

INVENTION AND INDUSTRY.

America makes more barrels than any other country. The annual production is 300,000,000 barrels and circular packages.

The production of anthracite coal in August was 5,041,833 tons, as compared with 4,325,734 tons last year, an increase of 716,104 tons.

The woman's cooperative guild of England has a membership of 18,000 women. It was organized in 1883 and has been very successful.

There is still another new high explosive—"vigortite"—which has been invented and tested in Bavaria. It is said to be ten times more active than any of the other high explosives.

A French chemist is said to have discovered a method of rendering celluloid incombustible. His method consists in adding perchloride of iron to an ether-alcohol solution of celluloid.

The imports of cotton into the United Kingdom for June, 1905, surpass in value those of June, 1904, by \$8,540,717.22, and the value of exports of yarn and textile fabrics for the same period exceeds that of June, 1904, by \$25,127,602.89.

Statistics are now brought forward to show that America has supplanted France as the leader in the motor car industry. Not only does the United States supply 95 per cent. of the cars now in this country, but American manufacturers are now shipping cars all over the world.

It has been shown that small crystals having the luster, hardness, gravity and index of refraction of diamond can be obtained by heating in the electric arc pulverized carbon on a spiral iron wire, the heating taking place in hydrogen and under great pressure—3,100 atmospheres.

Capt. Edward Mollieux, of the East Indian service, has perfected a device for laying a very fine cable from horseback, and in practice marches it has been found possible to keep in telegraphic communication with other divisions even while on the move. The wire can be paid out while the mount proceeds at a hard gallop, and may be reeled in again as rapidly as it was paid out.

LITERARY PERSONALS.

Italy's greatest living poet, Giosue Carducci, celebrated his seventieth birthday July 27. Until a few months ago he had retained his chair as professor of classical literature at the University of Bologna, which he first occupied in 1860.

Charles Frohman once produced a play by Henry Arthur Jones which failed so utterly that it was withdrawn after one performance. The author cabled next morning: "How is it going?" The manager answered: "It has gone—Frohman."

The woman who purchased Mommsen's library and presented it to Bonn university is the wife of Dr. von Rotenburg, rector of the university. She is an American, the daughter of E. J. Phelps, who was United States minister to England during Mr. Cleveland's first term.

Count Tolstol's sense of humor still continues to exist. One day he was discussing Ibsen with a friend. Said the latter: "I have seen a great many of Ibsen's plays, but I cannot say that I understand them. Do you?" Tolstol smiled and replied: "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself. He just writes them and sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come and tell him precisely what he meant."

Horatio F. Brown, a prominent English writer on Venetian subjects, has had a singular experience with fire. The original draft of his first and best known work, "Life on the Lagoons," perished in a blaze; the manuscript of his "Study in the Venetian Inquisition" was burned in a small car two years later. A similar fate overtook both that of his "Calendar of Venetian State Papers" and his "Studies in Archaeology."

POINTED AND PITTY.

It takes a man of wisdom to utilize half he knows.

The criterion by which we judge others is the one by which we admire ourselves.

There is seldom much modesty from the material from which self-made men are constructed.

Remember, it is safe betting that no man is much interested in your troubles—unless he is a lawyer.

There are a good many "blarney stones" in this country, too. They are set in engagement rings.

Girls may not convert young men, but they are a great success in the service of drawing them to church.

Many a candidate for a back town-ship office firmly believes the country will go to the dogs if he isn't elected.

Looks That Way.

Jaggies—What's the idea of teaching children gymnastics in the schools? Waggies—I guess it's to make them strong enough to carry home the big bundle of books they use.—Judge.

"GOLD! GOLD!"

"Good," He Says, "But Comfort Better."

"Food that fits is better than a gold mine," says a grateful man.

"Before I commenced to use Grape-Nuts food no man on earth ever had a worse indigestion from catarrh of the stomach than I had for years.

"I could eat nothing but the very lightest food and even that gave me great distress.

"I went through the catalogue of prepared foods but found them all (except Grape-Nuts) more or less indigestible, generating gas in the stomach, (which in turn produced headache and various other pains and aches) and otherwise unavailable for my use.

"Grape-Nuts food I have found easily digested and assimilated, and it has renewed my health and vigor and made me a well man again. The catarrh of the stomach has disappeared entirely with all its attendant ills, thanks to Grape-Nuts, which now is my almost sole food. I want no other." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial tells the story. There's a reason.

PEEK'S BAD BOY



The Bad Boy's Return Home—He Treats His Uncle to a Turkish Cigarette—He Meets the New Dog and Feeds Him Cayenne Pepper—The Grocerman Eats a Bottle of Horsesradish.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Editor of "Peek's Sun," Author of "Peek's Bad Boy," Etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The old grocerman was sitting in the old grocery on the morning looking over his accounts, as they were written on a quire of brown wrapping paper with a blunt lead pencil, and wondering where he could go to collect money to pay a note that was due at the bank at noon on that day.

He was looking ten years older than he did the year before, when the Bad Boy had played his last trick on the old man, and gone abroad to chaperone his sick father, in a search for health and adventure. The old man had missed the boy around the grocery, and with no one to keep his blood circulating, and his temperature occasionally soaring above the normal, he had fallen in health, and had read with mixed feelings of joy, fear and resentment that the Bad Boy and his dad had arrived home, and he knew it could not be long before the boy would blow in, and he was trying to decide whether to meet the boy cheerfully and with a spirit of resignation, or to meet him with a club; whether to give him the

glad hand, or form himself into a column of fours to drive him out when he came.

He had accumulated a terrier dog since the boy went away, to be company for the old singed cat, to hunt rats in the cellar, and to watch the store nights. The dog was barking down cellar, and the old man went down the rickety stairs to see what the trouble was, and while he was down there helping the dog to free a rat under a sack of potatoes, the Bad Boy slipped into the store, and finding the old man absent, he crawled under the counter, curled up on a cracker box, and began to snore as the old man came up the stairs, followed by the dog, with a rat in its mouth. The old man heard the snore, and wondered if he had been entertaining a tramp unaware, when the dog dropped the rat, and, rushing behind the counter, began to growl, and grabbed the Bad Boy by the seat of his trousers and gave him a good shaking. The boy set up a yell that caused the plaster to fall, and the old man almost to faint with excitement, and he went to the door to call a policeman.

The boy kicked the dog off, and raised up from behind the counter, causing the old cat to raise her back and spit cotton, and as the old man saw the Bad Boy he leaned against the show case, and a large smile came over his face, and he said: "Gee, whiz! where did you get on?"

"The porter was not in, so I turned in the first lower berth I came to," said the Bad Boy, as he jumped over the counter and grabbed the old man by the arm and shook his hand until it ached.

"Introduce me to your friend, the dog, who seems to have acquired an appetite for pants," and the Bad Boy got behind the old man and kicked at the dog, who was barking as though he had a cat on the fence.

"Get out, Tige," said the old man, as he pushed the dog away. "You have got to get used to this young-looking, well-dressed boy as though he was proud of him."

"What are good fat rats selling for now?" asked the boy, as his eye fell on the rat the terrier had brought out of the cellar. "I did not know you had added a meat market to your grocery. Now, in Paris, the rat business is a very important industry, but I didn't know the people ate them here. What do you retail them at?"

"O, get out, I don't sell rats," said the old man, indignantly. "I got this dog for company, in your place, and he has proved himself more useful than any boy I ever saw. Say, come and sit down by the stove, and tell me all about your trip, as your letters to me were not very full of information. How is your father's health?"

"Dad is the healthiest man in America," said the boy, as he handed the old man a Turkish cigarette, with a piece of cheese under the tobacco about half an inch from where the old man lighted it with a match. "Dad is all right, except his back. He slept four nights with a cork life preserver strapped to his back, coming over, and he has got curvature of the spine, but the doctor has strapped a board to dad's back, and says when his back warps back to fit the board he will be sound again."

"Say, this is a genuine Turkish cigarette, isn't it?" said the old man, as he puffed away at it, and blew the smoke through his nose. "I have always wanted to smoke a genuine, imported cigarette. Got a flavor something like a Welsh rabbit, ain't it?" and the old man looked at the cigarette where the frying cheese was soaking through the paper. "Gee, but I can't go that," and he threw it away, and looked seasick.

"Turks always take cheese in their cigarettes," said the Bad Boy. "They

To Solve Domestic Problems
By HENRIETTA M. JOHNSTON-WOOD.

From time immemorial the duties of woman as wife and mother have been discussed and outlined, principally by the other sex, and much gratuitous advice has been showered upon her, but I have never yet seen one article relative to the duties of the husband and father. The absence of opinion on this subject is remarkable. Have women been guilty of laches in this respect? If so the time is ripe for reformation, or perhaps perfection has been already attained, or possibly there was no need for further development along these lines.

Women are becoming more and more reluctant to marry as the responsibilities of the wife and mother are becoming more and more grave, and the independent woman will think twice before she surrenders her liberty.

If wifehood and motherhood be the highest duty of woman what is the highest duty of man? How many husbands try in the most indifferent manner to entertain their wives in the evening? A day at home with the children—or without—and perhaps a pink tea now and then are not very exciting, and a woman needs some mode of communication with the busy outside world, with the practical side of life. She needs what her husband can bring her—and so often fails to bring—while he needs (apparently not so much) the quiet of the home.

Cooperation is the only solution of the problem. The best work is accomplished when men and women work-in unison. One complements the other, and their aim should be to live up to their highest ideals. There is no other sure and safe road to happiness. Love conquers all things.

get a smoke and food at the same time. But if you feel sick, you can go out in the back yard and I will wait for you."

"No, I will be all right," said the old man, as he got up to wait on a customer. "Here, try a glass of my cider," and he handed the boy a dirty glass half-filled with cider, which the boy drank, and then looked queer at the old man.

"Tastes like it smells going through the oil belt in Indiana," said the boy. "What's in it?"

"Kerosene," said the old man. "The Turks like kerosene in their cider. They get drunk and light, if they touch a match to their breath. Say, that country did you dad get robbed the most in while you were abroad?"

"Well, it was about stand off," said the boy, as he made a slip noose on the end of a piece of twine, and was trying to make a hitch over the bob tail of the groceryman's dog, with the idea of fastening a tomato can to the string a little later, and turning the dog loose. "Do you know," said he to the old man, "that I think it is wrong to cut off a dog's tail, 'cause when you tie a tin can to it you feel as though you were taking advantage of a cripple."

"Well, all the countries we visited robbed dad of all the money he had, one way or another, sooner or later; even our own country, when we arrived in New York, took his roll for duty on some little things he smuggled, but I think the combination of robbers at Carlsbad stuck together and got the goods off dad in the most systematic manner. Some way they got news when we arrived, of the exact amount of money dad had got out of the bank, and before we had breakfast the fakirs had divided it up among themselves, and each one knew just what was going to be his share, and it was just like getting a check from home for them. If we were going there again we would give the money to some particular fakir to divide with the rest, and then take a few swallows of their rotten egg water, and get out."

"Say, did you ever eat a piece of custard pie made out of stale eggs? Well, that is just about the same as the Carlsbad water, only the water is no baked with a raw crust on the bottom. But the doctor dad consulted was a peach. Dad asked him how much of the water he ought to drink, and the doctor held a counsel with himself," and said dad asked him all he could hold, and when dad asked him how much his charges were, he said: "Oh, wait till you are cured." So dad thought he was not going to charge for his advice, but after he had drank the water for ten days, and dad was so weak he couldn't brush the flies off his bald spot, we decided to go to rest cure, and when we had our tickets bought the doctor attached our baggage, and had a bill against dad for \$450 for consultations, operations, advice, board and borrowed money.

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is the matter with the dog?" added the old man, as the dog jumped up at all fours, looked cross-eyed, and tried to dig a hole in his stomach with his hind leg.

"O, no, we shall never stay home much more," said the Bad Boy, getting up on a barrel and pulling his feet up to get away from the dog, who was beginning to act queer. "You see, dad got cured all right, of a few diseases that were carrying him off, but he has taken the 'jumps,' a disease that is incurable. When a man has the 'jumps' he can't stay long in one place, but his life after taking the disease is one continual round of packing up and unpacking, his literature is time cards and railroad guides, and his meals are largely taken at railroad eating houses, sitting on a stool, and his sleep is uncertain at

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"The boy stood up on the barrel and was beginning to yell 'mad dog,'" said the old man, as he got out of the dog's way, so he could do his acrobatic stunt.

"Say," said the Bad Boy, "if you have never been vaccinated against mad dog, you better take something right now, for that dog is mad, and in about two minutes he is going to begin to snap at people, and there is no death so terrible as death from a mad dog bite. Gee, but I wouldn't be in your place for a million dollars." And the boy stood up on the barrel, and was beginning to yell "mad dog," when the old man asked what he could take to make him immune from the bite of a mad dog.

"Eat a bottle of horsesradish," said the boy, as he reached over to the shelves and got a bottle, and pulled the cork. "Eminent scientists agree that horsesradish is the only thing that will get the system in shape to withstand and throw off the mad dog virus," and he handed the old man the bottle who began to eat it, and cry, and choke, and the boy got down from the barrel and let the dog out doors, and he made a bee-line for the lake.

"He's a water dog, all right," said the boy, and as a servant girl came in to buy some soap, and saw the old man eating raw horsesradish and choking, and looking apoplectic, she asked what was the matter with the old man, and the boy said a mad dog just escaped from the store, and that the old man had shown signs of madness ever since; the girl gave a yell and rushed out into the world without her soap. "Let this be a lesson to you to be kind to dumb animals," said the boy to the old man as he finished the bottle of horsesradish and put his hands on his stomach.

"Why Men Die Fast. Col. Bent Murdock, who is a good liver himself, hasn't any sympathy with the high liver who goes to rack. So-called big men—statesmen, warriors, professional and business men—go all to pieces in an hour," says he. And the why and the wherefore? They know. We know. Everybody knows, and yet nobody cares. The world says, let them die, there are plenty left. The man who stuffs like a pig, drinks like a fish and loafs like a hobo will collapse. The man who lives fast dies fast. No getting over that proposition. While the one who lives rationally, sanely, lives long and dies slowly and peacefully. Too many people are burning the candle at both ends. But then why preach, why prate, why refer to it? They are not masses, there would be no place for them should they come back.—Kansas City Journal.

There are practically no illiterates in Norway. The men are perhaps the finest in the world physically. Army service is universal; only 2.3 per cent. of youths are rejected for physical defects.

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THE ONLY ONE

There is only One Genuine-Syrup of Figs, The Genuine is Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co., is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine-Syrup of Figs- is for Sale, in Original Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleans the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

Always buy the Genuine-Syrup of Figs MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y. PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

ESTABLISHED 1870. Minneapolis. **WOODWARD & CO., GRAIN COMMISSION** DULUTH. Orders for Future Delivery Executed in All Markets.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.

LOUISIANA HOSPITALITY. Strangers Were Treated Just the Same as Members of the Family.

A group of drummers were trading yarn on the subject of hospitality, relates Jappincoit's Magazine, when one, a little Virginian, with a humorous eye and a delightful drawl, took up his parable thus: "I was down in Louisiana last month traveling 'cross country with S. J. Cary (the same being Stonewall Jackson Co., at your service), when we found just lost in a mighty lonesome sort of road just about dark. We rode along a right good piece after sundown, and when we saw a light ahead I tell you it looked first rate. We drove up to the light, findin' 'twas a house, and when I holered like a lost calf the man came out and we asked him to take us in for the night. He looked at us mighty hard, and then said: 'Wal, I reckon I kin stand it if you kin.' So we unhitched, went in and found 'twas only a two-room place and just avarnain' with children. He had six, four to 11 years old, and as there didn't seem to be but one bed, an 'Sister was wonderin' what in thunder would become of us."

"They gave us supper, good hog and hominy, the best they had, and then the old woman put us two young kids to bed. They went straight to sleep. Then she took those out, laid them over in the corner, put the next two to bed—and so on. After all the children were asleep on the floor: the old folks went in the other room and told us we could go to bed if we wanted to, and, being powerful tired out, we did."

"Well, sir, the next morning when we woke up we were lying over in the corner with the kids, and the old man and the old woman had the bed."

At the Wedding. "Yes, the girl was from Boston, and the man was from Battle Creek."

"What of it?" "Why, at a delicate tribute, instead of throwing rice, we threw beans and breakfast food."—Chicago Sun.

Isn't it awful when a woman keeps fixing her back hair at the theater and then when the performance is over to find that she has lost her diamond ring on her dresser at home!—Cleveland Leader.

A leader should not stride forward too fast, otherwise he may be hidden from his followers by the curvature of the earth.—Century.

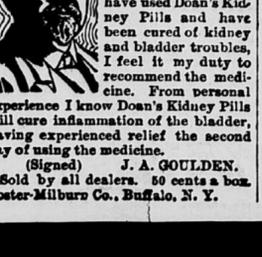
Best in the World. Cream, Ark., Oct. 9th (Special).—After eighteen months suffering from Epilepsy, Backache and Kidney Complaint, Mr. W. H. Smith, of this place, is a well man again, and those who have watched his return to health unhesitatingly give all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills. In an interview regarding his cure, Mr. Smith says: "I had been low for eighteen months with my back and kidneys, and also Epilepsy. I had taken everything I knew of, and nothing seemed to do me any good till a friend of mine got me to send for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I find that they are the greatest medicine in the world, for now I am able to work and am in fact as stout and strong as before I took sick."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys cleanse the blood of all impurities. Pure blood means good health.

The public hasn't any heart to speak of, but it has a big, roomy eye.—Puck.

CONGRESSMAN GOULDEN. Finds Quick Relief from Bladder Troubles Through Doan's Kidney Pills.

Hon. Joseph A. Goulden, member of Congress representing the 15th District of New York, also trustee of the Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y., writes: "Gentlemen: As many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills and have been cured of kidney and bladder troubles, I feel it my duty to recommend the medicine. From personal experience I know Doan's Kidney Pills will cure inflammation of the bladder, having experienced relief the second day of using the medicine. (Signed) J. A. GOULDEN. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."



FLINGS AT THE FAIR. You can nearly always convince a woman, if you try not to.

A discussion must be carried pretty far to move a woman. A woman usually tries to endear herself by making herself as costly as possible.

Few men consider it worth while to be jealous of their wives after they have been married ten years.

A woman who has married for love is generally willing to have her daughter marry for all the modern comforts.

Unless a man wants to know from whom every letter a woman gets is it is hard for her to feel sure he loves her.

A woman may never learn anything in a cooking school, but she can turn up her nose at the ones who haven't been.

Advancing the Farmers' Interests. Traveling agents and salesmen are now sent from the home offices of the Chicago packers into all South American and Asiatic countries. They are going into every land, no matter what language may be spoken or what money be used. They will exchange their goods for cowries or elephant tusks—anything to sell the product and get something in return convertible into money. It may seem odd to some folks, but traveling men, carrying cases with samples of American meat products, can be seen in the desert of Sahara, the sands of Zanzibar or in Brazil, "where the nuts come from." Great is the enterprise of the Yankee merchant. The greater the market, the greater the price and stability of the price of the product and all that goes to make it in its various stages.

Exonerated. Knicker—Was he vindicated? Bocker—Yes, the pot called the kettle white.—N. Y. Sun.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costive-ness, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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