child.

I am not feeling grouchy because mother's praise is sung, For I remember her sweet kiss on my lips when I was young, But I also recollect a great big, burly, manly form, Whose heart was where it ought to be, whose smile was broad and warm. And I think it would be just, 'e'en in this later day, When we're picking flowers for mother, to give father a bouquet.

—Bush Phillips, in Cleveland Leader.

MEDIATOR'S SALVATION.

By Charles Ellis Newell.

MORRIGAN and I had been the closest kind of friends for many years, and when I received his telegram, saying that he would arrive in San Francisco on Tuesday night, I immediately made preparations to receive him, and to that end I ordered a supper such as I knew him to be fond of; at a quiet little place where we frequently dined together when he was on the coast.

Morrigan was the best kind of a fellow; full of reminiscence and story, and our little suppers were generally concluded by him with the material for a new story for me.

Much to my satisfaction the train proved to be on time, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing Morrigan's genial countenance and feeling the warm clasp of his hand. He was accompanied by a well-dressed negro boy, who carried some small luggage and whom I took to be Morrigan's valet. I was surprised, too, for I had often heard him express himself vigorously in disapprobation of such nonsense. I was further surprised also at the almost paternal solicitude with which he placed the boy and traps into a hack and sent him off to the Occidental, saying: "I don't know what time I'll be up to the hotel, Dick, so you need not stay up for me, but go to bed."

The boy returned a polite answer in the most perfect English; his voice had the undefinable quality in it which is invariably the product of educational influence. However much I marveled, I was wise enough to do it mentally; but I felt impressed; that somehow or other that boy was going to be concerned in one of Morrigan's stories; nor was I mistaken, for after the exchange of platitudes of personal event, and we had arrived at that period when a fellow who has dined feels mellow, and the ascending curls of smoke represent pretty much of present trouble, Morrigan introspectively began:

"Hanged if he ain't worth it, even if he was twice as black. What do you think of him?"

"What do I think of him?" I answered. "Why, he's a daisy. Who do you mean?"

"That's so," he replied good naturedly; "I'd forgot that you did not know. I mean my son."

"Your son," I stammered; "why, you are not even married, and if you—"

"Of course," he interrupted, laughing heartily, "I don't mean to shock your morals. I mean my adopted son; the colored boy you saw with me to-night." He saw that I was perplexed.

"Yes," he continued, "adopted him up and down, dyed in the wool; as fast as the law can do it. Why, I'd rather be the actual father of the white soul under his black skin than to acknowledge paternity of some white trash I've run across."

"You must have had strong reasons for doing this," I answered; "still, your business is your own, and it's not for me to adversely criticize your actions."

"Don't you think for a moment," he returned, "that I am callous to the opinions of my friends, and it is for this reason precisely that I am going to tell you the story, and I don't think that you, or anyone else, could see wherein I could have done otherwise in all justice. What I tell you may sound Quixotic, but when you know that this boy was the means of saving me over \$40,000, and a horse worth half as much more, with no other incentive than gratitude, and small occasion for

it at that, you will perhaps understand it all.

"It has been five years since the thing happened, and I have refrained from saying anything about the boy, because I wasn't sure how he was going to turn out, but I can show as neat a bit of gentleman in him as one would want to know. What! make a jockey out of him? Well, I don't think, not with the mind he's got. Why in the last five years I've had him at school in Chicago; he has passed through every grade of the public and high schools, graduating only last week with the highest percentage ever turned out. That boy is going to put 'M. D.' after his name if it takes my last horse.

"You must excuse this long preamble, old fellow; but I must admit that I am apt to grow a bit garrulous whenever I get talking about him. However, here's the yarn:

"You remember the story I told you about Mediator's last race and the stable boy Jake, don't you? Yes! Well, it was five years ago this fall at Garfield Park, when this same Mediator was a three-year-old, and running the legs off from everything that came up against him, regardless of weights or any other handicap the judges saw fit to impose, but it wasn't the least bit of use; you could not stop him with anything short of a bullet or a dose of poison, when he got going, and I reckon the owners of other horses came to the same conclusion—at least two of them did, as I subsequently ascertained; but I'm getting ahead of my story, so we'll call it a false start, and go back.

"The next race in which Mediator was entered promised to be a most exciting one; not because of the size of the purse (which was a big one), but on account of the entry of two new horses, Corinthus and Invercauld, of whom much had been heard and much was expected.

"In view of these new entries and the natural uncertainty as to the outcome, I was in hopes that Mediator would be held at a little longer odds than usual, and as I had the utmost confidence in his ability to win out, I was prepared to make a good clean up.

"The afternoon before the race I was on the track, when it occurred to me that I had forgotten to give some important instructions to my stable man, which required immediate attention, so I took out my note book, scribbled a few lines to him, and then looked about for a bearer. I noticed a ragged looking black boy peering through the pickets of the fence. I asked him, if he knew where the Morrigan paddock was. He said he did, and I noticed that as he said so he raised his hand up to his brimless old straw hat.

"Take this note up to Mike, the stableman, then, and here! here's a dollar for you.

"I have never been able to figure out to this day what possessed me to give that boy a dollar, and I shall never give away another dollar or any amount of dollars with half the satisfaction I felt on hearing the little fellow's profuse thanks.

"That evening I took a stroll among the down-town poolrooms to see how things were going and incidentally to drop into Boyd's for a steak and a chat. Well, while I was prepared to find Mediator at somewhat longer odds, I hardly understood why the two new horses should be hot favorites, while my horse seemed to be considered a stake at three to one. This afforded me plenty of food for reflection; and the subsequent scraps of conversation which I overheard while eating my steak, which, by the way, seemed far below its usual standard of excellence, sent me home to a restless bed.

"The next morning I again visited the poolrooms, and by George! the bottom seemed to have dropped plumb out of Mediator odds. However, I'd be hanged if I was going to cawfish, with what I considered the best end of it all through; so I took \$5,000 worth of him at five to one.

"I was making my way out of the crowd when I felt something pulling at my sleeve; I looked down, and recognized immediately the boy who had been my messenger the day before. He was all out of breath, and his eyes were as big as salt cellars as he half whispered:

"'Ah, 's bin lookin' fer yer all mawnin', sah! Ah's got suthin' mighty 'ticular ter tell yer, sah.'"

"Well, what is it," I answered.

"He looked cautiously around and answered in a low tone: 'Ah kaint tell yer here, sah; don't yer know some place where Ah kin tell yer on de quiet, sah?'"

"I took him around to a private room near by. I wish I could tell you the story he told me, in the exact darkey dialect he used; with the gestures and grimaces and intonation of voice, but I can't—no white man could—so I'll tell it briefly in my own way.

"It seems that the boy was a walf, and had drifted up to Chicago from Memphis, and had been hanging about Garfield park in the hope of getting employment, living in the meanwhile by picking up a penny here and there running errands. He had discovered a hole in the ground under the wall of my paddock, which some dog had scraped, probably, in pursuit of a rat, and by enlarging it a little he had been able to crawl through and sleep in the hay, concealing the hole with a piece of board when he came out in the morning.

"It is perfectly marvelous how 'wise' these boys, that hang about a race track, get to be, and there is little in the way of a trick or a job that they are not on to.

"So, when he was awakened during the night by some one fumbling at the padlock of the stable door, he knew instantly that something

wrong was going on, and ran softly to the door and listened. He heard a low voice curse Mike for an Irish fool, for bringing the wrong key, then, while Mike was evidently gone after the right key, he heard enough conversation between the two who remained to make him understand that they were going to give Mediator a shot.

"You don't know what that means? Well I'll tell you. A strong solution of hydrastated collinthus (by the way, don't you ever monkey with it) is injected with a hypodermic syringe just under the fetlock of the hind leg. The result of this is to produce a constriction of the muscles of the ankle, which, while not enough to produce any visible lameness at once, still, is enough to ultimately knock any horse's chance of being of further use, except in an ice wagon.

"What do you suppose this blessed boy did? What you nor I, nor 50,000 other men would have done. He rapidly and as quietly as possible unhitched Mediator's halter strap; backed him out, and then did the same for the horse in the next stall, which he led into and tied in Mediator's place, then he tied Mediator in the other horse's place.

"He had barely completed this exchange and was still in the stall by Mediator's head, when the door opened and the men came in, closing the door after them.

"I wish you could have heard the boy tell this part, he said.

"'Sho, nuff, Mar, Ah done turn white, an' mah teef rattle so Ah hatter hol' mah' head.'"

"Presently the boy heard the horse in the next stall make a half dozen vicious kicks, and he knew the men had administered the dose, then they sneaked out, locking the door behind them, satisfied that they had done their work well.

"After everything had grown quiet the boy returned the horses to their proper places and went to sleep again in the hay.

"You may be sure that after hearing this I lost no time in getting some more money into action, and also, that when that boy showed up on the grounds in the afternoon he didn't wear that old straw hat, either.

"I never found out for sure who it was that put up the job, for no threats would ever scare 'Mike' into giving them away, and as I did not care to have the truth known, I had to let the rascal get off scott free.

"But I knew all that I wanted to that afternoon, when I saw my gallant brown crack-a-jack show his heels to the pack of selling platers, who barely escaped being distanced, as my youngster came walking under the wire.

"Well, that's all, except that I sold the horse that did get the dose for \$25 to a bottle and rag man, got as stiff as though he'd been hamstrung, always acts that way.

"Heigh! ho! pretty near two o'clock, is it? I tell you, although we racing men's time is pretty much filled up with excitement, there is yet room for a little romance now and again."

"Well, good-night, I'll introduce you some time to Dr. Morrigan.—Overland Monthly.

THE ELEPHANT AS NURSE.

Patience Attendance of One of the Huge Animals on a Tiny Baby in India.

A woman in India tells this story of an elephant's skill as a nurse, says the Hour Glass: "Thou art hungry doubtless, big mother," said Remmi, emerging presently from the hut with the baby in her arms. "Ishta, beautiful elephant, take care of baby; I am going to see to your dinner." She put the little restless brown bundle down on the ground between Ishta's two feet. Then she fetched the earthenware jar of unglazed red clay and filled it with live charcoal, setting it down to get heated through while she mixed flour and water into dough. With the skill of frequent practice she spread the rough mixture three or four inches thick all over the outside of the jar. While the dough was slowly baked by the heat from the embers inside, Ishta patient and docile, as was her wont, cared for the baby, gently restraining the little truant, who would have crawled away.

Now and again, when the baby limbs moved quicker, and achieved a few paces of freedom, Ishta's trunk would carefully wind round the little body and lift it back to safety between the huge barriers of her feet, and the tip would gently pet and fondle away baby's fretfulness and impatience at control.

Mutual Compliments.

"Mabel," said George, with his fine, open smile, "I'm going to be frank and truthful with you from the start, as I mean to be always when we are married. You are not as beautiful as many girls, but you have more common sense and good nature than any other half dozen girls I have ever known."

"Thank you, dear George," said Mabel, sweetly, "and now I'll be frank and truthful with you, as I know you want to have me. You have no more tact than a goat, but you have the broadest and most constant smile of any man, woman or child I have ever seen, and it shows."

But George's desire for frankness had suffered a blight, and he made it perfectly clear to Mabel that he did not care to know what his smile showed.—Youth's Companion.

No Trouble to Keep It.

"Contentment has one advantage over wealth," said the philosopher.

"What's the explanation?"

"People don't try to borrow it."—Stray Stories.

CROWDS OF IMMIGRANTS LANDING AT NEW YORK.



The Atlantic steamship rate war is bringing immigrants into the United States at a rate never before known. From London to New York the steerage rate has been cut to \$9.50. Each of the big liners is carrying close to 1,000 steerage passengers on each west-bound trip, and it is said the tenement districts of London are being rapidly depopulated.

GERMAN SANITARY HOUSING

Much Is Being Done by Building Societies of Germany to Benefit Working People.

According to United States Commercial Agent Harris at Eisenstock, a great deal is being done in Germany for the benefit of the working people, especially in the matter of providing them with suitable dwellings. Large manufacturing establishments, municipal bodies, charitable organizations and private speculators, Mr. Harris says, have each and all done much toward bettering the hygienic conditions and general welfare of the skilled workman and his family in every part of the empire. Since 1842 the Prussian government has expended about \$2,000,000 in dwelling houses for the coal miners in the district of Saarbrücken and the miners repay the loan by monthly installments without interest. Similar methods were adopted with success by the royal munition factory at Spandau. The building societies of Gladbach, Barmen, Dresden and other cities of the empire have also proved successful in that respect. The Krupp establishment at Essen takes the lead in providing comfortable houses and cottages for the laboring classes. In 1901 the value of the dwellings used exclusively by its workmen was \$3,875,000. There were 1,600 houses of two rooms each, 1,869 houses of three rooms each, 448 houses of four rooms each, 150 houses of five rooms each, 63 houses of six rooms each, and 84 houses of seven rooms each, making a total of 4,274 houses. During the past ten years a great improvement has taken place in the conditions surrounding the dwellings of laborers, and the increased attention on the part of municipal authorities to sanitary arrangements and the police laws against too many persons occupying one room, Commercial Agent Harris says, have had a salutary influence.

DRINK KILLING ENGLAND.

What the Average Expenditure of Each Family Amounts To and What They Drink.

"The chief cause of our industrial decay," writes Margaret Polson Murray, in the Contemporary Review, "the real ghost in the cupboard, is, without any doubt whatever, our great national hobby, drunkenness—the one national and universal panacea for the ills of men and women, old and young, high and low, rich and poor.

"On this hobby our direct expenditure last year was £180,000,000, about £25 a family (\$125), plus the cost in poor rates, homes, refuges, police, prisons, hospitals and asylums for the devotees of the habit. But what is the cost to the country, from an industrial standpoint, in brain and muscle, in the deadened mind, the blunted intellect?

"Men at the head of our large industries may drink if they will. No temperance crusade invades their sacred precincts. But in an industrial competition which is rapidly becoming an industrial warfare this weak point in their armor is the first to reveal itself.

"The artisan, the backbone of the country, is in a plight still worse, for in addition to his general ignorance, his narrow horizon, his antiquated tools and methods, his unalterable conviction that he has nothing to learn, he must meet the brunt of the warfare handicapped by his intemperance.

"And worst of all, we are in very actual possession of 12,000,000, about one in four of our population, who are in abject poverty, too incapable for anything, even for anarchy; men and women who stand around the streets of our large cities by the hundred thousand—diseased, dissolute, black-eyed, sinful, dishonest, degraded, debauched.

"When a man spends childhood, youth and manhood in refining surroundings we anticipate a certain result—the natural outgrowth of such conditions. When a man passes his entire life in an atmosphere more debasing than pen can portray we are surprised at the natural outgrowth of the conditions. We expect a miracle and in our chagrin we organize a vigorous crusade against the man—not against the conditions—and we maintain the crusade until we secure philanthropic relief by sweeping the man up into a statistic and arranging him alphabetically in a blue book for reference.

"In common with humanity this man has cravings. So have we all. I do not believe that these 12,000,000 crave for whisky. They crave for something they do not possess. So do we all. But their hunger must be for something evil and ours for good.

"It may, instead, be for food, clothing, rest, warmth, three square meals a day, a warm sleep, a cozy fire, some human joy, the charm of a home, the true delight of work, the glory of independence, the full manhood of useful citizenship. Instead of an incubus the man may be a commercial asset and the thought is enough to haunt our philanthropy for the rest of its life."

INTOLERANCE OF THIBETANS

Natives Not Permitted to Perform the Slightest Service for Foreigners.

To show the severity and tyranny of the authorities over their subjects, I will relate what happened to one of my escort for complying with a most harmless request, which, unfortunately, I had made to him, writes Capt. J. H. Baldwin, in Chambers' Journal.

One morning, when starting for the hills, as usual, in search of game, we happened to pass the spot where our escort had spent the night. I noticed that one of the party—the youngest and most pleasing looking of the group—was seated on the ground repairing the soles of his boots with some narrow strips of hide. Remembering that one of a pair of my own shooting boots required mending, I asked Dhun Singh to take it over to the man when we returned in the evening, and to try to get him to do what was required. On the following morning my boot was brought back to me, roughly repaired, but once more fit for use. I sent a small present to my Tartar friend, and thought no more about it. Some days afterward, while I was in my tent about midday, Dhun Singh called me outside. The poor fellow who had mended my boots was standing beside him. The other three of the Tartar guards were not in sight. Glancing anxiously behind him, to make sure that he was not being watched, the man suddenly threw off his sheepskin coat, exposing his back and shoulders, and showing the he had been recently most cruelly and shamefully beaten with the lash. To my astonishment, Dhun Singh informed me that this terrible punishment was the result of the Tartar's having complied with the small request I had made of him to repair my boot.

WHAT THE RUSSIANS READ.

Even the Children Are "Terribly Up-to-Date" in Literary Preferences.

William Lyon Phelps, in Booklovers Magazine, writes: Of authors outside of Russia, according to a recent voting contest among Russian schoolchildren, Guy de Maupassant led all the rest, with the respectable total of 86 admirers; then followed Ercmann-Chatrion, Zola, Dickens, and Hugo; and just inside the breastworks fell Goethe and Schiller, with 52 votes apiece. Shakespeare and Cervantes, as well as Ibsen and Daudet, straggled along, hopelessly out of the race, with less than 50 to do them reverence.

But it is bewildering to find even the children of Russia so terribly up-to-date! Those sensitive souls who bewail the coarseness of American Philistinism should turn their eager eyes toward the north. Maupassant and Gorki are certainly not milk for babes. While their extreme popularity in Russia demonstrates a rather complete intellectual emancipation among the boys and girls, from the moral point of view our only comment, like Quintilian, is to stare and gasp.

Contrast.

The tall Cossack was taking his first look at a Japanese soldier.

"Littleovitch, but oh, mysk!" he exclaimed, feeling this to be the style of dialect that was expected of him.—Chicago Tribune.

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Proved Beyond a Doubt.

Middlesex, N. Y., July 25.—(Special)—That Rheumatism can be cured has been proved beyond a doubt by Mrs. Betsey A. Clawson, well known here. That Mrs. Clawson had Rheumatism and had it bad all her acquaintances know. They also know she is now cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it. Mrs. Clawson tells the story of her cure as follows:

"I was an invalid for most five years caused by Inflammatory Rheumatism, helpless two-thirds of the time. The first year I could not do as much as a baby could do; then I rallied a little bit and then a relapse. Then a year ago the gout set in my hands and feet. I suffered untold agony and in August, 1903, when my husband died I could not ride to the grave.

"I only took two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and in two weeks I could wait on myself and saw my own wood. I dug my own potatoes and gathered my own garden last fall. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills put the Kidneys in shape to take all the uric acid out of the blood.

Got It Good.

Downward Stocks—Did yer hear about Tired Tatters gettin' an automobile? Parkbench Pope—No. How did Tatters even get a dog quick enough an' got it in de neck?—Judge.

G. A. R. National Encampment, Boston, August 15-20, 1904.

Very low rates via the Nickel Plate Road. A splendid opportunity to visit Boston and its many historical points of interest. Elegant Dining and Sleeping Cars affording every accommodation. Meals served on the Individual Club Plan, also "a la carte" service. Coffee and sandwiches served to passengers in their seats without extra expense. Stop off at Chautauque Lake and Niagara Falls will be allowed on return trip.

To the list of dying words of famous men must be added the exclamation of Governor General Bobrikoff, of Finland, when he was shot by the Finnish patriot, Schaumann. As he sank to the pavement he exclaimed: "I see my Finnish!"—Utica Observer.

Very Low Rates to Boston and Return via Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.

Tickets on one fare for the round trip. Lets on sale August 12, 13 and 14. Return limit may be extended to Sept. 20. Tickets will be sold via New York if desired. Full information on application to L. F. Vosburgh, G. A. R. D., 138 Clark St., Chicago, or G. F. Daly, Chief A. G. P. A., Chicago.

A man's idea of economy is making his wife wear her last year's bonnet, while he doesn't cut down on his cigar supply.—Baltimore American.

All Aboard for Boston G. A. R. National Encampment, Aug. 15-20 via the Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale Aug. 12th, 13th and 14th, '04. Liberal return limit. Stop off at Niagara Falls and Chautauque Lake. A special G. A. R. train will leave Chicago 8:00 a. m. Aug. 18th. For rates, reservations in sleeping cars, etc., call on local agent or address L. F. Vosburgh, General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

It would be something of a calamity if one of those floating mines should strike the sea serpent.—Washington Times.

Via North-Western Line, Boston and Return, \$25.75.

Account G. A. R. Encampment. Tickets will be on sale August 11, 12, 13. For information as to limits, etc., address T. W. Teasdale, Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

A fool envies another man's luck and a wise man envies his pluck.—Chicago Daily News.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Any man is willing to share your joys and let you share his sorrows.—Chicago Tribune.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A miserly man is one who refuses to lend you a few dollars.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The biggest brain is the one that can think most of others.—Chicago Tribune.



Miss Nellie Holmes, treasurer of the Young Woman's Temperance Association of Buffalo, N.Y., strongly advises all suffering women to rely, as she did, upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your medicine is indeed an ideal woman's medicine, and by far the best I know to restore lost health and strength. I suffered misery for several years, being troubled with menorrhagia. My back ached, I had bearing-down pains and frequent headaches. I would often wake from restful sleep, and in such pain that I suffered for hours before I could go to sleep again. I dreaded the long nights as much as the weary days. I consulted two different physicians, hoping to get relief, but finding that their medicine did not seem to cure me. I tried your Vegetable Compound on the recommendation of a friend from the East who was visiting me.

"I am glad that I followed her advice, for every ache and pain is gone, and not only this, but my general health is much improved. I have a fine appetite and have gained in flesh. My earnest advice to suffering women is to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Miss NELLIE HOLMES, 540 No. Division St., Buffalo, N. Y.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.