

STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

BY Capt. Patrick D. Tyrrell

STORY No. 1 THE LINCOLN TOMB ROBBERS

Being an Account of the Attempted Desecration of the Grave of the Martyr, President at Springfield in 1876, and the Capture and Conviction of a Gang of Counterfeiters That Preceded It.

By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

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PART I.—Continued.

Before leaving Clinton, Driggs had packed and left for shipment by freight three large boxes and three trunks in the freighthouse at Clinton. After his departure, and late at night, entrance to the freighthouse was gained, the Driggs packages searched, and a complete outfit of presses for printing counterfeit money, inks, papers and minor materials was found. The things were all carefully repacked and the boxes closed, as they had been originally. No attempt was made to stop the shipment of the incriminating money and materials, for any delay in its arrival at Centralia would have been certain to cause inquiry and perhaps alarm on the part of Driggs.

While these events were transpiring Boyd had been preparing to vacate his old home residence on the bank of the Mississippi and to take his flight to some point unknown to me, where he undoubtedly intended to settle down to a task of plate-cutting in seclusion and far from his partners. In short, there was every indication that the next few months were to be a period of great activity on the part of the gang, if not molested by Uncle Sam.

It was on September 20 that Boyd shipped his household effects to Fulton, Ill., and, with his wife, went there to live till the work he had on hand was done. Both Driggs in Centralia and Boyd in Fulton soon had neighbors of whom they knew nothing but who watched their every move with more interest than even prying neighbors are wont to manifest.

During the eight months that the hide-and-seek game had been going on between the secret service men and this precious lot of criminals daily reports had been forwarded to Washington, as is customary in the department. In these reports the various actors in the play were given fictitious names and, had the reports fallen into the hands of confederates of the counterfeiters, they would have learned little from them. With Driggs settled with the Stadtfeldts in Centralia and Boyd hard at his nefarious work in Fulton I believed the time at hand to close this scene of the play.

My report of the situation brought on from Washington Chief Washburn, Assistant Chief, Brooks, E. G. Rathbone, John McDonald and an operative named Hurr, all of the secret service division of the United States treasury department. I had arranged for a conference at Lyons, Ia., where, with Chief Washburn, I went over the details of the situation and outlined my plans for the capture. This meeting at Lyons was secret and we were extremely careful not to be seen talking together or even acknowledging any acquaintance. In a secluded spot on the river bank we talked the matter over and decided to make the arrests on the morning of October 21 at nine o'clock.

Chief Washburn had lived in Centralia and knew the city well, so it was decided that he should lead the raid on the Driggs nest. I had carefully reconnoitered the Boyd residence, which he had rented under the name of B. F. Wilson. It was a large, two-story frame structure in Prairie street, standing under the brow of a bluff and easy of surveillance from the high ground above it. The hour of nine was chosen because, from my knowledge of Boyd's habits, I knew he would have had his breakfast and been at work by that time, provided the day was bright. Had it been cloudy the raid would have been postponed, because on a dark day Boyd would not have been engaged in cutting plates on account of poor light. Even with the best machinery this class of work requires a peculiar, bright light, which is obtained by reflection from white screens, and it was reasonably certain that Boyd, with

his crude apparatus, could not work to advantage on a dark day. It was also arranged that Chief Washburn should not make the raid on the Driggs house until he heard by telegraph from me that I had secured Boyd. In order to prevent any possibility of a slip by which Driggs might be allowed to escape it was necessary for me to get a secret message to my chief. Even the complicated cipher ordinarily used in the service would not serve the purpose, as it might arouse the curiosity of the operator at Fulton or Centralia and lead to disclosure of our plans. It was therefore arranged that as soon as I had secured Boyd I should send the following message to Washburn: "The captain has arrived with the barges."

With the details clearly settled Chief Washburn left for Centralia, leaving Brooks, who was afterward chief of the secret service, and McDonald to aid me. With these I went over the plan of capture, always exercising the greatest caution that no one should learn of the connection between us. To the world we wore strangers up to the time we met Boyd's house. Fate favored us in the matter of weather. The day was bright—an ideal one for an engraver of plates—and I felt that nothing could prevent us from catching Ben Boyd "dead to rights." I was to lead, entering the yard by the front gate and going around to the rear of the house. Brooks was to follow 20 feet behind; while McDonald, 100 feet behind Brooks, was to make his way direct to the front door. By this plan I designed to have each man at the right place at exactly the right time. I found the back door open and entered. No sooner had I stepped over the threshold than Mrs. Boyd, her dark eyes blazing, sprang fiercely at me and grasped me by the coat collar. "Leave this room instantly," she screamed, at the same time tugging me toward the door with the unnatural strength born of frenzied fear. I grappled with her and had her fairly subdued by physical power when Brooks stepped in and took her in cus-

United States bonds. The counterfeiter's workshop showed him to have been engaged in plate cutting at the time we entered the house. It was learned later that Boyd had set a price of \$8,000 on the "Lincoln head" plate. Immediately on the receipt of the telegram from Fulton, Chief Washburn and his men moved on the Driggs house in First North street, Centralia, and arrested Nicholas and Barbara Stadtfeldt, Mrs. Nelson Driggs, their daughter, and Charles Stadtfeldt, their son. Driggs, the big prize, was not in the house, but was arrested the same day by Chief Washburn two miles south of Odin, Ill., in company with Nicholas Korn, a nephew of Mrs. Driggs, on whose person was found a large sum of counterfeit money. The day following counterfeit money representing \$117,437 was found hidden in the heavy woods seven miles north of Centralia, where Driggs had concealed it just before being taken into custody.

Ben Boyd was tried before Judge Blodgett in the United States district court, in Chicago, and was defended by Judge Tuley. He was sentenced to ten years in the Joliet penitentiary. Driggs was tried in Springfield before Judge Treat and was sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary. The counterfeiters' wives were released; Charles Stadtfeldt received an eight-year sentence, Nicholas Lange, a helper on the printing press, was sentenced to four years, and old man Stadtfeldt was released. The "backbone of counterfeiting" in the country was broken.

PART II.

In order to give the actors in the Lincoln tomb robbing plot their proper places before my readers it will be necessary again to wander briefly from the straight path of my story. In the early '70's it was an easy for a secret service operative to find traces of counterfeiters as it is for a fisherman to get a bite in a Wisconsin fish lake. It was sometimes as difficult to land the "koniacker" as it is for the fisherman to land his bass; but the central west teemed with "coney men," more or less known to the secret service. The custom of intermarriage among

counterfeiting families had bound a large number of the most proficient criminals in this line into a league cemented not only by a common purpose and common danger, but by ties of consanguinity. I have told how Pete McCartney married Martha Ann Ackerman, the daughter of an accomplished pair of counterfeiters, and herself an expert. Ben Boyd had married Mrs. McCartney's sister, Almira, also proficient in the printing of bogus currency. The mother of the Ackerman girls, after the death of her first husband, married another counterfeiter, John B. Trout, a desperate "coney man," who at one time was the terror of the secret service men operating in the Mississippi valley. It will be remembered that Nelson Driggs married Gertrude Stadtfeldt, whose father, mother, brother, sister and nephew were all counterfeiters, and who herself was a valuable assistant to her husband.

These marriages are mentioned to set forth the closeness of the ties binding the different bands which, in effect, were one band. There were many other such marriages, but reference to these will suffice.

Queer Russian Tax. Russia has probably the most curious tax in the world. It is called the "amusement tax," and was instituted a year or two ago to found an institution for the poor, under the title of the "Emperor Marie Foundation." The tax is laid on every amusement ticket sold, and the managers increase the price accordingly. Already more than 1,000,000 rubles have been raised in that way.

Scrap-Book History. Gov. Warfield of Maryland had made a large scrapbook of newspaper clippings on the death of Lloyd Lowndes, of his state, to be filed in the state archives at Annapolis. He says: "I believe it is the first time that any history of the death of a governor of Maryland has ever been compiled, and I propose to take care of predecessors, and trust that my example may be followed by my successors."

Parosymmetrical. A little green peach in an orchard grew. Price on the fruit stands five for two. Not guaranteed to agree with you. Boohoo! Boohoo!—Boston Globe.

YIELDING LAST WORD

HOME HAPPINESS SHOULD NOT BE STRAINED TO BREAKING.

Silence at Times Requires Much Self-Control—Politics Too Dangerous for Family Talk—Inflicting One's Fads on the Family—Case Where a Little War Would Have Been Preferable—The Last Word Before the Day's Separation—Gayety as Virtuous as Solemnity.

BY MARGARET E. BANGSTER. (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowler.)

Looking back upon a heated discussion or a stubborn argument, in coolness, people are often astonished that they wasted so much time and strength in trying to have the last word. A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still, and in nine cases out of ten domestic discussions result in discontent all around, simply because both parties are determined to have their own way. The last word is not always a pleasant word nor a wise one. It takes no little self-control to leave the advantage with the opposite side, yet many a time we are grateful if they have the good sense to forego continued speech and take refuge in silence. This is sure to be true if we argue on politics. They are too dangerous to be admitted into family talk.

Home happiness is a chain that is strong or weak, according as it is measured by the strain each separate link will bear. If there is a weak place where, then one may say good-bye to peace, and happiness is more dependent on peace than on anything else. It cannot flourish in an atmosphere of strife and contention. This is why I would exclude politics, unless all feel alike about men and issues.

We need not limit the "last word" to disputes and squabbles. In household management there arise frequent occasions for settling questions of importance, in which no two of the family take precisely the same view, and yet in which there may be complete amiability and a deference to the wishes of others that remove the discussions from anything like wrangling. For example, when the question is of choosing a profession for the boy or a school for the girl, or of selling a favorite horse or introducing another dog into a house where everybody does not equally like dogs. There may be honest distaste and aversion or honest desire and affection, or there may be a forethought which looks far ahead, or a superficial view which sees only to-morrow. In any case, about the school, the horse, or the dog, the last word is the decisive one, and it is uttered presumably by the one who sees furthest and is most unselfish and considerate.

Otherwise, the last word is that of a tyrant, and tyranny is fatal to home enjoyment. Tyranny strikes a blow at the life of the household, and makes quiet living impossible in that environment. Just as in "Dombey and Son," the despotism of the elder Dombey was a withering and scorching blast within the doors of his misallied home, so despotism anywhere works mischief that cannot be repaired.

I knew a man whose foible it was that he must have the final word about everything. Beyond his own gates he was a fairly good citizen, a man of strict integrity, and a reputable merchant. Once he had turned his latch-key in the door, his whole nature, and certainly by his manners, underwent an extraordinary transformation. He wanted to adjust everything in sight, he prowled about the kitchen, peering into the pots and pans, and driving the cook to distraction. He crept furtively around the drawing-room, touching a finger here and a finger there, to see, if possibly a little dust might have settled on the furniture, and scanning the corners of the ceiling above and the floor below with inquisitive eyes. In the apparent hope that a cobweb in one place or a crumb on the other might give him an opportunity for criticism. Whatever was proposed he at once vetoed, making himself a wet blanket on the pleasure of the young people and damping any enthusiasm which might be in their breasts. As for his poor wife, she had long ago said good-bye to enthusiasm and spontaneity.

The length of his daughters' frocks, the color of their hair ribbons, the style of their shoes, and every trifle in their conduct alike came under his incessant fault-finding. Now and then, he took up a fad with extraordinary insistence, and while the fit lasted vetoed to the family if they ventured to disagree with him. Once I remember he took it into his head to regard common table salt as a most virulent poison. No salt was permitted in seasoning, no salt was allowed on the table, no salt was admitted within the pantry door. An unfortunate guest, looking vainly around the table, inquired for salt. "Married," he said, "I would as soon give you arsenic." "So you of the house ventured to ask for it," and was summarily set to bed.

At another time, the same good man had a fancy that all nutrition and every possible requirement for physical growth were folded up in the little compass of a lima bean. Therefore, for some time the family breakfast, dinner and supper almost exclusively on lima beans as an article of diet.

"Why in the world," said a kinswoman, "do you all give up to Harold in so absurd a fashion? Life is not worth living at the prices you have to pay for it."

"The truth of the matter is," said the person addressed, "that Harold is so set upon having the last word that we do anything for the sake of peace and quietness."

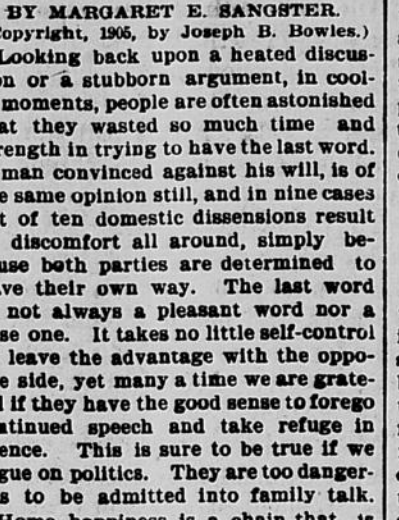
Here was an extraordinary instance of the folly and futility of paying too dearly for peace. A little war would have been preferable.

We are not always so careful as we might be about the last word we say to one another when we separate for the day. The child starting for school should have a tender word of encouragement, the lad going out for an evening is the better if mother or sister go to the door with him, give a look at his tie, and say something nice about the suit he is wearing, and the man going to business in the morning should never be suffered to leave home without a kiss and a last loving word. A man

MOVABLE BEE HOUSE.

Handy, Light Structure Which Will Save Much Time and Excitement When Handling Bees.

A handy house for beekeepers which will save much time and excitement in the apiary is shown in the cut, says Farm and Home. It is made of light material and can be easily moved by hand. The corner posts are of elm one by one and one-half inches. The bottom



HANDY TENT FOR BEEKEEPERS.

and top bars are of pine of the same dimensions. The frame of the hinged top and the braces are made of lighter material. The tent is five and one-half feet high, three feet wide and four feet long. It is hinged together at each joint. The top frame fits inside the framework of the tent, being fastened down on two hooks inside. This holds the tent open and in position. In the cut the top is shown thrown back. The covering is of strong cotton cloth, except a piece 18 inches wide of wire netting on each side, which gives more light and air.

SAVING TOBACCO SEED.

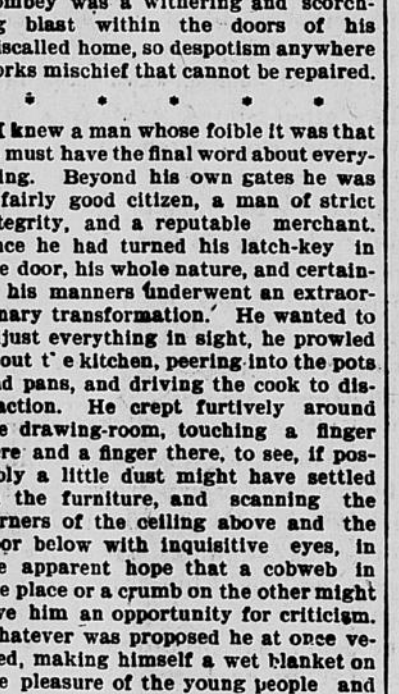
Select the Best of the Plants and Mark Them So That They Will Not Be Topped.

It always pays to save the best plants in a field for seed plants. During cultivation of the crop a constant search for good plants should be made by the workers. When an especially good plant is observed it should be marked by a stake or rag tied to the plant, so that it may be easily found and not topped by accident.

TUNIC FOR SMALL BOY.

Our Design Is Charmingly Simple and Generally Adapted for the One for Whom Meant.

This little tunic may be worn over first knickers, or over short petticoats. It is of cream cashmere, trimmed with silk-embroidered insertion; but the pattern is equally suitable to be copied in washing materials for summer wear. The cashmere is finely tucked where it joins the yoke, the tucks being about



WITH THE FIRST KNICKERS.

three inches in length. A band of inscrip-tion, bound each side with plain silk, is carried down the center front, the wristbands being of the same. The waistband is of kid, and the trimming is left to individual taste. The style is suitable for a child from two to three years old.

Pockets in Their Cheeks. Chipmunks, squirrels and ground squirrels take food in their mouths and with their tongues push it out between the teeth into an elastic pouch (connecting with the mouth), thus extending the cheeks. The pocket gophers have pockets outside the mouth along the front of the cheeks. These pockets extend back under the skin to the shoulders, and are filled and emptied by the aid of the fore feet and claws. They are often stuffed so full of pieces of roots, stems and leaves as to give a very ludicrous appearance to the little animal. Roots and stems are cut into pieces about an inch long and packed lengthwise. Leaves are folded or rolled to fill the smallest space.

HOW TO MANAGE.

Some Hints as to How to Improve the Quality of Your Hens—Need Care and Thought.

Select a half dozen hens which suit the eye—hens that sing and are always busy; breed to best full-blooded cock available; keep in a roomy breeding pen; give them special care; raise the entire flock for ensue year from this pen; and keep this up from year to year.

Stimulate hens to lay. Overhaul their quarters and make warmer, airier, sunnier; give a variety of grains, chiefly wheat; a stiff meal mash once a day; make them scratch to get grains; give fresh bone crushed small enough to swallow whole, a teaspoonful per day per hen.

Amuse them by some new feed, as cabbage head or boiled bone hung up for them to jump up and pick or set a four-bushel box in the pen having clover chaff in it and a sprinkle of sunflower seed in the chaff. They won't lay while suffering from ennui.

Keep "Smart Alec" pullets, not yet laying, apart from laying hens; for they know by instinct that meddlesome pullets will tear up their nests for the expectant buck faster than they can remake them, hence won't lay at all

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

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MEDICAL MENTION.

Boda, in a two-percent solution, is recommended by Prof. Esmarch, of Gottingen as the best means of disinfecting eating utensils. Twenty-five per cent. of the students at Finland's university are women; but only half of these pass the examinations. Those that do are mostly in the medical department. Headache and other ills of over-crowded rooms are found by Dr. Paul of Breslau, to be due to retention of the heat by the body, even 15 per cent. of carbon dioxide doing no harm in a regulated temperament. Somniforme is the name of a new anesthetic tested at the Bordeaux school, Paris, which, when properly administered, is said to leave no after effects. It is composed of chloride of ethyl, chloride of methyl and bromide of ethyl. Three human lungs—one white, one black and one gray—form an instructive exhibit in an Edinburgh museum. The first came from an Eskimo, who breathed the pure air of the arctic regions; the second, from a coal miner, who inhaled much coal dust, the third, from a town dweller, kept in city dust and smoke. Some of the leading Italian physicians have held for some time that iodine, properly transformed, could be used as a cure for tuberculosis. Prof. Levi, of Milan, believes he has discovered the most suitable process for using it, but he refuses to make any positive statement until he has accumulated more proof of the efficacy of his method.

MOLECULES OF MIRTH.

"Waitah, what kind of shell-fish have you?" "Only eggs, sir!"

"Would I like to live my life over?" said the sober-faced man. "No, sir, it's had enough to think it over."

"Who is it that robs us while we are asleep?" asked the teacher, trying to get the class to spell the word "burglar." "De gas meter," shouted the boys in unison.

"Think of leaving something behind," urged the insurance agent, "to provide comforts and even luxuries for the little ones." "Uh, huh," responded the sarcastic citizen. "Whose little ones?"

"What is butter to-day?" asked the possible customer. "Butter is butter to-day," answered the wagish grocer, with a shriek of laughter. "Glad to hear it," said the other, cheerfully; "the last I got here was axle-grease."

The young mother gazed upon her first born and wept convulsively. They appealed to her to know why her great grief. "Alas!" she wailed, with intensest agony, "I'm afraid he will wear side whiskers when he grows up!"

They Would That. Yez can't aizez tell, but some people wud if they knowed.—Baltimore American.

NOTICFD IT.

A Young Lady from New Jersey Put Her Wits to Work.

"Coffee gave me terrible spells of indigestion, which, coming on every week or so, made my life wretched until some one told me that the coffee I drank was to blame. That seemed nonsense, but I noticed these attacks used to come on shortly after eating, and were accompanied by such excruciating pains in the pit of the stomach that I could only find relief by loosening my clothing and lying down. "If circumstances made it impossible for me to lie down, I spent hours in great misery. "I refused to really believe it was the coffee until finally I thought a trial would at least do no harm, so I quit coffee in 1901 and began on Postum. My troubles left entirely and convinced me of the cause. "Postum brought no discomfort, nor did indigestion follow its use. I have had no return of the trouble since I began to drink Postum. It has built me up, restored my health and given me a new interest in life. It certainly is a joy to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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FINANCIAL VIEWING.

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The Bank of Italy's note circulation is \$11,500,000 above last July. The French national debt on January 1 last amounted to \$5,869,422,844, by far the heaviest on any country on the globe. The report of the British mint claims gold coinage in 1904 of \$55,318,000, compared with \$50,720,000 in 1903, and an average for the preceding ten years of \$31,111,000. Much of the new gold went to South America and Egypt. It is estimated that \$14,000,000 will be spent this year on the Pacific coast for the salmon pack, an increase of about \$2,000,000 over last year. Between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 cases will be packed this season as against 3,000,000 last year. The price averages \$2.50 a case. More than \$15,000,000 of gold from the Alaskan and Klondike fields has already been deposited in the United States treasury this season, and, based on the output of prior years, it is probable that some \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000 additional will be received before the close of navigation. On April 30, 1904, after three months of war, the Japanese postal savings banks had 3,338,290 depositors with \$15,500,000 to their credit. One year later, and that a war year, the depositors had increased to 5,635,161 and the deposits to \$20,673,000. This increase, under the circumstances, of 1,296,571 depositors and \$5,173,000 deposits is remarkable. Total payment by government to New York banks for the day, \$5,683,000; payment by banks to government, \$5,017,000. Balance on the day's transactions, \$672,000 paid by government to banks, against \$1,191,000 similarly paid a week ago. Included in the foregoing summary is \$300,000 deposited by banks with the sub-treasury for payment at interior points.

MEDICAL MENTION.

Boda, in a two-percent solution, is recommended by Prof. Esmarch, of Gottingen as the best means of disinfecting eating utensils. Twenty-five per cent. of the students at Finland's university are women; but only half of these pass the examinations. Those that do are mostly in the medical department. Headache and other ills of over-crowded rooms are found by Dr. Paul of Breslau, to be due to retention of the heat by the body, even 15 per cent. of carbon dioxide doing no harm in a regulated temperament. Somniforme is the name of a new anesthetic tested at the Bordeaux school, Paris, which, when properly administered, is said to leave no after effects. It is composed of chloride of ethyl, chloride of methyl and bromide of ethyl. Three human lungs—one white, one black and one gray—form an instructive exhibit in an Edinburgh museum. The first came from an Eskimo, who breathed the pure air of the arctic regions; the second, from a coal miner, who inhaled much coal dust, the third, from a town dweller, kept in city dust and smoke. Some of the leading Italian physicians have held for some time that iodine, properly transformed, could be used as a cure for tuberculosis. Prof. Levi, of Milan, believes he has discovered the most suitable process for using it, but he refuses to make any positive statement until he has accumulated more proof of the efficacy of his method.

MOLECULES OF MIRTH.

"Waitah, what kind of shell-fish have you?" "Only eggs, sir!"

"Would I like to live my life over?" said the sober-faced man. "No, sir, it's had enough to think it over."

"Who is it that robs us while we are asleep?" asked the teacher, trying to get the class to spell the word "burglar." "De gas meter," shouted the boys in unison.

"Think of leaving something behind," urged the insurance agent, "to provide comforts and even luxuries for the little ones." "Uh, huh," responded the sarcastic citizen. "Whose little ones?"

"What is butter to-day?" asked the possible customer. "Butter is butter to-day," answered the wagish grocer, with a shriek of laughter. "Glad to hear it," said the other, cheerfully; "the last I got here was axle-grease."

The young mother gazed upon her first born and wept convulsively. They appealed to her to know why her great grief. "Alas!" she wailed, with intensest agony, "I'm afraid he will wear side whiskers when he grows up!"

They Would That. Yez can't aizez tell, but some people wud if they knowed.—Baltimore American.

NOTICFD IT.

A Young Lady from New Jersey Put Her Wits to Work.

"Coffee gave me terrible spells of indigestion, which, coming on every week or so, made my life wretched until some one told me that the coffee I drank was to blame. That seemed nonsense, but I noticed these attacks used to come on shortly after eating, and were accompanied by such excruciating pains in the pit of the stomach that I could only find relief by loosening my clothing and lying down. "If circumstances made it impossible for me to lie down, I spent hours in great misery. "I refused to really believe it was the coffee until finally I thought a trial would at least do no harm, so I quit coffee in 1901 and began on Postum. My troubles left entirely and convinced me of the cause. "Postum brought no discomfort, nor did indigestion follow its use. I have had no return of the trouble since I began to drink Postum. It has built me up, restored my health and given me a new interest in life. It certainly is a joy to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.