

Genoa Republican-Journal

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GENOA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1905

NEW SERIES, VOLUME II, NO. 16

Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—EVA E. WITCOMB, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SASSAPARILLA, PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

SOME ODD CURES.

Superstition Led People to Do Queer Things in Former Times.

The superstitious people of mediaeval times had some very odd remedies based upon superstition. Among other absurdities of ignorance it was held that a chip from the gallows on which several persons had been hanged, worn in a bag around the neck, was a cure for ague. A halter by which some criminal had been hanged was bound around the temples as an infallible cure for headache. Tumors of the glands are said to be "driven away" by nine blows of a dead man's hand, while the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows was said to work similar wonders.

A ring made from a coffin was applied for the relief of cramps, which were also said to be dispelled by a rusty sword hanging over the patient's head. If any one had the toothache he was told to go and drive nails into an oak tree, which,

it is true, would not kill the pain, but was a sure preventive against a future attack. A stone with a hole in it hung at the head of a bed was sure to cure nightmare, the cause of that evil being thought to be witches, who sat on the patient's chest; hence the pendant and stone was called a "hag stone." The "hag stone" was used generally as a safeguard against all the ills which are ascribed to impish interference.

It is astonishing to find many such old practices—the relics of superstition and ignorance—still kept up by people who ought to know better. It is, for instance, a custom to this day for people of a certain class to steal meat from the butcher, rub it on warts and then bury it, the warts being expected to vanish as the process of decomposition sets in. Pricking a wart with a pin till the blood came and then throwing the pin away was also said to drive warts away, the warts being promptly transferred to the hands of whoever picked up the pin. A potato carried in the pocket is still

recommended for rheumatism, and hundreds of like practices are in vogue at the present day.

Chinese Medicine.

In China physicians are treated in precisely an opposite fashion from the way we treat them. Each family has its physician, whose business it is to preserve the health of that family. As long as health reigns the physician receives a stated amount of pay, but from the hour a member falls ill the physician's pay ceases and is not resumed until the patient's health is restored. Massage is one of the principal forms of treatment in China. It is used especially in cases of pain. The greater the pain the more violent the treatment. Oftentimes the physicians, who are athletes, by the way, will climb right up and kneel on the body of the patient and pull and haul and beat the sufferer until the cries for mercy exceed the groans from the malady.

The Republican Journal, \$1.00.

Make Your Grocer Give You Guaranteed Cream of Tartar Baking Powder

Alum Baking Powders interfere with digestion and are unhealthful. Avoid the alum.

His Father's Pride.

"Bobby, come into the house this minute. I want to give you your bath."
"Now, ma, don't you order me around so or I'll get irritated like pa."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two of a Kind.

Underthumb — My wife talks, talks, talks all the time.
Henpeck—Impossible! She must listen part of the time, otherwise she wouldn't be so popular with my wife.—Philadelphia Press.

Has Its Advantages.

"Don't you think every man is master of his own destiny?"
"Oh, I don't know. He gets out of a lot of blame by letting somebody else boss things."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reliable Information.

Gray—Some one told me that your wife was both handsome and intelligent.
Smith—Who told you that?
Gray — Your wife.

Royal Baking Powder

is made of Grape Cream of Tartar. Absolutely Pure.

Makes the food more Wholesome and Delicious.

January BARGAIN Sale

Means that we have gathered together a lot of good things--goods that you need right now and will need for a long while after this--and that we'll offer them through this sale at prices extremely low. These bargains are genuine and give you an opportunity to save a good bit of money, but as some of the lots aren't large don't be disappointed if you wait till the last day--some of them will be gone. The list below will help you to decide on what you need most and want to buy. We start this sale next

Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1906, and continue ten days.

SPECIAL FOR WEDNESDAY:

Danish Cloth, part wool, in black, red, green, brown and blue at 12c per yd.

REMNANTS Calicos, fast colors in blues, greys and blacks, per yd. 4c	RIBBON Wash silk, 4 inches wide, all colors, per yd. 10c	GOLF GLOVES Odd sizes, 25 and 50c values, per pair 18c	HOSIERY Broken lines in children's 15c hosiery, per pair 11c	HOSIERY Broken lines of ladies' 25c hosiery, per pair 15c	LADIES' UNDERWEAR 25c fleeced 17c
TENNIS FLANNEL 6c quality, per yd. 4c	REMNANTS Light Calico, per yd. 4c	COTTON BLANKETS Medium size, 75c value at 39c	GINGHAM Remnants, per yd. 4 1-2c	TENNIS Remnants, 10c quality, per yd. 7c	FLANNELETTES 12 and 10c quality, per yd. 8c
LADIES' UNDERWEAR Heavy 50c fleeced 35c	CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR Small sizes 10c	SAFETY PINS 2 cards 5c	HOOKS AND EYES 2 cards 5c	HAIR PINS Assorted boxes, 2 for 5c	HANDKERCHIEFS India linon, hemstitched, 3 for 5c
MOURNING PINS 3 boxes 5c	COMMON PINS Per paper 1c	REMNANTS Of Dress goods, ribbon and laces. 1c	SOAPS A splendid assortment of good soaps 5c	HANDKERCHIEFS All linen 5c	UNDERSKIRTS Black saten skirts 50c

Bargains in Cloaks

Its worth your while to make a special effort to be present during our Ladies' and Children's coat sale. Children's cloaks at 1.48, 1.98, 2.48. Ladies' short coats at 2.98. Ladies' long coats at 3.50, 5.00, 7.50, 10.00, 12.00 and 15.00.

January Sale of Granite Articles and Tin Ware.

We have made a purchase of 50 dozen granite articles to retail at 25c and 10c. 14-qt. dish pans 25c, 12-qt. water pails 25c, 4-qt. coffee pots 25c, large stew basins 25c, granite tea pots 10c, 4-qt. stew basins 10c, granite kettles 10c, and dozens of every day needs for the kitchen for only 10 and 25c.

Frank W. Olmsted, Genoa

WORLD'S NEWS - TOLD IN PARAGRAPHS

Governor Johnson of Minnesota has agreed to give \$500 as an additional reward for the arrest and conviction of the men who murdered Charles O. Bader. This makes a total of \$1,000.

While trying to arrest some Italians at Torrington, Conn., Robert Newitt, a policeman, was fatally shot and L. S. Hull, chief of police, was stabbed.

Eight Italians were shooting at each other when the police appeared and the rioters turned their weapons against them. Chief Hull will recover.

A son was born Monday to the secretary to the president and Mrs. Loeb in Washington.

A. G. Snyder, American chargé d'affaires at Bogota, Columbia, arrived in New York Monday on the steamer Allegheny.

President Loubet has conferred the grand cross of the Legion of Honor on the Russian ambassador, M. Nelidoff, on the occasion of the fifty anniversary of his entry into the diplomatic service.

Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, is the nominee for president of the New York State Bar Association proposed by the nominating committee. It will be presented at the annual meeting of the association in January. Usually the report of the nominating committee is ratified by the association.

William S. Thorn, assistant general passenger agent of the Soo line, died at his home in St. Paul.

Albert McCool, a well known Democratic politician of Boonville, Ind., is dead, aged 63 years.

Mrs. D. Sturat Null of Wellsboro, Pa., was killed in a runaway accident. Her husband and Miss Emma Mathers were badly injured.

Gov. Gen. Luke E. Wright of the Philippines arrived in Memphis Monday to spend the holidays at his home. He said he knew nothing regarding the rumors that he intended to resign his office.

Representative John Sharp Williams, democratic leader in the house at Washington, Monday received a dispatch announcing the dangerous illness of his daughter. He left at once for his home at Yazoo, Miss.

P. N. J. Meador, aged 60 years, shot and instantly killed his wife, Mattie Meador, and fatally wounded himself at Dallas, Tex.

Moses Feltner, the Leslie county, Kentucky, feudist charged with the murder of Jesse Fields, a member of the Hargis feud clan, was acquitted.

The son of Mayor J. E. Schuyt of Michigan City, Ind., is in a dying condition at Florence, Ala., where he was mysteriously injured about the head.

Gov. Blanchard has announced the membership of the new Louisiana board of health, with the additional announcement that Dr. Clifford H. Irion of Bossier parish is to be its president.

The steamer Mowera from Australia, brought news to Victoria, B. C., of the arrival of the American schooners Kineo at Brisbane, with Capt. Paterson, his wife and the rest of the crew suffering from beriberi.

The Swiss government has notified the Italian government that it will be represented in the international chamber of agriculture created by King Victor Emmanuel at the suggestion of David Lubin of California.

Representatives from all the New England states met in Boston and organized the New England association for the Restriction of Immigration. Governor-elect Curtis Guild, Jr., was elected honorary president.

A peculiar provision in the articles of incorporation of the Intermountain Republican company, formed to issue a third morning paper in Salt Lake City, is that the stockholders shall observe the birthday of Abraham Lincoln by an annual meeting and that their paper shall publish all the addresses made on that occasion. Albert E. Blunck, formerly a publisher of Lafayette, Ind., is president of the new company.

The Pacific Steam Navigation company's steamer Peru, with Joseph W. J. Lee, the American minister to Ecuador, on board, has arrived at Guayaquil.

The duties of Resident General Ito in Corea will not be exclusively diplomatic. He will be empowered to mete out punishment not exceeding one year's confinement and a fine of \$100.

Monsignore Falcon, apostolic delegate to the United States, was entertained at Annapolis, Md., at the naval academy by Rear Admiral James H. Sands, superintendent, who is a member of the grand commandery of Wisconsin.

Thousands of citizens attended a reception given at Manila by the Elks in honor of William J. Bryan.

The engagement is announced of Mignon Critten of Staten Island and Swager Sherley, congressman from Louisville, Ky.

Harvard college will receive a legacy of \$50,000 for its medical school under the will of Dr. George S. Hyde.

The jury at Kingman, Kan., in the case of Mrs. Rosa Null, charged with the murder of her husband, Harvey Null, August last, returned a verdict of not guilty.

LATEST CASH MARKET REPORTS

Chicago Produce. Butter—Extra creamery, 25c; prints, 24c; firsts, 19c; seconds, 17c; re-ovated, 15c; dairies, Cooleys, 20c; firsts, 19c; dairies, 15c; packing stock, 10c; storage, 22c; etc.

Eggs—Fresh stock at mark new cases included, 18c; 23c; cases returned, 18c; firsts, 22c; prime firsts, packed in whitewood cases, 26c; packed for city trade, 28c; storage eggs, 19c.

Cheese—Full cream, dairies, 13c; twins, 11c; young Americas, 13c; long horns, 12c; Swiss, block, 12c; 12c; drum, 12c; Imburgers, choice, 11c; 11c; off grades, 6c; brick, 12c; 12c; off grades, 8c.

Fish—Black bass, 14c; carp and buffalo, 2c; pike, 7c; pickerel, 4c; perch, 4c; sunfish, 2c; croppies, 1c.

Live poultry—Turkeys, per lb, 14c; chickens, fowls, 9c; roosters, 7c; springs, 9c; per lb; ducks, 10c; 11c; geese, 8c; 9c.

Game—Rabbits, \$1.00@1.25 per doz; jacks, gray, \$2.50 per doz; white, large, \$3.50@4.00 per doz; opossum, 25c@30c; bear saddles, 12c@13c per lb; venison, carcasses, 15c per lb.

Apples—Jonathans, \$3.50@5.00 per brl; Greenings, \$4.00@4.25 per brl; Baldwin, \$3.75@4.00 per brl; Davis, \$3.00@3.25 per brl; Bellerose, \$4.00@4.50 per brl.

Green vegetables—Beets, 6c@7c per sack; carrots, home-grown, 5c@7c per sack; cabbage, 1.35@1.50 per brl; celery, 50c@1.25 per box; cucumbers, 1.00@1.50 per doz; eggplants, 25c@30c per doz; spinach, 75c per tub; tomatoes, 2c@2.25 per case; lettuce, head, \$1.50@2.00 per brl; leaf, 35c@40c per case; potatoes, car lots on track, 5c@6c per bu; turnips, 75c per sack; string beans, \$4.00@4.50 per hamper; cauliflower, \$2.25@2.50 per crate; onions, 40c@50c per bu; kohlrabi, \$1.25@2.50 per 100 bunches; mushrooms, 20c@30c per lb; squash, 75c per doz; watercress, 18c@20c per bu; sweet potatoes, Illinois, \$1.00@2.50 horse-radish, 5c per bunch; eggplant, \$3.00 per crate.

Broomcorn—Market firm. Self-working, common to choice, \$30.00@35.00 per ton; hurl, common to choice, \$50.00@60.00 per ton; dwarf, \$60.00@70.00 per ton.

Grain Quotations. WHEAT. Chicago—No. 2 red, \$1.07@1.08 1/2; New York—No. 2 red, 93c.

CORN. Chicago—No. 2, 48 1/2c; Liverpool—American mixed, 48 3/4c; New York—No. 2, 48 1/2c; Peoria—No. 2, 48 1/2c; St. Louis—No. 2, 45 1/2c; Milwaukee—No. 2, 48c.

Chicago—Standard, 31 1/2@32 1/2c; New York—Mixed, 31 1/2@32 1/2c; St. Louis—No. 2, 31 1/2c; Peoria—No. 2, 31 1/2c; Kansas City—No. 2 mixed, 45 1/2c; Kansas City—No. 2 mixed, 30 1/2c; Milwaukee—Standard, 32 1/2c.

Live Stock. CATTLE. Omaha—\$1.50@1.60; Kansas City—\$1.75@1.85; St. Louis—\$2.00@2.10; Chicago—\$1.50@1.60; New York—\$1.50@1.60.

HOGS. Chicago—\$2.50@2.60; Omaha—\$3.75@3.85; Kansas City—\$4.25@4.35; St. Louis—\$3.50@3.60; New York—\$3.50@3.60.

SHEEP AND LAMBS. Chicago—\$3.50@3.75; Omaha—\$4.25@4.50; Kansas City—\$4.50@4.75; St. Louis—\$4.00@4.25; New York—\$3.75@3.85.

SLAY THOUSANDS IN CIVIL STRIFE

Troops and Rebels Fight Desperately in Streets of Moscow.

OPONENTS ARE FIRED BY HATE

Soldiers and Revolutionists Crazy by Mutual Detestation, Perform Deeds of Foolhardiness That Pass Muster for Acts of Bravery.

London cablegram: There has been no direct news from Moscow since 10 o'clock Sunday afternoon, when the telegraph and telephone line between Moscow and St. Petersburg stopped working, but the Daily Telegraph prints two dispatches from St. Petersburg, dated Dec. 25, claiming to give recent details of the situation in Moscow.

From these dispatches, it seems that fighting is going on incessantly. One dispatch says the casualties up to early on the morning of Dec. 25 were 5,000 killed and 14,000 wounded.

The second dispatch, which is dated Dec. 25, 10:38 p. m., says: "Cannon firing is now proceeding in several parts of the city, where the barricades are being defended desperately, close to the railway stations. The terminus of the Kursk railway is being looted."

"Take Refuge in Cellars. Fighting proceeded throughout Monday. It was impossible to move from one part of the city to another, because of the danger from stray bullets. The mass of the population crowded, fear stricken, in the innermost recesses of stables and cellars, trembling at every boom of the cannon and at every explosion of bombs."

"Many people are suffering from hunger, and the lack of provisions is becoming noticeable. "The third day of the civil war brought no decisive action, only a thickening of the bloody cloud of intensifying horrors. The troops, jaded and worn out after eight or ten hours of dangerous work, lost the sight of a crowd and fire upon them mechanically and irresistibly."

"Spurred On by Hate. "The anarchists, mindful of their comrades, who have been mowed down like grass, are furious against the soldiers, police, and Cossacks, and in fact against every representative of authority, whatever his uniform may be."

"The driving force behind both the troops and the rebels is no longer that of enthusiasm or of any human impulse. It is the force of superhuman hate, and hence the deeds reported are not the acts of patriots, soldiers, or otherwise, but the enormities of madmen."

"It is impossible to understand how any emotion, even of the extremes of despair or hate, can impart such foolhardy courage as some of the rebels display. "For every barricade destroyed on Sunday two or three appeared in other places. Orders were given by the revolutionists to shoot only when there was good hope of bringing a man down, but otherwise to tire out the troops until they lost patience."

"The most surprising thing of all is the loyalty of the troops, which nobody here anticipated. Leaders Are Confident. "Talking with an intelligent group of St. Petersburg revolutionists, I was informed that, while they believed the strike would be victorious, they fully realized they were staking everything upon the issue and that failure would set back their cause for several years. They said they were devoting their efforts to shaking the foundations of Russian finance, in full confidence that once the existing regime was overthrown they could as quickly build another, and that foreign nations would be as ready to advance money to a democratic republic as to the autocracy."

"They emphatically denied that they were inciting the peasantry to commit agrarian outrages, declaring that these outrages were the work of the socialists, but they did not deny the advocacy of the distribution of the crown lands among the peasants. "In conclusion they declared that in the event of the failure of their cause they would have recourse to terrorism, choosing their victims from all classes of society."

Monument to Hoar. Worcester, Mass., dispatch: The monument to be placed over the grave of George F. Hoar in Concord has been shipped. It bears this inscription, written by Senator Hoar: "I have no faith in fatalism. I believe in God. I believe in the American people. I believe a republic is greater than an empire. I believe the world is growing better."

Mystery in Murder. Cincinnati, Ohio, dispatch: The police are mystified by the murder of George Beluchi, an Italian shoemaker. His money was untouched. A fellow countryman with whom he had quarreled has disappeared.

Mexicans Arrest Americans. El Paso, Tex., dispatch: L. H. Finstad of Los Angeles, at whose home two Americans were killed and one wounded at Diaz, Mexico, has been arrested by the Mexican authorities.

Lumbermen Are Asphyxiated. New Orleans, La., dispatch: John McCall, J. R. Wells and James Bester, three lumbermen from Lumberton, Miss., were found dead in a local hotel. They blew out the gas.

Mormon Colony for Mexico. Salt Lake, Utah, dispatch: Over 1,000 Mormon settlers will colonize in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, after the holidays, where a large tract of land has been secured.

Engine Jumps the Tracks. Philadelphia, Pa., dispatch: A locomotive on the Pennsylvania railroad jumped the track and knocked the supports from beneath a platform shed. Sixteen men were injured by the fall of the roof.

Suicide in Cask of Wine. Paris cable: At Ville de Blaisois a molder named Adam became tired of life and resolved to commit suicide. He was found drowned in a cask of wine, into which he had plunged head first.

HIDDEN PUZZLE PICTURE.



Six years ago the British were defeated at Colenso. Find a British Soldier.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT WHITE HOUSE

Archibald Insists on Distributing Presents From Tree He Decorated.

QUENTIN HANGS UP STOCKING

Miss Alice Keeps Her Own Counsel Regarding Gift From Her Betrothed—Twenty-six Persons Attend Dinner Party in Evening.

Washington dispatch: President Roosevelt and family spent the happiest of their five Christmases in the White House Monday, the entire house being given over to the younger members of the family. As usual, all presents from members of the family, relatives and friends, hundreds in number, were displayed in the library.

Questions as to what Mr. Longworth presented to Miss Roosevelt met with a smile in response, and whether a ring, bracelet, book, flowers, a rare picture, or bric-a-brac probably will not be known outside the family for a day or two.

Archibald Roosevelt, the youngest of the president's children, is the only member of the family with a devout fondness for a Christmas tree, and he insisted on distributing his gifts to the family and servants through this medium. He put up and decorated a little tree himself, called in the family to admire it, and personally distributed the gifts. Quentin hung up his stocking in the old-fashioned way.

Roosevelts out for luncheon. President and Mrs. Roosevelt with all their children went to the residence of Capt. and Mrs. Cowles in the forenoon, to enjoy the unveiling of Sheffield Cowles' Christmas tree, and all remained to luncheon. Miss Roosevelt wore when she left the White House a striking walking costume of dark blue velvet, with a velvet hat and a long, light blue ostrich plume. The president and two elder boys were arrayed for walking.

There were twenty-six seated about the table in the state dining room at night. The dinner party was informal and included all the members of the president's family, Capt. and Mrs. Cowles, the president's brother-in-law and sister, and Representative Nicholas Longworth.

Mrs. Fairbanks to entertain. Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks, who entertained their family at a Christmas eve dinner, left town for Indianapolis. They will return in time for the New Year's reception at the White House. Mrs. Fairbanks will observe the custom of giving a New Year's day reception, but will not be at home the following Wednesday.

With the exception of Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Shaw, who dined with the secretary of commerce and labor and Mrs. Metcalf, all the cabinet members enjoyed small family dinner parties at home. Secretary and Mrs. Shaw have as guests over the holidays Leslie Gulick and Eugene Dunn, nephews of Mrs. Shaw, from Clinton, Ia., and Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Shaw's niece, and her two sons from Vermont.

Children's Party Largely Attended. The largest Christmas entertainment given in the diplomatic corps was a children's party at the Cuban legation, when the two children of Minister and Mme. Quesada, Aurora and Gonzales, invited over 100 young

Philadelphia Manufacturer's Christmas Has Tragic Closing. Philadelphia, Pa., dispatch: Edward C. Wetherell, a member of the firm of George D. Wetherell & Co., paint manufacturers, shot himself twice Monday evening dying shortly afterward. The reason for the act is not publicly known, the members of his family refusing to talk about the matter. Wetherell, who is 32 years old, and a member of several clubs, spent the day with relatives and friends, and toward evening went to his apartments at 1203 Spruce street. An hour later shots were heard, and he was found in his room with two bullet wounds in his head.

Big Sale of Pine Is Concluded. Duluth Men Purchase Louisiana Timber for \$3,200,000. Duluth, Minn., dispatch: Michael Kelley and associates of this city have just concluded the largest individual deal in long leaf yellow pine ever made in Louisiana. It involves \$3,200,000 and the transaction is for cash. The selling concern was the Wright Blodgett Lumber company, with which Mr. Kelley is identified, and the buyer was the Industrial Lumber company, whose headquarters, as well as those of the Wright Blodgett company, are at Saranac, Mich. This is the fourth big sale of timber made by the Wright Blodgett people. These sales will aggregate between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000.

Man Who Helped Break the Chicago Strike Is Hurt at St. Louis. St. Louis, Mo., special: Frank Curry, who has gained considerable fame as a strike breaker and who was the active head of the opposition to the strike of the wagon drivers in Chicago several months ago, reported to the police that he had been robbed and severely beaten in the basement of a saloon in the heart of the business district. Curry declares that he did not recognize any of his three assailants.

Two Rectors Flee From Mob. Demonstration by Church Members. Scares Unwelcome Appointees. St. Louis, Mo., dispatch: During the excitement incident upon the assembling of a crowd of nearly 500 parishioners belonging to St. Casimir's Polish Catholic church to protest against the appointments by the archbishop, the rector, and the Rev. Simon Zielinski, the assistant rector, fled from the parsonage.

Why It Is the Best. is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

The Pennsylvania woman who squeezed a deer to death must be a terror at the bargain counter.

A woman never forgets her first love—nor forgives herself if she marries him.

MAN ON GALLOWS GIVES SIGNALS

Remarkable Test Is Given Under Direction of Jersey Scientist.

LIVES AFTER FALL OF THE DROP

Raises Forearm and Contracts Thumb and Forefinger of Right Hand While Pressing the Left Hand to His Hip.

New York dispatch: Edwin F. Tapley, murderer, hanged Friday at the county jail in Jersey City, gave proof that for many seconds after the fall of the gallows' trap he was not only alive, but conscious.

With the agony of death upon him, the poor wretch, steadfast to a purpose announced hours before his execution, signaled his condition with amazing clearness and deliberation. He did this by motions of the hand that could not have been spasmodic—motions that were carefully rehearsed by Tapley in his cell early in the morning.

Tapley volunteered the remarkable test. Dr. Carleton Simon, an expert on mental diseases, assumed personal direction of the task. He saw Tapley in his cell and arranged the signals.

These signals were known to two of the condemned man's spiritual advisers—Rev. W. J. Smith and Rev. A. Mayo, both of Jersey City.

Thomas Connolly, the warden of the prison, and the three deputies who formed the death watch—John O'Brien, Benjamin Wickham and J. H. Haulon—were taken into the secret. These men knew that Tapley had agreed to make the following signals if life and consciousness remained after the fall of the trap.

First, to raise the right forearm as far as the bands at the elbow would permit, then contract the thumb and forefinger three times while pressing the left hand rigidly against the left hip.

If by that time the tortures of a slow death had not robbed him of all consciousness, Tapley was to reverse the signals, raising the left arm, contracting the thumb and first finger and pressing the right hand motionless to the right hip.

Tapley, dangling from the noose after the released weights had sent his body high in the air to fall with a mighty jar at the end of the rope, writhed for an instant in convulsions. Then the twitching hands fell and the arms, bound across the back at the elbows, straightened out full length.

To the seven watchers in the secret of the signals, there was no thought that a spark of consciousness remained in Tapley's body, which hung three feet above the floor under the gallows beam.

But suddenly Tapley's right forearm rose slowly, steadily, until the hand was well in front of the body. Then, with startling precision, the thumb and forefinger gave the signal. The seven watchers bent forward with eyes fixed upon the dangling, hooded figure.

Three times, with terrible deliberation, Tapley's thumb and forefinger straightened and contracted.

His left hand was pressed tight against the hip, its fingers twitching convulsively in evidence of the mighty effort put forth by the dying man to hold them to their place.

To all appearances, it was a dying effort. Even Dr. Simon, man of science, had no thought of a further signal from the tortured man.

PLAN FOR UNIFORM CONTRACTS

Canning Factories of Wisconsin Organize for Protection. Appleton, Wis., dispatch: Representatives of thirty canning factories organized the Wisconsin Pea Packers' association here. The object is to regulate freight rates and discounts and to make a uniform contract and grades. All the canning factories and packing-houses in the state were represented. E. Reynolds of Sturgeon Bay was elected president; William Larson of Green Bay, vice president; H. Landreth of Oconto, secretary, and R. E. Jennings of Sturgeon Bay, treasurer.

FRANK CURRY IS BADLY BEATEN

Man Who Helped Break the Chicago Strike Is Hurt at St. Louis. St. Louis, Mo., special: Frank Curry, who has gained considerable fame as a strike breaker and who was the active head of the opposition to the strike of the wagon drivers in Chicago several months ago, reported to the police that he had been robbed and severely beaten in the basement of a saloon in the heart of the business district. Curry declares that he did not recognize any of his three assailants.

Pa's Will Gueses. "Say, pa, this paper says that a Boston minister wants to have District Attorney Jerome canonized. What does that mean, pa?" "Canonized? It means blown from a cannon, my boy."

Why It Is the Best. is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

The Pennsylvania woman who squeezed a deer to death must be a terror at the bargain counter.

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COMING ALTOGETHER TOO SLOW

Plunkett's Method of Retirement a Trial of Patience.

The Hon. William B. Plunkett of Adams, Mass., when a young man used to accompany his father to Boston and New York to learn the correct way of doing business. The first time he went alone the hotel in one place was crowded, and young Plunkett found he would have to share his bed with some one else. Making the acquaintance of a gentleman in the hotel office, they decided to room together.

Plunkett's room-mate, being tired, retired early, Plunkett, wanting to see the papers, said he would follow in an hour or so. He did so, and, thinking his room-mate asleep, tried to get into bed without awakening him. Being considerably over six feet in height, he found this no easy task. He got in at the head, and kept working his way down, a few inches at a time, until his knees went past his bed-mate's feet, when the other, lying very still, but very much awake, said: "For God's sake, Plunkett, when are you going to stop coming?"

He Doesn't Curse Now. Washington, Kans., Dec. 25 (Special)—Jesse E. Mitchell is a telephone lineman, and also a well known resident here. Everybody acquainted with Mr. Mitchell knows that he was a man who held very positive views about Patent Medicine. Hear what he says now:—

"I used to curse all kinds of Patent Medicines, for they never did me any good, but Dodd's Kidney Pills have caused me to change my mind. For twelve years I suffered from Kidney Trouble. There was a hurting across my back that made it impossible to stoop, and as I am in a stooping position nearly all day, you can imagine how I suffered. After a day's work that any man would think nothing of, I would be tired and worn out. In fact, I was always tired. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking four boxes I feel like a new man, I am as fresh at night as when I begin work in the morning. I have no pain in my back now, and I am stronger than ever."

Wanted to See the Beauty. A few years ago the school in the little red schoolhouse between Nashua, N. H., and Peppercall had for its teacher a young woman noted for her beauty. As a well known wigmaker Williams and a young man were riding past the school, Williams, who had heard of the teacher's beauty, determined to see her. Alighting from his carriage, he rapped at the door, which she opened, when he asked if any of her pupils had lost a book. She inquired if any one missed a book but no loss was reported. She then said to Williams: "Why, have you found one?"

"No," he answered, "but I didn't know but I might."

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 8-ounce packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 oz." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

After Christmas. The Mouse—It was very kind of you to remember me with that ton of hay. I enjoyed it immensely.

The Elephant—Don't mention it. I must thank you for that bit of cheese you sent me. It was just what I wanted.—"Woman's Home Companion" for January.

The Millinery She Longed For. "Well, after all," said Mrs. Nagget, finally, "there's just one little bit of millinery that I desire most."

"And, I tell you, I won't buy it for you," snapped Mr. Nagget.

"No, dear, you won't be here to pay for it. It's a widow's bonnet."

In the Black Hills. Hold-Up Pete—Shoot me for a catamount, but them tenderfoots in that coach have nerve. They don't seem a bit skeered of guns."

Bad Bill—They ain't skeered of nothing. That's a bunch on their way to the divorce colony.—Puck.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Pa's Will Gueses. "Say, pa, this paper says that a Boston minister wants to have District Attorney Jerome canonized. What does that mean, pa?" "Canonized? It means blown from a cannon, my boy."

Why It Is the Best. is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

The Pennsylvania woman who squeezed a deer to death must be a terror at the bargain counter.

A woman never forgets her first love—nor forgives herself if she marries him.

GOWNS OF THE MOMENT

Colors to Suit Complexions.

The brunette, genuine, dark eyed dark haired, and of good color, is not a difficult type to deal with, given a good complexion and almost every color is hers, brown hair harmonizing with almost every shade. Black is seldom becoming to this type, but she can wear cream, ivory, yellow, Indian red, claret, cardinal, deep and pale blue, golden brown, fawn, putty color, tans, coral pink, rose pink, old rose, terra cotta, and silver gray. Pale green, white, pale blue, and yellow may be safely chosen for evening wear.

The fair brunette, she of dark hair and eyes of blue, blue gray, or violet, must use discretion in choosing her colors. No strong, vivid tints for her—nothing, in fact, that will destroy the delicate tints of her skin. This does not mean that neutral tones should be selected, but that delicate shades of the chosen colors should be adopted. For instance, delicate yellow will suit her better than bright orange, and ivory better than deep cream. Gray, from dove color to pepper and salt, will become her, and so will golden brown, golden tans, navy blue, pale coral, and pale salmon pink, maize, lemon, and silver blue.

Now It's the Empire.

The empire style is a good deal to the fore in lingerie just now. It is especially noticeable in night gowns, many of which have the characteristic Empire feature, which may be called with equal variety the long yoke or the short waist. It is much used in the finest grade of night robes, and in fact, in the daintiest of all lingerie. Frequently the short waist or yoke is entirely of lace or embroidery. Low necks and short or elbow sleeves characterize all fine underwear at present.

Violet Broadcloth Suit.



Directoire coat with inner vest of embroidered velvet and ruffle of fine lace. Darker velvet hat, trimmed with white wings.

Real Mulligatawny Soup.

Pound fine in a mortar and mix and sift well a quarter of an ounce China turmeric, one-third ounce of cassia, three drachms of black pepper, two drachms cayenne and an ounce of coriander seeds. This makes sufficient curry powder for the following amount of soup.

Two large chickens or three pounds of lean veal. Cut the meat from the bones in small pieces, and put it in a pan with two quarts of water. Boil slowly for half an hour, skimming it well. Mince four good sized onions and fry them in two ounces of butter. Add these to the curry powder and moisten the whole mixture with a little broth from the pan, stirring in a small quantity of rice flour. When thoroughly mixed pour into the soup and let it simmer gently until it is as smooth and thick as cream and the chicken or veal is quite tender. At this point stir into the soup the juice of a lemon and serve at once.

Fashion Welcomed Back.

Dressmakers as well as their feminine clientele rejoice over the return of the Henrietta cloth sheening over a silk warp and woven in fine textures in the most glorious colors. Albatross and nun's veiling and veillings of other kinds and soft new weaves may be had to fashion afternoon and evening tolets.

A virtue worth heeding in these cloths is that they clean perfectly. The all-wool textures may be washed in the tub with soap bark or a good soap and ironed and still look well. Our economical housewife of the cardinal red and delft blue cashmere dresses her school girls in the same materials, including the soft serges, and these go into the washtub as soon as they show the shadows of everyday wear.

With the Gathered Skirt.

Any number of pretty waist models may be made up with the gathered skirt. The material is soft and pliable and can be used in almost any way. Whatever else it is, of course, it will be short sleeved, for all the pretty evening bodices or waists for dress are made that way. One of the prettiest of the new designs in a skirted mode has a slightly low neck, the collar being dispensed with, and the neck opening cut square. The

material is gathered across front and back, coming high up to the neck and beginning with a heading. Over the shoulders the material is gathered not across but up and down, and falls in bolero effect front and back. The sleeves are short. The puff at the top is quite full. Above the elbow the fullness is confined in five rows of gathering. The sleeve is trimmed with a choux of fine lace which comes down in jabot effect on the forearm.



Rub kerosene on the zinc under the stove once a day and it will always look bright.

Brass work can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

Tea should be kept in either a tin or glass vessel which has a lid, as it is necessary to keep it tightly covered.

Mirrors and glasses in furniture are best cleaned with a mixture of water, ammonia and whiting and rubbed dry with a clean cheesecloth.

A frying pan should never be scrapped. Instead, fill it with cold water, to which a little soda has been added, and let it stand for several hours.

Black oak or Flemish oak, and all other furniture finished with what is called a wax finish should not be cleaned with the regular furniture polish, but with a wax polish.

About Fur Coats.

Short blouse jackets of gray squirrel are popular.

The long fur coat is only for motorists or persons contemplating a trip to Siberia.

Little jackets of brown mink are especially good this winter.

The short close coat of black Persian lamb, with the sable collar, is as enviable a garment as ever.

Astrakhan jackets are good form.

Some squirrel jackets dyed brown can't be told by an amateur from sable or mink.

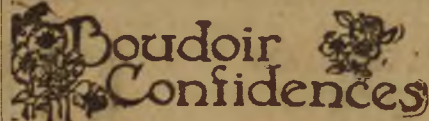
Seal is as good a skin as ever and the woman who owns a loose coat of that fur, with reasonably wide sleeves, can hold her head in the air, though the aforesaid garment be a decade old.

Small Pajamas.

It is the pajama age, and not alone for grownups, but for the small folks as well. Mothers find them very practical for little girls and boys because they are warmer than nightgowns and can't be so easily kicked off on cool nights. A suit of pajamas are very simply made and yet quite attractive. The upper part has seams under the arms and on the shoulders and then buttons up snugly to the throat. They may be made of gingham, madras or outing flannel, and a plain cotton or wool braid makes a pretty finish for the edge of neck and front. For the medium size four and one-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material are needed.

An Imported Skirt.

A very beautiful evening petticoat recently exhibited in one of the shops was of white soft-finish taffeta. It was bordered by a twelve-inch accordion-plaited point d'esprit ruffle, appliqued with a design of roses in black French lace. The bottom of the ruffle had an inch-wide edge of black French lace, and the same-headed the ruffle.



An occasional chiffon frock is still going about under a coat.

Red-topped boots are the fashionable footwear for autumn.

Dark, invisible plaid is a favorite choice for a separate skirt.

Tan gloves are still the choice hand-covering for street wear.

Gray or white furs are the best choice for wear with a gray suit.

The long paddock coat, such as moon wear, is being adopted by women.

Buckles of light shell and amber are a good deal used on the French hats.

The newest scarf for head and shoulders is of flowered radium silk.

More red hats than usual are abroad and they look better than ever.

A real lace purse with mounting of silver gilt makes a nice wedding present.

Gray veils are something of a novelty, when worn with hats of any color.

Beaver tricorns seem to be the thing to wear with the directoire coats.

Taffeta frocks will be worn throughout the winter under long redingotes of velvet.

Empire Teagown Negliges.

Empire effects are splendidly adapted to the teagown neglige.

With cashmeres and other soft wool materials, wide braids, showing silver or gilt threads, form the entire corslet.

In other instances, white cotton gimp produces a similar effect and display, a color note like that in the material of the gown.

Still a third yoke bolero is ornamental with an embroidered ruff in self-tone, a single orchid bloom worked in pale blue silk decorating the cape collar of pale blue crepe de chine robe and the points of the loose oriental sleeves.

Pretty Dress for Young Girl.

House of changeable taffeta forming a yoke, below which the fronts are

slightly gathered. The yoke forms a scalloped strap in front ornamented with gold buttons.

The sleeves, cut with epaulets, under which they are gathered, are finished with deep scalloped cuffs ornamented with gold buttons.

English Mince Meat.

Cook two pounds of lean meat in a little water until tender. Cool and chop or grind as finely as possible. Add one pound of finely shredded suet, four pounds of peeled, cored, and chopped apples, six cups of sugar, three pounds of currants, two pounds of seeded raisins, one grated nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of mace, the grated rind and juice of six oranges and two lemons, one-half cup of juice from any kind of preserve, four tablespoons of sweet pickle vinegar, and one tablespoon of salt.

Hints for Dressing Sacques.

Among the dressing sacques a new idea is a loose garment of china silk, accordion plaited and covered entirely with the "all-over" valenciennes lace mesh bordered by the edging.

The yoke has three lattice-work arrangements with half-inch ribbon, bunches of long and short ends of the ribbon decorating the front. This idea is carried out in long wrappers also—all etc.

Blue and Pink.

The French have not hesitated this year to bring blue into contact with pink—a combination we have not seen before in years, and very refreshing and beautiful and girlish it is.



Young girl's walking gown of red serge with strappings of the cloth. Red velvet turban with black feathers.

Black and white plaid with wide white braid edged with soutache.

Famous Health Resort

Davos, High Up Among Alpine Peaks, Has Ideal Climate for Consumptives

(Special Correspondence.)

Davos is a paradoxical sort of place. It is a high Alpine health resort for consumptives. Its climate is excellent and its weather unspeakably bad. It snows here all the twelve months round, but perhaps the worst of it is that sometimes it thaws. In the big spring thaw for a whole month every road has its pitfalls. Men and horses, be they never so wary, sink above the knees, founder, perhaps fall, and are lucky if they get off with a drenching.

Nevertheless, the "lying cure" goes on assiduously. This favorite remedy consists in invalids passing about six hours a day extended on couches in ornamental sheds. Sometimes men congregate in one shelter of this sort, sometimes women, sometimes a mixed company. Only newcomers feel shy at passing by a dozen or so of these tenanted beds in the open air.



Church at Davos.

In bad weather the snow blows in, and lies light and dry, on the rugs of the prone "cure guests." Men with wooden scoops push a passage through the fresh snow, that the thin, phthisical patients, who would be "kept in cotton wool" at home, may make their way with the earliest sunshine or before it to their particular beds out of doors.

A Sick Settlement.

In this sick settlement the snatches of talk heard in the street are astonishing.

"Yes, that poor lady died two hours ago. She lay just four yards above me! Another died in the garden house." "His temperature is 67.7 degrees to-day!" (Answer.) "Oh, come! That's first rate!" "The thick one is the ill one now," explained an enterprising German linguist.

My German acquaintance was illustrating the rule that "well people get sick and sick well" at Davos, and she pointed to the portly, suffering chaperon and the fragile convalescent, her charge, with the above recorded remark. This rule accounts for the fact that so many young people have had to be abandoned to their own devices here or recommended to the mercies of distant acquaintances. Their parents and natural guardians had had to fly the rigors of this famous climate.

Servants at Davos talk like doctors, and have eyes educated to the symptoms of tubercular complaints. A newcomer lamented that no one could sleep with such a ceaseless cough as was installed in the next room. A housemaid glibly ran off this information:

"The poor gentleman is only suffering from his journey here. The dust! The draughts! Still, he was evidently far gone at starting."

And the waitress, in answer to a question as to an absent diner, said:

"The beautiful Englishwoman has fever to-night—much fever! Ach, she is pretty severely ill. 'A pity for her two little children."

One Hears Much of Sport.

Some of the "short lambs" of Davos are bronzed and athletic. You hear much of sport here.

"On toboggan you can go faster than the Derby winner," says an enthusiast. "Why, from Davos-Kulm to Klosters must be more than five miles, and the race is run in four minutes, isn't it?"

"Do you often break your neck there?" mildly asks a stranger.

"Oh, hardly ever!" cried the first speaker, "Mrs. Brown broke her ribs, though."

If some are bronzed, or nearly black, or vividly red-faced, from the hot sun and the glare sent back by the snow, others are sallow, and half-transparent—mere skeletons. There is a whole army of dawdlers—invalids who have dragged through years of life up here! "poor things," eminently; but proud of themselves. Have they not walked shorter distances in longer time than any one else? Have they not outlived the seemingly robust?

Physicians, patients and mere passers-by are all agreed that the Davos climate makes for nightmare. Sleep is hard to find here, even if you skate, ski, sleigh, drive or dance; and, if found, it is broken. One sufferer tells of a grewsome company that came one night, gliding down a sunbeam, as he lay between waking and sleeping. To premise: He had been talking of his forefathers in that room; the house had been built some seven

years; the deaths in his quarters probably averaged three a year, and some one told the local legend of how any stout-hearted Davoser may see the figures of those who are going; to die in the coming twelvemonth if he will walk at midnight on New Year's eve by the River Landwasser, near the parish church. The moonlight fell across the room toward the door, and the sleeper's fascinated gaze was caught by a cloud-framed, colored oval gliding past the left side of his bed—gliding, gliding down the silvery beam! The oval drew to a picture. It was like the modern Pieta he had seen at Lugano, but in the place of the dead Christ lay a lovely girl. There was a mother, there was a youth and another woman's figure—bent with grief, all! Instead of upholding angels, there were rough Bunder peasants—undertakers' men. And

before he could fill his gaze with the group another pushed it away down the moonbeam. This time the central figure knew that he had died alone, for no mourners bent over his bier—only the mutes bore him along.



Chalet in Mountains.

Then there followed quickly young men, fair girls, middle-aged folk—some with loving attendants, some with professional nurses, some with only the rough funeral servants—so fast that, though he strained his eyes, he could see clearly each group but for one moment. And then, in error, he saw his own likeness—but up, right and alive! Would it pass out of the door? If so, the sleeper knew, with "that keener apprehension we have in our dreams than ever in our waking thoughts," as old Sir Thomas Browne put it, that he would go forth alive from Davos. He had the sick longing to live! Would that twenty-second vision never reach the door and cross the threshold?

The nightmare anguish of this doubt woke him. He sat up—the cold drops running down his forehead—in a room vacant but for the usual housefurnishings and a riot of moonbeams!

An American is reminded of a settlement in the Adirondacks by the unsymmetrical scatter of buildings that go to make up Davos. Here, a sanatorium; there, a great hotel; shops dotted about; many detached villas; all higgledy-piggledy—as would be

the flung down "land" of an angry card player!

It is the oddity of Davos that tickles. For example, I sat taking some refreshment at Davos-Dorf, opposite the quaint church there. Within a few minutes three light carts trotted merrily by. Each had a long, narrow burden, of the shape of fashionable woman's boxes or "portable wardrobes." These were wrapped in colored rugs, and all went to the little church.

"Strange luggage to take to that building," I remarked to the smart waitress.

She turned away with an "Ach!" I pressed for an explanation.

"They're coffins!" she sighed. "So many die in autumn at Davos! The bodies await burial in there. We cannot keep them in hotels, of course."



The SEASON'S GREETING

RESOLUTIONS for the New Year and sentiments for the holiday season, arranged in acrostic form by F. G. Moorhead from the works of Robert Louis Stevenson

AN aim in life is the only fortune worth the having; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.

MONEY, being a means of happiness, should make both parties happy; when it changes hands. Rightly disposed, it should be twice blessed in its employment.

EVERY piece of work which is not so good as you can make it should rise up against you in the court of your own heart, and condemn you for a thief.

RIGHT is that for which a man's central self is ever ready to sacrifice immediate or distant interests.

RIGHT is intimately dictated to each man by himself, but can never be rigorously set forth in language, and above all never imposed upon another.

YOU cannot run away from a weakness; you must fight it out or perish. And if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?

CULTURE is not measured by the greatness of the field which is covered by our knowledge, but by the nicety with which we can perceive relations in that field, whether great or small.

HE who can sit squarest on a three-legged stool, he it is who has the wealth and glory.

RIGHTEOUSNESS is to fuse together our divisive impulses and march with one mind through life.

If you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife.

SOCIETY was scarce put together and defended with so much eloquence and blood for the convenience of two or three millionaires and a few hundred other persons of wealth and position.

TO be a gentleman is to be one all the world over, and in every relation and grade of society. It is a high calling, to which a man must first be born and then devote himself for life.

MANNERS, like art, should be human and central.

AS the sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn.

SO long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable.

AFTER all, there is no house like God's out-of-doors.

NO man is useless while he has a friend.

DO what we will, there is always something made to our hand, if it were only our fingers.

A man cannot go very far astray who neither dishonors his parents, nor kills, nor commits adultery, nor steals, nor bears false witness; for these things, rightly thought out, cover a vast field of duty.

HOME is the woman's kingdom.

AAFTER a good woman and a good book and tobacco, there is nothing so agreeable on earth as a river.

PENURY is the worst slavery, and will soon lead to death.

PRACTICE is a more intricate and desperate business than the toughest theorizing; life is an affair of cavalry, where rapid judgment and prompt action are alone possible and right.

YET the dearest and readiest, if not the most just, criterion of a man's services is the wage that mankind pays him, or briefly, what he earns.

NATURE is a good guide through life, and the love of simple pleasures next, if not superior, to virtue.

ETRE et pas avoir—to be, not to possess—that is the problem of life.

WE must all set our pocket watches by the clock of fate.

YET, when all has been said, the man who would hold back from marriage is in the same case with him who runs away from battle.

EVERY man is his own doctor of divinity in the last resort.

A BRAVE woman far more readily accepts a change of circumstances than the bravest man.

RIGHT or wrong, this have I done, in unfeigned honor of intention, as to myself and God.

—From The Sunday Magazine.



Frost Claims His Own

"This is mine," said the old frost king; And he left his seal of white On the flowing vine by the wayside spring—

The flowers died last night.

"This mine, too," and his breath so chill As he touched the blades of grass In the nook at the foot of the maple tree—

The blades are crisp, alas!

"This is mine, too," and his breath so chill He breathed on the maple leaf; This morn it fell to the window sill Wrinkled and ere with grief.

"These are mine," and he chuckled gay As he opened the chestnut burrs. The nuts lie now where the squirrels play And the partridge drums and whirrs.

—New York Sun.

THE HERB OF PEACE

BY J. C. HUNTER

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From the wooded banks of the river the country gradually became treeless, a great grassy plain stretching to the horizon and in all this wide expanse there was not a spring of mint. There were spots alongside the river and its tributary brooks which should have been the abiding place of the herb; marshy lowlands the true habitat of mint, but the four winds either refused to bear the seeds or they died of hopeless nostalgia when they fell, for mint had been neither tasted nor smelled in Barlow. Those native to the place did not repine, they had never had its scent permeate their nostrils nor had the delicate touch of the mint julep rested upon their palates. William Duncan, of Maryland, and Henry Fargis, of Virginia, however, missed it sadly. While they held the two states on either side of the Potomac to be a special work of the Creator and possessing perfections that no other region might aspire to, they could not imagine a beneficent Providence denying any part of the world such a pre-requisite of human happiness as mint. It was especially annoying since ice cold springs abounded, sugar was readily obtainable and whiskey, legal or illegal, was in plenteous supply. It was the play of Hamlet with the mice on scene and minor actors all present and Hamlet absent.

Fargis and Duncan had been planters in their respective states and their fortunes having been marred by the Civil War they had emigrated to the Southwest and bought contiguous farms. They hated each other. The feud began as sometimes a great war begins—from trivial happenings. Fargis' hogs broke into Duncan's enclosure and damaged a crop. They were ejected, but so strong was the memory of the Duncan turp that they repeated the trespass and a hog was shot. Then Duncan's dog, oblivious of boundary lines trotted across a Fargis field and he was shot. The dog was valueless, indeed Mr. Duncan had sought to give him away a number of times, but violent hands laid upon his dog made his Maryland blood boil. A truculent message was sent to Fargis and one in the same tenor returned. Then the feud grew each day as a noxious weed does in height until the two farmers were bitter enemies.

Etiquette insisted that the feud should include the family and Mesdames Fargis and Duncan, loyal spouses, spoke not as they met but looked, the one at the other, out of the tail of their eyes as if they would have enjoyed a long chat especially in preserving season when the feminine mind sorely craves encouragement and counsel. Here the feud suddenly vanished for Tom Duncan, son of William, and Sallie Fargis, daughter of Henry, dearly loved each other. The method of love making they were obliged to pursue was rapidly making diplomatists of both, as neither dared allow the knowledge of their attachment to reach their respective parents and their meetings called for the skill and trail-hiding ability of an Indian scout. Nevertheless, they met at intervals but with a Lopelesse prospect of ever being more than lovers.

One soft April day when the trees



"I'd rather see my daughter sitting alongside a copperhead snake," had opened their buds to the caress of the warm south wind and the newly arrived birds were twittering of nest-making in their branches the two lovers, sitting on a recumbent tree in a copse, were alarmed by a heavy tread behind them, and turning looked into the angry eyes of Henry Fargis. "I don't know as any of the Duncan family has ever been invited to my place," he said, drawlingly. Tom Duncan was no coward, neither was he a fool. He gulped down his resentment at these inopportune

words. He did not care to burn all the bridges between himself and Sallie.

"I know, Mr. Fargis," he replied, "you and dad are not friends, but I've nothing against you and have never done you any harm."

"Yes, you have," retorted Fargis, "you are William Duncan's son and you exist. I'd rather see my daughter sitting alongside a copperhead snake than a man of the tribe of Duncan. You see that snake fence beyond the wheat field? That's the line fence between your father's ground and mine. You keep on his side of it."



Duncan's hand was at the throat of Fargus.

Come home, Sallie," and pointing with his cane to the fence he led his tearful daughter away.

In the ensuing three weeks the lovers managed to meet once and a sad meeting it was, for Sallie, amid tears, informed her lover that she was to be sent East—to Virginia, for an indefinite time. With that pessimism which is one of the extremes to which lovers are prone to fly they accepted it as a permanent separation and bemoaned accordingly.

Tom Duncan, mad with desire to confide in some one, told his trouble to his mother, and she retailed it to his father. Mr. Duncan fumed at white heat. With remarkable inconsistency he reviled Fargis for doing exactly what he would have done, for he would have most savagely refused his consent had his son sought permission to wed Fargis' daughter, and the fires of the feud were fanned to renewed brightness.

Back of the two farms was a stretch of woodland containing a depression through which ran a brook with marshy land on each side. As the most direct course to the village was through the wood a large tree hurled by the wind across this gully was utilized as a foot bridge. As William Duncan started across this bridge a few days after Tom's confidence to his mother, he beheld Henry Fargis place his foot on the other extremity. Courtesy and necessity both framed the law that the passenger on the bridge first had the right of way, as two could not pass, and Duncan strode forward. So did Fargis, until the two men stood midway glaring at each other.

"Go back," snarled Duncan. Fargis smiled derisively.

Duncan raised his hand and in an instant the two men, clinched, were precipitated some four feet to the soft loam. Duncan's hand was at the throat of Fargis, while that gentleman twisted at his enemy's collar. They struggled, breathing short, for several moments then Fargis' hold relaxed.

"Mint," he gurgled, "I smell mint." Duncan loosened his grip and sniffed the air.

"By the Lord, it is mint," he cried, "where is it?"

The two foes released each other and began crawling about in the marsh, sniffing like dogs seeking a trail.

"Here it is," shouted Fargis, "I was lying on it. A whole patch of it." Each man snatched a bunch and plunging his nose therein inhaled the perfume.

"Come," shouted Duncan, excitedly, "my house is nearer."

The spectacle of two mortal enemies hurrying towards the house, bespattered with mud and each bearing a green bunch of herbs aroused the curiosity of the Duncan homestead. Mrs. Duncan's wonder grew as evidence came from down stairs of the invasion of her pantry where the sugar and whiskey were kept and also at the sight of Henry Fargis making a spirited dash, pall in hand, for the spring behind the dairy. An incense

was shortly wafted up the stairs which caused her to sniff approvingly and murmur "mint." Her eyes, involuntarily, wandered to the window as if expecting to see, instead of the muddy river, the wide expanse of the Chesapeake Bay.

At ten p. m. Tom Duncan assisted Mr. Fargis to his home. At the door the old gentleman remarked: "Tom, my boy, you must come over and seee Shalle."

PROSPECTOR LEADS THE WAY.

Bears Rightful Title as Pioneer of the West.

The prospector is the real pioneer of the West; he blazed the trail for the railroad, for the merchant, the capitalist and the professional man; to him belongs the honor of the present condition of the mining industry. The prospector has made it possible for the making of the great fortunes of Haggin, Fair, Flood, Hearst, Daly and Clark. Where would the Comstock, Butte, Coeur d'Alene and other notable camps be, had it not been for the prospector and his burro? The life of the prospector is not a round of pleasure; he sleeps in the snow and rain as often as not; his fare is bacon and beans; dollars are few with him, yet he may be hunting for a new location for you to go to. When he asks you for a grub stake, help him out; his burro found the Bunker Hill and Sullivan; his rifle killed the mountain sheep that found and exposed the rich ores of the Ram's Horn mine; Comstock, the man who found the vein named after him, died a poor man, but he did more for his country than President Roosevelt has. Marcus Daly came to Butte with his blankets on his back, but he did more for Montana than John D. Rockefeller; W. A. Clark drove a bull team into Montana, placer mined in Deer Lodge and made a fortune, which he earned by hardships endured which the average Butte citizen would not care to go through. When Stratton found Cripple Creek he was a poor carpenter, said to be too lazy to work, but he paved the way for thousands to earn a livelihood and himself a fortune.—Butte Mining Review.

Are You Left-Eyed?

"Left-eyed people simply own the town these days," said an oculist. "If the prominence and importance of that optic continues to increase we shall one day be a left-eyed race. In more than half the patients I treat the left eye is already considerably larger than the right, it is brighter and it lasts longer. If you want to find out which eye is stronger try to read first with one then with the other unassisted by its mate. Nine times out of ten that test shows how much more useful the left-eye is than the right."

"I devoutly hope that I shall never lose either of my eyes, but if one has to go I just as devoutly hope that it will be the right. There was a time when the superstitious, and even specialists on eyes believed that only left-handed people were also left-eyed. That theory is now exploded. Overdevelopment of the left eye is in danger of becoming a disease, the peculiar effects of which are already apparent in many faces."

Large Enough.

Senator Foraker was talking about a politician whose erratic conduct had estranged him from his party.

"This man," said the Senator, "was showing a visitor over his new house in Washington the other day."

"He exhibited the large drawing-room, in white and gold; the spacious dining-room, in mahogany; the vast ebony hall, with its onyx pillars, and then he led his visitor into the little bit of a room off the hall—a mere cubby hole, containing but a table and two chairs."

"Not very large, eh?" he said.

"Small and cozy, isn't it? Here I entertain my political friends."

"Ah," said the visitor, "it will be large enough for that."

Modern Version.

The king had just opened his luscious pie and the birds began to sing.

"Ye crows," spoke the king, smacking his lips, "but this is a dainty dish. I shall eat until I cannot eat more."

But just then the court physician arrived.

"Hold on, your majesty," called the medical adviser, lifting his hand in warning, "you know I forbid you eating pastry of all kinds and limited your diet to health food." With a sigh the king closed up the pie and told the slaves to hand it out to some passing tramp.

Furniture Used by Napoleon.

When he returned to Washington recently Ambassador Von Sternberg brought a complete suite of drawing-room furniture that had adorned the rooms occupied by Napoleon in Leipzig. These treasures were bequeathed to the ambassador by a relative whose grandfather had owned the place where the Corsican elected to abide. The furniture is ancient Flemish and in the tapestry are woven mythological designs. The frames bear a gold design. A desk at which Napoleon wrote vigorous messages is part of the legacy.

Do it. If you have a debt to say, Say it. If you have a thing to pay, Pay it. If you're something less than men— Say that you are just a hen, With an egg to lay, why, then, Lay it. If you have a log to hew, Hew it. If there's something you should rue, Rue it. For all things beneath the sun Teach us this as on we run; If there's aught that should be done, Do it. Waterhouse in Sunset Magazine

Rejoice! It is New Year's Day!

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY GEORGE SEYMOUR

GIVE THANKS! GIVE THANKS! FOR ANOTHER NEW YEAR, HAS COME IN THE WAKE OF NIGHT
GIVE THANKS! GIVE THANKS! TO THE MIGHTY KING, THE MASTER OF MEN OF HIGH

GIVE THANKS! GIVE THANKS! FOR IT BRINGS GOOD CHEER; FROM THE LAND OF THE HO-LY LIGHT
GIVE THANKS! GIVE THANKS! LET EVERY HEART RING WITH SONGS OF THE YEAR GONE BY

REJOICE! REJOICE! ALL CHRISTIANS ON EARTH, DRIVE SORROW AND CARE A-WAY
REJOICE! REJOICE! ON LAND AND ON SEA, ALL SOULS IN PURE THOUGHT A-ARRAY

REJOICE! REJOICE! OER THE NEW YEAR'S BIRTH, REJOICE, IT IS NEW YEAR'S DAY
REJOICE! REJOICE! OF WORRY BE FREE REJOICE, IT IS NEW YEAR'S DAY

—New York Press.

Thousands of Centuries Re-Echo in the Blowing of Horns To-Day

Blowing of horns on occasions of joy and festivity has grown to be an established institution in the United States. Whether the custom as practiced is strictly in musical accord with the harmonious feelings of a people who in one voice indulge a celebration which affects all alike is another matter.

While the custom of horn blowing is growing, few of the old heads stop to think of its origin, and the youthful celebrant little dreams that it is all tradition; that in those reveling sounds which escape neither nook nor corner, left nor cellar, are the echoes re-echoed from thousands of centuries ago—that momentous period in the world's spiritual and material history when the blasts from the ram's horn (shophar) proclaimed from Mount Sinai the giving of the Ten Commandments to the end of time.

The first mention of it is in the Old Testament at the giving of the law:

And all the people saw the thunders, and the lightning, and the noise of the trumpet.—Exodus, xx:18.

As the sound of the horn signaled the giving of the law which was to lead mankind and stand for life's moral and spiritual obligations along the ages, the multitude bowed with feelings of awe and humility.

The sounds were new to the ears of the people who listened to their echoes along the mountain, wondering at the distant tone repetitions.

And when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off. And they said unto Moses, "Speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die."

The fear then in the hearts of the multitude was significant. They realized the import of the occasion, which had been signaled by the blasts of the horn. So, from the very first introduction of the instrument its sounds have generally had a significant meaning and purpose.

How well one can picture the scene at Mount Sinai when the people trembled and stood afar off when Moses bade them to fear not; that God had come to prove them and that his fear might be before their faces that they sin not.

The sounding of the horn on an occasion so prolific with divinely potent incidents naturally brought the instrument into use and prominence during special spiritual exercises and celebrations, but later its brazen notes were heard in time of war.

They were also heard in times of extreme jubilation and in the temples of the Jews on their days of rejoicing and on the day of atonement.

In Leviticus, xxv: 9, is found the following:

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land.

And even in this age of "advanced thought," the Jew, following commandment and the voice of tradition assembles in his temple to hear the sound from the shophar.

What effect must such tones issuing from a holy place have upon the hearer? They are not musical sounds, for their loud, piercing notes, with no range or compass, have never been found adaptable to concerted music.

But is this description not exactly and strangely in accord with the tones from the modern horn, the horn with which the jubilant man and youth, woman and girl, of this period give vent to their joy at the birth of the Christian new year?

Try as you will, you can get nothing but a piercing, shrill or inharmonious tone from the tin instrument and like the ancient shophar, its tones are unmusical, having neither range or compass. If needed for such a purpose, however, its blasts from the summit of Twin Peaks would summon a multitude that would comport itself according to the import of the occasion.

In Numbers, chapter xxxix: 1, we find an injunction as to the use of the trumpet.

Therein the people are commanded on the first day of the seventh month to hold "an holy convocation," to do no servile work, it being "a day of blowing of trumpets unto you"—a feast of the trumpets.

Here is demonstrated the giving up of all labor and indulging the tones of the shophar as heard in the synagogues to this day on a like festival.

The skeptic may say that to-day's outpourings of joy lack thought, are indulged without the slightest religious sentiment, have no relationship with the very same movements and same trumpetings that characterized the day when the law was given from Mount Sinai, those periods when joy and victory and holy festival influenced the early peoples of the earth.

Who will say that there is no feeling of thankfulness in the hearts of the nation when, with horn blowing and flags waving, it gives vent to its joy over victory or any great national event?

The ancient New Year's service, observed in the synagogues even at this period, is considered one of the most impressive in the Jewish liturgy. It is composed of three parts, which, respectively, to the sovereignty, justice and mercy of God, and as each part is concluded the shophar is sounded from the pulpit.

The first part, "Malchoth," proclaims God the universal king.

The second part, "Zichronoth," emphasizes that God remembers the work of the world and visits all creatures and that "nothing remains concealed from his eyes."

The last part, "Shopheroth," speaks of the scriptural shophar, and especially as it is connected with the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, when its tones were first heard, and also with reference to the time when the "great trumpet" will be sounded "to declare the universal triumph of liberty and religion."

In a poem sermon founded on passages from the Talmud, by the Rev. Isidore Myers, B. A., in Montreal in 1897 (5657 Jewish year), the following occurs:

What solemn thoughts each blast compels! At every sound our bosom swells; Our soul is stirred by every note That issues from the shophar's throat.

The first, which "Malchoth" is named, In which God's sovereignty's proclaimed, Commemorates a fact sublime— Recalls to mind creation's prime.

When God, creating out of nought, This world into existence brought— This universe by wisdom planned— And framed by His Almighty hand— Whose order, beauty, harmony, We everywhere can plainly see; Whose every part, below above, The impress bears of gracious love, The shophar's voice does first record The coronation of the Lord.

Thus, from its first mention up to the present period, has the shophar been given the most profound and grave consideration.

Besides the sounding of the horn in the hour of religious and joyous festival it was brought into use in time of war to summon and assemble the army, and in this respect it is first mentioned in Judges, iii:27:

And it came to pass, when he came, that he blew a trumpet in the mountain of Ephraim, and the children of Israel went down with him from the mount, and he before them.

Subsequent verses relate the defeat of 10,000 lusty men and the downfall of Moab, most resembling the bloody conflicts of later centuries, sans machinery of modern warfare.

And here we find the horn brought into military use, which is a long step from its initial requirements, when it served to bring the people together to hear the law read amid the thundering and lightning and darkness which after prevailed and filled the assembled multitude with awe and fear.

After all, in comparing the past with the present there seems but the difference in the manufacture, design and manipulation of material and the advantages in these times of having more powerful and more scientific implements with which to annihilate a foe. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything could be more effective on a modern battlefield than the slaying of 10,000 valiant men, as was done by the Israelites who answered the shophar's call to arms.

The shophar has been utilized in other than times of law-giving and war, for it is told in Isaiah xxviii:13:

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem.

The prophet foretold that the shophar should announce the recall of the people from exile. Therefore it is seen how, stride by stride, the shophar, the horn or trumpet grew in use and favor and need in the world's earliest period.

Its sounds were welcomed by those to whom the law was handed down, its notes were and are maintained by one denomination to voice the anniversary of God's coronation.

By that same people its sound is resorted to as an alarm or warning of the approach of the day of atonement and that they should review the actions of the past year and prepare to become reconciled to God by means of confession to him of their sins and promise of amendment.

One other reason for the blowing of the shophar, even at this period, is to emphasize to the Jewish community the conviction that the time will come when the shophar will announce, according to the word of the prophet, a universal freedom when all oppression and tyranny shall vanish and the reign of absolute liberty will be manifested throughout the world.

MADE IT A DIFFERENT CASE.

Nuisance Turned Out Largely a Matter of Ownership.

Mrs. Russell Sage is one of the most active workers in the movement to abolish the docking of the tails of horses.

In a discussion of this movement she said recently:

"If the horses already docked were put out of the way we should have no trouble in putting a stop to docking forever. But many persons, advocates of our movement in the past, no sooner buy a pair of showy carriage horses with docked tails than they desert us and go over to the enemy."

She smiled sadly. "It is the old story," she said. "White owned a dog, Black, who lived next door, came to him and said:

"Look here. That dog of yours howls so much at night that my wife and I are going mad for want of sleep." "Is that so?" said White. "I hadn't noticed his howling. I think you must be mistaken."

"A week passed and Black came home one day with the objectionable dog on a string."

"I have bought this cur," he told his wife. "I have bought it from White and I am going to chloroform it."

"Another week and White, the dog's former owner, said to Black: "You haven't chloroformed that dog yet, have you?"

"Why, no not yet," Black answered. "The fact is we have grown rather fond of the critter, he is so playful and affectionate."

"But doesn't his barking annoy you?" White asked.

"No, I haven't noticed it," said Black.

"Well," White grumbled, "I can't sleep for that brute's continual howling."

Mrs. Sage smiled again.

"In the case of ourselves it is one thing; in the case of others it is a different matter," she said.

Love for the Old Home.

Mankind is nomadic, and while the sweetest poetry in the language is inspired by the old home, the monumental work in the world has been accomplished in the main by those who left the parental roof to pursue elsewhere the quest for fortune, fame and high success. Nevertheless, the love for the old home abides. The reunion of those who remain and those who have departed is an occasion that will stir the pulse of any community in which such a soulful event takes place. The pretty announcement was made by a newspaper in a little New England town which was about to celebrate its old home week that "the Jones boys have arrived and Charles will preach in the Presbyterian church on Sunday." A little waif of news like that revives old times and pays for all the preparation of "old home week."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Surplusage.

Owen Wister, the novelist, was criticizing the work of a literary beginner.

"Now, here," said Mr. Wister, slashing his blue pencil through an entire manuscript page, "there is arant surplusage and surplusage. In what way do these 400 words help your story?"

"In no way. On the contrary, they hinder, they impede it. These written words are mere surplusage, as so many of our spoken words are mere surplusage. They resemble the useless questions that we ask."

"A man stood before a mirror in his room, his face lathered, and an open razor in his hand.

"His wife came in. She looked at him and said: "Are you shaving?"

"The man, a foe to surplusage, replied fiercely: "No, I am blacking the kitchen range. Where are you—out driving or at a matinee?"

Look for Action from Senator.

According to general belief, Mr. Knox of Pennsylvania does not mean to be a silent member of the United States senate at the coming session. As a rule newcomers are rather expected to keep in the background for a time, but Senator Knox is tacitly booked to take a leading part in discussion of the railroad rate measure. For many years Pennsylvania senators have almost confined themselves to committee activity. The camerons, father and son, were silent men, and so to a great extent was Mr. Quay. Mr. Penrose, too, rarely opens his lips, so the spectacle of a Pennsylvania senator active in debate will be somewhat of a novelty.

The Old-Time Fireplace. "The stoves an' the steam-heat 'git" ma. These wearisome wintry days! Gimme the old-time chimney. The back-log an' the blaze! I want to sit where the oak-fire gleams, An' tell old stories, an' dream old dreams!

The steam-heat—it says nuthin'! The stove hides dreams from sight; But the flames of the open fire Sing songs of a winter night! Settin' there, where the bright light streams, I tell old stories, an' dream old dreams!

Youth comes back with its roses As I dream by the fireside late, The face of the old-time sweetheart In the starlight at the gate— Old-times—old loves, in the firelight gleams— The old, sweet story—the old sweet dreams!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Under Arrest, but Unguarded.

While Gen. Brugere, commander of the French army, was under fifteen days' arrest in Paris he was not permitted to leave his quarters on any pretext except to transact official business at the war office, might not wear his sword and could receive no visitors. But in consideration of his high rank no sentry was placed over him.

JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders," etc.
(Copyright, 1898, 1900, by S. R. Crockett.)

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"I have it!" said he at last, with his eyes on the misty plain of night, with its twinkling pin-points of fire which were the watchfires of the enemy.

The three men stirred a little to indicate attention, but did not speak. "Listen," he said, "and do not interrupt. You must deliver me up. I am the cause of war—I, the Duchess Joan. Hear you! I have a husband who makes war because I content his bed and board. He has summoned the Muscovite to help him to woo me. Well, if I am to be given up, it is for us to stipulate that the armies be withdrawn, first beyond the Alla, and then as far as Courtland. I will go with them; they will not find me out—at least, not till they are back in their own land."

"What matter?" cried Balta. "They would return as soon as they discovered the cheat."

"Let us sink or swim together," said Hussite George. "We want no talk of surrender!"

But grey, dry Alt Pikker said nothing, weighing all with a judicial mind. "No, they would not come back," said the Sparhawk; "or, at worst, we would have time—that is, you would have time—to revictual Kernsburg, to fill the tanks and reservoirs, to summon in the hillmen. They would soon learn that there had been no Joan within the city but the one they had carried back with them to Courtland. Plassenburg, slow to move, would have time to bring up its men to protect its borders from the Muscovite. All good chances are possible if only I am out of the way. Surrender me, but by private treaty, and not till you have seen them safe across the fords of the Alla!"

"Nay, God's truth!" cried the three, "that we will not do! They would kill you by slow torture as soon as they found out that they had been tricked."

"Well," said the Sparhawk slowly, "but by that time they would have been tricked."

Then Alt Pikker spoke in his turn—"Men," he said, "this Dane is a man—a better than any of us. There is wisdom in what he says. Ye have heard in church how priests preach concerning One who died for the people. Here is one ready to die—if no better may be—for the people!"

"And for our Duchess Joan!" said the Sparhawk, taking his hat from his head at the name of his lady.

"Our Lady Joan! Ay, that is it!" said the old man. "We would all gladly die in battle for our lady. We have done more—we have risked our own honor and her favor in order to convey her away from these dangers. Let the boy be given up; and that he go not alone without fit attendance, I will go with him as his chamberlain."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Greeting of the Princess Margaret.

They were making terms concerning treaty of delivery thus: "When the last Muscovite has crossed the Alla, when the men of Courtland stand ready to follow—then, and not sooner, we will deliver up our Lady Joan. For this we shall receive from you, Louis, Prince of Courtland, fifty hogshead of wine, six hundred wagonloads of good wheat, and the four great iron cannon now standing before the Stralsund Gate. This all to be completed before we of Kernsburg hand our Lady over."

"It is a thing agreed," answered Louis of Courtland, who longed to be gone, and, above all, to get his Muscovite allies out of his country. For not only did they take all the best of everything in the field, but, like locusts, they spread themselves over the rear, carrying plunder and rapine through the territories of Courtland itself, treating it, indeed, as so much conquered country, so that men were



The arms of the Princess Margaret were about her neck.

daily deserting his colors in order to go back to protect their wives and daughters from the Cossacks of the Don and the Strelitz of Little Russia. Moreover, he wanted that proud wench, his wife. Without her as his prisoner, he dared not go back to his capital city. He had sworn an oath before the people. For the rest, Kernsburg itself could wait. Without a head it would soon fall in, and, besides, he flattered himself that he would sway and influence the Duchess, when he once had her safe in his place by the mouths of Alla, that he would repent her folly, and at no distant day sit knee by knee with him

on his throne of state in the audience hall when the suitors came to plead concerning the law.

And even his guest Prince Ivan was complaisant, standing behind Louis's chair and smiling to himself.

"Brother of mine," he would say, "I came to help you to your wife. It is your own affair how you take her and what you do with her when you get her. For me, as soon as you have her safe within the summer palace, and have given me, according to promise, my heart's desire, your sister Margaret, so soon will I depart for Moscow. My father, indeed, sends daily posts praying my instant despatch, for he only waits my return to launch a host upon his enemy the King of Poland."

And Prince Louis, reaching over the arm of his chair, patted his friend's small, sweet-scented hand, thanked him for his most unselfish and generous assistance.

Thus the league of Hohenstein attained its object. Prince Louis had not, it is true, stormed the heights of Kernsburg as he had sworn to do. He had, in fact, left behind him to the traitors who delivered their Duchess a large portion of his stores and munitions of war. Nevertheless, he returned proud in heart to his capital city. For in the midst of his most faithful body of cavalry rode the young Duchess Joan, Princess of Courtland, on a white Neapolitan barb, with reins that jingled with silver bells and roses of ribbon on the bosses of her harness.

No indignity had been offered to her. Indeed, as great honor was done her as was possible in the circumstances. Prince Louis had approached and led her by the hand to the steed which awaited her at the fords of the Alla. The soldiers of Courtland elevated their spears and the trumpets brayed a salute. Then, without a word spoken, her husband had bowed and withdrawn as a gentleman should. Prince Ivan then approached, and on one knee begged the privilege of kissing her fair hand.

The captive Princess spoke not at all, as was indeed natural and fitting. A woman conquered does not easily forgive those who have humbled her pride. She talked little even to Alt Pikker, and then only apart. The nearest guide, who had been chosen because of his knowledge of German, could not hear a murmur. With bowed head and eyes that dwelt steadily on the undulating mane of her white barb, Joan swayed her graceful body and compressed her lips like one captured but in no wise vanquished. And the soldiers of the army of Courtland (those of them who were married) whispered one to another, noting her demeanor. "Our good Prince is—but at the beginning of his troubles; for, by Brunhild, did you ever see such a wench? They say she can engage any two fencers of her army at one time!"

"Her eye is like a rapier thrust," whispered another. "Just now I went near her to look, and she arched an eyebrow at me, no more, and lo! I went cold as my marrow as if I felt the blue steel stand out at my back-bone."

"It is the hunger and the anger that have done it," said another; "and, indeed, small wonder! She looked not so pale when I saw her ride along Courtland Street the day to the Don—the day she was to be married. Her face was like that of any saint in chapel when the sun shines through the stained glass in the western windows. Then her eyes did not pierce you through, but instead they shone with their own proper light and were very gracious."

"A strange wench, a most strange wench," responded the first, "so soon to change her mind."

"Ha!" laughed his companion, "little doubt of that! Besides, is she not a princess? and wherefore should our Prince's wife not change her mind?"

They entered Courtland, and the flags flew gaily as on the day of wedding. The drums beat, and the populace drank from spigots that foamed red wine. Then the Prince Louis came, with hat in hand, and begged that the Princess Joan would graciously allow him to ride beside her through the streets. He spoke respectfully, and Joan could only bow her head in acquiescence.

Thus they came to the courtyard of the palace, the people shouting behind them. There, on the steps, gowned in white and gold, with bare head overruled with hennets, stood the Princess Margaret among her women. And at sight of her the heart of the false princess gave a mighty bound, as Joan of the Sword Hand drew her hood closer about her face and tried to remember in what fashion a lady dismounted from her horse.

"My lady," said Prince Louis, standing hat in hand before her barb, "I commit you to the care of my sister, the Princess Margaret, knowing the ancient friendship that there is between you. She will speak for me, knowing all my will, and being also herself shortly contracted in marriage to my good friend, Prince Ivan of Muscovy. Open your hearts to each other, I pray you, and be assured that no evil or indignity shall befall one whom I admire as the fairest of women and honor as my wedded wife!"

Joan made him no answer, but leaped from her horse without waiting for the hand of Alt Pikker, which many thought strange. In another moment the arms of the Princess Margaret were about her neck, and

that impulsive princess was kissing her heartily on cheek and lips, talking all the while.

"Quick! Let us get in from all these staring, stupid men. You are to lodge in my palace so long as it lists you. My brother hath promised it. Where are your women? Let them come and untire you speedily!"

"I have no women," said Joan, in a low voice, blushing meanwhile; "they would not accompany a poor betrayed prisoner from Kernsburg to a prison cell!"

"Prison cell, indeed! You will find that I have a very comfortable dungeon ready for you! Come—my maids will assist you! Hasten—pray do make haste!" cried the impetuous little lady, her arm close about the tall Joan.

"I thank you," said the false bride, with some reluctance, "but I am well accustomed to wait on myself."

"Indeed, I do not wonder," cried the ready Princess; "maids are vexatious creatures, well called 'firewomen.' But come—see the beautiful rooms I have chosen for you! They were once my brother Conrad's, and quite near mine."



"Got wot," she murmured; "strange things to hear, indeed!"

creatures, well called 'firewomen.' But come—see the beautiful rooms I have chosen for you! They were once my brother Conrad's, and quite near mine."

And she took her friend by the hand and with a light-hearted, skipping motion conveyed her to her summer palace, kissed her again at the door, and shut her in with another imperious adjuration to be speedy.

"I will give you a quarter of an hour," she cried, as she lingered a moment; "then I will come to hear all your story, every word, and you must take a long time in the telling. There will be so many strange things to tell, and I can hardly wait a moment longer to hear them."

Then the false Princess, her heart beating wildly and the thrill of Margaret's last caressing touch yet on her lips, staggered rather than walked to a chair, for brain and eye were reeling.

"God wot," she murmured; "strange things to hear, indeed! Sweet lady, you little know how strange! This is ten thousand times a straiter place to be in than when I played the Count von Loen. Ah, women, women, what you bring a poor, innocent man to!"

And so, without unhooking her cloak or throwing back the hood, this sadly bewildered bride sat down and tried to select any hopeful line of action out of the whirling chaos of her thoughts.

And even as she sat there a knock came sharply at the door.

(To be continued.)

LANGUAGE UP TO DATE.

Man Deplores the Growing Use of Senseless Slang These Days.

"I'm not opposed to the idioms of speech, providing they are expressive," said the senior member of a stock-broking firm, of Philadelphia to the Record, "but I certainly do deplore the growing use of senseless slang. I may be old-fashioned in my fears, but I predict that the time will come when pure English will be as unintelligible to the so-called 'up-to-date' people as a foreign language. I'll give you an example. Last week the son of an old friend of mine came to see me regarding some investments. I had met him only once, but this was the way he greeted me: 'Hello, governor; I've been tipped that you're the main squeeze in this layout, and I want you to brush me up on the game. I'm shouting that I'd be willing to cough a few cases if you put me wise to a lead-secure thing. I've been bucking the ponies, and the con artists certainly trimmed me to a finish. No mire for mine. I want to stack up against a kid-glove layout where there's a chance to oop out some simoleons.' I didn't know what he meant, and, excusing myself, called out my stenographer. This is the way she translated it: 'Good morning; I understand you are the head of this concern, and I seek advice. I wish to say that I will gladly pay a commission of a few dollars for advice regarding a safe investment. I have been risking my money on horse races and the bookmakers cheated me so outrageously that you may be certain I will never again gamble in that way. What I seek is a respectable channel of speculation where there is an opportunity to make money.'"

Indication of Employment.

Nell—I imagine he's an electrical expert.

Belle—Why?

Nell—She uses such shocking language.

Wife From Experience.

Meeks—The man who tries to change a woman's views is a fool.

Weeks—How do you know?

Meeks—My wife told me so.—Stray Stories.



WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST; THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

ONE WORKING DAY FOR US ALL.

To-day the Only Period for Which We Are Accountable.

The coming year will have 365 days in its calendar, but really will have only one working day, and that is called "To-day." That is all you will be accountable for; none but a fool lives in to-morrow. Serve your Master by the day. Each four and twenty hours brings its own duties to be done, its own loads to be carried, and its own progress to be made heavenward. There never was a Christian yet strong enough to carry to-day's duties with to-morrow's worries piled on the top of them. Take short views, and never try to climb walls until you get to them, or to cross a bridge until you reach it. Begin every day with Jesus Christ, and then, keeping step with him, march on to duty over the roughest road that lies before you, and in the teeth of the hardest head wind you may encounter. "My times are in thy hands," and they could not be in better hands. Our times are in our all-wise and all-loving Father's hands, both for control and for concealment. He takes care of us, and yet we can not tell just what to-morrow or the next year will bring forth.

Facing the New Year.

A new year is upon us, with new duties, new conflicts, new trials, and new opportunities. Start on the journey with Jesus—to walk with him, to work for him, and to win souls to him. A happy year will it be to those who through every path of trial, or up every hill of difficulty, or over every sunny height, march on in closest fellowship with Jesus, and who will determine that, come what may, they have Christ every day.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

Children's Day in Russia.

In Russia New Year's is especially the children's day. Among the peasants the old-time frolics and games are renewed. It is a practice among the boys to arm themselves with a supply of shelled wheat and dried peas and to go from house to house in the small hours of the morning. They present themselves unbidden in a neighbor's house, where the doors are always unlocked, and pelt him with wheat or peas till he offers cakes or fruit as a truce.

The Closing Year

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the wind The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell Of the departed year. No funeral train Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood, With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest, Like a pale spotless shroud; the air is stirred, As by a mourner's sigh; and on you cloud, That floats so still and placid through heaven, The spirits of the seasons seem to stand, Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form, And Winter, with his aged locks, and breathes In mournful cadences, that come abroad Like the far windharp's wild and touching wail, A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year, Gone from the earth forever. 'Tis a time For memory and for tears. Within the deep, Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim, Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold And solemn finger to the beautiful And holy visions that have pass'd away, And left no shadow of their loveliness On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts The coffin lid of hope, and joy, and love, And, bending mournfully above the pale Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow, Its shadows in each heart. In its swift course It waded its scepter o'er the beautiful, And they are not. It laid its pallid hand Upon the strong man, and the haughty form Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim. It trod the hall of revelry, where throng'd The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song And reckless about resounded. It pass'd o'er The battle plain, where sword and spear and shield

Flash'd in the light of midday—and the strength Of serried hosts is shiver'd, and the grass, Green from the soil of carnage, waves above The crush'd and mouldering skeleton. It came And faded like a wreath of mist at eve; Yet, ere, it melted in the viewless air, It heralded its millions to their home In the dim land of dreams. Remorseless Time—Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power Can stay him in his silent course, or melt His iron heart to pity? On, still on He presses, and forever. The proud bird, The condor of the Andes, that can soar Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave The fury of the northern hurricane, And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home, Furis his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down To rest upon the mountain crag—But Time Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness, And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear To heaven their bald and blackened cliff, and bow Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise Gathering the strength of hoary centuries And rush down like the Alpine avalanche, Startling the nations; and the very stars, Yon bright and burning blazonry of God, Glitter awhile in their eternal depths, And, like the Pleiades, loveliest of their train, Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away To darkle in the trackless void—yet Time—Time, the tomb builder, holds his fierce career Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path, To sit and muse, like other conquerors, Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought!

—George D. Prentiss

GREAT DAY FOR THE ROMANS.

Right Beginning of New Year Meant for Them Success.

No nation has ascribed so much importance to the beginning of things as the Roman. To that people there was a magical connection between a right beginning and success. To them New Year's day was the day of days. It was the anniversary of the founding of the city of Rome, which they considered the greatest event in the world's history. They called the first month of the year January in honor of Janus, the god of doors and beginnings. (The world still uses a heathen calendar.) At dawn of the new year the people, robed in white, sacrificed elaborate offerings to their gods, especially to Janus. Fraternal greetings, benevolent gifts and exchanges of costly presents marked the day. All evil-speaking, quarrels or excesses were for one day laid aside and the ideals for a nobler future were brought to mind by parables enacted in public places. The soldiers renewed their vows of loyalty to Caesar and put on new uniforms.

The Animals' Season Greetings.

The action and voices of domestic animals on New Year's day are said to be more significant than any other omens.

A dog's cheerful bark in the morning is a most auspicious sign, while his howl is very unfavorable. To meet the cat on the morn of the New Year is considered by people in the Latin countries as a sign that they will change their residence, and it also betokens ill for the future.

Throughout southern Europe it is regarded as a most fortunate sign to see a pig, signifying plenty for the coming twelve months.

The sight of a snake is considered to be the worst conceivable omen, for it means death by violence. To see a jackdaw, magpie, or crow is a sign that the beholder will be cheated on all sides during the following year.

Land of Many Tongues.

An American tourist who traveled through Hungary last summer in his automobile says that he found the signboards in German, Magyar, Italian, Slavonian and Turkish. Preference was given to none.

THE COUPON BELOW IS GOOD FOR \$1.00 IF SENT AT ONCE.

It Is Wrong for You to Neglect Your Duty to Yourself—Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Troubles Grow More Dangerous Daily.

There is now a remedy called **Mull's Grape Tonic** that cures these troubles absolutely.

A full sized bottle is furnished you free to prove it—see coupon below.

Have you noticed the large number of cases of Typhoid Fever lately? Typhoid Fever, Malaria, Fever, Appendicitis, Impure Blood, Pimples, Skin Diseases, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Piles, Female Troubles, etc., are the result of Constipation.

Don't allow it to run on without proper treatment. Mull's Grape Tonic cures Constipation, Bowel and Stomach trouble in a new way, different from any other, and it is permanent.

Alcoholic, opium and morphine preparations are injurious and dangerous. They destroy the digestive organs, and literally tear the system to pieces.

Mull's Grape Tonic strengthens and builds them up. It cleanses the system of impurities, incites the digestive system to natural action, and cures the disease in a short time. To prove it to you, we will give you a bottle free if you have never used it.

Good for ailing children and nursing mothers. A free bottle to all who have never used it because we know it will cure you.

COUPON.

139 GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR 139-5

Send this coupon with your name and address and your order for Mull's Grape Tonic, to pay postage and we will supply you a sample free, if you have never used Mull's Grape Tonic. If you have used it, send us a certificate good for \$1.00 toward the purchase of one. Do not allow it to expire.

Mull's Grape Tonic Co., 148 Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Get Full Address and Write Plainly. 50 cent, 50 cent and \$1.00 bottles at all druggists. The \$1.00 bottle contains about six times as much as the 50 cent bottle and about three times as much as the 25 cent bottle. There is a great saving in buying the \$1.00 size.

The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.

Left to Inference. "Well, good-by for three years," said the criminal lawyer to his client, who had just been sentenced.

"Oh, no, not that long," answered the prisoner.

"Expect a pardon?"

"No."

"Going to break out?"

"No."

A thoughtful expression was observed to settle upon the countenance of the criminal lawyer.

Among the 50 or more articles in the December number of "The Business Man's Magazine," Detroit, Mich., are "The Small Dealer vs. the Department Store," "Collecting Information for Retail Credits," "Cash or Credit," "Credit Information," several articles on accounting, and a short story. The magazine claims an addition of 2,182 names to its subscription list in one day recently.

The secret of many a man's success is an affable manner, which makes everybody feel easy in his presence, dispels fear and timidity, and calls out the finest qualities in one's nature.—Success Magazine.

Israel Zangwill, writer, lecturer, dramatist and supporter of Zionism, has written for the January "Century" a short story of New York East-side cafe life, called "The Yiddish Hamlet."

Acquiring Knowledge. Miss Jenkins—My son writes that he is at the head of his class at college.

Mrs. Jones—O, the freshman class, isn't it?

Mrs. Jenkins—No, he calls it the "welter-weight."

Climax. Knicker—Does your wife do the cooking when Bridget leaves?

Bocker—Yes, I merely jump out of the frying pan into the chafing dish.

A Heavy Load to Carry. Along with dyspepsia comes nervousness and general ill-health. Why? Because a disordered stomach does not permit the food to be properly digested, and its products assimilated by the system.

The blood is charged with poisons which come from this disordered digestion, and in turn the nerves are not fed on good, red blood, and we see symptoms of nervousness, sleeplessness and general breakdown. It is not head work, nor over physical exertion that does it, but poor stomach work.

With poor stomach, thin blood, the body is not protected against the attack of germs of grip, bronchitis and consumption. Fortify the body at once with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Discovery—a rare combination of native medicinal roots without a particle of alcohol or dangerous habit-forming drugs.

A little book on extracts from prominent medical authorities extolling every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will be mailed free to any address, see symptoms of nervousness, sleeplessness and general breakdown. It is not head work, nor over physical exertion that does it, but poor stomach work.

It is not a patent medicine nor a secret cure. This fact puts it in a class with all the best medicines. It is not a secret cure. This fact puts it in a class with all the best medicines.

MINERS ASK OPERATORS FOR JOINT CONFERENCE

Workers Seek Recognition of Union and Conciliation Board to Be in Session Continuously.

Philadelphia, Pa., dispatch: President John Mitchell of the United Mineworkers' union has communicated with the presidents of the anthracite coal producing companies in regard to the demand the miners will make for the continuance of work in the hard coal fields.

It is understood the letter is in regard to holding a conference between the committee representing the United Mineworkers and the operators. As to what the operators will do it has not definitely been decided upon.

Besides asking for an eight-hour day there are also to be presented other demands. The most important and one that if adopted will mean the complete recognition of the union is the request that an entire new conciliation board be formed, one that will always be in session and will go from place to place to settle disputes. This request will meet with considerable opposition from the operators.

The proposed new board is to be composed of three members representing the miners and the same number representing the operators and a seventh member to be chosen by the other six.

WOMAN DIES OF BROKEN HEART

Pathologist Decides Grief Over Husband's Desertion Killed Her.

New York dispatch: Dr. Philip O'Hanlon, coroner's physician, was called to the morgue Monday afternoon to perform an autopsy upon the body of a woman who dropped dead on the doorstep of a butcher shop at 575 Tenth avenue in the early morning. The pathologist found that she had died of a broken heart. Technically her death resulted from the bursting of one of the ventricles of her heart, a rare cause of death.

While Dr. O'Hanlon, who had prepared thousands of autopsies in the past ten years, was discussing the unusual case, people from Tenth avenue visited the morgue and identified the body as that of Mrs. Mary McCord, 60 years old, who lived at 399 Tenth avenue with her husband up to a few weeks ago, when the neighbors declared her husband deserted her.

Mrs. McCord brooded over her plight and was dependent. Monday her heart broke and her suffering ended.

FATHER IS KILLED BY HIS SON

Defends Mother When Quarrelsome Parent Attacks Her.

Philadelphia, Pa., dispatch: Defending his mother against her quarrelsome husband, Joseph Pollock, aged 22 years, of 188 West Cumberland street, struck his father a blow in the face which resulted in his death. William Pollock, the husband, who had been drinking, was called to Christmas dinner by his wife. He became angry because his sleep had been disturbed and was in the act of striking his wife when the son stopped the blow.

This interference enraged the husband, who struck the son and the latter retaliated by hitting his father. The elder Pollock fell backward and sustained a fracture of the skull by his head striking the kitchen stove. He died on the way to a hospital. The son has been arrested charged with murder and his mother is held as a witness. Another son, who is a lay preacher, was absent from home conducting a Christmas entertainment.

MEDAL OF HONOR FOR HEROISM

George Poell of Grand Island, Neb., Saves Life of Child.

Grand Island, Neb., special: George Poell, county clerk-elect of this county, has received a letter from President Roosevelt conveying to him the information that the first medal of honor given under the act of congress, approved Feb. 23, 1905, had been awarded to him for conspicuous bravery in saving the life of a child at the risk of his own and expressing warm commendation for the deed. Mr. Poell, who was a locomotive fireman, ran alongside his engine to the pilot and snatched a little child from the track, saving it from harm but he himself fell under the engine, losing a leg and being otherwise badly injured.

ANTHRACITE SITUATION IN AIR

Board of Conciliation Holds Lengthy Meeting Without Results.

Philadelphia, Pa., dispatch: The anthracite board of conciliation met in the offices of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway company Friday but did not reach a decision on any of the questions taken up. So far as can be learned the recent convention of the miners was not touched upon by any of those present, and none of the participants would discuss the situation. It is rumored that the miners' special committee has sent a communication to the operators.

Child Is Scalded to Death.

Michigan City, Ind., dispatch: Hot coffee caused the death of the 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Lafcke. The child pulled a coffee pot from the stove and she was horribly burned about the face and arms.

Saloon-Keeper Is Killed.

Rockford, Ill., dispatch: Gottlieb Arnold, a saloon-keeper, was shot and killed and David A. Fuller, a carpenter, seriously wounded by an unknown man who tried to rob Arnold's saloon.

It is the state of Ar-kan-saw, but it is the Arkansas river.

FARM MISCELLANY

Our Expanding Agriculture.

Never before in the history of the world has the agriculture of a nation expanded so rapidly and to such an extent as has the agriculture of the United States in the past few decades. Even the men that were most enthusiastic in their prophecies were not able to foresee the great strides that American agriculture was to make in this generation in which we live.

Within the lifetime of men still living this whole western country was a trackless wilderness so far as the work of the plow or of the agriculturist was concerned. This vast country is now filled with the wealth of agriculture in a thousand forms. It is an inspiring sight in the summer time to stand in any road running through the corn belt and note green fields of waving corn on every side as far as the eye can reach.

It enables one to call to mind the fact that one can travel for hundreds of miles east or west and never be out of sight of a corn field.

American agriculture is expanding to such an extent that it is affecting the economic conditions of the world. It insures to the United States every year a balance in the international trade. Every European nation that produces grain or meat to any considerable extent is compelled to realize that its great competitor in the markets of the world is the United States, and that it must meet that competition even in its own markets.

Never before were American stockbreeders so earnestly looking beyond the borders of their own country for markets as now, and never before were they so successful in finding them. This is not because they have not an immense market at home, but because they have an ever-increasing supply of good stock that will sell to fill all home demands and leave a surplus for shipment abroad.

Our agriculture is expanding in every direction, and America is fast becoming the world's leader in agricultural thought.

The Corn Belt and Corn Roots.

The corn belt is that section of the United States in which corn grows to great perfection and in which the yield per acre is very large. It is also that section of country in which the land is principally given up to the growing of corn.

The deep rich soil is the cause of this. There are other parts of the country that have a rich soil, but that soil is not deep enough or of the right consistency to make the growing of corn a great interest. The corn plant is supposed to be a surface feeder, and it is true that most of its roots are sent along the surface to the ground. But, in addition, a great number of roots penetrate the soil to a depth of three or even four feet. It is evident that on a thin, though rich, soil, this could not be the case.

This possibility of deep rooting seems to be of great value to the corn plant; just why we do not know. It has been a surprise when corn plant roots have been followed into the ground to find how deep they have gone. Trenches have been dug to a depth of four feet around a corn plant and at a distance of four feet from it on all sides. Then a great number of rods have been run through the soil to keep the roots in place and the dirt has then been removed.

The results have shown the corn plant with its roots. The corn belt has soil that permits of this kind of rooting, and this is why it is the corn belt.

On such land drought has to be very severe to harm the corn, as it can draw moisture from far below the soil that is dried out. How much nourishment it can get from the depths we do not know, but it is probable that in very dry weather much of its nourishment as well as its moisture is drawn from the lower strata of soil.—J. Y. Hudson, Illinois, in Farmers' Review.

Dry Bran Mash.

Last summer in a visit to the Maine experiment station, the writer noticed that the fowls had a constant supply of bran. This was placed in a long trough that was fed by a hopper from above. As fast as this bran was eaten by the poultry a new supply worked down from above. It was only necessary to keep this hopper full of bran and the filling need only be done once a week or at longer periods.

The manager of the poultry department said that they used this instead of the ordinary wet bran mash. They believed that they received all the benefits from this that they could from the ordinary wet bran mash. The poultry were permitted to eat as much of this as they wanted, and it is certain that large quantities were consumed. This system of feeding bran to poultry seems to be an admirable one. Bran is very rich in nitrogen, just the element that is needed to balance up the corn. It is so light that there is no danger of the fowls eating more than they should. This relieves the gizzard from doing the very large amount of work that is put upon it when grain is continually fed. Too much grain results in digestive troubles before the end of winter. The bran mash greatly relieves this work, as it is in shape to be acted upon at once by the digestive juices.—Farmers' Review.

What Dr. Carter First Sought.

The eminent lecturer, Dr. L. Carter, self-made, and not wholly unconscious of the fact, was addressing the Somerville Y. M. C. A.

"My dear young people," he began, "let me refer briefly to the humble auspices under which my start in life was made. Without a dollar in my pocket, and with no worldly possessions of consequence, my indomitable nature and an inborn determination to utilize to the fullest advantage my abilities constituted my entire assets.

But, even with this modest beginning what, do you suppose, was the first thing I first sought—that which at the very outset of my career, I strove most earnestly to attain?"

For one second did an awe-stricken silence reign over the audience, as the speaker paused to allow the significance of these impressive words to permeate the youthful understanding. Then, in a spontaneous outburst of juvenile enthusiasm, came the answer, as of one voice: "Milk!"

UNSIGHTLY BALD SPOT.

Caused by Sores on Neck—Mercuric Iodine for Two Years Made Him Wild—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"For two years my neck was covered with sores, the humor spreading to my hair, which fell out, leaving an unsightly bald spot, and the sores, inflammation and mercuric iodine made me wild. Friends advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after a few applications the sores soon disappeared, and my hair grew again, as thick and healthy as ever. I shall always recommend Cuticura. (Signed) H. J. Spalding, 104 W. 104th St. New York City."

Encouraging Him.

"Bramscob is a mighty generous fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes. He ought to be encouraged in his good deeds."

"So he had. What's his latest helpful move?"

"Haven't you heard? He's going to build a free sanitarium on the street just behind your home."

"What! Just behind my home! Confound the fellow! He's a meddling hypocrite. I'll see my lawyer at once and have the lot enjoined!"

Didn't Mean Immigrants.

Dr. Fairfax Irwin, the government's cholera expert, was conversing with an old family servant, an aged colored man.

"Calhoun," said Dr. Irwin, "it would be a bad thing for all of us if the cholera should come to this country."

"Hit would dat, sah to y' fack," Calhoun answered. "Deys' pow'ful shif'less people, hain't dey, sah?"

The Pe-ru-na Almanac in 8,000,000 Homes.

The Peruna Lucky Day Almanac has become a fixture in over eight million homes. It can be obtained from all druggists free. Be sure to inquire early. The 1906 Almanac is already published, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Do not put it off. Get one today.

Just Enough for One.

George—Are you ready to live on my income, dear?

Maud—Certainly, dearest, if—if—

George—If what?

Maud—if you can get another one for yourself.

George—Another?

Maud—Yes, another income.—Stray Stories.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WALTER KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Nerve of a Rabbit.

"Look at those rabbits! What timid little creatures they are," remarked Gurley.

"Well," replied Henpeck, "we had a pretty nerry one at our house the other day."

"A nerry rabbit?"

"Yes; it was in a stew and it had the nerve to disagree with my wife."

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now."—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J. Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

A Mark of Degeneracy.

Mitchett—"Young McSeedy, who went through the fortune his parents left him, was arrested to-day for stealing a dollar."

Gauss—"What degeneracy! His father never thought of taking less than a million."—Smart Set.

An average club woman's family includes 5-3-10 persons. The three-tenths of a person, of course, is the husband.—Chicago News.

Defiance Starch.

should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

An actress has quit a New York play because of the profanity in it. Now will she also quit New York?

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight six cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Any man who waits for something to turn up will have a lifetime job.

Because She Couldn't.

"What is your special claim to enter?" asked St. Peter of the female soul who had been knocking at the gate.

"I never talked about my neighbors," she answered.

"That is too rare a virtue to go unrewarded," said the stern guardian. "Pass right in."

"Hold on there!" called the recording angel.

"Has she not told the truth?" demanded St. Peter.

"Oh, she didn't talk about her neighbors, all right, but it was because she was born deaf and dumb and had rheumatism in both hands."—Baltimore American.

THE EARTH'S AREA.

One of the best authorities estimates the area of the earth's surface at 196,791,984 square miles, of which about 53,000,000 square miles is land, the rest water. Throughout most of this 53,000,000 square miles Ellis-bury's Vitos has made its way because it's so good. It is the ideal breakfast food, and may be had at any up-to-date grocery.

Attempting the Impossible.

Mr. Jolley—it's easy to obey the biblical injunction when one's neighbor is a pretty girl.

Miss Nixdore—But, surely, it isn't easy for you.

Mr. Jolley—Oh, yes; I refer to the command "Love thy neighbor."

Miss Nixdore—Yes, but the command is really "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook, in commenting on "Christ Among His Fellowmen," says: "It is simple, sincere and pervaded with a Christlike spirit of humanity, and I should like to see it put in a more permanent form and given a wider circulation, and should hope that it would incite many readers to seek a fuller and better acquaintance with the One whose life is etched in outline."

"McClure's Magazine" begins the new year with a number filled with American activity and decency. From the first article telling of the daily life of probably the most consistently active man in the country, the president, to the editorials at the end which preach the gospel of decent, upright living, there is not a page bare of either instruction, appeal, or healthy entertainment.

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money.

Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

Wasted Effort.

Tess—I hear Miss Chinner called on you the other day. Did you not suppose you got a chance to open your mouth?"

Jess—"Oh, yes, almost constantly."

Tess—"You did?"

Jess—"Yes, yawning; but she never took the hint."

And He Would Use It.

Hewitt—Have you anything laid aside for a rainy day?

Jewett—Yes; a sun for the man that steals my umbrella.

All Up-to-Date Housekeepers use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

Few men can refrain from boasting of the good acts they do by mistake.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN E. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A man is apt to feel put out when he isn't able to pay his board bill.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Lots of men and lots of cigars are not all they are puffed up to be.

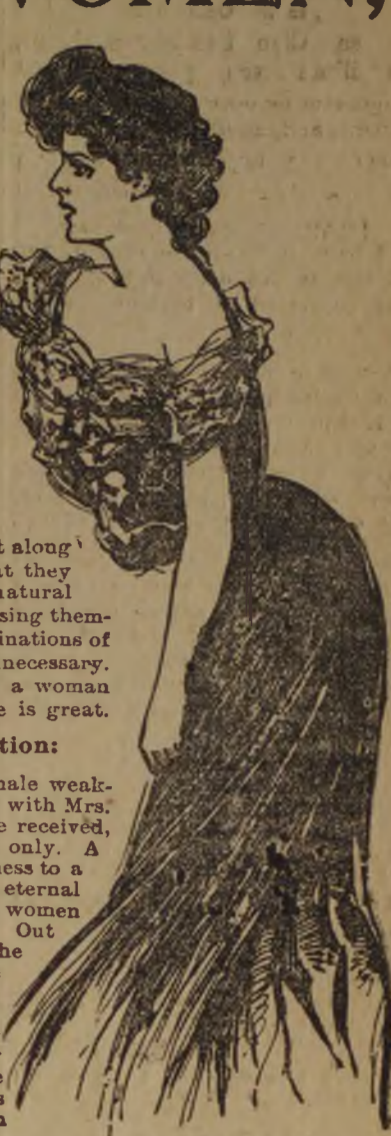
TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY TAKE LAXATIVE PINK QUININE TABLETS. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GIBBEY'S signature on each box. 25c.

A wise man doesn't waste any time arguing with a prize fighter.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

STOP! WOMEN,

AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT



That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with woman's diseases covers a great many years.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Following we publish two letters from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the result.

First letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham— For eight years I have suffered something terrible every month with my periods. The pains are excruciating and I can hardly stand them. My doctor says I have ovarian and womb trouble, and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it if it can possibly help it. Please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Sts., Benning P.O., Washington, D.C.

Second letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham— After following carefully your advice and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very anxious to send you my testimonial, that others may know their value and what you have done for me.

The Other Ones.

"Come, now," said mamma, who had taken the children for a walk through the Zoo, "let's go home and see papa."

"Oh, no," protested Elsie, "let's see these other monkeys first."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland*

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Utterly Unreasonable.

Mama—Don't you like Auntie Prue? Johnny—Oh, she's very kind, but she'd expect a boy to keep quiet on Christmas.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAIN EXTINGUISHMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Few men look well fed who live on their past reputations.

Kemp's Balsam

EARNED THE REWARD.

When Ramsay, the Poet, Proved Equal to the Occasion.

When Allan Ramsay, the poet, was still an obscure young man and a wigmaker he once fell behind with his rent, and, as ill luck would have it, he came plump upon the laird on the very day when he least wished to see him. The dreadful subject of "the rent" came immediately on the carpet, and Ramsay, with shame and grief, confessed his inability to satisfy his creditor.

To his great relief, however, the laird expressed perfect indifference about the matter, for, having observed Ramsay's genius, he was unwilling to distress him for so paltry a sum, which he could so easily afford to remit. He even went the length of saying that if Ramsay in as many minutes could give him a rhyming answer to four questions which he would ask he would quit him of his rent altogether as a reward for so much quickness of mind. Allan professed his willingness to try, and a watch being laid upon the table the laird propounded his questions, which were: "What does God love? What does the devil love? What does the world love? What do I love?"

The poet within the specified time gave the proper answer, as follows:

God loves man when he refrains from sin;
The devil loves man when he persists therein;
The world loves man when riches on him flow,
And you'd love me could I pay what I owe.

The Snow Plant.

The snow plant, which blooms a vivid crimson in California, is a parasite on the roots of the pine tree and is obtained by digging a little way into the soil after the snow has melted. The flower is in size and structure much like that of a medium sized pineapple and loses its beauty immediately after removal from the sod. A great variety of pine trees as well as those of the cedar, madrone and manzanita are found in California forests, and there are to be seen the strange tree tendrils of the white pine, which project along the body of the tree from its base to its topmost branches, assuming diverse and fantastic forms and clothed with a brilliant golden moss. These tree tendrils remind one in every particular, save that of their gigantic size, of coral formations and seem aptly to deserve the name of moss coral as they droop their brilliant armlets toward the earth, apparently recognizing an affinity with the coral creations of the deep. — Philadelphia Ledger.

The Tree Problem.

"I see a monkey up a tree. He sees me and gets behind the trunk of the tree. I start to go around him, and he keeps going around as I do, keeping the trunk of the tree between him and me. I reach the place I started from, with the monkey still opposite on the tree. Now I have been around the tree. Have I also been around the monkey?"

A Boston woman is quoted as saying: "I have tried it on my husband. I had him for the monkey, and I took a whisk broom and went around him, brushing his clothes. He kept turning, just as I did, and when I had been clear around I had only brushed one side of him and one leg of his pantaloons: Now, all the professors of Harvard university couldn't convince me that I had been around that man, and neither had the man been around the monkey in the tree."

Vegetable Wrongs.

Digging the eyes out of potatoes.
Pulling the ears of corn.
Cutting the hearts out of trees.
Eating the heads of cabbages.
Pulling the beards out of rye.
Spilling the blood of beets.
Breaking the necks of squashes.
Skinning apples, knife peaches.
Squeezing lemons, quartering oranges.
Thrashing wheat, plugging water-melons.
Felling trees and piercing the bark.
Scalding celery, slashing maples.
Crushing and jamming currants.
Mutilating hedges, stripping bananas.
Burning pine knots, burying roots alive.

An Apt Pupil.

Father—Never lie, my son. Always tell the truth. Who's that ringing—a dun? Tell him I'm not in.

Son—Wouldn't that be a lie, papa?

Father—Oh, no, my son. It's a financial necessity.

Father—You scamp, if you ate that cake I'll whip you! Did you eat it?

Son—No, father.

Father—Why, I saw you eat it myself. What do you mean by telling me that lie?

Son—Tain't a lie. It's protective diplomacy.

Well He Might Be.

A man who lives in Waterbury, Conn., is the head of a large family, almost every member of which performs upon some kind of musical instrument. A Bostonian who was visiting the house of the Waterbury man referred to this fact, remarking that it must be a source of great pleasure to the family, but to this observation the father made no reply.

"Really," continued the Bostonian, "it is remarkable. Your younger son is a cornetist, both of your daughters are pianists, your wife is a violinist, and I understand the others are also musicians. Now, what are you, the father of such a combination?"

"I," replied the old man sarcastically, "I am a pessimist."

For Charity.

He—Was your charity entertainment successful?

She—Splendid! We had a royal time—all our pictures in the papers, and everybody said we did just lovely! We took in \$2,000 too.

He—Then I suppose you cleared quite a nice sum for the hospital?

She—Well, not exactly. You see, the expenses were very heavy, and after the costumes and the carriage hire and the flowers and the banquet to the performers were all paid for it left only about \$50 for the hospital. But everybody said it was a big success.—Baltimore American.

Arabian Horses.

Arabian horses show remarkable courage in battle. It is said that when a horse of this breed finds himself wounded and knows instinctively that he will not be able to carry his rider much longer he quickly retires, bearing his master to a place of safety while he has yet sufficient strength; but if, on the other hand, the rider is wounded and falls to the ground the faithful animal remains beside him, unmindful of danger, neighing until assistance is brought.

The Republican one year, \$1.00

THE LIVER QUARANTINE



Hurried eating has ruined many a man's stomach. The digestion-destroying process is gradual, often unnoticed at first. But it is only a short time until the liver balks, the digestive organs give way, and almost countless ills assail the man who endeavors to economize time at the expense of his health. A torpid liver causes a quarantine of the entire system. It locks in the diseased germs and body poisons and affords them full play, inviting some serious illness. In families where August Flower is used, a sluggish liver and constipation are unknown, so are all stomach ailments, as well as indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, headaches and kidney and bladder affections. No well-regulated family should be without this standard remedy. Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

Hunt's Pharmacy

How's Your Liver?

It will pay you to take good care of your liver, because, if you do, your liver will take good care of you. Sick liver puts you all out of sorts, makes you pale, dizzy, sick at the stomach, gives you stomach ache, headache, malaria, etc. Well liver keeps you well, by purifying your blood and digesting your food. There is only one safe, certain and reliable liver medicine, and that is

Thedford's Black-Draught

For over 60 years this wonderful vegetable remedy has been the standby in thousands of homes, and is today the favorite liver medicine in the world. It acts gently on the liver and kidneys, and does not irritate the bowels. It cures constipation, relieves congestion, and purifies the system from an overflow of bile, thereby keeping the body in perfect health. Price 25c at all druggists and dealers. Test it.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out

"Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of LaGrippe with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Egleston of Maple Landing, Iowa. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever." We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip."

These Tablets promoted a healthy action of the bowels, liver and kidneys which is always beneficial when the system is congested by a cold or attack of the grip. For sale by G. H. Hunt.

Troubles of a Preacher

The story of the torture of Rev. O. D. Moore, pastor of the Baptist church, of Harpersville, N. Y., will interest you. He says: "I suffered agonies, because of a persistent cough, resulting from the grip. I had to sleep setting up in bed. I tried many remedies, without relief, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which entirely cured my cough, and saved me from consumption." A grand cure for diseased conditions of the throat and Lungs. At Hunt's Pharmacy: price 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is simply liquid electricity. It goes to every part of your body, bringing new blood, strength and new vigor. It makes you well and keeps you well. 35 cents. Slater & Douglas's.

NO! NO!

We haven't sold our coal shed. We are better prepared than ever to furnish

COAL, WOOD and KINDLING

Try our EASTERN GEM coal, the best soft coal ever sold in Genoa

E. H. COHOON & CO.

County Tel. No. 16 Long Distance No. 3

A Happy New Year to All

JOHN LEMBKE,

PHONE 20 GENOA

Consumption

There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to build on. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on one lung.

From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They can take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous.

We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.



Scott & Bowne Chemists 409 Pearl Street New York

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Rare Medicine for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. OLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

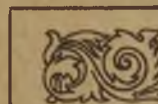
Poland China HOGS



Our sires are: Chief Brilliant 2nd No. 53387, Chief Perfection 1st No. 48029, Mr. Longfellow No. 8857, Advance No. 83249, Chief Tecumseh No. 50607 and I Am No. 2 No. 49037. Mr. Longfellow at head of heard. We have a few choice spring boars March and April farrow. Our prices are reasonable. Call or write

H. N. Olmsted & Son Genoa, Illinois

Jackman & Son .. GRAIN AND COAL



Agents For McCORMICK Harvesting Machines



AMERICAN FIELD FENCE

'Phone 57

Genoa, Ill.

G. E. Stott, Attorney. ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Joseph Mott, Deceased. The undersigned, having been appointed Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Mott deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the County Court of DeKalb County, at the Court House in Sycamore at the March Term, on the first Monday in March next, at which time all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned. Dated this 10th day of December A. D. 1905. BENJAMIN C. AWE, Administrator.

of it. "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in severe cases of croup with my children, and can truthfully say it always gives prompt relief." For sale by G. H. Hunt.

Furious Fighting

A Certain Cure for Croup. When a child shows symptoms of croup there is no time to experiment with new remedies, no matter how highly they may be commended. There is one preparation that can always be depended upon. It has been in use for many years and has never been known to fail. viz: Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. M. F. Compton of Market, Texas, says

"For seven years," writes Geo. W. Hoff man, of Harper Washington, "I had a bitter battle, with chronic stomach and liver trouble, but at last I won, and cured my disease, by the use of Electric Bitters. I unhesitatingly recommend them to all, and don't intend in the future to be without them in my house. They are certainly a wonderful medicine, to have cured such a bad case is mine." Sold under guarantee to do the same for you, at Hunt's Pharmacy, at 50c. a bottle. Try them today.

Happy New Year!

HUNT'S PHARMACY

G. H. HUNT, Prop. L. E. CARMICHAEL, Mgr.



One Baking Day a Week is all you need have if you use Pillsbury's Best Flour, because bread, cake and pastry made by it will keep fresh longer than when made by ordinary flour.

F. E. Wells.