THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

In Grandeur and Natural Beauty the Spot Is Unequaled on Earth—Natural Enemies Dwell Within Its Confines in Fraternal Amity.

Not to intimate that the President of the United States has been guilty of plagiarism in his recent comments upon the beauties and rejuvenating character of the Yellowstone park, it was famous old Jim Bridger, the Daniel Boone of the Rocky Mountain country, who first brought the news of this bit of nature's Wonderland to the civilization represented by St. Joseph, Mo., away back in the 50s.

It is true that old Jim made no reference to the place as a health resort. Few people needed health in those days and those who were in search of it kept east of the Missouri river, well out of the range of the Blackfeet and Sioux. To Jim it was the place "where h—— bubbles over," and this was his description of the spot when the editor of the Kansas City Journal first listened to Jim's stoical account of its wonders. The editor even prepared an article on that wonder section of the country, but suppressed it on account of its being unbelievable. Jim stuck to the story, however, and in 1879 the editor of the paper printed an editorial apology to Bridger for his lack of credence in the story.

To-day old Jim Bridger's story would not be half strong enough to encompass the whole truth of the region now set aside as a national park for all the people. Within its domains the lion almost literally has lain down with the lamb. Bear and deer and elk and moose that fled from Bridger's buckskins in those early days would only stand and stare at him now in curiosity and interest. The mountain sheep, shyest of all the animals of the hills, would allow him to ride within a stone's throw of the crag upon which it rested. Even the mountain lion, which at times forces the military guards of the park to waste war upon his carnivorous destructiveness, is immune from the bullets of the park visitors. Only the speckled trout of the mountain streams and lakes may be taken to bag by the sportsman.

President Roosevelt, in leaving the park, paid it a lasting tribute within the limits of a paragraph.

"The Yellowstone park," he said, "is something absolutely unique in this world, as far as I know. Nowhere else in any civilized country is there to be found such a tract of veritable wonderland, made accessible to all visitors, where at the same time not only the scenery of the wilderness but the wild creatures of the park are scrupulously preserved as they were, the only change being that these same wild creatures have been so carefully protected as to show literally astounding tameness."

Geologically and topographically nature left it unique, and in many respects the hand of man has improved upon it. In its rocks and bowlders are to be found the materials of which the foundations of the world are made. The great seas which once rolled over the continent have left their sedimentary rocks in layers thousands of feet thick. Then came the age of mountain building, when the foundations of the great deep were broken up, piling range after range, and sinking valley after valley. Then the volcanic period and after that the period of glaciers. And today, after age upon age of cooling of the earth's crust, there are 3,600 hot springs in the park and the scores of geysers and paint pots and mud spouting cones and pools.

Of the geysers there is little that is new to be said. The Giantess and Old Faithful and the Fountain and the Minute Man are familiar names to everybody. Old Faithful is the one geyser of them all that never disappoints the visitor, as his spoutings occur at intervals of sixty-five to seventy minutes, when water is thrown from 125 to 150 feet into the air.

These hot springs and geysers are the source of the Boiling river, steaming and trickling and spouting in a cool, rarefied atmosphere from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, where in July nights a pitcher of water may freeze almost solid—this is a suggestion of the anomalies of the park reserve.

DRAGGED DOWN BY A WARSHIP.

How It Feels to Be Sucked Under Water by a Foundered Steamer.

In the Edinburgh Medical Journal James A. Lawson gives an interesting description of his thrilling experience when he was dragged under water by a sinking ship. When he was far down in the swirling waters he struck out for the surface, but only went further down. This exertion was a serious waste of breath, and after what appeared to be ten or fifteen seconds the effort of inspiration could no longer be restrained, and pressure of the chest began to develop.

The most striking thing he remembered was the great pain in the chest, which increased at every effort to expiration and inspiration. It seemed as if he were in a vise, which was gardually being screwed up, until it felt the sternum and spinal column must break. The "gulping" process became more frequent for about ten efforts and hope was then extinguished.

The pressure after these gulps seemed unbearable, but gradually the pain seemed to ease up, as the carbonic acid was accumulating in the blood. At the same time the efforts at inspiration, and the accompanying gulps of water, occurred at longer and longer intervals. The writer's mental condition was then such that he appeared to be in a pleasant dream, but still had enough will power to think of friends at home, etc. Before finally losing consciousness the chest pain had completely disappeared, and sensation was actually pleasant. When consciousness returned he found himself on the surface of the water (probably from the action of the life belt), and finally managed to reach shore.

ONE MAN'S ODD EXPERIENCE.

How Provision He Made for His Taking Off Helped Him in Getting On.

"It may seem odd to you," said a man who has money enough now to buy a dozen cemeteries if he wanted them, "but the first great feeling of relief and gratification that came to me with my first little accumulation of money sprang from the realization that now, for the first time since I had been married, we had money enough to bury any of us who should die.

"For years I had been dead poor, right down to hard pan all the time, using up every dollar of the few I earned as fast as I got it. I never had a cent. I never took a gloomy view of things, however, even in those days, any more than I do now; in fact, I used to smile over them, sometimes, when I thought of how devilish hard up we really were; but I used to wonder, sometimes, too, what we should do in case anything should happen; and it was a blessed feeling of relief, indeed, that I experienced when finally I had got together that first little pile of savings.

"Now we could bury any of us properly and with all due observance and with the gentlest care, without asking help of anyone; at last we were so fixed that we could afford to die.

"And to be freed of that anxiety I found, when I did come to be free of it, was not only a great relief, but it was an actual help to me in a business way. It made me feel safer and easier and more secure about everything; it gave me greater confidence and helped me in every way; and so this provision for our taking off helped us greatly in getting on."

SAID "AMEN" BETWEEN BLOWS.

A Street Exhorter Who Willingly Took Hard Knocks.

There was a negro exhorter in Maryville last week whose religion is proof against hard knacks.

"I'm one of God's cranks," he told people as they passed. "You all think I'm actin' foolish, but you'd act foolish, to, if the Lord wuz to get hold of you."

Mayor Garrett apparently did not approve of this sentiment and ordered the man to end his sermon. He refused, and the marshal was called. He resisted arrest and the marshal hit him.

"Amen," shouted the preacher. The marshal hit him again.

"Hallelujah," replied the evangelist, still pulling back. The marshal attempted to close his mouth, which called forth a triumphant "Praise the Lord!"

Probably he would have been shouting yet, but he was offered the alternative of leaving town or enjoying 100 days on the rock pile. His zeal, which was proof against blows, immediately succumbed to the threat of compulsory labor, and he "hid out."—Kansas City Journal.

Numbers of the Commandments.

One of the best-sustained debates of the session in the Massachusetts house of representatives at Boston occurred on Thursday on the bill to repeal the clause of the libel law which permits persons sued for libel to bring up matters not connected with the subject in mitigation of damages or to remove the charge of malice. It was a battle between lawyers. One of the funny incidents was Mr. Maloney's citation of the Ninth Commandment as the Eighth. The Protestant side of the house laughed, and referred him to the Bible, which was near the speaker. Mr. Maloney pulled out a Catholic catechism from his pocket and showed there the words "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" were numbered as the Eighth Commandment. — Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

On the Way.

Never mind how dim the way—
It is leading to the day;
Weariest winter dreams of May
Forever!

Not in vain the songs we sing—
Crosses cold to which we cling;
Sweeter rest each cross shall bring
Forever!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Got Near to South Pole.

Capt. Scott with the Discovery has penetrated 100 miles nearer the south pole than any previous explorer and discovered an extensive mountainous region hitherto absolutely unknown. He thinks this indicates that land stretches to the pole in a series of very lofty mountains.

DAIRY AGRICULTURE

A SANITARY MILK PAIL.

We illustrate here the kind of milk pail used in the experiments at the Storrs' Experiment Station in Connecticut. Bulletin 25 of that station says: "Two kinds of milking pails were used in these experiments. One was a regular, open pail; the other was a pail of special design. An illustration of the latter is given in the cut below. It is an ordinary milk pail with a closely fitting cover, which has an opening near one side into which is soldered a funnel four inches in diameter having a wire gauze of fine mesh soldered across the bottom. This funnel extends slightly above and below the cover, and slopes somewhat toward the side of the pail.

Another funnel, which is loose, fits inside of the first one. When the pail is to be used, a few layers of clean cheese cloth are placed across the opening of the lower funnel and the loose funnel is pushed in to hold the cheese cloth in position. The whole apparatus is simple in structure and can be easily cleaned."

SHALL SMALL CREAMERIES PASTEURIZE?

We are frequently asked, is it advisable for a small creamery to make pasteurized butter? said M. Mortenson before a buttermakers' convention. The only one that can answer that question to any satisfaction is the man who is buying the butter; if he wants to have the product pasteurized and is willing to pay the extra cost, then it will pay to pasteurize because the butter will always give better satisfaction. It is a fact that the buttermaker who is pasteurizing his cream has several advantages over the one who is not. By pasteurizing the cream and adding a starter he secures perfect control of fermentations and he will be enabled to make a uniform grade of butter. Of course it is necessary that he keep a good starter on hand all the time, he can never depend on luck the way he often does when he is handling raw cream.

By pasteurizing it is also possible to remove taints caused by foods consumed by the animal, also taints that have been absorbed by the milk from unfavorable surroundings. Flavors or taints caused by bacteria cannot be removed by heating. One point strongly in favor of this system is the keeping quality which pasteurized butter possesses. If we desire to compete for the foreign trade we must make pasteurized butter. A dealer in Montreal informed me that he would willingly pay one cent more for pasteurized than for raw cream butter. Another in Manchester, England, when showing me one of the best makes of Danish butter said: "This is nearly perfect butter; you would probably want higher flavor, but we are a little inclined to call that butter strong which the Americans pronounce high flavor." The requirements are gradually changing in this country. People seem to like pasteurized butter very well after they have once tasted it. One thing is evident, the American people as well as the English want butter with keeping qualities and no other kind meets the requirements as well as pasteurized butter.

DAIRYING IN TURKEY.

Sheep fat is said to be the popular substitute for butter in Turkey, where little butter of any kind is manufactured. What little butter is used in the great cities, like Constantinople is imported from Siberia, probably by the way of the Black Sea ports. The Turks have never tried to encourage dairying, but it is said that recently they have shown themselves a good deal interested in the subject. A kind of butter is made in Turkey, but it is evidently more of a full cream soft cheese than butter. Fermented milk is put into a jar or a goat skin and enough hot water is added to raise the temperature to 80 degrees. The "churn" is agitated for 40 minutes, when butter forms, but it is evident that it has a good deal of water and curd with it. The milk is more often the product of the sheep and goat than of the cow, and the result is a very whittish looking stuff. A few American churns have been exhibited and shown in actual work. The Turks have expressed their astonishment and delight at seeing yellow butter turned out of the American churns in less than ten minutes.

SMALL MEETINGS OF DAIRYMEN.

It has become customary in some localities of the West for the managers of creameries to get together their patrons and discuss matters of mutual interest. Sometimes two or three creameries are interested, especially if they be all under one management. These small meetings are frequently more effective than are large ones, as the speakers are freer in their remarks and get down to the problems that are continually coming up for solution. Such meetings make it possible for the butter maker or manager to get better acquainted with the patrons of the factory and find out a good many things that are bound to work to his advantage, in his efforts to hold his milk makers.

Nature is supposed to be infallible, yet it gave the rooster a comb, but no hair.

IRRIGATION BY PUMPING.

Irrigation has been carried on for centuries by means of canals in which the water moved in response to the law of gravity. Later air power has been used as a means of lifting the water and storing it in reservoirs, from which it could be afterwards used on the land. Some water for such purposes has been raised by pumping with steam and gasolene engines. Generally, this latter method has been considered too expensive to be advocated for general use. But some time ago the Arizona station took up the problem and is solving it in a way that promises to be very advantageous to some of our western farmers. For pumping steam engines are used, and the fuel is that found on the farm—in the case of the Arizona station it is tornillo wood purchasable at $2.25 per cord. It may be that such fuel is abundant in many sections of the country where there are arid wastes to irrigate. A number of different engines were tried and they pumped from 600 to 1,085 gallons per minute. The fuel cost of irrigating one acre of land to a depth of three inches ranged from 51 to 76 cents. This water was used on the alfalfa field, and proved to be very profitable. Were it to be used on a field of vegetables it would, of course, prove still more profitable. Water is the key to agriculture, and its application to land at low cost means the bringing under cultivation of large areas that have hitherto borne nothing but buffalo grass and sage brush.

SCORE CARD FOR CORN JUDGING

We publish herewith the score card of the Illinois Corn Growers' Association:

Uniformity of exhibit, 10 points. Uniform type, size, shape, color and indentation.

Shape of ears, 5 points. Cylindrical, straight rows, proportional length to circumference.

Color of ears, 10 points. Uniform.

Market condition, 10 points. Soundness, freedom from injury, maturity.

Tips of ears, 10 points. Filled out with regular sized kernels.

Butts of ears, 5 points. Kernels swelled out about shank regularly.

Uniformity of kernels, 5 points. In type, shape and color.

Shape of kernels, 5 points. Wedge shape, straight edges.

Length of ears, 10 points. Conformity to standard.

Circumference of ears, 5 points. Conformity to standard.

Space between rows, 5 points. Small.

Space between kernels, 5 points. Small.

Per cent of corn, 15 points. Conformity to standard.

Rules—1. The excess and deficiency in length of all ears shall be added, and for every inch thus obtained, cut one point.

2. The excess and deficiency in circumference of all ears shall be added, and for every inch thus obtained, a cut of one-half points shall be made.

3. For every per cent short of standard in proportion of shelled corn, a cut of one point shall be made.

MANIPULATING THE UDDER.

It is well known that some cows will give down small squirts of strippings for a considerable time after a full flow of milk has ceased. This milk is elaborated from the last portion of the milk-producing material which the alveoli have manufactured at the time of the milking. The formation of material from which milk is manufactured goes on all the time, according to our best present knowledge, but the process is especially active at the time of the milking. When the milking begins some of the milk is already elaborated; the greater portion of the milk is, however, most likely formed during the process of milking from the material stored up in the alveoli during the interval since the milking. Toward the end of the milking the flow of milk is much smaller than before until it practically stops, unless continuous stripping is resorted to. It is the rich milk adhering to the cavities and ducts of the udder which is the loaf to the dairymen. If the milking is interrupted at the point when many milkers stop milking. By simple manipulations of the udder this portion of the milking can be easily obtained, and being very rich in butter fat and other milk solids, it will greatly improve the quality of the whole mess of milk if added thereto.—F. W. Woll, Wisconsin University.

A STORY OF GOLDSMITH MAID.

Chas. L. Flint, in a brief sketch of Goldsmith Maid, says: The following incident, showing how attached an intelligent horse becomes to a faithful attendant, an also the influence of kindness on dumb animals, will be of interest to many. As the story goes, Charley Cochrane, who was for many years the faithful custodian of Goldsmith Maid, went to pay her a visit. It is well known that she was very jealous of her foal and would not permit anyone to come near it. It was arranged that she should hear Charley's voice before she saw him, and, although they had been separated for two years, a loud whinny presently assured the visitors that she had recognized the man's voice. Cochrane next showed himself, when a touching scene occurred. The old Queen of the Turf, who for months would not allow anyone to approach her, making use of both heels and teeth if it was attempted, rushed with a bound to her old friend, forgettin even her colt, and rubbed her head upon his shoulders, her nose in his face, played with his whiskers and showed by her every action that her heart was full of joy to see him. Directly the colt came up to them, and she seemed delighted when Charley placed his hand on the little fellow. When Cochrane left the place, she followed him to the gate, whinnying for him even after he had passed out of her sight.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his own image.—Goethe.

IDEAS OF AUSTRALIAN JUDGE.

Gems of Thought In His Closing Address to a Jury.

Chief Justice Sir John Madden of Australia is noted for his mellifluous style of addressing juries. Recently he presided over a curious breach of promise case in Melbourne and here are a few of his summing up remarks: "Women like to be approached by a process of steady, solid, honorable siege. A mere beating of tom-toms and letting off explosive fireworks does not affect them very much." "Adventuresses are women who trade upon the amorous or cerebral softness of men, young or old, and try to induce them to part with their money." "It has been suggested that a volcanic young Irishman (the defendant) should be permitted a greater range of expression than any one else, and I see no objection to that proposition." And this was Sir John's final hint to the jury in the matter of awarding damages: "A true lover, no doubt, would pay no regard to the fact that the lady had been the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise, but many suitors might be discouraged by it." The jury took the hint and ordered the "volcanic Irishman" to pay $1,500. The lady had asked for $25,000.

Knew All About It.

George Boyd, assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, is the inventor of "Boyd's Punch," one of the longest and most searching libations known to history. One night an abstemious party, who had guilelessly sampled several at a session some months previously, sat alongside of a man who was trying his first, much to the delight of the admiring inventor at the head of the table.

"Aren't you drinking one of 'Boyd's'?" inquired the novitiate.

The experienced one shook his head.

"By Jove, you don't know what you are missing," insisted the new man, smacking his lips.

"Oh! yes, I do," said the old one, with confidence, "and because I do is why I am missing it."—New York Times.

Wary.

Ping—There goes a man worth $3,000,000, and he made every dollar of it in trade.

Pong—Well, all I've got to say is that I don't want to trade with a man like that.

U. S. GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

Gen. Frederick D. Grant Visits the Home of His Boyhood.

Gen. Frederick Dent Grant on Tuesday visited the scene of his early childhood, the famous log cabin of his illustrious father, who built it on the old Dent farm, in St. Louis county, fifty years ago. "Hardscrabble," as the famous civil war leader called this homestead in his days of poverty, has been removed by its present owner from its original site to the hill in Forest Park, just east of the art palace, where it will stand during the World's Fair.

Brig. Gen. Grant had been desirous of seeing his old home ever since his arrival in St. Louis. It was here he had lived in his early childhood, and he viewed the time-worn interior in silence. After looking through the empty rooms he named the uses to which the four rooms had been put during the residence of the Grant family in the cabin. The room to the right, he said, had been the family dining room; that to the left, the parlor. On the second floor, the room above the parlor was the apartment of his parents, while that above the dining room was the room used by himself and his brother. The cabin, although half a century old, is in a fair state of preservation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Only His Lesson.

"I have been taking my fencing lesson," said the strenuous senator as he touched with some pride various plasters and bandages.

His colleague gave a breath of relief. "I am glad," he remarked, earnestly, "that it was a mere country fencing lesson. From your appearance I judged that you had been taking a barb-wire-fencing lesson."

The Ideal Road.

"Of course you're interested in this movement for good roads," said the expert automobilist.

"I'm afraid I can't have the sort of road I'd like," replied the beginner.

"One that's hard while you're riding along it and soft when you sit down on it suddenly."

Shape of Ear No Clew.

After studying and photographing more than 40,000 pairs of ears of persons, including those of 2,000 insane and 800 criminals, and those of 300 animals, a criminologist is forced to conclude that the ear gives no clue to personal traits.

PIGS' FEET FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

Here Is a Pointer That May Be Worth Something.

"The story sent out from Washington that the Siamese Minister had not been able to sleep for a month, not even for a few minutes, may seem incredible to persons accustomed to their eight hours every night," said a New York specialist in neurasthenia, "but in the profession we are constantly coming across such instances. Most persons would suppose that a man or woman going without sleep for a month would succumb to sheer exhaustion. Nothing of the kind. Many patients refuse to take narcotics, no matter how long they go without sleep, and when they do feel that way the doctor seldom insists. I had a patient this winter who never slept a wink for forty-two days. He was suffering from a common form of insomnia. I got his digestion all right inside of a month by regulating his diet and giving him a hearty meal of pigs' feet about three hours before bedtime. It was as successful as it has been in other cases. No, I don't say that there is any virtue in pigs' feet as a sedative, but in the digestive process they induce restful slumber quite different from the stupor sleep induced by heavy feeding."

Queer Case in Wales.

A curious difficulty has arisen at Llandudno, Wales, where the lessee of a theater had undertaken to produce a historical drama written and performed in Welsh. The play is based on the career of the last native prince of Wales. The company had concluded the final dress rehearsal and Welshmen were looking forward to the reproductions of Welsh life and language of six centuries ago—when the British censor of plays stepped in. His protest was that he cannot license a play which he cannot understand. So "Llewelyn ein Llyw Olaf" (that is its title) is hung up. But even if the censor cannot be expected to learn Welsh one would think that he might find some one able to judge a play written in a language spoken by over 1,000,000 inhabitants of Great Britain.

A Careful Porter.

Owner—See here! You want to handle that trunk more carefully.

Porter—I'll look out for it, sir. I know a man who let one fall on his toes last month, an' he ain't out of the hospital yet.—Town and Country.

THE KING OF HARD DRINKS.

Effects of "Ron," a Native Beverage of Panama.

It is said that during the construction of the Panama railroad for every tie laid a human life was given up, but this is one of those romantic lies which everybody likes to read but few believe.

There were, indeed, a great many deaths; some caused by legitimate disease and some by careless living, and many by drinking a native beverage called ron. This latter liquor is made from sugar-cane, and it is such a drink that a Scotch highball is pink lemonade alongside of it.

Taken in small quantities, it prevents malaria, but taken in copius draughts, as some men use it, it produces life everlasting.—The National.

A Chance for the Thick Skinned.

As skin-grafting on a large scale comes into more extensive use in surgery, it becomes more difficult to procure the best material for the purpose. In fact, a medical man well known in this city says the difficulty can only be met by treating the skin as an article of commerce and buying the amount required. He recently paid $5 for sufficient cuticle to put on the limb of a little boy who had been scalded, and the individual who "gave up" part of his bone covering declared he was "tickled to death" by the operation. He calls on the doctor every now and then to ask if "any more hide" is needed.

Saved His Life.

Whitehall, Ill., June 8th.—Mr. Lon Manley had Bright's Disease and after his home doctor had treated him for some time he finally told him that he could do nothing more for him and that he would surely die.

A friend who had heard of what Dodd's Kidney Pills had done in cases of Kidney Trouble, advised Mr. Manley to try a treatment of this remedy.

He did so and everyone was surprised and delighted to see an improvement in a very short time. This improvement gradually kept on as the treatment proceeded, till now Mr. Manley is well. He says:

"The doctor said he had done all he could for me. He gave me up. A friend advised me to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and in a few weeks I was nearly all right again.

"I am not dead, and can truthfully say that I feel better to-day than I have for years. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy and I will always praise them and recommend them to everyone suffering as I did."

Mr. Manley's recovery has caused a profound sensation, as no one ever thought he would recover.

Could Not Retain Life.

After having been pronounced dead by the local physician, a well-known lady, who with her family had long resided in the village of Woore, North Staffordshire, was recently laid ready for interment. All preparations for the funeral had been made and friends and relatives assembled to take a final farewell. As the mourners watched, the eyes of the lady were seen to open and her lips to move. Life had returned to the supposed corpse. The news of the strange event spread throughout the village and district and produced the greatest excitement. To the grief of all, however, there came a relapse, and life was declared to be definitely extinct.

The combined opposition parties defeated the government's budget in the diet at Yokohama. Two resolutions were passed demanding the fixing of the ministerial responsibility in connection with the official scandals.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

It's no use picking the mote out of your brother's eye with the hatchet of hatred.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, LTD., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Any man can gain time by stealing a watch—the judge will give it to him.

"Persistent advertising, my son."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Old Sofas, Backs of Chairs, etc., can be dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Selfishness is the cause of sin and sacrificing service its cure.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

He who loves his work never worries over his reward.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves keep you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Sold at good stove stores.

The memory of blessings furnishes a remedy for the blues.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1906.

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.—Shakespeare.

Virtue is the calculation is the virtue of vice.—Joubert.

The man who never begins never has to break off.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Less than half the area of St. Louis is sewered.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?
Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Every cruel blow sears the striker's heart.

When the sun gets big and round,
Hires Rootbeer
should be around.
A package makes five gallons.
CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
Malvern, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION