

OF GENERAL INTEREST

ITEMS STOLEN FROM COLUMNS OF EXCHANGES

LARGE FLY WHEEL 160 TONS

A. G. Kennedy of DeKalb Appointed a Member of the Court of Claims by Governor Deneen

The second largest fly wheel in the United States, weighing 160 tons and measuring 32 feet in diameter, has just been completed and shipped to its destination at Harrisburg, Va., by the Wisconsin Engine Works at Corliss.

A. G. Kennedy of DeKalb has been appointed a member of the court of claims by Governor Deneen, to succeed C. J. Searles of Rock Island, who recently resigned.

The court of claims consists of three members, the other two being Jas. M. Lee, Republican, and Lawrence B. Stringer, Democrat, and decides all claims against the state, which cannot be sued in the state courts.

The appointment is for four years and the salary is \$1,500 per year. The court holds its session at Springfield, but it will take only a portion of the members' time.

Alderman Henry Wilder has been chosen as mayor of Sandwich by the city council to succeed the late mayor, I. M. Hay.

"Ty" Cobb has signed up with Detroit for three years at \$9,000, which is probably fully as much as Mr. Cobb could earn at any avocation other than ball playing.

The Marengo Hotel, owned and operated by M. G. McNarma for the past year, was recently purchased by H. S. Ritter, who was proprietor of a hotel on Sullivan's Lake.

Ex-Mayor Gates White of Sandwich and Susan A. Davis of Mauston, Missouri, were quietly married in Chicago Tuesday. The groom is sixty-eight years old and the bride sixty-five.

B. J. Coarson and son, Clarence J. Coarson of Marengo, have purchased the Wallace Russell farm in Riley. It consists of 143 1/2 acres. Consideration, \$11,200.

Although possessed of some little money, John G. Emple, a well known citizen of Aurora, preferred to pay his board and room at the Kane county alms house instead of going anywhere else passed away there Saturday.

Some people are wondering whether a stray comet will strike the earth. A famous astronomer says that the earth has been in existence for 100,000,000 years and there is no evidence that it has ever been struck by a comet.

WRECK AT ROCHELLE

Northwestern Runs Trains Over C. M. & St. P. During Day

A disastrous wreck occurred Thursday morning of last week on the Northwestern about a mile and a half east of Rochelle when a fast west bound freight overtook and ran into the rear of a slower freight going in the same direction.

The fireman of the fast freight was killed instantly, the engineer escaping by leaping from his engine. The occupants of the caboose ahead seeing the headlight on the oncoming engine jumped just in time to save their lives.

The Northwestern passenger trains were run into Chicago from Iowa over the C. M. & St. P., passing thru Genoa, during the day, the tracks at Rochelle being blockaded for several hours.

MASONS IN NEW QUARTERS

Held First Meeting in the Odd Fellow Building Wednesday Evening

Genoa Lodge No. 288, A. F. and A. M., held its first meeting in the new quarters on Wednesday evening of this week, there being a goodly attendance.

Prof. E. C. Fisher, superintendent of the Dundee public schools, was present and spoke on Masonry and fraternalism in general.

The Pavilion Comprny has secured another attraction for the patrons of the pavilion for the evening of March 17, one that will surpass anything ever put on there as a specialty.

Last Wednesday evening about sixty young people of Riley and South Riley took possession of Curtis Mackey's home in Riley, the affair being a surprise for Miss Belle Colton, teacher of the South Riley school.

A suitable prize will be awarded to the person paying the highest fine. Eastern Star Moves Golden Star Chapter O. E. S. has moved from Slater's hall to the Odd Fellow building, the transfer having been made last Saturday.

In direct refutation of the Chicago Tribune's canvas of Illinois editors regarding Speaker Cannon, twenty Republican editors of the 18th congressional district met at Danville, Ill., last week and endorsed the speaker's policies, calling on him to become again a candidate for congress.

Mrs. Alfred Corson Dead Mrs. Eliza Corson, widow of the late Alfred Corson, passed away at her home in Marengo on Tuesday morning, March 8. Mrs. T. L. Litcher and Mrs. Kathryn Green of this city are sisters of Mr. Corson.

THOMPSON PIANO CO.

ABSORBED BY GERMAN AMERICAN CONS. OF MUSIC

DEAL CLOSED LAST WEEK

O. F. Thompson Retains Large Interest in the new Concern, is Vice President and Factory Manager

A deal was closed last week whereby the Thompson Piano Co. was absorbed by the German American Conservatory of Music of Chicago. The Thompson Piano Co. no longer exists, but the Thompson piano will continue on the market under the same name as one of the best in the world.

The new company is officered as follows: Wm. Best, President. J. R. England, 1st Vice Pres. C. F. Thompson, 2nd Vice Pres. E. M. Curry, Treasurer. A. D. Gash, Secretary.

C. F. Thompson, formerly president of the Thompson Piano Co., will act as manager of the factory which is located in this city.

Mr. England has a patent music chart which will be put on the market and pushed to the limit. He thinks he has a winner in the chart, which will have eventually a world wide market, and as they will be used in connection with the Thompson piano it means that new life will soon be instilled into the factory here.

HARD TIME DANCE

Forester Team Have Something Good on for St. Patrick's Day

A hard time dance will take place at Crawford's hall on Thursday evening, March 17, under auspices of the Forester Team of Genoa Camp No. 163, M. W. A. There will be several hard and fast rules to govern the wearing of "soft" clothes.

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Mrs. Booher Dead Mrs. Booher, step-mother of Mrs. S. Abraham of this city, passed away last Saturday at the home of her son, Sam Powell, near Herbert.

LARGE CROWD AT PAVILION

Mystic Workers Present Good Program Tuesday Evening

The main part of the pavilion was packed to the doors last Tuesday evening to hear the program presented by the Mystic Workers of the World, and none were disappointed. It was good and worth far more than the ten cents which was charged at the door.

The moving pictures were one of the features of the program which pleased the audience, three reels being shown. The singing by Mrs. W. C. Brill of Hampshire was well received. Mrs. Brill has a sweet, pleasing voice and her enunciation was better than the average.

After the program the floor was cleared and an old time dance took place, for which VanDresser's orchestra furnished excellent music.

NEW REAL ESTATE FIRM

J. A. Patterson and W. A. Geithman Open Office in Genoa

J. A. Patterson and W. A. Geithman have joined forces under the firm name of Patterson & Geithman and will engage in the real estate business, with office in the rear of Johnson & Bargenquist's barber shop on Main street.

Surprise at Riley Last Wednesday evening about sixty young people of Riley and South Riley took possession of Curtis Mackey's home in Riley, the affair being a surprise for Miss Belle Colton, teacher of the South Riley school.

Producers Ask \$1.37 1-2 Milk producers will ask an average of \$1.37 1/2 per hundred pounds of milk as the summer contract price as a result of a meeting of the directors of the Milk Producers' Association in Chicago Saturday.

Butter 31 Cents The price of butter was declared firm at 31 cents on the Elgin board of trade Monday. The quotation committee made the price 32 cents but a vigorous protest from some of the Chicago buyers brought it down to the 31 mark.

Henry B. Matthews The funeral of Henry B. Matthews, whose death occurred at Sioux City, Iowa, Thursday, Mar. 3, was held on Monday of this week at the home of his mother, Mrs. G. I. Matthews, in Rockford.

Farmer Hangs Himself After setting fire to the barn on his farm near McQueen, Wm. Jann, 60 years old, committed suicide by hanging early Sunday morning. Despondency over recent separation from his wife and his failing health is said to have been the cause of the act.

THE DRIVING CLUB

RE-ORGANIZED FOR SEASON WHICH OPENS SOON

GOOD EVENTS SCHEDULED

Preparations Being Made for Several Days of Racing and Base Ball—Geo. Donohue, President

The Genoa Driving Club was re-organized last week and officers elected as follows: Geo. Donohue, president. J. A. Patterson, secretary. J. H. Danforth, treasurer. The club is already planning for some good events during the coming season, and there is no reason why Genoa should not entertain some large crowds this summer.

There is a good base ball diamond at the track. A good game and races called to take place in one day would bring a goodly crowd to Genoa.

ORDERS COMING IN

Prospects at the Shoe Factory are Bright for Future Business

In an interview with E. Adler, superintendent of the Selz shoe factory in this city, The Republican-Journal finds that things are looking bright for the future of the local plant. A new shoe is now being made at the factory and it is meeting with ready sale on the market.

New Factory at Sycamore Negotiations have been nearly completed for the removal from Chicago to Sycamore of a large and rapidly growing factory. This announcement is made by Frederick B. Townsend, owner of the Patten shops, to whose efforts alone this important increase in the prosperity of Sycamore will be due.

Alvin Clayton Dead Son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Clayton Passed away Wednesday Morning

Alvin Clayton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Clayton, passed away Wednesday morning, March 9, at his home north of Genoa, after a short illness. He had been in poor health for some time, but not until recently was he compelled to give up and take to his bed, he being a victim of quick consumption.

In "Happy" Texas That Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Strong are well pleased with the prospects in Texas is evidenced by the following paragraph taken from a recent letter to The Republican-Journal: "We are having fine weather except when the winds blow too hard."

Bones Are Found Remains of David Eldredge, son of Belvidere Manufacturer

An Associated Press telegram from Los Angeles, Calif., Sunday, states that a letter from Ryan, a mining camp, says the bones of David Eldredge of Illinois had been found in the desert. Eldredge, who was the son of a sewing machine manufacturer, lost the trail while on his way from the Panamint mountains to Greenwater last July.

STATE NORMAL NOTES

Genoa Girl Writes of Doings at the Institution at DeKalb

A large crowd attended the annual colonial or Washington party given at the Normal school by President John W. Cook and the faculty for the students and friends.

The early part of the evening was spent in the auditorium where a program was given, consisting of music and living pictures. The music was rendered by the Treble Clef and an orchestra. The pictures represented famous "colonial beauties," "The Puritans," "the Goddess of Liberty" and others.

The grand march started at nine-thirty and was followed by dancing which was enjoyed the remainder of the evening. A short time was taken from this to go to the domestic science hall where refreshments were served.

FORMER NEIGHBORS CALL

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Reed Surprised at Their New Home Last Thursday

About forty of the people who reside in the neighborhood of Ney came to Genoa last Thursday and called on their old neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Reed, who are now nicely settled in their new home, the place recently purchased of F. W. Marquart.

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AFTER DRUG STORES

GRAND JURY'S SESSION PROLONGED BY LIQUOR CASES

DOINGS IN CIRCUIT COURT

Grand Jury in Session all the Week—Many Divorces Granted by Judge Carnes—Other Orders Entered

Considerable business has been transacted this week, the first week of the February term of circuit court. It was thought that the grand jury would complete their duties by Wednesday, but it is said that they have been called upon to pass on applications for indictment for illegal selling of liquor in the local option territory of Sycamore and DeKalb, and this matter has prolonged their session, so that they had not finished on Friday as this paper went to press.

Many divorces have been granted. The following orders were entered by Judge Carnes: Maria Mott vs Dillor S. Brown et al, assumpsit. Dismissed as to Dillon S. and Charles A. Brown. Dillon S. Brown, Guardian, vs George W. Buck, assumpsit. Dismissed.

W. L. Pond vs John Delbridge et al, assumpsit. Finding for plaintiff \$371.25. James Brown vs Alf L. Clarke, assumpsit. Jury waived and submitted to court. W. F. Sell vs Frank Krause, assumpsit. Time to plead extended one week.

Orin Buzzell vs James L. Brown, debt. Default for want of plea. Debt \$170.83, damages \$51.92. Judgment for entire amount. Susan Q. Allen vs William Allen, divorce. Dismissed by complainant. Sarah Ann Kennedy vs Patrick Kennedy, divorce. Dismissed by complainant.

Bessie D. Newton vs Lawrence L. Newton, divorce and injunction. Decree of divorce. Gertrude Hendricks vs Joseph Hendricks, divorce and injunction. Default for want of answer. Decree of divorce. Willard Beebe vs Mabel Beebe, divorce. Decree of divorce as per draft.

Mabel May Malana vs Fred Malana, divorce. Decree of divorce. R. W. Bartelman vs Anders Storgaard et al, bill. Time to plead extended to all defendants to first day of next term.

Ira E. Vanderhyden vs Minnie Vanderhyden, divorce. Decree of divorce. Barbara Ann Thorne vs George O. Thorne, divorce. Decree of divorce as per draft. Augusta Guenther vs Herman Guenther, divorce. Default for want of answer. Proofs heard in part.

William Gnekow and E. W. Brown vs Adolph Mampe et al, bill to foreclose trust deed. Decree for \$1,475.04 and \$100 for solicitor's fees. Myrtle Brown vs George Brown, divorce. Decree of divorce.

BONES ARE FOUND

Remains of David Eldredge, son of Belvidere Manufacturer

An Associated Press telegram from Los Angeles, Calif., Sunday, states that a letter from Ryan, a mining camp, says the bones of David Eldredge of Illinois had been found in the desert. Eldredge, who was the son of a sewing machine manufacturer, lost the trail while on his way from the Panamint mountains to Greenwater last July. Searching parties failed to find him. Mrs. Eldredge and two daughters live at Belvidere, Ill.

Literary Women in Japan

By JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO



WITH her tiny pigeon toes and her butterfly gown, her paint, her oiled hair and her soft, timid voice, the Japanese woman hardly suggests the possibility of memorizing thousands of Chinese characters that are necessary in the most ordinary reading, and much less would one believe her capable of evolving ideas and expressing them intelligently.

But she does both. The Japanese woman of the old era was, like her entire nation, a shut-in. She was the pre-eminent exclusive member of an exclusive people. Her powers, her whole life, were wholly at the disposal of her family first, and afterward of her husband—or, more correctly speaking, her lord and master. In a book of the old Samurai is written the law for women: "Firstly, a woman has no lord to serve but her husband. She must obey and honor him as her lord and master. Be cautious. Never despise nor slight his words. A woman's first duty is obedience. She should be careful about the expression of her face and never show anger or excitement in her looks."

Subject to such restrictions, it was impossible for the stranger, in the past, to learn of the real possibilities of the Japanese woman. He could be guided only by the artist's conception of her and



BARONESS NAKAJIMA



AFTERNOON TEA IN JAPAN

by whatever reports might come from the lips of men. While these portrayals were true in a way, they were misleading, because they did not express the whole truth. Was the Japanese woman shrinking and timid? Yes, because she was taught so from time immemorial. It was an art with her, a supreme accomplishment. As an indication of her real nature it meant nothing—save that she had the power and the good judgment to conform to the demands of custom. Probably her will was indomitable, her intellect clear and strong. In such case she reached more nearly to the ideal, because she could control herself. She believed in the customs of her land; she loved them. She was guided by them. So it was a mistake to regard her soft voice, her well-learned timidity, as indicative of weakness, of flexibility.

Even in the long, musty past a woman came out now and then and gave to her people a sample of the possibilities of the feminine mind in fields other than the intimate home life. But such disclosures were naturally rare.

One of these was Murasaki Shikibu, a woman who lived about 1,500 years ago and wrote "Genji Monogatari," a realistic story of Genji, a prominent member of the nobility of that time. This novel has long been a classic in Japan and is studied in the modern schools. Parts of it have been translated into English.

Setsuonagon, a famous poet and sketch writer, lived about the same time. She was a strong moralist and was noted for her high and excellent character.

Shiran Yanagawa, the Mrs. Browning of Japan, lived during the reign of Shogun Tokugawa, about 100 years ago, and, together with her husband, wrote many Chinese poems. At that time, as to-day, Chinese was the medium employed by the Japanese classic writer for the expression of his thoughts.

When the breath of western civilization blew across the picturesque little island of Japan it melted the chains of conservatism and prejudice for women as well as for men. And so we have to-day the peculiar spectacle of the new springing with almost startling zeal out of the very bosom of the old. Mothers who cling with fervent faith to the old school of training have daughters who go out and work as newspaper reporters!

There are those whose emancipation is so radical that it even jars upon the sensibilities of one so callous as a westerner. There are other women whose growth, though marked, is pleasing and graceful. To this class belongs Kashi Iwamoto. Mrs. Iwamoto was of that generation that helped to make Japan what she is to-day and she herself a part of the new order. Born at the end of the old regime, and growing up amidst the fiercest struggle of transition, she imbibed that which was best of the old and at the same time caught the true spirit of the new. Her husband, Zenji Iwamoto, is a well-known literary man and founder of Meiji Gakko, a prominent college for girls. In working with him Mrs. Iwamoto's views of life were broadened and she interested herself in all things pertaining to the welfare of her people. She not only learned English, but mastered it to a degree in which her style is not only correct, but has a distinct literary quality and a charm, partly due, perhaps, to a hint of foreign idiom, which

gives freshness to the use of an acquired language. Mrs. Iwamoto first became known as a writer through her translations of Proctor's "Sailor Boy" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" into the Japanese language. She also wrote a volume of essays in English. An extract from one of these, "Some Phases of the Japanese Home and Home Life," will give a hint of her style and of the process of her thought:

"Japan, like any other ancient country, has had a unique national life and history. She boasts of a civilization, a code of morals, a form of government and a system of education all peculiar to herself, and she cherishes these as heirlooms expressive of the wisdom and experience handed down through the whole line of her ancestors. . . . You all know that the old-time Japanese woman was trained according to rules of conduct that were most severe in their rigidity. She was assiduously taught to guard her personal virtue and the proud honor of her household. Death was the only alternative in case she swerved from her duties. . . . Place, on the one hand, this type of womanhood, serving in the house of her lord and master with singleness of purpose and with devotion strong in its simplicity and, on the other, an average girl of modern education, with a smattering of western knowledge, it is true, but without discretion and judgment to apply her newly found information, and, of course, the latter will appear at a disadvantage. . . . In the present home, where the old and the new elements combine, contrary streams of thought and action thwart the young wife at her every step, and, in spite of her resolution, many are the tears that she sheds unseen. . . . But she must learn to be just as cautious and deferential in one respect as it is her duty to be prompt and decisive in another. For herein lies the very test of her intrinsic worth and usefulness. . . . We deplore the many evils that have issued and still do issue from the ancient household system in Japan. Yet we cannot help noting that this has been perhaps the most successful system of discipline ever extant—a discipline productive of the utmost diligence, circumspectness and self-sacrifice. We certainly owe it to this system that indolent, whimsical and selfish women have been set aside and the noble, self-sacrificing type of wives and mothers was preserved for the old-time Japanese homes and handed down as a heirloom to the present day."

Another woman of marked ability as a writer was the Baroness Nakajima. As a child she excelled in her studies and was allowed to go to a boys' school, there being no high schools for girls at that time. Her fame as a scholar became known at court and she was appointed as a teacher of learning to the empress. After retiring from this service she toured the country for special study and observation. It was an unusual thing for an

unmarried woman to travel alone, giving lectures on political and scientific subjects and at one time the baroness—at that time "Yoshiko Kishida"—was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of plotting against the government. While in prison she wrote many poems in Chinese, giving vent to her feelings regarding the condition of her country. Later on she married a newspaper man, who was afterward made baron. He was the first president of the house of commons and also a minister to Italy. The young couple never ceased to interest themselves in the political affairs of their land and at one time were banished from the capital city, charged with disloyalty. Mental and physical overwork brought the baron to an early death and the wife, broken hearted, followed him within two years. The Baroness Nakajima was considered a very beautiful woman and the many experiences she underwent as student and reformer gave depth and strength to her character which speak plainly in her written works. Her essays and lectures are numerous and her last work, which is a daily record of her life, is very instructive and interesting. She wrote minutely of passing events and illustrated these details with fine drawings or comic sketches. This work she continued until within five days of her death.

Miss Ichio Higuchi, who died at 23, had already attained fame as a writer of realistic fiction. Being of humble and poor parentage, she was obliged to leave school at ten years of age, a time when most children are merely beginning to learn to read. With her sister she helped to support her widowed mother, but gave all of her spare time to study and writing. She was forced to live with her family in the outskirts of the city, among the poorest and lowest people and it was there that she got the material for all of her stories, which are pathetic in the extreme. Notwithstanding the fact that her opportunities for learning were limited, her composition is without fault, her style chaste and expressive. It was not until after consumption, bred through poverty and overwork, had taken strong hold on her system that her genius was recognized. For a little time then she knew the luxury of friends and of admiration. "But I have never known what youth free from responsibilities means," she told a friend. The Japanese bow low in reverence to the memory of Miss Higuchi, who might well be styled the female Gorky of Japanese literature.

Miss Kaho Miyake, Mrs. Kajita and Mrs. Otsuke are all prominent writers of to-day.

Miss Uta Imai is a representative of the ultra modern Japanese woman. Miss Imai is the chief editor of Nijuseikinofujin, or Twentieth Century Woman and is one of the founders of the Hokkaido Woman's society. She is working toward that day when the Japanese women will rise as a unit in their declarations along certain lines of emancipation. She is hopeful, buoyant and unswerving in her pur-



UTA IMAI, EDITOR, TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN

pose, and as she belongs to the new generation of workers she believes she will see great changes in methods and principles before her sun is set.

The daughter of Kashi Iwamoto promises to be a prominent figure in the future literary world of Japan. She has been writing stories and translating from foreign tongues for several years.

The first woman to enter the regular newspaper field was Mrs. Takeyo Takegoshi, who, with her husband, joined the staff of the Kokumin-Shinbun, in Tokyo, some 15 years ago. After four or five years other women became interested in newspaper work and to-day many are employed as special writers, as reporters and as editors of departments for women.

These are but a few of the women writers of Japan. They are sufficient to illustrate, however, the fact that the Japanese woman is a creature of considerable reserve mental force and of intense feeling. Under the new regime only was it possible for her to make these facts known to the outside world, since the old teaching constrained her to keep hidden every feeling, every thought, that she might develop a more Spartan-like character, capable of enduring great sacrifice when sacrifice should come—as it did in the lives of many Japanese women. It was not an accident that the Japanese soldiers repulsed the larger men of the Russian army. They were the sons of mothers whose discipline through thousands of years had well nigh reached perfection, whose endurance was great and whose wits were sharpened by constant contact with domineering husbands and fractious mothers-in-law.

It is an unhappy fact that the Japanese literature loses its artistic beauty and its real strength when translated into foreign languages. This is probably due to the fact that the Japanese student is still struggling in the mazes of the foreign tongues and is not as yet capable of manipulating the new words so as to express the fine shades of meaning that he sees and appreciates in his own literature. The delicacy with which an artist attacks his subject in the Japanese is likely to become clumsy or inane and meaningless when he attempts to employ other languages as a medium of expression. This, perhaps, is the reason that westerners say that Japan "is a country without literature."

JAPAN'S ANCESTRAL GODS

One of the most marvelous manifestations of patriotic and religious enthusiasm in modern Japan was occasioned recently by the transference of the imperial shrines at Ise to their new tabernacle just completed, the London Standard says. This remarkable Shinto festival may be witnessed only every 21 years, when the temples of the ancestral gods are reconstructed and the sacred objects are removed to their new abode. The Ise temples have been thus renewed every score of years since A. D. 690 at least and for how long before that no one knows, the present occasion being the fifty-seventh rebuilding on record.

Such a periodic reconstruction will appear quite necessary when it is recollected that on these shrines no mortal hand is ever permitted to execute repairs. After they are built the gods of the nation take possession of them and thenceforward they are not touched till they go the way of all things.

The work of rebuilding the sacred shrines begins almost as soon as the last reconstruction is complete by the appointment of an imperial commission entrusted with the important enterprise. Every stage is marked by religious ceremonies, from the felling of the trees to the driving of the last nail. The completion is emphasized by a special festival of purification, after which the temples pass from the hands of the commissioners to the priestly custodians of the imperial shrines.

Finally comes the great festival of removing the ancestral gods and the sacred treasures and relics to the new "holy of holies," which took place recently. It is computed that no fewer than 40,000 persons were present on the night of the actual removal. Though the august spectacle takes place at night, the preparation for it appears to go on for two or three days previously, but the ceremonies of the notable day itself are the most interesting. The day opened with the appearance before the new temples of a specially chosen virgin, who went through a peculiar ceremony of burying in the ground before the shrine a jar containing offerings to the god of earth.

Later in the day began a long procession of priests in gorgeous robes of green and gold, chanting weird litanies and monotonous sutras to the strains of archaic instruments. It is affirmed that the service has in no respect been changed during the last thousand years. With the settling down of darkness came the great function of removal. A detachment of priests, led by a priestly representative of the imperial house, went into the soon to be abandoned shrines to examine the treasures and to measure the sacred fabrics. As the latter are reputed to be more than 330,000 feet in length, this was no small matter.

DOUBLE REWARD OF VIRTUE

Love Story Written by Small Boy at Least Brought Things to a Happy Conclusion.

Apropos of love stories in general, Jerome S. McWade, the well-known Duluth connoisseur, said at a recent dinner:

"At the approach of Valentine day last year I offered a prize of five dollars to the little boys of my Sunday school class for the best short love story. I have one of the stories here, and I am going to read it to you."

Mr. McWade then read:

"A poor man fell in love with a lady whose mother was a rich toy dealer.

"The poor man could not marry the rich lady, because he had no money.

"A villain then offered him \$50 if he would become a drunkard.

"The poor man wanted the money to get married with, so he agreed, but when he got to the beer saloon he said:

"No, I will not become a drunkard, even for great riches."

"On the way home he found a bag of gold. So the young lady married him. It was a splendid wedding, and the next day they had twins.

"Moral—Virtue is its own reward."

—N. Y. Times.

DESERT MELODY.



"I can sing," said one Toucan, "you bet," "So if I can," said one that he met. "We two can, we Toucans."

So the two Toucans sang a duet.

Big Bugs.

Dr. Cook was talking to a Washington correspondent.

"The man is wrong in his attacks," he said. "He errs as ludicrously in his idea of polar conditions as the Brooklyn domestic, who said:

"It must be a filthy place, that north pole, ma'am. I hear it's full of ice bugs as big as churches."—Washington Star.

Thinking of Garden Time.

Bacon—I think much of the man who can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Eggbert—I've not got my eye on him. I admire more the man who can make only one weed grow where a dozen grew before.

BREAK UP THAT COUGH with Allen's Lung Balsam, the popular family remedy. It cures where other remedies fail. All dealers. 25c, 50c, \$1.00 bottles.

Every night watchman is entitled to his day dreams.



Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature:

Warranted

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS that make a horse wheeze, cough, have Thick Wind, or Choke-down, can be removed with

ABSORBINE for any Runch or Swelling. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. \$1.00 per bottle.

ABSORBINE, JR., for manning, Head and Neck Redness, Gout, Tumors, Warts, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, and all other ailments. Your druggist can supply and give references. Will tell you more if you write. Send for free book and testimonials. Mfg. only by W. F. TOLSON, P. O. B., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Capitalize your brains. Advise and book Q Free. Special Agents. Personal Services. Patents advertised free. E. B. OWEN, Washington, D. C.

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For Pain in Chest



For sore throat, sharp pain in lungs, tightness across the chest, hoarseness or cough, have the parts with Sloan's Liniment. You don't need to rub, just lay it on lightly. It penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble, relieves congestion and stops the pain.

Here's the Proof. Mr. A. W. Price, Fredonia, Kans., says: "We have used Sloan's Liniment for a year, and find it an excellent thing for sore throat, chest pains, colds, and hay fever attacks. A few drops taken on sugar stops coughing and sneezing instantly."

Sloan's Liniment

is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog up the pores of the skin.

It is an excellent anesthetic remedy for asthma, bronchitis, and all inflammatory diseases of the throat and chest; will break up the deadly membrane in an attack of croup, and will kill any kind of neuralgia or rheumatic pains.

All druggists keep Sloan's Liniment. Price 25c, 50c, & \$1.00. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:

Governor Deneen, of Illinois, owns a section of land in Saskatchewan, Canada. He has said in an interview:

"As an American I am deeply interested in the remarkable progress of Western Canada. Our people are flocking across the boundary in thousands, and I have not yet met one who admitted to having paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Satisfactory climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, water and land, and a large and growing population are all to be had in the West."

For pamphlet and West particulars as to suitable location and low rates, apply to Sup't of Immigration, U. S. Dept. of Canada, or to Canadian Gov't Agent, C. J. Brough, 413 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill. Write, or telegraph, to J. T. Truitt, 111 E. Washington St., St. Paul, Minn.

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

Western Canada field crops for 1909 will yield 125,000,000 bushels of wheat, or \$170,000,000.00 in cash. Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emption of 80 acres at \$3.00 an acre. Railway and Land Office have land for sale at reasonable prices. Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Satisfactory climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, water and land, and a large and growing population are all to be had in the West."

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\$400 has been made in one day operating The Circling Wave

an amusement device. Write for catalogue and price to ARMITAGE & GUINN, P. O. Box 119, Springfield, Erie Co., N. Y.

SOUR STOMACH

"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and other drugs, but could find no relief only for a short time. I will recommend Cascarets to my friends as the only thing for indigestion and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very nice to eat."

Harry Stuckley, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 503

PIT & PITLESS SCALES. For Steel and Wood Frames, 25 and 50 lbs. Write us before you buy. We have you money. Also Pumps and Wind Mills. BECKETT BROS., Des Moines, Ia.

REAL ESTATE.

COLORADO—Write for illustrated book. Fruit, garden and poultry tracts adjoining Denver. Under the Great Arroyo Irrigation System. The best, surest and safest investment on the market. Denver is the best market in the world. 10 and 25 acre tracts sold on the easy payment plan. Will pay for themselves in new crops. \$50,000.00 worth sold in the past month. We give you the names of 100 who have bought, for reference. Indorsed by the Governor, refer to local bank, Altura Bank, 210 Ideal Bldg., Denver, Col.

COLORADO—There is plenty of money to be made by several hundred industrial farmers in southwestern Colorado. Good irrigated lands, 25 and upward per acre. For particulars write The Boyle Realty Co., Durango, Colorado.

290 ACRES, 15 miles south of Kansas City, Mo., on road, 1 1/2 miles from town of 1500, grows 75 bu. of corn, must be sold at once. D. M. Colburn (owner), 351 New York Life Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

2,200 ACRES, Price, \$25.00. 5 miles from station in growing community. 80 per cent tillable. 45 per cent irrigated. 12 miles from unimproved. Reasonable terms. C. A. ARNET, Crows Feet, Mont.

FOR SALE 40 acres at Hammondville, 2 cottages at Lockport, 2 cottages at Cayuga, several farms Florida. 16 sections in bulk in Brewster County Georgia. W. Wilsford, Elatonia, Texas.

WHAT CAUSES THE HIGH PRICES?

The Chicago Journal has had a good time all by itself during the past few months in berating the tariff law and explaining the causes of high prices. This dope in the Journal might have some weight with the people if the editorial and news pages could only get together. The deadly parallel below shows just how consistent the Journal is and about as consistent as it always has been. The following articles were clipped from the Journal of March 4:

EDITORIAL

The attempt of eastern tariff apologists to throw the blame for an abnormally high prices on western producers of foodstuffs does not deceive anyone.

There is a concerted effort to make dealers in foodstuffs the scapegoat in the national outcry against high prices. It can not succeed.

The tariff is the culprit. Even eastern economists are beginning to admit this. But they try to shield their eastern tariff overlords by throwing the principal blame on western cattle raisers and Chicago packers. It is mere dust throwing.

The robber features of the Al-drich-Taft tariff can not be concealed or excuplated.

NEWS ITEM

Hogs sold at \$10 again today, and sheep, which yesterday set a record price, jumped 10 cents more, reaching \$8.20.

Even bulk hogs averaged 10 cents higher than yesterday, becoming quoted from \$9.75 to \$9.90.

A possibility of a further rise in the price was evident when the department of commerce and labor issued a monthly statement, showing a large decrease in live stock receipts at interior markets.

At seven primary interior markets live stock receipts during the month totaled 3,084,892 head, compared with 3,706,892 and 4,529,838 head received during January, 1909 and 1908. Receipts of hogs were 31 per cent below January, 1909, and 48 per cent below the January, 1908, totals, all the cities sharing in the decline.

Shipments for the month of packing house products from Chicago aggregated 167,380,123 pounds, compared with 189,884,534 and 213,298,423 pounds shipped during January, 1909 and 1908.

To the Tax Payers

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector for the town of Genoa at the coming election to be held March 19, 1910, and agree that if I am elected I will make collection of the taxes for the years of 1911-12 and turn over all commissions due me as such collector to the road fund, and if desired by the town board I will furnish a satisfactory bond to make this offer good. Inasmuch as there is over \$800 for the tax payers in this offer it appears to be worth investigating.

Geo. W. Buck.

Coquetry of Golf.

Golf is the coquette of games. It always lures you on and always evades you. Ten years ago I thought I had nearly got it. I think so to-day, and ten years hence I may still have the same delusion; but my scoring cards will show, I fear, that the coquette has not yet been caught. The middle-aged lover cannot hope to win her smile.—Conan Doyle in the Strand.

Friends' Judgment Faulty.

Don't imagine because your friends predict great things for you that that will settle the matter. Their affection for you and interest in you may overvalue your powers, and the further fact that they are not specialists in the line for which they declare you so splendidly adapted makes their judgment not only of doubtful value, but in most cases radically wrong.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

Moose Fight For the Championship of the Wilderness.

An hour, it seemed, the two moose had battled, neither appearing to gain a point of advantage. Their sides showed red gashes from the savage ripping of horn points. Their eyes were reddened, and there was crimson in the flecks of froth that flew from their nostrils. The bog was churned into a black slough of muck beneath them. The first streaks of dawn were showing when—it was fate, luck or the better strategy of the newcomer?—the advantage of position was taken from Bilhorn's stag.

Now the newcomer could stand off a locomotive. He could even recover a measure of his wind, while his opponent must continue to weaken. And the effect soon told. Suddenly he seemed to gather himself together and bring all his great force of bone and muscle into one grand, herculean effort, and Bilhorn's bull slipped backward. His adversary was actually forcing bog and all back with him, the spongy mass souging up behind his helpless haunches. This was a dangerous turn in the fray. He realized it and struggled to gain a stay somewhere, anywhere, but there was nothing to hold to. Back, back, he settled on his haunches until he was driven squarely over on his broad side, hopelessly out of action, terribly at the mercy of his foe, who horned him brutally again and again until sheer lack of breath forced him to draw back for an instant.

Up from the reddened slough the vanquished beast staggered, a fearful spectacle. Not an instant did he falter, but, with his dark life-blood pouring from his sides, drove straight at his enemy again. The rest is soon told. As the dying stag came on blindly he stumbled and fell squarely on the lowered antlers of his conqueror. Viciously the standing bull strove to extricate his horns from beneath the heavy body of his victim, but he was pinned fast.

Then came the spectacular finish of this battle, worthy of the most exacting Roman arena. Slowly but surely the victor began to lift the huge form of the fallen stag until with one mighty upward sweep he hurled it fairly over his back, where it struck on the rock with a sickening thud and fell at its base, a quivering, shapeless mass of man-

gled flesh and bone. The victor wheeled and gazed for a moment at the quiet form.

To the trembling, panting figure of the man on the rock he paid no heed. Satisfied that his adversary would trouble him no more, he turned and with heavy swinging strides went back into the swamp from which he had come. Thus fell the king of the Allagash, not from any cunning or craft of puny man, but in a battle royal, worthy of the Spartan kings, waged with a foe deserving of his blade, in defense of his crown and realm.—Outing Magazine.

TEMPERAMENTS.

They Divide the Human Family Into Five Great Classes.

The physician of a former generation used to talk much of the "temperament" of his patients—that is to say, the predominant type of physical constitution possessed by each. He studied this permanent temperament fully as carefully as he did the disease temporarily present before deciding upon the line of treatment to be adopted.

Even today, although the physician speaks less of temperaments and diatheses and perhaps would be at a loss to tell the names by which they were formerly designated, he by no means ignores the physical tendencies of his patients. From the viewpoint of temperament one may regard the human family as divided into five great classes, although few belong solely to one type. Most persons have a mixture of two or more, being classified rather by the one which predom-

inates. The first of these temperaments is the lymphatic or phlegmatic. In this the individuals are of a quiet, rather inert disposition. They move slowly, but they move surely. They are usually dependable people, true to their word and faithful to perform the duties assigned to them.

A second type, in many ways the direct opposite of the first, is the nervous temperament. These persons are quick in their movements, energetic in work and in play, strenuous, but often without staying power. What they accomplish they accomplish quickly.

The third type is the gouty, sanguine or rheumatic. The individuals of this group are of florid complexion, frank and jovial disposition, good eaters and sleepers and "never sick." But in later life they

pay for their previous health by gouty attacks, and when attacked by serious illness they are likely to succumb quickly.

Persons of the bilious temperament are poor assimilators of food. They suffer from intestinal indigestion, which leads to repeated attacks of "biliousness." All the processes of secretion and excretion are sluggishly performed.

The fifth temperament is the strumous. These people have poor digestion and defective reparative power, little cuts and scratches healing slowly. They are always "catching" whatever contagious disease is about. They lack firmness of texture. The glands in the neck, in the armpits and in the groins frequently become enlarged.

The treatment of the same disease in persons of different temperaments often varies greatly, and hence the importance of the study and power to recognize the five distinct temperaments.—Youth's Companion.

PREJUDICES.

They Don't Mind Close Quarters—The Closer the Better.

Of all the occupations known to men, entertaining a prejudice is the most absurd. Yet the practice is almost universal.

The prejudice is usually uninvited. He comes in quietly, removes his hat and coat, saunters up to the guest chamber and prepares to become a permanent feature of the establishment. You entertain him royally, strain him to your bosom, exhibit him proudly to every one, fight for him, defend him and perpetuate him. Yet you do not even admit that he is present. "I entertain a prejudice," you say, with becoming concern. "Never!"

Birds of a feather flock together. It therefore happens that if there is one prejudice present there are also others. They always come in unawares and take their places silently and unobtrusively. But, oh, how they hang together in an argument!

A group of prejudices is invincible. They have never been beaten. The strange part of prejudices is that one would think they would prefer more commodious quarters. But, no; the narrower the mind the more content they are. They don't mind close quarters. The closer the better.

Prejudices are always busy. If they are not tampering with one's

eyesight they are screening the mind from the open—putting blinds on and making it dark enough to sleep in comfortably.

A man can get insured against almost anything else but prejudices. He can insure himself against fire and water and loss of life and accidents and depreciation in his property. But there is no company so fortified that it would take the risk of insuring against prejudice. And, then, no man would ever think of taking out any insurance against one, because he would never admit that he had it. The prejudice himself fixes that. The first thing he does is to make the man think he isn't there.

That is why prejudices, no matter how much damage they cause to character, are never evicted. They have come to stay.—Thomas L. Masson in Lippincott's.

Just Like a Man.

Mr. Hopperdyke, who had been slightly injured in a railway collision while on a trip away from home, found it necessary to make a stop of a day or two to rest and repair damages. He was not much disabled, however, and he wrote a letter to his wife, telling her of the accident and assuring her that he was all right and that she need not have a moment's uneasiness about him.

When he had posted the letter an idea struck him, and he sent her the following telegram:

Have been hurt in railroad accident. Letter on the way, which will explain. JOHN.

Two days afterward he received this dispatch from her:

Why on earth did you send that horrid telegram? LUCY.

His reply was: I sent it to prepare you for the letter. JOHN.

LITERARY HEROISM.

Great Works Accomplished Under the Most Adverse Circumstances.

Some of the world's most valued literary productions have been accomplished by their authors under circumstances of pain and hardship almost incredible.

Of the blind writers one immediately thinks of Milton and of our own Prescott, who, though not entirely blind, was almost so and performed prodigies in the way of historical composition while handicapped in a way calculated to dishearten the bravest.

Another great historian, John Richard Green, did his work in the

midst of a hard battle against disease and pain. In 1869, when he was finally prostrated by the disease that had taken hold many years before, the doctors gave him no hope of living more than six months longer. Nevertheless Green set about the task of writing his "Short History of the English People," a task that he triumphantly carried to a conclusion notwithstanding racking pains.

We are assured of excellent authority that Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote the greater number of her fine poems confined to a darkened room, to which, by reason of her infirmities, only her own family and most intimate friends could be admitted, while she was in great weakness and almost continuous pain.

Another brave struggle was that of the poet Heine. The last seven years of the German thinker's life were spent on what has been termed his "mattress grave" in such pain and suffering that he was obliged to consume doses of opium in quantity sufficient to have killed several men. Yet Heine not only endured all this with resignation and even cheerfulness, but managed to produce some of his most finished work, among which were "Last Poems and Thoughts" and his "Confessions."

To the list of literary heroes must be added the name of Scott. Sir Walter's manly fight against failing health and financial misfortune during the closing years of his life is too well known to need more than passing mention. When the commercial reverses came that left him staggering under a huge burden of debt, he shattered in health, laboriously set to work "with wearied eyes and worn brain" to recoup. Painfully he toiled, sometimes as many as fourteen hours a day, until the end came, but nevertheless he succeeded in meeting every cent due by reason of the monumental indebtedness forced upon him.

Grant's memoirs were composed under peculiarly pathetic conditions. Confronted by the dismal prospect of dying from a malignant disease and ruined by reason of unfortunate financial ventures, the doughty general in order to provide for his wife finished under these distressing conditions that work only four days before his death.—New York Tribune.

Moving pictures at the pavilion Saturday night.

THEY'RE COMING OUR WAY

And there's a reason why they're coming our way. Never before were such bargains offered. Those who fail to come our way are missing opportunities that will not hold out forever. It is true that we are continually adding to our stock, but we can not guarantee to have the same bargains on hand at all times. If you see anything quoted that you want, now is the time to get busy. Next week may be too late. During the past week we have added several items in dry goods. We bought them at special prices and under those conditions will be placed before the people.

REMEMBER THE DISH PAN OFFER

Trade \$1.00 and you can have one of those 50c enameled dish pans for 10c. A rare bargain. In fact we are practically giving the pan away.

Here Are a Few Pointers For You

Apron gingham, 7c quality, sale price per yard.....	5c	7c muslin closing out at per yard.....	4c	Prints that are worth 9c a yard closing out at.....	7c	Odd lot of corsets, regular price 50c, on sale at.....	15c
Crash toweling, regular 12c article, sale price per yard.....	9c	Good quality cotton batten, worth 12c our price.....	9c	Toweling worth 5c a yard, closing out price.....	4c	Another lot of corsets worth 50c, good quality at.....	35c
Men's socks, the regular 15c grade, a snap at.....	10c	Gingham worth 8c per yard, closing out price.....	6½c	Best make of cotton thread per spool.....	4c	Embroidery, a regular 8c seller, now going at.....	6c
Dress goods, regular price 50c per yard, our price.....	35c	Bleached muslin, regular 11c quality, our price.....	9c	Men's caps, former selling price 50c, our price.....	25c	Night shirts, have always sold at \$1.00, now going at.....	60c
Wool dress goods, sold formerly at 50c now on sale at.....	29c	Prints worth 8c per yard, our closing out price.....	6½c	Suspenders, sold everywhere at 50c a pair, sale price.....	23c	Briar pipe in case, worth \$3.25, now going at.....	\$1.79

The above are just a few quotations taken at random from the many bargains which are to be seen on every side at this store. The above gives you only a faint idea of the real situation. You must come and see for yourself just what a real bargain store is.

E. H. Cohoon, Genoa, Ill.

The Stone Thrower

By CLAUDE ROBERTSON

(Copyright, 1939 by Associated Literary Press.)

There's a boy in the strawberry bed!"

Next to the Widow Fenwick's country house was the cottage of Mr. Davis, and between the two was a large strawberry bed. This summer the Davis family was away among relatives in the west, and before going it was understood that the yield of that strawberry bed was to go to the Fenwicks for the picking. Miss Nellie Fenwick had pushed her way through the bushes more than once while the vines were in blossom to weed the grass and dead vines.

The bad boy of the village had come with the first berries. He had come to eat his fill, but Mollie, the Fenwick cook, had given the alarm and Miss Nellie had rushed out. She was no sprinter to overtake a barefooted boy, and her voice was too gentle to frighten him. She had, therefore, thrown stones at him from behind a screen of bushes. She could equal him at that. She had dropped the first under his nose, taken his cap off with the second, and with the third she had sent him away howling.

The boy had returned next day and the next. He had seen the girl in the act of throwing. He had been taught to believe that no girl ever born could hit a haystack 20 feet away with a stone. He had been hit, but he laid it to accident. He was hit again, and again he howled and fled, but he would not believe until after the third trial. Then he got a missile on the ear and retreated to find safer plunder. Four days had passed when the cook came running in to give the alarm. She had caught sight of another trespasser. She couldn't throw for shucks herself, and it was her duty to report to one who could.

"Back again, is he?" exclaimed the girl, as she started up. "Now, then, you gather a whole apronful of stones and I'll show him that I'm in earnest!"

When Miss Nellie reached the bushes and carefully peeped over, she saw a human form on its knees among



Carefully Peeped Over.

the vines. That human form was gobbling down her strawberries. She had counted on a strawberry short-cake for dinner that night.

The cook stood there loaded with ammunition. Miss Nellie selected four or five stones and drew a long breath, and away they went one after the other. The human form uttered a yell of astonishment and a grunt of pain and rolled over to scramble up again and make off behind the other house.

"There!" shouted the girl, as she waved her hand in triumph.

"Did you see him?" asked the cook.

"I saw a bundle of something on the fly."

"Well, let me tell you it wasn't that boy or any other boy. It wasn't a cat or a dog. It wasn't a gander or a rooster. It was a man. Yes, sir, it was a man, and he wasn't an old one at that."

"But what was he doing here? I mean, if he was stealing my strawberries I'm glad I hit him. It was some tramp, probably."

The two waited around for a spell, prepared for a second bombardment, but the tramp had enough and nothing more was seen of him.

It was three o'clock the next afternoon when Miss Nellie was dozing in her hammock on the veranda that the cook came out on tiptoe to shake the girl by the shoulder and whisper:

"Tramp—strawberry bed—stones!"

"What—is he back?"

"He is—some one! I've collected the most beautiful heap of stones you ever saw, and I believe you can kill him this time!"

"So he had the cheek to come back? Well, I'll show him that strawberry beds in this neighborhood are not free to all. Come on!"

Whizz—whizz—whizz—whizz! The stones left the hand of the indignant girl and she was about to throw the fifth one when the cook caught her arm and exclaimed:

"That's enough, Miss Nellie—you've bowled him over!"

So she had. The human form was lying on its side, and a leg was kicking now and then. Miss Nellie was frightened. She turned pale and whispered:

"Molly, suppose I've killed him!"

"Huh! You can't kill a tramp with an ax. He's just stunned. He'll come to directly and take a skate."

But he didn't. They waited five minutes and then pushed their way through the bushes and came upon a sight to make them gasp. It was a young man lying among the strawberries, and he was bleeding profusely from a wound in the temple. He was the one stoned the day before, but he was far from being a tramp.

"Quick—to the house and get a bandage and some water!" ordered Miss Nellie as soon as she could make out what had happened. And while the cook was gone she did her best to staunch the flow with her handkerchief. The victim moaned, but did not open his eyes. When the cook returned, the wound was bathed and bandaged. During this operation the fearful, trembling mistress of the kitchen whispered:

"If he's dead, Miss Nellie, and they go to hang you, I'll lie and say that I threw the stones!"

She was sent to notify the stableman, and he in turn stopped a passer-by on the highway, and the still unconscious victim was carried to the house and laid on a bed. Then the doctor was telephoned for. Fifteen minutes after his arrival he had restored the young man to his senses. Then he gave him an opiate. He heard the story of the stone-throwing and then gravely replied:

"You might have killed him. As it is, he will live, but he must remain here for at least a week, and during that time you must be his nurse. In fact, I don't know but what you'll have to marry him in the end. You see, he can bring a charge of attempted assassination against you and send you to prison, or the wound may result in loss of memory unless you two fall in love."

The girl ran away, blushing poppy red, but there was no doubt that she had some little curiosity regarding her patient. This could not be gratified until next day, when she carried in his chicken broth, with her mother chaperoning her on one side and the cook on the other. Mr. Clarence Dart, as he proved to be, was weak but smiling.

The doctor had ways about him. He now put one of his ways forward by keeping that young man in bed for four days when he was able to walk. Then he insisted that he play convalescent and sit on the veranda with a pillow behind his back for a week, and that, after being able to play croquet and walk two miles without stopping for breath, he should visit the widow's house once a day and do a heap of talking to the daughter. That daughter finally stopped, him one day as he was passing and asked:

"Doctor, do you regard Mr. Dart as thoroughly cured?"

"No, ma'am, I don't," was the prompt reply. "He is in love with you, and if you don't say yes within a fortnight he's liable to go into convulsions and swallow his Adam's apple."

Mr. Dart was not called upon to convulse.

Given Thorough Schooling.

At the Margaret Morrison Carnegie school in Pittsburgh the girls are taught not only cooking and other domestic duties, but also the art of being hostesses. Every girl in the household arts department must take her turn at entertaining in the model flat. The girls go into the flat in groups of three. One is the mistress, one the parlor maid and waitress and the third the cook and kitchen maid. During her reign the mistress must preside at a breakfast, a dinner and a luncheon. It is her duty to make out the menu for the meal and hand it to the cook. The cook estimates the cost and the food values. Then it is passed on to the maid, who writes a list of the silver dishes and linen that will be required and turns it over to the instructor. After the instructor has passed on it she gives it back and hears no more of the meal until she attends it as a guest. These meals often have as many as fifty covers and many of the guests are distinguished people, so the young hostess who occupies the head of the table has to keep alert and do her part in entertaining. The school was built by Andrew Carnegie as a memorial to his mother.

Heat Radiated by Stars.

From time to time scientists endeavor to measure the heat radiated from some of the brightest stars. One of the most successful efforts in this direction was prosecuted under the direction of the astronomer at the Yerkes observatory. With the aid of an apparatus recalling the principle of the Crookes radiometer, they have ascertained that the star Vega, which shines very brilliantly near the zenith in midsummer evenings, sends to the earth an amount of heat equal to that of an ordinary candle six miles distant. Arcturus, the star celebrated by Job, which has a somewhat fiery color, radiates about twice as much heat as Vega.—Harper's Weekly.

"FAKE" RELICS WERE REAL

Indians of Mexico City Have Been Selling Genuine Antiques to World Tourists.

Tourists and curio buyers in Mexico City have for years been made to believe they were experiencing the exquisite sensation of being humbugged by fake Aztec idol collectors, when in reality they have been fooled all along with the genuine article.

This discovery has been made by Prof. William Niven, of Cuernavaca, and Mexico City, who has given years to the study of the fossilized remains of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico. Mr. Niven has recently discovered the Indians at work in a treasure house of buried Mexican pottery, idols and similar remains some miles west of Mexico City, which they have been marketing on the streets of Mexico City for years.

As it has been taken for granted that these objects were modern imitations and prices were cut down in accordance the Indians have fallen in with the humor and found it more profitable and quicker to let the buyer do his own sizing up of the antique value of the curio.

However, Mr. Niven was surprised to find among the number of such objects purchased by himself, several that bore unmistakable signs of great age. Curious pieces of pottery purchased by him on the streets had been buried so long that their substance had become of great hardness and to show a high degree of petrification that must have required, not centuries, but thousands of years.

Questioning the vendors he has been shown where they were dug. The place is some miles west of Tacuba. The diggings show that the Indians have been exploiting the mounds for many years.

Skulls have been found that possess peculiar anthropological value, showing a type of people entirely different in the structure and shape of their skulls from any other before found.

Mr. Niven believes that the numerous heads and faces of burned clay represent family portraits and were employed for similar purposes for which photographs are now used.

Wonderful Surgical Feat.

Wonderful things are accomplished in the surgical world these days. Six-year-old Arthur Shibley was shot by a maniac in New York recently, and was likely to die through loss of blood. The doctors suggested transfusion of blood from a strong and healthy person's body into that of the dying boy. The lad's foster mother gladly offered herself for the strange sacrifice.

Mrs. Shibley, scornful anaesthetics, bore the pain without flinching as the surgeons opened a vein in her arm. In a moment the blood from her healthy system was flowing into the enfeebled body of her adopted son. The change in the boy's appearance during the 20 minutes the transfusion continued was wonderful. A healthy glow came to his skin and his pale lips became ruddy. When the tube was removed the surgeons announced that the operation had been a success.

Mrs. Shibley was so weak from the loss of blood that she could scarcely speak, but she smiled cheerfully as she was told the boy was much benefited by her sacrifice.

He Was Forestalled.

William A. Pinkerton, the head of the famous detective agency, was talking in Chicago about the interesting statistics of his recently published report.

"Yes, it is true," Mr. Pinkerton said, "that we catch the criminal more frequently than we used to. It is true, too, that knowing the criminal's ways, we forestall him—we take preventive measures that reduce crime enormously."

"We are like," he resumed, "the Delmar deacon. This deacon was passing the collection plate one Sunday morning. When he came to a certain penurious Delmar citizen he noticed that the man extended toward the plate, not a hand with a coin displayed between the finger and thumb, but a tightly closed fist.

"The deacon frowned at the fist, and jerked the plate back from it."

"Give it to me, Mr. Keene," he whispered, audibly. 'One has just come off my vest.'—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Patrick Henry's Fee.

It is said of Patrick Henry that during his practice of law in the Virginia courts and when he was familiarly addressed as "governor" a man who had been arrested for stealing a hog and who was out on bail, went to the governor to have him defend him.

The governor said: "Did you walk away with that shout?"

"I don't like to say."

"Out with it."

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you got the carcass?"

"Yes, sir."

"You go home, you wretch; cut the pig lengthwise in half and hang as much of it in my smokehouse as you keep in yours."

At court the governor said: "Your honor, this man has no more of that stolen shout than I have."

The man was cleared.—Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

An Ax to Grind.

Hogan—It's Phitz that gets me vote for mayor. He shakes hands wid a dirty-fishted workin' mon the same as wid a millinaryre.

Grogan—He dooze, do he? Shure, an' the mon that wants the whisky in the joog is willin' to shake hands with the handle ahny time.—Boston Transcript.

The Woman at Home

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

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Mary Ainslee handed her doctor husband his second cup of coffee, and listened while he told her what hospital he would be operating in that forenoon. He then began speaking of the children, but absently, and she knew he was worrying about the Preston case—Mrs. Preston was as likely to die as to live. He tried not to talk shop at table, but it irritated his wife to know that his work was everlastingly first in his mind. She felt herself growing unlovely in thought, though she sternly schooled her outward behavior to perfection. As they finished the meal she was obliged to remind him of the money he had forgotten, for two days, to give her.

"I'm sorry, my dear—I quite forgot," he replied, and wrote her a check double the amount she had originally asked for. He was a generous man. What troubled her was that he was as generous to the world at large as to his own family.

After he had kissed her good-by and started for the office she went over the house with the maid, gave the cook her orders and then dressed little Robert, gave him his breakfast and sent him off to school. Then the baby had to be fed and dressed. By the time she had done the little things that required her hand, and had changed her morning gown, it was almost luncheon time. The baby was asleep, and she sat down deliberately in her own room to correct her own thought.

She realized that she was becoming irritable and jealous—yes, jealous. What was she to do? Not for her life would she have betrayed her feelings, have made a vulgar scene. Besides, what could she complain of? She tried to be reasonable. And it was not only the women who were everlastingly cooing about him, admiring and deferring to him, pitying him volubly for his busy life, calling on his sympathy—it was the children, the men, the string of ailing human beings that filled his office and his life. She had, after eight years of marriage, come to feel that the doctor's family was simply a secondary possession of the general public. Women called—out of courtesy to the doctor—to see the doctor's wife, his children, his house. Old ladies—and silly young ones—sent him ridiculous gifts. Nurses deftly obeyed his behest. And, it seemed to her, he was as fond of other children as of his own. She hated herself for caring—but she did care! She wondered what she should do. Then the maid called her to lunch.

She waited ten minutes, 15, a half hour she could get off to his kindergarten in time. They had nearly finished when the doctor entered, distraught, pale, evidently exhausted. His wife rose to his need, letting him alone.

Finally she was told that Mrs. Preston was worse, and the morning's operation a success, but only by a miracle. He bolted his food, and was off again with scarcely a good-by. She knew it would have been infinitely easier for him to have lunched downtown, and that he came home in deference to her wishes.

It was truly a black afternoon for the girl, for she was barely twenty-six. For the first time she owned herself that her life was becoming unbearable. In the two years before little Robert came, and even till a few months ago when the baby appeared, it had been possible for her to get about with him—to lunch downtown at his convenience, to drive him about to his calls, to get him to the theater, to church, to a reception or dinner now and then. Now she was tied down by the children even when he could go. She felt bitter and alone, wondering what life was for.

Several women called during the afternoon, friendly, but not near enough to her so that she felt them. They took occasion to intimate that the doctor looked pale and overworked, as if she were unobservant, and to pet Robert and pronounce him the picture of his father. They left her feeling like an unprofitable servant. Then his mother phoned her—very sweetly—and asked if she might "borrow" him for dinner that night, adding plaintively that she almost never saw her son any more! Mary forced herself to be civil, even kind, to bid the old lady get him to come if she could. By that time she had one of her bad headaches.

She called the maid to take the children out, and tried to lie down, but she was too restless. She reflected that another woman would send for a doctor. Should she send for—Dr. Ainslee? She laughed bitterly to herself. He would come, all kindness, all concern, doing his best—as with any other patient! She preferred to suffer it out, and then, she knew how busy he was. He had to go out to the new house they were building, besides his other work. In the new house, farther out, she would never see him, she thought miserably. She began for the first time that summer to feel the heat, to be half hysterical, wholly unhappy. She realized that she could not live without him—nor with him.

Finally, at almost dinner time, she rose, bathed and dressed. Then the phone rang, and she answered it. It was his voice, quick, irritable, but kind, asking how she was, and the children, saying that he was really obliged on short notice to go to some

medical banquet, and was sorry he could not be home to dinner—he would not be back till late, and she was not to sit up. While she was listening, the tears fell down her cheeks. She answered pleasantly.

She made a pretense at dinner, and finally got the children to bed. Then she came down to the hammock under the trees. Her headache lessened, and she tried to think things out calmly, as a man would. After hours she reached only one solid conclusion—that if she only knew that he really loved her and the children better than all the rest of the world together; if it was a grief to him to see so little of them, she could bear it. And then she fell asleep.

When she awoke she was, somehow, conscious that it was very late. The moon looked as if it had been up a long, long time. The woman rose and went softly into the house—she must be in bed before Robert came home—it would irritate him to find her waiting for him like a reproach at his long absence. Things ought to have been dark in the house, but as she entered the hall she saw that his den was lighted up. She heard his voice, carefully lowered. Whom could he be talking to?

She started upstairs, and then stopped. She came softly back, stooping to remove her high-heeled slippers. She knew it was a base thing to do, but she simply must know what he was saying and whom he was addressing in so heartfelt a tone—not his professional tone. She crept along the hall to a little turn where she could safely listen.

"That's all very well, Trafton," he was saying. So it was Phil Trafton, his bachelor friend, come from nowhere! "All very well," he continued, "but I've something to work for and it looks to me as if you haven't. I get as sick as you, as any other doctor gets of women—an ailing, whining, fawning lot. Half of them need a spanking worse than they need medicine. Some of them need a little common sense. We almost never see a woman that appeals to us—save as a burden—except the nurses, the business women, who, from my standpoint, are not really women at all. They simply serve my need in my work. It is different, now, when—save as a wife. It's the woman at home that counts with a man like me—with my real man. I give you my word, woman, surrounded as I am, that I never really give a thought to any woman but Mary—and my mother. And I almost never see them! I am straining every nerve to get the place where I can have more time with them. That's what I live for." He paused. The other man spoke in the queer, quick way Mary remembered so well.

"You married men are all alike, I suppose you are right. But I must say I know married men who wouldn't dare to bring a friend home at midnight, without permission, like this!" She could almost see her husband swell with pride.

"Mary never fails to welcome anyone I want," he said. "There is no body like her. Say, Traf, why not come on a trip with us? I thought it out to-day that I would ask Mary in the morning if she wouldn't take the babies and come to the mountains for a two months' vacation. She needs rest worse than I do, and we could all have a good time, providing we can lose you occasionally!"

Trafton laughed. "Not for mine," he replied, "but thanks all the same. I don't fit in with married bliss, old man!"

Mary Ainslee slipped off upstairs, slippers in hand. Once in her own room she redonned them, touched her hair into order, twitched the soft dress to the proper folds. Then, with shining eyes and a thankful heart, she went downstairs to greet her husband and his friend.

ROUSED THEM FROM SLUMBER

Few Words Uttered by Scottish Divine Most Powerful in Their Effect on Congregation.

A certain Scotch minister, a new comer in the parish, finding it impossible to arrest the attention of his congregation, became desperate. No sooner did he appear in the pulpit than they promptly composed themselves to sleep.

One evening, after taking up his position, he rapped sharply on the ledge in front of him, and addressed his somnolent flock in tones of severe remonstrance.

"Now, brethren," he said, "it's not fair to go asleep as ye always ha' done directly I begin my sermon. Ye might wait a wee till I get along, and then if I'm no worth hearing sleep awa' wi' ye, and I'll no care; but dinna go before I ha' commenced. Gie me this one chance."

Finding they were all fairly awake by that time, he went on—

"I shall take for my text the two words 'Know thyself,' but I will say before I begin the discourse that I would no advise this congregation to make many such profitless acquaintances."

There was not a snore or a nod in the kirk that evening, and after that day he found his task comparatively easy.

SEEK HOLY RELICS

MISSION OF EXPLORATION IN PALESTINE.

Solomon's Temple and Other Things of Interest to the Christian World Are Sought So Far With-out Any Result.

King Solomon's temple, the ark of the covenant, Aaron's rod and the seven-branched golden candlestick which stood in the holy of holies—these are just a few of the treasures for which a party of young Englishmen are now excavating in Palestine in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. The majority of experts are of the opinion that these treasures are not to be found where they are now being looked for, but the members of the expedition have other information upon which they place reliance.

This is a cryptogram, which is said to have been found in the Talmud by a Finnish engineer and which is thought to give a clue to the place where the treasures of King Solomon are hidden. Exactly what this cryptogram is has naturally been kept secret by the Finnish engineer, but he has convinced his supporters in the enterprise of its reliability, and already a good deal of work has been done toward a practical demonstration of its accuracy or inaccuracy.

Perhaps even more interesting than the search for King Solomon's treasures is the composition of the party engaged in it. At the head of the syndicate is Clarence Wilson, brother-in-law of Lady Sarah Wilson, and a very wealthy man. Then there is Robert Vivian Duff, commonly known as Robin, a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards and husband of Lady Juliet Duff, perhaps the tallest, as she is certainly one of the most beautiful women in London society. With these is associated Hon. Cyril Ward, a brother of the earl of Dudley and of Hon. John Ward, who married Miss Jean Reid, daughter of the American ambassador to England. Cyril Ward, like Wilson and Duff, is a man of means, having married Baroness de Brien, a great Dutch heiress. Other members of the syndicate are Capt. Montague B. Parker of the Grenadier Guards, a brother of the earl of Morley; and two other guardsmen, Hon. Mr. Walsh and Mr. Foley.

Three months ago, the necessary permits having been obtained from the Turkish government, the party sailed for Palestine in a yacht specially purchased for the purpose by Mr. Wilson, and work was shortly afterward started in the neighborhood of the Pool of Siloam. Sixty men were engaged as laborers, and the excavations went merrily on. They are still going on, but, perhaps less merrily, for up to the present nothing has been discovered to reward their labors. Mr. Walsh and Mr. Foley still remain in Palestine, and it is supposed that the party have not yet given up hope of discovering the treasures they set out to seek.

Aye! There's the Rub.

The amateur sociologist was airing his views to an admiring and high-browed audience. A professional politician, cleverly disguised as an East side settlement worker, had managed to pass the sacred portals, and was obscurely ensconced in a dark corner.

"Graft is the curse of the American government!" exclaimed the amateur sociologist. "The rich man can buy his way to political power, not that he wishes to serve the people, but simply to increase his wealth."

"Hear! Hear!" cried the high-browed audience, after the manner of the English.

"Huh!" came a grunt from the corner.

"We don't want the rich man in politics," continued the speaker. "What this country needs in office is the poor man."

"How are you going to keep him poor?" came a strident voice from the corner.

And the amateur sociologist was forced to admit that he hadn't thought of that.

Royal Witticism.

In a biography of Leech the painter, who at one time acted as drawing master to Queen Victoria, the late Mr. W. P. Frith related an amusing story, illustrating her majesty's wit.

One day, in the course of a lesson, the queen let her pencil fall to the ground. Both master and pupil stooped at the same moment to pick it up, when to the horror of Leech there was a collision, the master's head striking that of his royal pupil. Before he could stammer out an apology, however, the queen smilingly said:

"Well, Mr. Leech, if we bring our heads together in this way I ought to improve rapidly."

Value of Economy.

No matter how economical a young man is, his endeavors to save are wasted if he has a careless wife. He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be scarcely less certainly vain. Habits of economy, the way to turn everything in the household affairs to the best account—these are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters.

BUCKWHEATS VERSUS PIE

By BELLE MANIATES

Bertha awaited the coming of her caller without much animation.

"He won't come many times," she said to her mother. "The other girls will get to inviting him and they will feed him with layer cakes and pies and ice cream. The boys say it's just like a poorhouse here. We never give them a thing to eat."

"Well, if that's all they come for, I'd be mighty glad to have them stay away. Pie and cake and ice cream is unhealthy stuff and I ain't going to have any in my house. This is no eating house."

Mrs. Willets snapped out this declaration and went upstairs to bed at her usual early hour. She relented enough to caution the two young boys, Richard and Bert, not to go into the sitting room.

"Bertha's going to have a bean," she informed, "and you can sit in the kitchen and study your lessons."

They obediently went to the kitchen, but did not study.

"Who's coming to see Bertha?" asked Bert.

"Red Raymond. He's been out west for four years, you know. Been a cowboy and shot Indians."

"Oh, I hope Bertha keeps him for a steady."

"She won't," replied Richard, who had been eavesdropping, "because ma won't let her make any pies and cake and stuff for him to eat."

"Huh!" commented Bert. "Tain't likely he's anything like these farmers around here. He won't care for pie and cake."

"Bertha don't seem to keep a fellow long," lamented Richard. "Ned Price only kept company a month. He says he likes fat girls with red cheeks. Bertha's pale and thin, you know."

"That's not a cowboy's style," remarked Bert, who had taken to drawing books from a circulating library. "They like the delicate kind."

The boys immediately set to work and when things were ready they marched into the sitting room, where Bertha, distraught from her mortification at not being able to offer Red cake and pie, was ill at ease and inattentive. She welcomed the diversion of the entrance of the boys.

"Say," said Bert, "Richard and I got hungry and we are going to have a spread in the kitchen. Don't you folks want to come out?"

"Sure we do," responded Red, promptly, rising from his chair with alacrity and following the boys. Bertha obeyed with some trepidation.

"Oh, Lord!" ejaculated Red when he came into the big, warm kitchen and smelled the coffee. I do believe that's a stack of buckwheats. I used to dream about them when I was down in New Mexico."

Bertha's spirits rose. The boys had set the table nicely. The coffee smelled promising. There were a pitcher of cream and a jug of syrup on the table.

"Sit down," urged Bert. "I'll bake the cakes and Rich will serve you. Pour the coffee, Bertha."

"Say," inquired Richard, as he laid a golden-brown cake on Red's plate, "what did you call these? A what of buckwheats?"

"Stack," said Red, pouring about a pint of syrup over the cakes. "That's what they call them out west. Wheat cakes is a stack of whites. Poached eggs on toast is Adam and Eve on a raft."

"Go on, tell more!" applauded Bert, waving a pancake turner excitedly in the air.

Red laughed and between cakes he related western tales to the boys' content.

"Is he coming again to-morrow night, Bertha?" whispered Richard from his room as his sister came upstairs at a late hour.

"Yes," she answered, happily. "It was just lovely of you, boys, to think of the cakes. He's going to bring you each a present to-morrow."

"I'll be all right for him," prophesied Bert. "You leave the feeding part to us."

The next night the little brothers again ushered themselves into the sitting room.

"We've got some Adams and Eves on rafts," grinned Richard.

"Well, you are the best chefs I know," said Red, approvingly, "and you bet you'll get a tip." He handed them each an Indian bow and arrow.

The next night, as sister's bean came up the lane, he was met by Bert. "Say," said the boy, doggedly, "before you come in there's something I want to tell you."

"All right, my boy. Fire away."

"You see there ain't anything to eat to-night and we've run out of coffee and I thought it only fair to tell you before you came in, so you could turn back if you wanted to. But it ain't Bertha's fault. It's ma that's stingy."

Red stared a moment and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"See here, Bert! You didn't think I came to your house to eat, did you? I came because I love

Professional Cards
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 Office and residence, south side of Main street
 Office hours: 1 to 3 p. m., 6:30 to 8 p. m.

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Gentle Horses with Stylish Rigs.
 Busses and Carriages for Wedding Parties and Funerals.
 Coal Hauling, Piano Moving and General Teaming.

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 Bought, sold and exchanged.

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST want a man or woman in Genoa and vicinity to look after subscription renewals and to forward new business. A guaranteed weekly salary, the amount depending on the work done, and a commission on each order. Experience unnecessary. Any one can build up a permanent paying business without capital. Complete outfit and instructions free.
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Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific nerve sickness—nothing else.
 It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Restorative—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going directly to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishment was ever to be had.
 For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
 L. CARMICHAEL.

A Good Catch.
 The following describes a girl who would make the very best man in the community a mighty good, worthy wife. It says: The dapper little traveling man glanced at the menu and then up at the pretty waitress. "Nice day little one," he began. "Yes it is and so was yesterday," she replied, "and my name is Ella, not 'little one' and I know I'm a little peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, I like the place, I don't think I'm to nice to be working in a hotel, if I did I'd quit my job, and I don't know if there is a show or dance in town tonight. If there is I shall not go with you, I'm from the country and I'm a respectable girl. My brother is cook in this hotel, weighs 200 pounds and last week he wiped up this dining room floor with a fresh fifty-dollar-a-month traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now, what will you have?" The traveling man said he was not very hungry and a cup of coffee and some hot cakes would do.

Sleepless Nights for Dairy Herds
 The Aurora, Elgin & Chicago Railroad is up against one of the most unique problems that has ever confronted a railroad. Dairy farmers who live along the third rail system claim that the operation of electric cars on stormy nights and the frequent and blinding flashes of electricity keep their cows awake and that as a consequence they give less milk than usual. It is the contention of the dairymen that the supply of milk in the section through which the third rail lines operate has been materially reduced.—Herbon Tribune.

For Tax Collector
 I have decided to become a candidate for the office of collector for the town of Genoa and will appreciate the support of my friends at the primary election.
 22-1f. Wm. H. Wager.

Highway Commissioner
 Having been urged by my friends to do so I have decided to become a candidate for re-nomination to the office of commissioner of highways for the town of Genoa and will appreciate the support of voters at the caucus to be held on the 26th of this month.
 25-4t J. H. VanDresser.

For Collector
 Being crippled, owing to an accident caused by coming in contact with a buzz saw some time ago, I have decided to become a candidate for collector, as the commission will be a great help to me in making a living. I will appreciate the support of the voters of Genoa at the coming election.
 24-1f A. A. (Poe) Baker.

To the Voters of Genoa
 I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of collector and respectfully ask your support at the spring election.
 20-1f E. D. Ide.

For Tax Collector
 I have decided to become a candidate for tax collector and will appreciate the support of the voters at the spring caucus
 20-1f L. W. Kanies.

For Assessor
 I am a candidate for re-election to the office of assessor for the town of Genoa and will appreciate the votes of my friends at the coming election.
 23-1f J. W. Sowers.

Taxes! Taxes! Taxes!
 Hereafter I will be at Awe's store in New Lebanon every Wednesday morning from 8 to 10 o'clock for the purpose of collecting taxes. Every day and on every Wednesday evening from 7 to 8:30 taxes can be paid at the office of Jas. R. Kiernan.
 H. E. VanDresser, Collector.

Don't drug the Stomach, or stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is wrong. It is the weak nerves that are crying out for help. Vitalize these weak inside controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and see how quickly good health will come to you again! Test it and see! Sold by L. E. Carmichael.

Moving pictures and skating at the Pavilion Saturday night.

A TRAGIC MOMENT.

Two Famished Men and Their Last Fifty Cent Piece.
 A group of old time journeyman printers the other night were describing their wanderings up and down and across the map of the United States and pointing the descriptions of their journeys with little hard luck stories of their own experiences here and there. A little gray man with a high forehead who had been listening meekly all evening to the reminiscences of the others finally was moved to speech.

"I've worked in newspaper offices and printshops in nearly every kind of a burg in this country from Father Knickerbocker's town to the shacks in Red Gulch, and I have had to 'batter gates' once in awhile for a little broken grub," said he.

"I have been a little more than hungry at times, and I used the side door Pullman in most of my little journeys. But I believe the saddest and most hopeless moment of my life was in Chicago late in the fall of the year of the big Columbian exposition. Me and a pal of mine had drifted in there from the wide southwest somewhere, and we were both just about broke. Our clothes were getting thin, and the October breezes coming across the lake were beginning to chill us to the bone. But we clubbed together one day and raised enough to pay our admissions into the fair. We were bound to see it, although it left us one lonesome half dollar between the two of us.

"All day we tramped, feasting our eyes on the marvels of the big show, and late in the afternoon we landed back uptown, with our heads full of Venetian lagoons and white palaces. We still had the half dollar, and in the intervals of recalling this and that exhibit to each other we were planning how to spend the 50 cents to the best advantage. We were nearing the Rush street bridge when we began to laugh over the queer antics and mannerisms of a group of single eyeglassed Englishmen we had run across that afternoon in the British exhibit.

"My partner was mining along, giving an imitation of one of their 'ludships,' and, suddenly thinking of the fifty cent piece, ran his hand into his pocket and, lifting it to his eye, began using it as a monocle. Just at the height of his antics the half dollar slipped from his eye, bounced and rolled a few inches and slipped through a crack in the bridge floor down into the sluggish waters of the Chicago river. It was tragic. There was nothing to be said. We just looked at one another for a minute and tramped on across the bridge."—St. Louis Republic.

Startling Instance of Longevity.
 One of the most curious instances of longevity is found in Miss Louisa Courtenay's "Notes of an Octogenarian." A witness in a will case in which Bellenden-Ker, the great English conveyancer, was engaged was asked if he had any brothers or sisters. He replied that he had one brother who died 150 years ago. The court expressed incredulity, and documentary evidence was produced in support of the statement. This showed that the witness' father, who married first at the age of nineteen, had a son who died in infancy. The father married again at the age of seventy-five and had a son who lived to appear in the witness box at the age of ninety-four and made the above startling statement.

So Sudden.
 Young Smith (who has mustered courage at last to ascertain his fate)—And you will be my bride, dear Nellie?
 Nellie—I will answer you, Mr. Smith, when we are alone.
 Young Smith—When we are alone?
 Nellie—Yes. Eject my young brother. He is under the sofa. (The young brother is ejected.) Now open the cupboard and tell my sister, who is listening, politely, but firmly, to depart. (The sister departs.)
 Young Smith (wiping his brow)—Now, darling, the coast is clear. Will you be mine?
 Nellie—No! (Collapse of Smith.)
 —London Tit-Bits.

A Fatal Funeral.
 An extraordinary series of fatalities occurred at Madrid. An old lady died suddenly, and when the hearse came to convey her body to the graveyard the coachman fell from the box in a fit of apoplexy and died immediately. A woman among the mourners was so upset at this that she fell dead, as though struck by lightning, and a child in her arms was dashed against the stones with such violence that its skull was fractured. Instead of one death four had to be notified to the authorities.

Jewish Sabbath Tablecloths.
 The white tablecloth which marks the Sabbath day will cling to us as tenaciously as all other little distinctions of our faith. It is the last thing the Jewish woman forgets, as long as there is a shred of religion left—the white tablecloth decorating the Shabbos table.—Jewish World.

The cleverest imitation of real Coffee ever yet made is Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. It is fine in flavor—and is made in just one minute. No tedious 20 or 30 minutes boiling. Made from pure parched grains, malt, nuts, etc. Sample free.
 F. O. Swan

For Sheriff
 I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of sheriff of DeKalb county subject to the action of the republican primaries and respectfully solicit the support of the republican voters of the county.
 Frank C. Poust,
 24-1f* Sandwich, Ill.

We Have Coal

The railroads have loosened up considerably during the past week and we are now able to supply all demands for

SOFT COAL

and can take care of our customers who wish

HARD COAL

Although the latter is not coming in as fast as it should, we have enough in sight to supply all immediate demands.

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 My son Rex was taken down a year ago with lung trouble. We doctored some months without improvement. Then I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, and I soon noticed a change for the better. I kept this treatment up for a few weeks and now my son is perfectly well and works every day.
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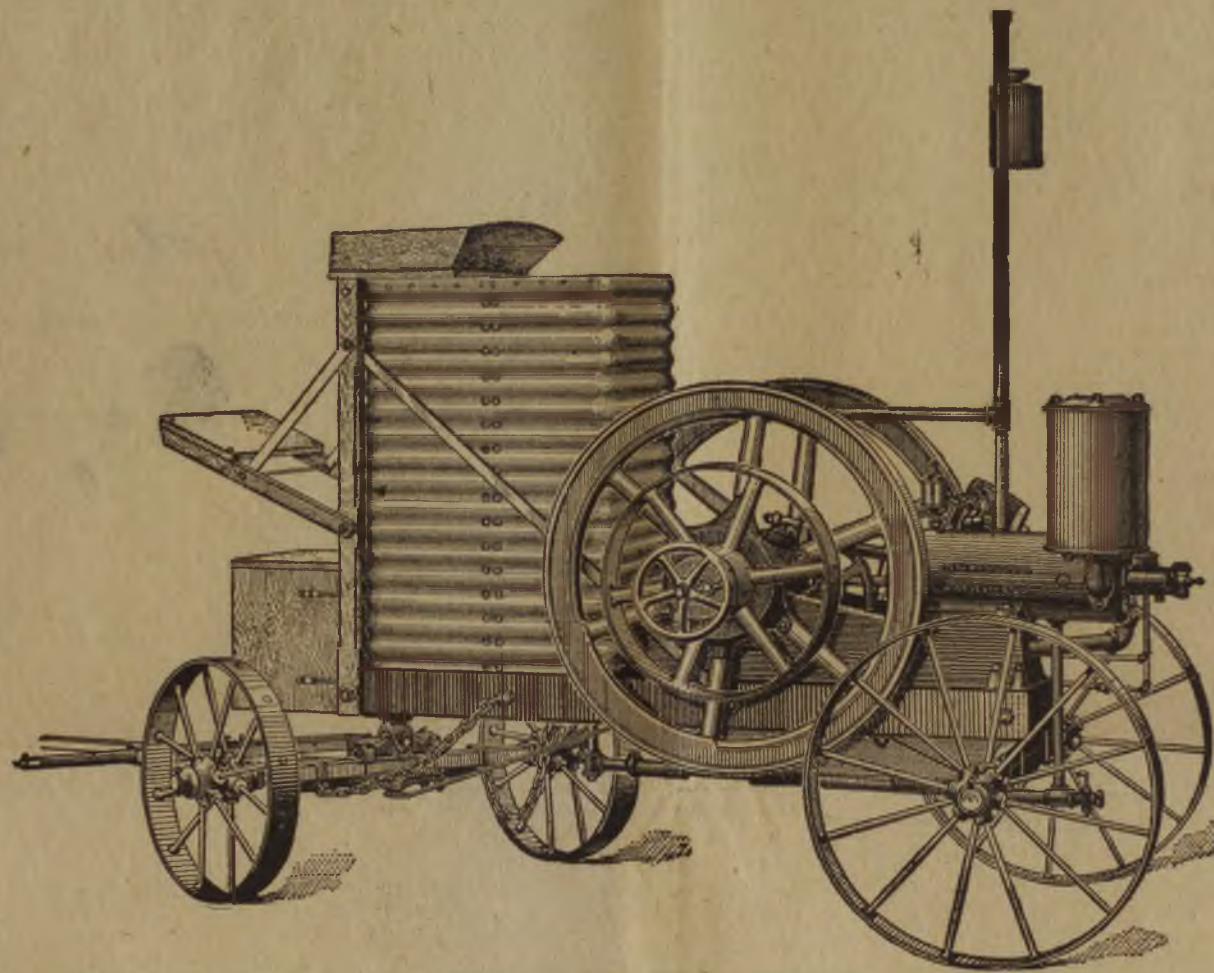
Ever hear of Kiernan? He's the fellow who sells and guarantees Advance Threshers and Engines. Ever been through his warehouse in Genoa? Well, he has right in stock the biggest line of implements to be found in the country. You don't order and wait weeks for a machine, but buy it and take it home with you. If you know Kiernan you know what "Square Deal" and honest prices mean. If there is anything needed on a farm that he does not handle, just name it and he will soon stock up. If you are too busy to come to Genoa, send in any kind of a message and he will call on you in a hurry. The stock of farm implements is heavy this spring and some big inducements will be offered to make them move.

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For 55 years the Rock Island Plow Company has been producing "Implements of Merit," and today, when the output is greater than ever, and in the face of an almost universal tendency to cheapen costs, Rock Island implements are more the "Implements of Merit" than ever before. With materials chosen with greatest care by experts of long experience, with trained and skilled mechanics, with large factories, with modern machinery, with a corps of trained field men and designers, with rigid tests and inspections at every step, the Rock Island implements are produced with real merit. They look right, work right, are right, and stay right. That's why we sell them.

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The International leads them all. It is perfect in every detail, having the good points of all others and none of the weak points. There is nothing handier or more necessary for labor and time saving on the farm. We can furnish them in any size. Will be pleased to give you prices.



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We find that the Emerson foot-lift implements in every case have given the best of satisfaction. Farmers say that they not only handle much easier but run much lighter than the average plow. That's why we are again putting the Emerson machinery before you. We would like to show you the real merits of the Emerson plow especially the foot-lift attachment. It is without doubt one of the easiest to manipulate on the market. You must see these machines to fully appreciate their full value as a labor saver. A six-year-old child with the foot-lift can raise the plow and many pounds added. Let us show you.

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establishes a new order of things. It is the most practical spreader on the market, the latest in design, the strongest, lightest running and spreads more evenly than any other. All weak points found in others have been overcome in the Kemp. Call and see this machine when in Genoa.

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The best, cheapest and easiest to put on of any on the market. Let us demonstrate how the rods work. We have a machine at our wareroom for this purpose. Protect your buildings now, do not delay. Remember the great losses last summer due to electrical storms.

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Lightning Got Here First

MR. FARMER LET ME TALK TO YOU THIS SPRING

I have been a practical farmer in the past and for the last 18 years have been dealing in farm tools in this vicinity. I know just what is needed by the northern Illinois farmer by experience as user and seller of implements, and having tried them all I know just about what Implements to sell to give satisfaction. I am here to stay many more years and its to my interest to see that you are satisfied.

JAS. R. KIERNAN of GENOA, ILL.

The Man Who Sells and Guarantees Advance Threshers and McCormick Binders

Under the Great Shadow

(Copyrighted by Short Stories Co., Ltd.)

Light had come down on the pampas. Across the far-stretching reach of wide-rolling prairie the lights of La Vega glimmered faintly in the dim middle-distance. I watched them resolving themselves into separate and individual points of luminosity with feelings that were curiously mixed, but in which joyful satisfaction certainly bore a considerable part. A long day in the saddle lent additional charm to the prospect of a cosy corner and a comfortable pipe. Probably, had I known how near I was to come, before morning, to making my exit from La Vega in a sudden and involuntary manner, I should have been less eager about my entrance.

At Bejano I had obtained an unwelcome confirmation of a piece of news, the first whisper of which had reached me at Los Santos. I was "drumming" for one of the two great houses which divided the wool and the hides of the Argentine; and about midway on my "stretch," which extended from the La Plata down almost to the Colorado, I heard that the agent of a rival was in front of me. The news fairly staggered me. It was a clean breach of the rules, and I found some difficulty in believing it. It was probably the rough jest of some practical joker, or perhaps the sorry attempt of some impudent pirate.

However, what had been doubted at Los Santos became certainty at Bejano. My "run" was being worked, and I had a pretty good notion that I could even put a name to the "scut" who was working it. Between Los Santos and Bejano I did a lot of hard thinking. The man, I had ascertained, was a Levante; my informant giving his age as 30 or thereabouts. He was said to speak Spanish, French and Italian. Whether he had any knowledge of English I was unable to gather. But I heard that he was a mark with the "pictures," and played a good hand at poker.

At this point my thoughts would persistently revert to one Gregorio Stefanetti, a Greco-Italian who five years before had absconded from Nice after embezzling eighteen thousand francs from the leading banking house in the municipality, in which he was employed. Stefanetti I knew to be a clever dog, both sleek and sly. There was some reason, too, why he might be tempted to take "a rise" out of me. I had known the man at Marseilles previous to his going to Nice, and had warned certain people against him.

The growers in the Bejano district had been advised by circular that Messer Emilio Corentini, the representative of the house of B. & B. of New York, would attend at the "Fonda los Angeles" on—(here followed the date), and would offer the highest price for wool of any house in the market; or consignments would be accepted for sale on commission.

It was really a most straightforward and business-looking document. He had stipulated that delivery was to commence immediately, and several loads had gone forward already.

The shape which the matter assumed, was this: Stefanetti, who had a face of brass under his smooth olive skin, had evidently planned a bold coup. The wool-shipping season was just opening. Why not assume the role of agent for a commission house? He had a good appearance, a pliant tongue, a pretty wit; was familiar with the routine; and could start at the hour. If he could bag a few hundred bales there was a fortune for him, besides the satisfaction he would feel in scoring off me.

The rogue, I considered hardly calculated on securing more than a few hundred bales at most. Well, in any case, Gregorio, I did not doubt, had made preparation to meet the contingency.

La Vega, whose lights were now beginning to assume specific shape and distinct individuality, was to be my last place to call.

As I turned my faded beast into the straggling street, the sound of noisy revelry struck loud upon the ear. It came from the "Fonda." I was pumped—worn-out with the long, hard anxious ride; and the blatant merriment seemed prophetic of disaster.

Passing to the back of the low mud-wall which enclosed the premises, I rode into the yard and made my way to the stables. The yard seemed deserted. In the stables, however, there were at least a dozen horses. Evidently the "Fonda" had no lack of guests.

There was a light in the kitchen, and I moved towards it. I thought it more than likely that I should there find pretty Manuella, the 18-year-old daughter of Barcelona Pops, who ran the establishment. I had brought her a necklace—a showy but inexpensive affair—blue beads strung on thin gold wire. The girl would probably be in the kitchen. I would go there and ascertain who was in the sala.

Moving across the yard, I peeped in at the uncurtained window. A lamp

was burning against the wall, but the room was empty.

A burst of laughter came from the sala. The noise and racket there were increasing. Out of a babel of voices I could distinguish tones of remonstrance. The windows on that side were furnished with jalousies, and these were closed; but from a hole high up in the wall streamed a narrow pencil of light.

I left the kitchen window and looked about for something that would enable me to reach the hole. Presently I stumbled over a ladder. Half the rungs were broken, and one side was longer than the other. But there was nothing else; so, rearing it against the wall, I climbed up. From my position on the ladder I could see over about half the room.

Immediately opposite the knot-hole sat a swarthy-faced individual whom I recognized as Don Felipe Ricardo, the steward of the largest estancia in the district. His lips were livid, his features distorted. He was staring stolidly across the table at some one evidently sitting immediately beneath me. On the floor at his feet a number of playing-cards lay scattered about. Barcelona Pete, with the ace of spades in his hand, his heavy jaw working ponderously, and his broad, fat fingers gesticulating ludicrously, was hanging over Ricardo's shoulders, apparently endeavoring to explain the situation. The man below me was sitting too far back to be visible; but half-a-dozen gauchos (natives of the pampas), were drinking with some girls at another table, each with a murderous cuchillo in his waist-belt. The presence of the girls seemed to indicate some sort of "function." Evidently there was to be a dance.

I tried all I knew to get a look at the man below me, but do what I could, I couldn't manage it. I felt convinced, however, that the man was Stefanetti.

Without doubt he had been practising some trick upon Ricardo. But what could be inducing him to linger on, when every day added to the risk of detection? He must know that if run to earth he would lose his profit. Evidently he had found some attraction at La Vega strong enough to cover the extra risk. Perhaps, thought I, he finds business in plucking the pigeons returns him sufficient to pay for the risk. Perhaps, again, at a place on the "outside edge," like La Vega, he thinks to brave detection and to defy arrest.

At this juncture, my eye happening to fall on the sullen-looking visages of the half-drunk gauchos, for an instant my heart stood still. Surely he was not waiting for me! At that moment Manuella passed through the room on her way to the kitchen, and the man below started up, ran out, and caught her by the wrist. It was Gregorio Stefanetti. He seemed trying to persuade the girl to something; but she slipped from his grasp, made a rush for the door, and darted from the room.

Stefanetti came back laughing. "She's wild as a hawk now, Pete," I heard him say; "but by-and-by she'll come to my whistle."

I had mounted a step higher, in my eagerness to catch sight of the man's face. The rung was rotten, and now gave way beneath my weight, precipitating me to the ground. Picking myself up, I ran to the kitchen. Through the window I saw Manuella. Her eyes looked as if she were crying. I tapped gently at the door and called her softly by name.

"Who's there?" she asked in a voice that betrayed trepidation.

I made myself known, and the next minute I was in the room.

"Oh, senior!" gasped the girl, evidently surprised at my appearance. "I thought it was that jackal Emilio. He thinks I have gone to dress for the dance, and I was afraid he had followed me. I hate him—I do!"

"Caramba! Manuella, my girl," exclaimed I, "what's wrong with you? Who is Emilio, and what is he doing here?" Producing the little necklace, I threw it in her lap. "A present from Buenos Ayres," I said.

For a moment her eyes lit up with joy.

"How kind of you!" she exclaimed as she fastened the beads about her neck; but the next instant she burst into tears.

"Tell me what is the matter," said I, dropping into a chair. "Who is this man you call Emilio?"

Briefly, her story was this: Emilio had known her father years ago, when he kept a little wine-shop in the old town at Marseilles. She was a child then, and did not remember him. He had been staying in the house now for nearly a week—she looked at me curiously as she said this—gambling every night with the rancheros. The small men had soon been cleaned out; but Ricardo, a man of wealth and substance, had been winning down to last night when his luck turned; and to-night he had lost everything.

Emilio, I gathered, had been persecuting Manuella with his attentions ever since he set foot in the place. There was something, she said, between her father and this man Emilio. He had asked for her hand in marriage, and Pete had promised it; Emilio undertaking to pay Pete fifty pesos (ten pounds) on the day of the betrothal, and to spend twenty for "the good of the house."

"Emilio," said Manuella, "was returning to Buenos Ayres immediately. Her father had settled it with the padre, and she was to be married tomorrow. But—with the fiery temper of the glowing south blazed fiercely in the passionate words—he shall never have me. No, senior, I hate him—I do; and I'll kill myself first."

"I don't think there'll be any necessity for you to kill yourself, Manuella," I said. "I've a bone to pick with

this gentleman myself. I'll go off to the guard house and bring up the patrol."

As I uttered the words I laid hold of the chair. An exclamation of pain escaped me. For the first time I became aware that my right hand had been badly sprained by the fall from the ladder. At the same instant the door of the sala was opened; voices and footsteps were heard in the passage, coming towards the kitchen.

"Good-evening, Pete," said I, putting on a bold face and advancing towards him. "Any room for me? What's the occasion?"

"I thought the man looked chippy. 'I didn't s'pect to see you down here, senior,' he stammered, stealing a glance at Stefanetti, 'for a couple of days yet.'"

"I allow it," I said, coming farther into the room. "But introduce me." Pete turned half round, and then I perceived Ricardo. He had his head on the table, and was apparently asleep. I kept my eyes on Stefanetti. "My friend, Senior Emilio Corentini," snuffed Pete, following the direction of my eyes, "acting for—"

"That man's name is Stefanetti," I broke in. I knew it must come, and wished it over. "I think you ought to know that, Pete. He's wanted by the French police for forgery and embezzlement."

I saw Pete turn livid under his olive skin.

"I challenge him to produce his authority to use the name of the firm he travels under. He's a fraud and a cheat. If he has won any man's money in your house, Pete, I tell that man not to part with a single centesimo. Gregorio Stefanetti, the man who sits yonder, was turned out of the Cercle Maritime at Marseilles for sharpening."

Stefanetti rose. His restraint was unnatural. He overdid it, and that brought the crisis.

"Senior," he said coldly, "you have insulted me in a public room. I demand satisfaction."

"You shall have it," said I, "and quickly. I will ask Captain Gomez to wait upon you."

"Sacre!" he hissed between his teeth. "You will go to the patrol, will you? I think not," and he whipped out his revolver.

The ball passed through my hair and buried itself in the wall. At the same instant my hands were seized from behind and plioned to my sides. Presently I distinguished the voice of Manuella. "Why spoil the dance?" she was saying. "Twist a lasso round him and lock him in the kitchen. Then when the gauchos depart, let them take the gringo with them, and turn him loose on the pampas."

"Bravo, bravissimo!" chuckled Stefanetti. "A good idea. Why spoil the dance, indeed! Pass along that riata, Barney. Here's Manuella waiting to lend a hand.—Ah!" he continued, with a sudden change of tone, "so you've put on a new necklace—have you, beauty?—in honor of the evening, I suppose?"

The men tied me up a tight as a mummy. Manuella, fussing around under a pretence of helping, managed to slacken the "turns" a bit here and there, taking special care of my injured hand. But for this I should have doubted the girl's honesty, her proposal had been made with such seeming insistence and so heartily did she appear to second the efforts of the men.

When they had me fixed, four of the gauchos carried me into the kitchen; and with a sinking heart I heard Manuella tell Stefanetti to lock the door and put the key in his pocket.

I had been lying on the mud floor for perhaps an hour, listening to the noise of the dancing, wondering if, after all, I was to be left to die on the pampas; and thinking what incomprehensible creatures women were, when the window was gently opened and Manuella bounded lightly into the room. Stooping over my prostrate form, she cut the cords and I was free.

"Your horse is outside, senior," she said, drawing the bolt of the door which opened on the yard. "Bring up the patrol—quick! But, for my sake, remember my father, Quick! There is no time to lose. I cannot stay, or I shall be missed." Then she was gone.

I was pretty stiff, you may guess, and my hand gave me some trouble; but I was under the Great Shadow, and I managed to scramble into the saddle somehow.

"There's your prisoner, captain," said I, addressing Captain Gomez. "Gregorio Stefanetti, alias Emilio Corentini, forger, swindler, cardsharp. Five years ago, captain, certain people offered a reward for him; two thousand francs. It has never been withdrawn. It will be paid at Buenos Ayres to-day on compliance with the formalities. But have a care, Captain Gomez. Your man's as crafty as a cat. He cheated the law once, remember. See that he doesn't cheat it again."

I had been back in Buenos Ayres some weeks when I was sent for by the chief. Captain Gomez was with him.

"El capitán has called to see me about that business of Stefanetti's," said he, glancing up from an official-looking document which he had been perusing. "If you'll be good enough to certify these papers, I think we may pay him the reward. The man, it seems, has been shot while attempting to escape."

I looked at the captain, but that officer was fiercely twirling the ends of his moustache, with his eye fixed on the cornice of the ceiling. The chief was filling up the order on Paris.

It is competent to every man to have an opinion, but it is not always expedient to express it. I did not express mine.

MAKING A LAWN

Bramshank, after investigating the matter carefully, last spring decided that the best way to deal with the half-acre of ground surrounding his new suburban home was to seed it heavily and just let the grass grow at its own sweet will.

"If you don't cut the new grass all summer," Bramshank explained to his wife, "it gets a chance to thicken up and the next year you have a splendid lawn. I think we can stand the long grass for one season!"

"Oh, certainly," agreed Mrs. Bramshank, who has an inventive mind. "And when it gets tall enough, say about August, we can hang Japanese lanterns through it and give a garden party! It will be nice, too, to serve afternoon tea under the shade of the bluegrass!"

"That's all right," said Bramshank indignantly, "but I'm going to do it all the same!"

Nobody could say that Bramshank was stingy with the seed. He got a huge quantity from a dealer who was going out of business and anxious to dispose of his stock at cut rates, and he painstakingly sprinkled all of it over his yard on the theory that if a little was good a great deal was better.

When the first tender shoots of green began to color the ground Bramshank positively chortled with joy and pride. He took practically all the credit to himself for the rapidity and thickness of the growth, though he did grudgingly allow a trifle of it to the seed man. "He said it was a special variety of seed," Bramshank told his wife, "and I believe he was right. Just look at it!"

After a few weeks that was all the Bramshank family did—look at the lawn. Indeed, the whole suburb contracted the habit of sauntering over to look at the Bramshank place, for nobody had ever seen anything like the grass that was growing there. It was Hackinny who first broke the news.

"Say," he hailed Bramshank from the sidewalk, "when did you decide to take up truck gardening? Aren't you afraid so much grass mixed in will interfere with the vegetables?"

Bramshank after one pallid glance over his weird-looking estate reeled up against a porch pillar with a blinding light breaking over him. The reason his lawn looked so queer was that half the seed was the seed of assorted garden vegetables.

There was carelessness about the groupings which might have appealed to an artistic nature, but which only further agonized the Bramshanks. There would be a little bunch of tomato plants, say, in the middle of the lawn and flanking them a thinly scattered array of feathery carrot tops. Green onions, lettuce, cucumbers, muskmelons and cabbages hilariously fraternized in the wildest confusion. As he searched further Bramshank found Indian corn sturdily pushing its way up in various spots. Also there were turnips and parsley and many more things. In fact, as Mrs. Bramshank said, a banana grove was all that was lacking to make their half-acre a complete botanical collection for the entire western hemisphere!

Now, vegetables are all very well in their place, but nobody would choose to have them scattered all over a lawn. To be sure, Bramshank could have mowed them down, but he would have had to mow also such grass as there was—and anyhow Mrs. Bramshank had a frugal mind. She believed in accepting the goods the fates provided, so she refused to allow the garden-lawn to be destroyed.

Bramshank said the real reason for her refusal was that she had fallen in love with two tomato plants on the lee side of the library window and that she could not resist the appeal of the tender young carrots pathetically flourishing near the lilac bushes. There was something touching about the manner in which the cucumber vines trustingly spread out and strangled the struggling grass about them.

The worst of it was that all summer Bramshank toiled in the garden he hadn't expected to have at all. It seemed rank foolishness not to take care of the enthusiastic tomatoes and other garden truck. The whole neighborhood took to running over to get parsley from the Bramshank front lawn because the idea was so unique—and not every one can pick lettuce from along the front of his town property.

The Bramshanks raised several bushels of tomatoes, three dozen ears of green corn, cucumbers enough to start a pickle factory and untold quantities of small truck. Bramshank had to get up an hour earlier each morning all summer long properly to care for his vegetables, besides bearing the jeers of his neighbors. And by fall there wasn't any grass at all.

This spring Bramshank is going to sod over his lawn. It will cost more, but he says it's safer.

New Arctic Expedition.

The Bulletin of the Geographical society of Italy announces another arctic expedition. The leader will be Baldwin, the leader of the arctic expedition of 1901-1902. He proposes an exploration of the polar regions and to reach the pole. He proposes to follow the route taken by Nansen in the Fram. It is proposed to spend four years altogether in the search.

BUFFALOES IN FIERCE FIGHT

Belligerent Young Bull Met Match in Older Adversary in Contest He Had Provoked.

A young buffalo bull with too much of the fighting spirit in him stirred up trouble in the herd at Bronx park and gave hundreds of spectators an opportunity of seeing how even a buffalo, when looking for a fight, can get one, says the New York Tribune.

It was late in the afternoon when the herd, which was in the far corner of its inclosure, began to move toward the stables. There was some frisking and bucking, for the cool air was raising the temperature of buffalo blood.

Arrogant and defiant, the young bull began to look for trouble by brushing up against another bull its own age in too brusque a manner. Immediately the two buffaloes squared off; there was a quick movement, and two heads went together with a whack, and then the more peaceably inclined one backed off.

But not so an older bull, which had been watching developments. He walked right over to the confident young bull, sized him up, and then challenged by lowering his head. And then came a fight which looked as if it were to be to a finish. The young bull pulled back, switched his tail, and went headlong at the other bull. The big fellow never budged but the blow seemed to daze the younger one. Then the young one charged again, the impact being plainly heard by the much-excited spectators.

The second charge was as ineffective as the first, and as he again drew back to strike the older bull started the third round with a plunge forward that showed mature buffalo strength as well as judgment. At the third charge the young bull went on his knees, trembling in every muscle. It seemed to be a sure thing that the older bull would gore his adversary, which would have been according to buffalo ethics, but he did not. For, after looking at the defeated young bull, he joined the herd and started for the stables.

This was the first fight in months. Four or five bulls have been gored to death in as many fights in the history of the herd in the park.

Diets.

The only trouble with the 20-cent-a-day fare, such as that laid out by the Boston expert as a solution of the cost of living problem, is that the human body is not a chemical test tube. If it were it might take the rest of the chemical material that science says it requires in the form of mush, seltzer, margarine, smoked herring and cocoa shells and milk, or of chopped hay and silage, for that matter, with any variation from day to day. But although it is common to speak of food as the fuel of the body, the body will not accept a certain chemically sufficient diet unvaried from day to day as a furnace will accept coal day in and day out.

A human being defies chemical analysis. The chemists have never been able to put together the various chemical elements that enter into a living organism in one of their retorts and combine them so as to produce that organism or any other living thing. The synthesis is beyond them. In a similar way there is more to nutrition than the mere just proportion of chemical elements.

His Last Request.

Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinners had always been followed by some remarkable and matchless coracao, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before his execution. They were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped back and said: "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave; remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curacao?"

Portuguese Conspiracy.

The murder at Cascaes of a man engaged in stealing cartridges from the Lisbon custom house has led to the discovery of a vast conspiracy to overthrow existing institutions in Portugal. A number of secret clubs are said to be implicated, and quantities of masks, long cloaks, and disguises, as well as explosives, daggers, and other arms, have been seized. Several arrests have been made, and some of the prisoners have made significant confessions. In the course of their investigations the police learned that the murdered man and others belonged to the Republican clubs, which are divided into secret societies for the purpose of overthrowing existing institutions.

Old Maids Beds.

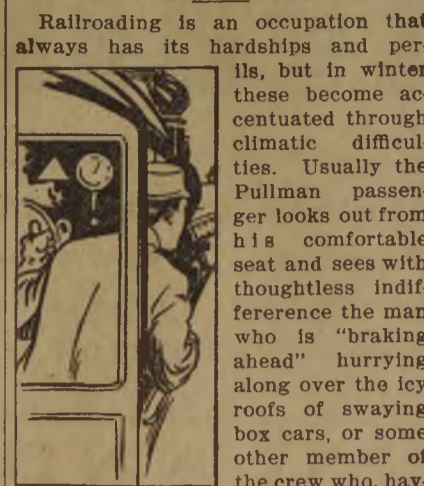
"This is our special old maids' bed," said the salesman. "We are selling it like hot cakes. I don't believe there's an old maid in the township sleeps on any other pattern."

"What's its peculiar advantage to old maids? Why, of course, its lowness. Don't you see how low it is? It goes right down to the ground. No man on earth could crawl under it. So this is the bed that old maids buy. No man could hide under it. So it doesn't have to be looked under, and it's the last thing before turning off the light."

THROUGH THE SNOW

THE DIFFICULTIES OF RAILROADING IN WINTER.

Never at Any Time Is the Job of the Trainman an Easy One, but Thick Weather Is His Dread.



Railroading is an occupation that always has its hardships and perils, but in winter these become accentuated through climatic difficulties. Usually the Pullman passenger looks out from his comfortable seat and sees with thoughtless indifference the man who is "braking ahead" hurrying along over the icy roofs of swaying box cars, or some other member of the crew who, having thrown a switch at a way siding, catches the ladder on the side of a moving car to hurry aloft and make a long journey over perilous footing. He hears trains rip past in the swirling snow without a moment's thought of the worry and anxiety of the men in charge, who are leading the destinies of living and dead cargoes through the storm and bringing them safely to their destinations only by the utmost vigilance. When the heavy storms come the difficulties are multiplied. There is always the thought that the signal system may go wrong and that somewhere ahead in the smother of driving snow there may be a suddenly stalled train, or, worse yet, another feeling its way toward a possible head-on collision.

When the snow is deep and heavy there is always trouble with the locomotive. The train staggers along by jerks and jolts like a drunken thing. Sometimes the utmost efforts of the firemen to "keep 'er hot" fall, and the train stalls in some wind-swept area, or wedges tight in a cut filled with snow. While the passengers are grumbling over the conditions one man must hustle out in front and another to the rear with flags to hold up possible trains and prevent collisions, while the engine crew does its best to extricate the outfit from its wretched predicament.

Passengers waiting in the stations grow impatient because the train is 45 minutes late at Podunk. Three-quarters of an hour afterward comes the information that it was an hour and 20 minutes late at the next station and losing time every rail-length of the weary way. Trainmen learn to take these annoyances philosophically. When the passengers land at their respective stations their troubles are over, but the trainmen get home any old time and are glad they are alive. It would be a good thing for the patrons of railways to have an occasional look at railway operation from the operative's standpoint. Then they would have a better understanding of the delays of passenger trains and of the congestion of coal and other freights in yards where a large exchange and distribution business is done in a space that is not always sufficient to permit quick extrication.

Must Take Chances.

Said the veteran engineer: "Now, you may think it funny that so few engineers and firemen will admit that their work is any more dangerous than that of a bank clerk or a dry goods salesman. Deep down in their hearts they know it is, but the engine man doesn't dare stop and think much about his dangers; that would drive him nutty, and he wouldn't be good for a jerkwater run."

"We have to take chances right along. We must make schedule time or get out for some crew that will. Time must be made. Whenever we lose half an hour or ten minutes on a strip of new roadbed or a bit of track that has become spongy because of heavy rains we must make it up later. There have been some roads that have issued orders forbidding train crews trying to make up lost time, but the engineer and fireman wink at it; they know as a matter of fact that unless a wreck prevents it no excuse for being behind the schedule will go."

"The business of making up lost time involves more than blind courage. It requires the best of skill in handling a locomotive and sympathy between engineer and fireman. A little thing like pulling the throttle or applying the air brakes may mean death or long delays."

Whitewashing Coal.

The Great Northern railroad now whitewashes every car of coal that comes to its line for transportation. It is a detective scheme to locate and prevent the theft of coal. Lime water is sprayed over a carload of coal. In a short time the water has evaporated, leaving a load of white coal. Then removal of any coal leaves a big black spot, which is quickly noted by inspectors and station agents and the leak found and stopped. Railroads lose thousands of tons of coal annually from cars in transit, as it is up to them to deliver as many tons at their destination, often a thousand miles away, as were weighed in when the car was turned over for transportation. Two or three tons may be removed from a carload containing 40 tons without attracting attention to its decreased quantity until the car is again placed on the scales.—Utica Press.

GETTING READY

"When I decided to go south for a few weeks," said pretty Miss Carew, dolefully, "I thought I was going so very inexpensively that I deserved a medal for my cleverness."

"You haven't given it up, I hope?" asked her friend. "Your cousin has planned such a gay time for you that it would be too bad not to go."

"Oh, no; I'm going," said Miss Carew. "I couldn't back out now that my cousin has laid so many plans. She has a dance arranged for the very evening of the day I arrive, so I hope my trunk won't be late. But, you see, I've come to the conclusion that the economical way to go always turns out to be the most expensive. When my cousin wrote me not to fail to come I accepted her invitation at once, because I had so very little to buy in order to go."

"You always have nice things," said her friend. "You wouldn't need a single new garment."

"That's what I thought," said Miss Carew. "I decided that a little piecing out would fix me up and that's where I made my mistake. If I had started by getting a complete new outfit it would have been cheaper."

"The first things I looked at were my hats," explained Miss Carew. "Of course I couldn't travel in my plumed hat and my white one was out of the question. I took my old one to the milliner and had it retrimmed, but when it came home I wasn't satisfied and I went back for a new one. Though I told the milliner it was for traveling, she showed me all sorts of deformed and distorted things with miles of ribbon and feathers on them and calmly announced that the lowest price was \$28. She said she wouldn't be giving the hats away for that ridiculous sum if it wasn't late in the season. Of course, I had to have a nice hat."

"People expect a stranger to be particularly well dressed," agreed Miss Carew's friend, politely. "Isn't it funny? If we saw the same girl at home every day we wouldn't care half so much what she wore."

"Well, I had to pay a terrible price for that hat," sighed Miss Carew. "Really, though, it is beautiful." "Things have gone up so," said her friend. "You can't get hats for the old-time price."

"Then I thought my old suit would do if I had it pressed and got a new waist to light it up," went on Miss Carew. "I ran all about looking for something about the same shade as my suit and finally found one for \$15 that would do. I discovered that my supply of handkerchiefs was getting low and money that I begrudged went into new ones. My old belt was good enough for home, but not for visiting, so there was another expense."

"Belts make the finishing touch," said the friend. "I've seen lots of suits spoiled by poor ones."

"My crepe de chine had to be cleaned and the sleeves had to be made over," related Miss Carew. "Then when it came back from the dressmaker's I thought it looked horrid and I got a blue meteor silk. Two suits had to be pressed. I had to get three pairs of gloves. Then my slipper cost me a lot more than I expected."

"You can use everything when you come home," said her friend, consolingly. "You'll be glad to have them when you get back."

"That's just it!" sighed Miss Carew. "Did you ever have anything to fall back on when you came home from a visit? There won't be a thing left of my old clothes and the things I have bought new will be sights to see."

"Personally I am always rejoiced when my things go to pieces," said her friend. "For then I am absolutely forced to invest in new ones. It's when they're only half worn that I am in despair. Then my conscience forces me to make them do for any and all occasions. There's one consolation in going away—you can wear a lot of things everybody at home has seen, and the strangers will consider them new."

"Maybe that will be a comfort," said Miss Carew, more cheerfully. "You see, the railroad rates are so nice and low and I want to go so much. My cousin has planned the loveliest times! But when it came to getting three entirely new dresses—"

"You didn't!" exclaimed her friend. "Why, yes," said Miss Carew. "Even when fixed over, all my things looked so shabby, somehow. My cousin is going to so much trouble to give me a gay time, arranging to have something every evening I'm there. I had to have two dance gowns and I absolutely needed something for house wear. I think I did pretty well not to get a new suit."

"Yes, but if you had stayed home you wouldn't—Oh!" her friend interrupted herself. "Isn't that where that handsome young Mr. Randolph lives who was here last summer at your aunt's?"

"I believe there are a number of men of that name there," acknowledged Miss Carew, with rising color. "But that has absolutely nothing to do with it. I am going for a rest, you know."

Increase in Rice Production. Rice production in the United States grew from an average of less than 100,000,000 pounds per annum a few years ago to an average of 500,000,000 pounds per annum in recent years, and reached over 600,000,000 pounds in 1908.

New Spring Goods

NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS

In fine French and Storm serges, Taffeta cloth and other new suitings and dress goods in the new shades of blue, rose and green for 60c, 89c and \$1.00 a yard.

NEW SPRING GINGHAMS, PERCALES and CHAMBRAS

In all the new stripes, figured and plaid designs for 10c, 12½c, 14c and 25c a yard. Percales all new patterns, 36 inch wide, 15c a yard. Chambras, a very soft, fine grade, 16c a yard.

NEW WHITE GOODS

The latest and most desirable striped and checked goods for waists and dresses at 25c and 28c a yard.

PETTICOATS FOR SPRING

Good, genuine Heatherbloom skirts, wide flounce, \$2.25 and \$2.50. Other good skirting materials with extra full skirt for \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

HAND BAGS

New styles, large size, on sale for 69c each.

NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS

Beautiful lace yokings, insertions, bands, wash and silk soutaches and pigtail braids.

WOMEN'S OXFORDS, PUMPS and SHOES

These are all high class lines of the eastern markets and include many handsome styles in patent, gun metal and kid at prices that range from \$2.00 to \$4.50. If you need them come and make your selection before the best are sold out.

10c and 15c McKinley sheet music. 50 pieces of the latest music every week.

If you intend buying a spring wrap see our assortment, which will soon be in, of long covert coats and capes. No two alike.

Save Your Cash Tickets and Get a Rocking Chair Free

Frank W. Olmsted
Genoa - - - Illinois

Everybody Called

Out to Attend the Great Slaughter Sale of

Shoes for Men and Boys

We will put on sale all of our shoes and oxfords for five days only, commencing

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, ENDING WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16

The Styles

Button, lace and blutcher in a variety of distinct toe shapes, including the new "Hi-To" last for young men, straight last, wide and modified freak toes, double and single soles. Your unlimited choice in this sale of all styles in all sizes.

The Leathers

Gun Metal, Calf, Velour Calf, Box Calf, Vici Kid, Patent Leather and Wax Calf. Soles are made of oak leather, solid leather counters and inner sole, linings and other make up materials of the best quality, Goodyear and English welt sewed. Every pair guaranteed to wear satisfactorily.



- The "Ralston Health" shoes, 4.00 grade in different styles and leathers, lace or button \$3.20
- The "All America" shoes, 4.00 grade at \$3.20
- The "Douglas" shoe, 3.50 grade at \$2.50
- The "Douglas" shoe, 3.00 grade at \$2.15
- The "Fellowcraft" shoe, 3.50 grade at \$2.75
- The "Armada" shoe, 3.50 grade at \$2.75
- The "Signet" shoe, 3.00 grade at \$2.35
- All working shoes, 3.00 grade \$2.35—2.50 grade at \$2.15—2.00 grade at \$1.65

Boys' shoes for dress as well as for every day use at sale prices that will sell them at once

Our 5.00 high top shoes go at \$4.00 and the 4.00 values at \$3.20
A few pairs of oxfords left from last season at one-half price

The Store for Men and Boys
Olmsted & Browne
Genoa - - - Illinois

MOVING PICTURES

3 REELS 2 SHOWS

Moving Pictures Every Tuesday and Saturday Nights.
Skating Every Thursday and Saturday Nights.

AT THE PAVILION

DOINGS OF THE WEEK

THE assistance of all subscribers is invited and solicited in making this department interesting. Any item of news left at the office, in the box at the east corner of the Exchange Bank building or given the editor on the street will be greatly appreciated. If you have visitors or have been away yourself or if you know anything good about your neighbors tell us about it.

Diamonds at Martin's. Save all your cash tickets when you trade at Olmsted's.

Mr. Colton of Riley was a Chicago visitor Saturday.

D. W. Sholes of Hampshire was in Genoa Wednesday.

J. J. Hammond left for Sherburne, Minn., Wednesday evening.

I. W. Douglas transacted business in the windy city Wednesday.

Miss Susie McDonald of Kingston was a Genoa shopper Saturday.

House for rent in Oak Park addition. Inquire of W. H. Jackman.

Mr. Barrow of South Riley has been on the sick list during the past week.

The Riley "Helpers" met last Saturday at the home of Oscar Anderson.

Lost—Fur neck scarf, Tuesday, March 8. Finder please notify Lee Wyld.

Don't buy your wrap till you see Olmsted's new long spring coats and capes.

Mrs. H. H. Corson and Mrs. G. C. Kitchen were Rockford visitors last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dimond entertained Mr. and Mrs. John Geithman last Sunday.

Mrs. R. E. Campbell has been visiting Mrs. Mary J. Witter of Kingston the past week.

SEED OATS—About 800 bushels of seed oats for sale. Inquire of T. B. Gray, on J. J. Hammond farm, 21-tf

A moving picture program will be given in the M. E. church on Wednesday evening, March 23. Particulars later.

Read Lembke's ad on another page of this issue and take advantage of the fact that his ads speak the truth always.

John Stockwell of South Riley accompanied his son, Milton, to Hampshire Monday, where the latter has found employment.

That shoe sale at Lembke's is a winner. Many people have taken advantage of the excellent bargains. Prices almost cut in two.

Ira J. Mix Dairy Co., Genoa, Ill., will open their books on Tuesday, March 15, 1910, at all their plants to contract for the summer supply of milk.

James Hutchison, Supt. Pains of women, head pains, or any pain stopped in 20 minutes sure, with Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. See full formula on 25c Box. Sold by L. E. Carmichael.

Mrs. Sophrona Eiklor was the recipient of a postal shower last Saturday, it being her birthday anniversary. She received about eighty-five cards from far and near.

Mrs. F. W. Olmsted attended the fashion show at the coliseum in Chicago two days last week, taking pointers on the new things in ladies' wear for the spring and summer.

Chris Lauman passed away at his home in Chicago Friday, Mar. 4, after a long illness. The funeral was conducted Sunday, Mar. 6, by the Mystic Workers of the World of which order he was a member, joining the lodge in Genoa several years ago. Mr. Lauman was 52 years of age and leaves his wife and five children, four girls and one boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dolder and son, Freidell, of Sheridan are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Furr.

FOR SALE—Organ which has been used by the Masonic Lodge For particulars inquire of Jas. Hutchison, Jr. 25-tf

Talk to Martin. Remember he guarantees. A guarantee with a watch or a piece of jewelry is a pretty good thing.

Others have found just what they want in rugs at Teyler's. He can please you too, no matter what size or price you ask for.

Prize winning White Wyandotte eggs for sale, \$2.15 per setting. Inquire of Peter Peterson, first door north of M. E. church.

Miss Hazel Robinson of Chicago was a guest at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCormick, a few days last week.

FOR SALE—Eight room house on Genoa street, Genoa. All modern improvements. Inquire of Mrs. F. A. Snow or W. H. Snow, Genoa. 25-tf

Preventics—those Candy Cold Cure Tablets—will safely and quickly check all colds and the Grip. Try them once and see!

48-25c. Sold by L. E. Carmichael. Prof. and Mrs. E. C. Fisher of Dundee were guests at the home of C. D. Schoonmaker Wednesday evening. Mr. Fisher is superintendent of the Dundee schools.

A fine line of society pins at Martin's, including Masonic, Odd Fellow, Woodmen and all the others. If he has not just what you want he can get it for you on short notice.

Mrs. Wood, who has been visiting at the home of her son, F. A., went to Chicago Monday to spend a few weeks with her daughter before returning to her home in Valparaiso, Ind.

Teyler can sell you a rug as cheap as any department store. He is a member of the association which makes this possible. He buys just as cheap as the department stores and sells accordingly.

Charles Leonard has rented the Geo. Corson farm near Ney, taking over considerable of the personal property on the place. Mr. Leonard's sale on the Leonard farm footed up to about \$4,000, one team selling for \$500.00.

If you are looking for land I can sell you good farms in Illinois, Dakota, Manitoba, Can., Texas or Iowa. I have also money to loan on good farm security at 5 per cent with 1 per cent com.

Mrs. Robertson of Independence, Iowa, visited among old friends in Genoa a few days last week.

Mrs. Ena Berkey will receive pupils for piano instructions at any time during the week. Phone No. 52. 25-tf

Mrs. J. E. Stott was called to Wauconda the first of the week by the serious illness of her mother.

Office over First Nat'l Bank, DeKalb, Ill.

Samuel Archer. 25-2t-
Colvin Brown, son of the late Ira J. Brown, who now resides with his mother in Elgin, has recently been promoted to the position of city editor of the Elgin Daily News. Colvin entered the newspaper field soon after graduating from the high school in that city and from the start made good in his chosen profession.

Republican Caucus

Notice is hereby given to the Republican voters of the township of Genoa that a caucus will be held at the office of Jackman & Son in the village of Genoa, county of DeKalb and state of Illinois, on Saturday, the 19th day of March, 1910, for the purpose of placing in nomination one town clerk, one assessor, one collector, one commissioner of highways, and one school trustee, and for the transaction of such other business that may come before the meeting. Said caucus will open at two o'clock and close at five o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

S. Abraham }
C. D. Schoonmaker } Com.
L. M. Olmsted }

For Commissioner of Highways

Having been urged by several friends and those who are interested in good roads, I have decided to become a candidate for the office of highway commissioner for the town of Genoa. I can assure the voters of Genoa that if elected I will do all in my power to keep the highways in as good condition as the available funds and conditions will permit. Your vote at the caucus on the 19th of this month will be appreciated.

26-2t M. J. Corson.

For Collector

I have decided to become a candidate for the office of collector for the town of Genoa and will appreciate the support of my friends at the caucus to be held on Saturday, March 19.

26-2t A. T. Hewitt.

Marvel at an Early Age.

Christian Henry Heineken, at one year old, knew the chief events of the Pentateuch. At 13 months he knew the history of the Old Testament and that of the New at 14 months. When he was 2½ years old he could answer any ordinary question of history or geography. He was a French and Latin student at the age of three.

BIG EASTER SHOWING

ADLER CLOTHING

You can't go wrong on Adler Clothing in style, workmanship nor fit. Our spring line is complete and the price right as noted below. Come and see the goods.

The very latest for men and young men at \$12.00, \$14.00, \$16.00, \$18.00, \$20.00 and... **\$22.00**

A fine line of young men's suits from \$6.00 to... **\$10.00**

Men and young men's cravenettes, light weight, for spring and summer wear, at \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 and... **\$18.00**

New line of boys up-to-date suits for spring and summer, in knickerbockers, ages 3 to 16, in all the new colors and styles, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$5.50 \$6.00, \$6.50 and... **\$7.00**

WALKOVER SHOES

Just received a big line of shoes for men and boys in all the new styles for spring and summer in all sizes. Men's shoes \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4 and... **\$5.00**

Boys' shoes \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2 and... **\$2.50**

HATS AND CAPS

All the new styles in men's and boys' hats and caps for Easter. Men's hats 50c to \$3.00, caps 25c to... **.50c**

Boys' hats 50c to \$2.50, caps 25c to... **.50c**

A fine line of neckwear, shirts, collars, gloves and everything for the man and boy.



PICKETT THE CLOTHIER

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

If the English sparrow were not such a hardy little rascal, so well able to take care of himself and thrive and multiply, how our pity would go out toward him!

The propositions emanating from the United States, looking to the creation of an international peace court and to the neutralization of the railroads in Manchuria as a step to harmony of all interests in that quarter, have made a profound impression and are regarded as measures of world politics of the highest significance and pointing to most beneficial results.

According to the later details the one failure at the aviation meet in Los Angeles was that of a government dirigible balloon, which it was found could not hold gas and therefore could not be used in flying.

Mexico reports that its agricultural products last year were worth \$330,000,000. That is a very creditable showing, though it looks small alongside of the \$8,000,000,000 output of the United States.

The plea of meaning no harm is one often advanced as an excuse for wrongdoing. A man of average intelligence who intends no wrong will keep within due limits and not take chances of wrong resulting.

Figures for the calendar year 1909 show that the trade between the United States and Canada was the largest ever known for an equal period. Moreover, the figures prove that the business done by the countries with each other has doubled in ten years.

Burbank, the plant wizard, has developed a spineless cactus as a substitute for meat. It is going greatly to simplify matters if one can simply go out in one's garden or back yard and pull one's roast or joint fresh from its growing.

A railroad president puts the blame for the high price of food on women's extravagance. This is such a common excuse for everything wrong in the universe that the wonder of it is no one thought of bringing it forward before.

Thieves in Philadelphia successfully accomplished a robbery by telling admiring police onlookers that they were posing for moving pictures. Childlike trust in one's fellow-creatures is charming, but sometimes most unprofessional.

A few aeroplanes cannot put the Nicaraguans any more in the air than they are now.

The cost of walking is also to go up, according to the shoe manufacturers.

THE MARBLE SEASON IS HERE



62 DIE IN SLIDES

AVALANCHES ON CANADIAN PACIFIC ROAD BURIES SCORES OF WORKERS.

VICTIMS TRAPPED IN VALLEY

Not Believed Many of Bodies Can Be Recovered Until Summer Melts Snow—Second Disaster Is Feared at Wellington.

Vancouver, B. C., Mar. 7.—Snow-slides in the Rocky mountains have caused the death of 62 more men. The latest victims were workmen engaged in clearing the Canadian Pacific track in Rogers pass at the summit of the Selkirk range.

The men were attempting to clear away the debris of a smaller slide which occurred in the Arrow valley of Bear creek, flanked on either side by precipitous mountains covered with a depth of snow varying from twenty to fifty feet.

The avalanches piled on top of the first slide, burying the tracks for a distance of a quarter of a mile around to a depth of 50 feet. Hundreds of thousands of tons of other debris in the wake of the avalanche bounded off the huge heap and half filled the valley of Bear creek, hundreds of feet below.

The news of the disaster was flashed by a lone telegraph operator at a wayside station a mile distant. As soon as the news reached Revelstoke and Calgary relief trains conveying physicians and nurses and over 325 railway men and other citizens were speeding to Rogers pass.

GOVERNMENT SHORT CHANGED

Action of Weather on Brass Weight in Mint Loses Uncle Sam \$121 on \$100,000,000.

Washington, Mar. 8.—The action of the weather upon the brass troy weight used at the Philadelphia mint has increased the weight of the standard so that the government has been short changed out of \$121 in the last \$100,000,000 worth of gold that has been coined.

The weight was brought over from England in 1827 by Albert Gallatin, former secretary of the treasury.

On a test the weight was found to have increased .007 of a grain through oxidation. A new weight, of a metal not subject to change by weather, is to be substituted.

STEALS \$60,000 FROM BANK

Philadelphia Teller Is Arrested on Charge of Embezzlement, and Is Said to Have Confessed.

Philadelphia, Mar. 7.—Thomas E. Larsen, receiving teller of the Philadelphia branch of the First National bank of Camden, N. J., surrendered to the local police when he learned that he was wanted on a charge of embezzling \$60,000 of the institution's funds.

Larsen confessed to the charge, the police say, who say Larsen had been taking the bank's money for seven years.

Decapitated by an Engine.

Syracuse, N. Y., Mar. 8.—Charles Pitts, foreman, employed by a railroad at Wolcott, N. Y., committed suicide by lying on the track as a freight train was approaching. His head was severed from the body.

Colorado Mine Owner Dies.

Denver, Col., Mar. 8.—Frank J. Campbell, a Cripple Creek mine owner, 55 years old, died here after an illness of ten days. Mr. Campbell was a native of Niagara county, New York.

PREMIER ASQUITH AND WIFE TO SEEK DIVORCE

Allege Couple Have Not Lived Happily Together—Prime Minister May Resign.

London, Mar. 9.—The report that Prime Minister Herbert Asquith and his beautiful wife are to seek divorce is no longer whispered but has become a favorite conversational topic in London society.

While the news of an actual break came as a surprise to many, it has long been known that the Asquiths did not live happily together.

It is now almost certain that Asquith will resign the leadership of the Liberal party and retire as prime minister. He will be made a peer by King Edward, if the present program is carried out, and find a scope for his ability in other channels.

Within two weeks the premier greatly offended King Edward by appearing before him too soon after having lunched well, but not wisely. He came to ask a pledge from the king that he would sustain the government's hand in the matter of abolishing the veto in the house of lords.

"I will give you no pledge," said the king, tartly, "but I advise you, sir, to take one."

The very act that Asquith is to be made a peer is likely to delay the legal steps toward a separation. Mrs. Asquith is entirely too ambitious to lose this opportunity of becoming a peeress. She is said to be all ready to leave for the continent to seek a judicial separation, but will probably wait for the title.

START GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT

Several Thousand Iowans Respond to Call of Gov. Carroll and Meet in Des Moines.

Des Moines, Ia., Mar. 8.—In response to a call recently sent out by Gov. Carroll, nearly 5,000 advocates of good roads have assembled here for a convention that will last through tomorrow. About 2,000 of these men are members of the State Threshermen's association, which also is in session here.

MAROOINED ON A SAND BAR

Three Men Are Caught When Ice Gorge Breaks—Help Cannot Reach Them.

Omaha, Neb., Mar. 8.—Marooned on a small sand bar in the Platt river, with the channel running full of ice in which no boat can live, Oscar Talbot, road supervisor, and three assistants have spent 48 hours within sight of help but without the help being able to assist them in the least.

The men had provisions for only one day and their situation is desperate. Talbot and his men were dynamiting gorges near Valley, Neb. The gorge broke and the men escaped to the sand bar.

YOUNG KNOX IS MARRIED

Woman with Whom He Eloped Says They Were Wedded at Burlington, Vt., Sunday.

Providence, R. I., Mar. 8.—Miss May Bolter, the young woman who on Feb. 1 day eloped from this city to Montreal with Philander C. Knox, Jr., the son of Secretary of State Philander C. Knox, declared to a reporter at her suite in this city that on Sunday night she and Mr. Knox had been married in Burlington, Vt.

Agricultural Bill Is Passed.

Washington, Mar. 9.—The senate passed the agricultural appropriation bill, carrying \$13,500,000. The post office bill, carrying appropriations aggregating \$241,000,000, or about \$6,300,000 more than the appropriations for the current year, was passed by the house.

STRIKE IS FIZZLE

BEGINNING OF END OF SYMPATHETIC WALK-OUT AT HAND.

HUNDREDS RETURN TO WORK

Labor Leaders Become Alarmed, Appeal to Gompers for Help—Rapid Transit Company Run More Cars with But Little Rioting.

Philadelphia, Mar. 9.—It looks much like the beginning of the end for the "general sympathetic strike," called last Friday night in aid of the street car employes who have been out for more than two weeks.

As has been pointed out, the three most strongly unionized trades here are building, clothing and textile. They carried away from their mills and operations most of the 100,000 "sympathy strikers," but in that number also were many miscellaneous trades, taxicab chauffeurs, machinists, foundrymen, boxmakers and the like.

Men Return in Large Groups. These began to return to work in such large groups that it looked almost as though panic were spreading through the ranks of the 100,000. All these back-to-the-job men told their shopmates that they returned because they couldn't see any end of the situation.

Pratt, Murphy and Mahon, the triumvirate of general strike leaders, became alarmed as they heard of the defections in the ranks of their allies. They went into a conference at their headquarters and afterwards fled from the nearest telegraph office near by fifty messages. These messages, it was learned, were appeals to the various national labor organizations—including several to Samuel Gompers—to rush to the city the best organizers and the most eloquent orators that labor can command.

The idea of this is to "back up" the fatterers who may be inclined to follow in the footsteps of the backsliders. Gompers himself, and about a score of organizers and orators, will reach this city to-day.

100 Street Car Men Go Back. One hundred out of the \$6,000 striking trolley men also return to their old posts and consequently the Rapid Transit company ran 50 more cars than it did the day previous, its official figures being 1,075. The strike pickets say only 635 cars. Each car still had its police guardian, though.

There was no rioting. Only a few car-windows were broken by stones. No one was hurt. On Friday afternoon there will be held a mass meeting under the auspices of the Business Men's association, at which will be represented all the business, fraternal and religious organizations in the city. This will make a final appeal for arbitration, but it will probably be as fruitless as all former appeals. The end of the week will probably see the end of the strike.

WIDOW'S LETTERS ARE FOUND

Messages Sent by Martha Washington and Mrs. Lincoln Are Discovered in Capital.

Washington, Mar. 7.—In an unlighted corner of the attic of the house of representatives the house committee on accounts has rescued a large number of letters and documents of the early days of the republic. Among the number are letters written by Martha Washington and Mary Todd Lincoln, the former concerning the proposed removal of the body of her husband from Mount Vernon to a crypt in the capitol and the other applying to the government for a pension. Both are addressed to the speaker of the house.

The house voted an appropriation of \$25,000 to have these historic papers cared for and deposited in the library of congress as "the house of representatives' collection."

THREE FROZEN IN A BLIZZARD

Husband of One of the Victims Finds Bodies After Great Blizzard Dies Out.

Aberdeen, S. D., Mar. 9.—Huddled down in their abandoned sleigh, two women and a child were found by the husband of one of the women, frozen to death in the blizzard which swept the Standing Rock reservation three weeks ago.

Mrs. Gilbert Majbor, her mother-in-law and her year-old son, in trying to drive from Mahto, S. D., their home, to a neighbor's, were overtaken by the blizzard eight miles from home.

They turned the team loose and huddled down in the sleigh to wait for the storm to pass. They slept and never awoke.

Prof. Coe Addresses Delegates.

Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 9.—Delegates from all parts of the country were present to-day when the second session of the annual convention of the Religious Educational association began. The principal address was delivered by Prof. George A. Coe, New York, president of the organization, who spoke on "The Responsibility of the College for the Student as an Individual."

TOO HIGH.



The giraffe had a wonderful plan—He would dress in the garments of man! But as each of his collars Would have cost him ten dollars, He decided: "I don't think I can!"

Do farmers eat the proper sort of food?

The farmer of today buys a much larger proportion of the food that goes on the table than he did ten years ago. It's a good thing that this is so because he has a great variety to select from.

He should, however, use great care in selecting for the best results in health and strength.

The widespread tendency in the city to increase the amount of Quaker Oats eaten is due very largely to the recent demonstrations by scientific men that the Quaker Oats fed man is the man with greatest physical endurance and greatest mental vigor.

Farmers should give this subject careful thought and should increase the quantity of Quaker Oats eaten by themselves, their children and the farm hands.

Traveling Man Got Even.

A traveling man called on the manager of a large New York concern the other day and sent his card in by the boy at the outside gate. The boy sauntered back lazily and told the traveling man that the manager wouldn't see him.

"Well, you go and ask him for the card I sent in," said the caller. In a few minutes the boy returned from his second trip. "Say," remarked the boy, "the boss told me to tell you that he tore up that card, but he sent a nickel to you to pay for it."

The traveling man was deeply insulted, but he decided to get back as best he could. He opened his card case and drew out another card, handing it to the boy.

"Give this to your boss," he said, "and tell him that I'll keep the money. My cards are two for five. Much obliged."

The manager rushed out of the gate to find the traveling man, but he was too late. The man had left.

Analyzed by Chemists.

Apropos of President Taft and his recent decision about whiskey, Richard Le Gallienne said at a dinner at the St. Regis:

"While I was living in Liverpool there arose a hot whisky discussion. Was pot still whisky the only wholesome one, or was patent still whisky the one non-poisonous drink? Chemical analyses were applied to every whisky going.

"A Liverpoolian entered a public house near the Albert docks one night and said: "Is yer whisky pure?" "Well, I should think so," the publican answered. "It's been paralyzed by three anarchists."

If She Had Her Choice.

A gentleman who finds great amusement in telling his wife which lady of her acquaintance he will select as her successor when she dies, and who, one day, had been teasing her with numberless mock-serious allusions to the subject, suddenly called her little daughter to him and asked her, shaking with laughter at his own wit:

"Madeline, how would you like to have a stepmother?"

The child considered for a moment and then, with great earnestness replied:

"I think I'd much rather have a stepfather."

Why She Needed More Nights Off.

Having recently engaged an 18-year-old colored girl to do housework a New York woman was adjusting the various questions of privileges.

"You will have Monday and Thursday nights off, Eliza," the mistress of the house said.

"On'y Monday 'n' Thursday nights!" the other exclaimed, rolling her eyes.

"My Lawd, Mis' Blank, dat won't do nohow; dat ain't enough. You see, ma'am, I's a debyttante."

CHANGE THE VIBRATION

It Makes for Health.

A man tried leaving off meat, potatoes, coffee, and etc., and adopted a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts with cream, some crisp toast and a cup of Postum.

His health began to improve at once for the reason that a meat eater will reach a place once in a while where his system seems to become clogged and the machinery doesn't work smoothly.

A change of this kind puts aside food of low nutritive value and takes up food and drink of the highest value, already partly digested and capable of being quickly changed into good, rich blood and strong tissue.

A most valuable feature of Grape-Nuts is the natural phosphate of potash grown in the grains from which it is made. This is the element which transforms albumen in the body into the soft gray substance which fills brain and nerve centers.

A few days' use of Grape-Nuts will give one a degree of nervous strength well worth the trial. Look in pkgs for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WORTH KNOWING

Simple But Powerful Prescription for Rheumatism and Lame Back. This was previously published here and cured hundreds. "Get one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound and one ounce Toris Compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Use a tablespoonful of this mixture before each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle each time." Good effects are felt the first day. Any druggist has these ingredients on hand or will quickly get them from his wholesale house.

Not Appropriate.

Senator Beveridge was replying at a dinner in Washington to a defender of the sugar trust.

"You remind me of a man at his brother's funeral. This man bent over the grave and closely watched the lowering of the coffin down into the clean-cut rectangular chamber prepared for it. He heaved a sigh as the coffin came to a rest, and said to the undertaker nearby:

"It's the neatest fit I ever saw in my life. Come and have a drink on the head of it."—Sunday Magazine of the Cleveland Leader.

Bear your own burdens first, after that help to carry those of other people.—George Washington.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GILROY'S signature is on each box. 2c.

It doesn't take one long to become an expert fault finder.



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Send 10c for large sample bottle. Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

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Allen's Ulicerin Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Erysipelas Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, Adhesions, Festering Sores. By mail, J. F. ALLEN, Dept. A.L.S., Paul, Minn.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 11-1910.

Advertisement for Alabastine wall tint. Features a woman's home and a package illustration. Text: 'A Woman's Home should be her pride. Your home should reflect your own individuality. You cannot have special wall papers designed by you for each room—you can carry out a special Alabastine decorative scheme for those rooms—you can be a leader in your community and have your home the talk of your friends.'

Advertisement for Tiger Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco. Features Uncle Sam's revenue stamp and a package illustration. Text: 'Uncle Sam's revenue stamp on each package guarantees the weight of Tiger Fine Cut. And any user will tell you how much superior it is in quality. Superior in taste, in freshness and in being perfectly clean—Tiger Fine Cut is packed in air-tight packages and sold from a tin canister. Not in bulk from a dust-collecting, open pail that dries out the tobacco and makes it unfit to chew. Don't take chances. Insist on Tiger. 5 Cents SOLD EVERYWHERE'

Advertisement for National Cream Separator. Features an illustration of the separator. Text: 'YOU ONLY BUY A SEPARATOR ONCE That is, it is the intention of every farmer or dairymen when purchasing a separator to get one to last a lifetime. For this reason, every point about the machine should be carefully examined before buying. A thorough investigation will convince you that the National Cream Separator is without question the best in the market. It works closer, runs easier, is of simpler construction, and can be cleaned quicker than any other make. Send for illustrated catalogue containing full particulars and scores of testimonials, or have your local dealer demonstrate a National free of all charge to you. THE NATIONAL DAIRY MACHINE COMPANY Goshen, Indiana Chicago, Illinois'

Advertisement for Spohn's Pink Eye Cure. Features an illustration of a man's face. Text: 'FOR PINK EYE DISTEMPER CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for all others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for broad masses and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle; \$2.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturer. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA'

The Master of Craven

By Marie Van Vorst

Author of "Amanda of the Mill," "Mrs. Desmond," etc., etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Basil Tempest, world's greatest novelist and poet, refusing to be further lionized, shuts himself up in Craven, his country home. His gloomy meditations are broken by his housekeeper, who has disobeyed his orders not to admit any one. The visitor is Lucy Carew, an American who has come to England to write a study of the author, but more especially to get a synopsis of his new suite of poems, having been promised a good position with a magazine if successful. Tempest, in anger, declares he will write no more, and asks her to go. Repenting of his rudeness in sending her out in the rain at night, he follows, but she refuses to return to Craven with him, and takes lodging with a cottager. Next morning Lucy receives a note from Tempest apologizing for his rudeness and offering to assist her in writing her essay. Tempest dictates to Lucy, who listens spellbound as she writes. He calls at the cottage and discovers that Lucy has left to take a train for London. He overtakes her and induces her to stay over and read the manuscript to him.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Thank you very much indeed, I shall look for you this afternoon. Shall I send for you, or will you walk?"

"I'll walk," said Miss Carew, and he accepted her decision, saying:

"Then I'll mount and leave you here. You will simply tell Mrs. Ramsdill that you have planned to stay on for a day or two because of your message."

He shook her hand and, getting on his horse, took leave of her in the lane.

But at four o'clock his carriage came for her—she was not, evidently, in a mood to wait for her arrival.

Mrs. Ramsdill came in to Lucy Carew with the announcement and a note.

"Will you not dine here?" it ran. "If you are a rigid conventionalist Mrs. Henly shall sit and knit in her corner."

To Ramsdill's presence, to her slightly pursed-up lips, her "air," was due the response that went to Mr. Tempest, for looking suddenly up Miss Carew caught a sight of her sister woman's face and it gave her pause. Was she a coward, and did not dare to take her life without fear of a peasant woman's comment? Or did the look on the humble, good face reflect only what was in Lucy's own heart—a fear, a dread, distrust, and a certain shame?

She wrote a note and sent it in her stead. But she could not like a creature with no mind or will, entirely receptive of the favor she had promised.

"I am sorry, but I cannot come today. I will go to Craven to-morrow between two and three."

CHAPTER III.

Tempest so intensely desired what he took the trouble to want at all that he had no rule for the bearing of disappointments, he had until lately admitted none. To accomplish what he desired to desire he put out whatever effort was required on his part, and with magnetism and intensity drew things towards him. The facility with which things slipped to his hands spoiled him. Petulant of habit, impatient and turbulent of temper, he never waited—when his wish for variety was delayed he went for it and snatched it to himself.

But lately this life had undergone a change. Precedent no longer would, he knew, be indicative of his future. His future! Curse the word and epoch! Why had he consented to accept one?

During the last three days his mind had been resting in the contemplation of gentle things. It had amused and entertained him to take pleasure in the society of this woman of another continent, whose presence alone was so extraordinary, whose advent was so droll and unusual.

He was with women as with other things—tyrannical, an absolutist, boldly asking and taking pleasure where he chose—with more of the brute, perhaps, than the angel in his composition, and a great fund of affection to give and waste, a great, hungry need of companionship to be filled. Except for the periods when he shut himself up in Craven, periods of isolation and fast, there had never been a time in his life not dominated by a woman. He had, for such as himself, scoffed at marriage, claiming that its docile enslavement would fatally exercise his inspirations and that he would make "a devilish bad husband." During this last exile at Craven he had alternately given thanks for his liberty and the fact that no woman was forced to share his misanthropic humors, and alternately hated his uncompanioned hearth.

But he was utterly unprepared for the note which came instead of Lucy Carew. He read it, the look of content his thought of her coming called

forth scarcely cold on his face; he read and turned it over in hopes that she would on the last page change her cruel mind! Then he flung it down with an angry exclamation and looked about his lonely rooms. They had lately been to him worse than lonely, and an involuntary shiver passed over him as he glanced at corners where ghostlike habitants were growing tenacious in possession. At the side of the window-casing hung a mirror in an old brass frame between the vivid lights of the full afternoon. Tempest strode up to it, throwing his heavy hair from his forehead; gazed into the glass, peered in, searching the cold, reflecting surface as if he would tear from it some flaming, miraculous revelation of himself.

Turning away with a sigh, he rang for his man servant.

"Pack me a valise and order the motor car—we take the London express. Wire for rooms at the Carlton."

Either his desire for Miss Carew's society was not sufficiently strong to warrant his usual brusque storming of her door, or he may have felt a danger not before acknowledged in his relations with women. He did not so much as look towards the rose-colored cottage at the back of its cabbage and hollyhock patch as his motor flashed by it, and Lucy Carew, as chance would have it, was not there to observe his sudden departure. She had gone for a long tramp over fields, and even then was looking at Craven and its towers from a distant hill.

Lady Ormond was one of those women who are part of pleasure as flowers are of feasts. She and her type are needed to make part of the happiness—the festivals, rather, that are held in order to awaken what goes in love's stead throughout the lives of many men and to stimulate what is the more heavy-footed brother of ecstasy—excitement. She was a thorough woman of the world; intelligent, without ever having followed an idea to its source or conclusion; sympathetic, without ever having in her life been touched; caressing, without ever having known what love was in the course of her thirty-odd years. The nearest approach to reality had been her sentiment for the man to whom for several years she had given her time and her society, with whom fashion had linked her name. No nature could come into relation with Basil Tempest without broadening; were it as narrow as a hair, it must expand or break, and Letitia Ormond's had expanded to its utmost limit—so far that it created a gene with her at times that actually hurt.

Tempest had gradually drunk of the



"Letty,"—He Lifted Her Hand to His Lips.

deepest waters she had to offer, and she knew it. The fact that she had no more refreshing draught to give him at his imperious demand, that he had reached the bed of the stream, would have desolated a woman who really loved. But Lady Ormond wanted to escape—not Tempest, exactly, but the fact of her deficiency. She knew she could never be again to another what she had been to him, and that if he could come to her as he had originally, with the like enthusiasm, the like forceful demand, she would be anew carried away by his charm. Such a Tempest could not come again. In their gradual drifting apart she had not suffered; she had prepared her interests, new claims were ready to assert themselves, and she grew to accept his frequent absences without reproach.

Lady Ormond was "up for Sunday" to entertain some Americans passing through London, and, standing under the careful adjustment of lights, surrounded by half a dozen of the most sought men in London, she looked with surprise to see Tempest making his way through the crowded room to her. His eyes were on her and he half stumbled against a chair in his way. Awkwardness was foreign to him—he was intolerant of it in others—and he was now so cruelly self-conscious that Lady Ormond flushed for him, reflecting the dark-red of his face



Champagne.

It is said that when Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew Clark replied: "Oh, wine does some things help you to get through work; for instance, I have often 20 letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help." "Indeed,"

when he came up and put out his hand.

"Every one has been asking for you. Why did you not come to Gosmere? When did you arrive?"

He had been given place by her with common consent. The men after greeting him gradually slipped away, all save the American guest, who gazed at Basil Tempest wide-eyed, as one might at a star.

"I have arrived in town within this hour," Tempest said.

"Mr. Tempest"—Lady Ormond turned to the American—"knows how to maintain his popularity—he goes away before his public—he half enough of him, and returns before they are tired of wondering where he is. For my part I hate brusque departures. I want to be prepared—I don't like sudden good-bys."

She held out her hand to the American and said rather imperiously: "Will you ask Lady Winifred Sales to dance, Mr. Bainbridge? She is alone over there by the palms," thus cutting short Mr. Bainbridge's hero-worship.

"And"—Tempest took her up several phrases back—"sudden returns—you dislike them?"

She was femininely conscious that he had taken note of every detail of her sparkling beauty, and meeting his eyes agreeably said with grace:

"Your returns are never sudden. I am always bringing you back in my mind. You see, Basil, you are always expected."

His face brightened excessively. "That's the prettiest speech I ever heard a woman make. Come, come with me out of this crush, can't you? I have something especial to say, and you know that I do not understand the art of waiting."

She nodded and smiled, delighted to perceive herself glad to see him and that his sudden return without warning did not find her cold.

He followed her across the ball-room to the opposite side, where a room decorated with lilies and orchids gave them a corner planned and set apart for just such causeries intimates as Tempest determined it should secure.

Lady Ormond sat down in a corner of a little divan, Tempest beside her.

"Letty"—he lifted her hand to his lips—"Letty, I exaggerate in my books—they would not be worth writing or reading if I did not. I never really transcribe real life, although they call me a realist. You never heard of a great photographer, did you? Do you think there will be one remembered by men in a hundred years from now? Not unless he has made his pictures as unlike life as possible. Well, I don't exaggerate in my life or speech. I am plain—you have even called me brutal. Now I am speaking realistically—I've been living in hell since I left London."

The marks of suffering were distinct on his face, he looked ill and changed; there was something appealing and touching in his expression, usually arrogance and pride itself. The flippant speech his statement would have called forth from Lady Ormond's humor did not pass her lips. She gave his hand a gentle pressure.

"Basil, you look horribly ill—what is the matter? You are changed."

"Am I?" He threw up his head rather defiantly and impatiently, as if to shake off commiseration. "I've studied my face enough, God knows, these days, but I find it the same."

"Where have you been—at Craven?"

"Yes. Shut up like a bear in his cage."

"And you come out to bite, I suppose?"

"Hush!" he said frowning. "Don't for God's sake be flippant. I am not in any mood for it. I've had them all—the moods—heaven knows, but this is a peculiarly grim one to-night. If you can, in any way, second it, I will be grateful."

She looked at him curiously but not unaffectedly. "I'll be as grim as you like, Basil. What do you want me to feel?"

Tempest had covered his eyes with his hands, a gesture growing now second nature to him. He laughed softly as she spoke. "How perfect of you, Letty! What do I want you to feel? Why, do you then command your sentiments at call? Can I have them up at touch, have you so many more for me than one?"

He uncovered his eyes and looked at her smiling. His expression was cynical and amused. "I don't want or not want you to feel in any particular way. I want to know how you do feel and to act accordingly."

She started—with him, at all events, a crisis was reached in their relations. She said, to gain time and to collect herself: "You are quite your most singular self to-night—Je ne suis pas une femme tragique, and I think you might return after a few weeks' absence in a little more soothing mood! You are mysterious, and I am bewildered at mysteries. What has gone wrong? Are you dissatisfied with some new creation, or have you lost money?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

said the patient, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the 20 letters?" "No! no!" said Sir Andrew, "but when I've had a pint of champagne, I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

Politician—"Congratulations, Sarah, I've been elected." Sarah (with delight)—"Honestly?" Politician—"What difference does that make?"—Milwaukee Journal.

CONFIDENT CAN DOUBLE YIELDS OF FARM CROPS

Wyoming Seedman Tells How Soil Can Be Made to Produce More—Scientific Methods and Patience Required.

A doubling of the present production of farm staples is in sight, according to Prof. B. C. Buffum of Worland, Wyo., who is a pioneer in the science of seed breeding.

"We already have practically doubled the yield of corn by selection and plant breeding," said Prof. Buffum, who was in Chicago the other day, "but we need not stop with corn, as we can deal with all other crops in a similar way. The reason that this has not been done earlier is that plant breeding has been utilized heretofore mainly for the production of curiosities. Men who brought out anything new were 'wizards.' Few saw any practical value in what was being done. Much was accomplished in an esthetic way with reference to improvements of flowers, but the great farm crops were neglected.

"The condition of our agriculture and its improvement is being given serious consideration by all thoughtful men. It is the foundation of our social economy, for production from the soil means the creation of new wealth. The high cost of living is, in my opinion, due to conditions resulting from the neglect of the farm. The city has held out alluring charms to the country youth in the form of greater advantages for education, more of the comforts of life, more excitement and more liberties to the individual with regard to little vices that would cause ostracism among provincial friends, but are overlooked in a crowd of strangers.

"This rush to the cities has brought about a lack of balance in the business of the country. It has given rise to an unnecessary amount of artificial

but he has not given much attention to practical features that appeal to the farmer.

"Alfalfa is the basis of western agriculture, yet it has never been pedigreed or improved by scientific breeding. Like 'Topsy,' it 'just grew.' It is a mongrel plant, with probably the greatest value of any mongrel on earth. I now have in my breeding gardens 70 varieties and strains of alfalfa, including those raised from seed from every part of the world where the plant is grown, in addition to my own hybrids. The method pursued in improving alfalfa is to make crosses and hybrids between all of these varieties and then select the one that shows the best quality, combined with the greatest productiveness. This last season I had two hybrids that grew to a height of three feet in 90 days from the date of planting the seed. Any one who has grown alfalfa can appreciate the significance of these figures. By fixing some type of this sort I can put into the hands of the farmers improvements that greatly will increase the yield.

"Those who are trying to improve alfalfa have three objects in view. The first is to develop a quick growing, heavy yielding strain. The second is to obtain fine stems, with a large percentage of leaves, for the leaves are of the most value to the stock farmer. The third object is to gain power to resist disease. One troublesome disease is known as leaf spot. It is a new fungus disease affecting many plants that can be made immune by proper treatment. This disease is general and is causing



How Crossing of Wheat Improves Plant.

business. There are too many middlemen, all of whom must share the profits from land and labor.

"The great hope of the future is better farming. Vast improvements have been made in our crop and stock production through experimental investigation, scientific study, and agricultural education. The physical sciences, soil management, fertilizers, improved machinery, and some of the principles underlying crop production and animal feeding are being worked out, and, as a general statement, it may be said that farming is our most staple and prosperous business.

"At present there is a strong movement for the improvement of the staple farm crops and I do not believe there is a question but that the work now going on will result in a doubling of the yield in the mountain region of arid America on land that is either irrigated or not irrigated. In speaking of doubling I am taking the government 'average' yield as the present standard. I know the average yields through many years of experience, and also realize what can be done by the best methods of farming. The great industries of the west are the production of live stock and fruits. With the breaking up of the range we are now producing better live stock at less hazard. Anything that enables the ranchman to increase the production of stock food would be one of the greatest factors in increasing the wealth of any region.

"Cereals can be improved much faster than live stock, but, nevertheless, the development of horses and cattle in the past has been much more notable than the progress in grains. At a recent convention the statement was made that it would require about 8,000 years of live stock breeding to duplicate the advance made with grains in one year's work at my experimental farm. The reason for the delay with regard to grains is that it is only a few years since the principle of hybridization has been discovered. Burbank has done more in this line than any one else.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF HISTORY

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

WELLINGTON AND LADY CATHERINE

(Copyright by the Author.)

A lean, hook-nosed Irish youth, Arthur Wellesley by name, dared to fall in love with Lady Catherine Pakenham, court beauty and daughter of the earl of Langford. This was in 1796. The young man was as well-born as she, for he was fourth son of the earl of Mornington. Also, he had already won military and parliamentary honors. But he had almost no money. Lady Catherine could readily hope to marry a man of wealth and title. So her family frowned on the youthful soldier's suit.

Yet he proposed to Lady Catherine and received her assurance that her heart was his. This mutual avowal was gratifying enough for both the lovers; but it had no effect whatever on the earl of Langford's determination that his daughter should not wed a penniless soldier. In spite of her family's opposition, Catherine told Wellesley that she should always consider herself betrothed to him. With this solitary crumb of comfort the man went with his regiment to India to carve with his sword a fame that should atone for his lack of wealth. He was successful beyond his wildest hopes. His military genius quickly became apparent to all. He won victory after victory, rose steadily in rank, and at the end of nine years returned to England as a popular hero. He was now Gen. Sir Arthur Wellesley, and as famous as he had once been obscure.

Nine years is a long time, especially when lovers are young and are forced to live apart from one another. Yet Wellesley and Catherine had remained true to that early vow of theirs. Soon after Wellesley had left for India Catherine had been smitten with smallpox. Her life was spared, but her beauty was utterly gone. Instead of the exquisite young girl of nine years before, Wellesley found himself confronting a plain, mature woman, whose once fair face was hideously pitted and scarred.

Perhaps something of the man's horror and amazement showed in his eyes, for Catherine bravely admitted that she was no longer beautiful, and offered to release him from the engagement. But Wellesley had the chivalry of a medieval knight. If the lovely girl of earlier days was now an ugly woman, he was none the less bound by his promise to marry her. And marry her he did. The ceremony took place on April 10, 1806, a few

months after the bridegroom's return to England. The tale of his knightly sacrifice was everywhere told. When his wife was presented to court the queen of England warmly praised her devotion, and added:

"You are a bright example of constancy. If anybody deserves to be happy it is you. But is it true you obeyed your father and never wrote one letter to Sir Arthur during his nine-year absence?"

"Not a single letter, your majesty," answered Catherine. "But—but I thought of him very, very often."

The marriage was not especially happy. Wellesley was a dutiful, kind husband, and Catherine a devoted wife, who eagerly applauded her husband's continued rise in the military world. Nevertheless the two gradually drew apart. To judge by the husband's letters to Miss Jenkins (a clever Englishwoman of the time), he did not allow his wife to monopolize his affection, to the exclusion of everyone else. His home life grew less and less pleasant. He

The Shattering less pleasant. He answered Catherine. "But—but I thought of him very, very often." The marriage was not especially happy. Wellesley was a dutiful, kind husband, and Catherine a devoted wife, who eagerly applauded her husband's continued rise in the military world. Nevertheless the two gradually drew apart. To judge by the husband's letters to Miss Jenkins (a clever Englishwoman of the time), he did not allow his wife to monopolize his affection, to the exclusion of everyone else. His home life grew less and less pleasant. He

the British army, was created duke of Wellington, led the British forces at the battle of Waterloo, became later prime minister of England. Yet his discontent increased with his honors. A friend quotes him as exclaiming:

"There is nothing in this world worth living for!"

Sir Edward Pakenham, who led the British forces against Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and who was defeated and slain in that fight, was Catherine's brother, and had fought as Wellington's subordinate, against Napoleon.

During the last years of Catherine's life she and the duke were seldom together. Yet Wellington faithfully watched over his wife in her last illness, in 1831, and mourned her sincerely. To his children he was a just if "distant" father, and to his wife he had been a considerate, rather than a loving husband. What secret, if any, lay behind the couple's final estrangement will never be divulged. A hint of it is contained in the following anecdote:

"I suppose," a questioner once said to Wellington, "that you have aroused much admiration among women."

"Plenty of admiration!" snapped the old duke. "Plenty of admiration! But in all my life no woman has ever loved me!"

Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson

A 19-year-old boy—youngest of a Corsican lawyer's 13 children—fell in love, in 1803, with an 18-year-old girl—eldest of an Irish-American ship-builder's 13 children. The lad was Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was at that time First Consul of France and rising fast toward the imperial throne and the mastery of all Europe. The girl was Elizabeth Patterson, whose father—an Irish emigrant—was the foremost shipowner and richest man in Baltimore. Jerome was homeliest of the handsome Bonapartes. Elizabeth was most beautiful of the good-looking Pattersons. Here is the story:

Jerome was the "spoil child" of his family. He was a lazy, rather incompetent spendthrift, with not one atom of Napoleon's genius. Nevertheless he was a lovable youngster, and could usually wheedle even his iron brother into overlooking his faults and granting him favors. He had been started on a naval career; and, at 18, was lieutenant in command of the French brig of war Epervier. While cruising in southern American waters his ship was chased by English war vessels and he resigned his command, escaping to Norfolk, Va. Thence he went to Baltimore, where, on the strength of his brother's great fame, he was cordially welcomed.

Jerome planned to take the first available vessel to France. But at a ball he met Elizabeth (known as "Betsy") Patterson, belle of the Maryland city. The couple fell in love at first sight, and the young man's sailing was indefinitely postponed. Miss Patterson was ambitious. To be courted by the brother of Europe's foremost celebrity was flattering. She and Jerome became engaged. Her father foresaw trouble and packed Elizabeth off to visit friends in Virginia. But she and Jerome would not be parted. So at last Mr. Patterson gave his unwilling consent, and the marriage was performed by the Catholic bishop of Baltimore, on Christmas day, 1803.

Instead of going at once to France, the lovers settled for the time in Baltimore, to find out how Napoleon would take the news. Tidings traveled slowly in those days, and months elapsed before word came from France. The same post that brought the elder brother's decision brought also word of that brother's election as emperor of the French. Napoleon's orders to Jerome were couched in sternest language. The bridegroom was not only severely blamed for marrying Miss Patterson, but was ordered to return at once to France. Napoleon utterly refused to recognize Elizabeth as his brother's wife, and forbade him

to take her to Paris. He added: "I will receive Jerome if he leaves that young person in America. If he brings her with him she shall not set foot in France."

Jerome had at other times been able to cajole Napoleon into changing his mind. He thought he could do so now. He believed the sight of Elizabeth's beauty must soften the emperor's heart. So, disobeying half of Napoleon's order, he set sail for France on one of his father-in-law's ships, carrying Elizabeth with him, and bidding America what he then thought was only a temporary farewell. This country has always been a refuge for the Bonapartes. Jerome lived here nearly two years; Napoleon's elder brother, Joseph, lived for a long time at Bordentown, N. J.; Napoleon's next younger brother, Lucien, sailed for this country in 1810, but was captured, Napoleon's nephew, Louis (later Napoleon III.), dwelt long in America (in New Jersey part of the time), and Napoleon himself is said to have planned once to seek refuge here.

The ship bearing Jerome and Elizabeth was not allowed to land at any French port. Jerome, leaving Elizabeth on board, hastened to his brother.

Between could do or say Love and Duty, nothing to shake the emperor's resolve. Napoleon was firm in his refusal to recognize the marriage. So Jerome weakly abandoned his pretty American wife; and, later, at Napoleon's command, married Princess Charlotte of Wurtemberg, becoming for a time the puppet king of Westphalia.

Elizabeth, after waiting in vain for her husband's return or for news that she might enter France, went to England. There her only son, "Jerome Napoleon," was born. He was founder of the Bonaparte family of America and father of the C. J. Bonaparte who served as secretary of the navy and as attorney general in President Roosevelt's cabinet. Heartbroken, her golden hopes crushed, the deserted wife came home to Baltimore, where she died in 1879. Jerome and she met once, by chance, in Italy, many years after their separation; but neither gave the slightest sign of recognition. Napoleon had sought to force the pope into annulling the marriage. His holiness had refused. So Napoleon had annulled it himself. Yet, before her death, Elizabeth (who had formally secured an American divorce from Jerome) succeeded in making the French government declare the union valid.

Jerome died in 1860, having married three times, treating each of his wives badly, and at last sinking to the level of a dissolute, despised old man.



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"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. G. JONES,
119 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.
CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. "Make No Mistake." If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Olmsted & Browne

Pain in Heart

"For two years I had pain in my heart, back and left side. Could not draw a deep breath or lie on left side, and any little exertion would cause palpitation. Under advice I took Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Nerve. I took about thirteen bottles, am in better health than I ever was, and have gained 14 pounds."

MRS. LILLIE THOMAS,
Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

For many years Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy has been very successful in the treatment of heart troubles, because of its tonic effect upon the heart nerves and muscles. Even in severe cases of long standing it has frequently prolonged life for many years after doctors had given up all hope, as proven by thousands of letters we have received from grateful people.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is sold by all druggists. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your druggist will return your money.

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VAUGHAN'S
Vaughan's 1910 SEED Catalog from the Great Central Market is a business book; only straight talk about the best kinds of vegetables and flowers that expert growers in America and Europe can raise for us. The Book is Free. Write today. Enclose 10 cents in coin and receive 200 seeds of Vaughan's Giant Parsnips—world leaders in size and color. **VAUGHAN'S SEED STORE** 84-86 Randolph Street, CHICAGO or 25 Barclay St., New York

KINGSTON NEWS

FRED P. SMITH, CORRESPONDENT

Mrs. O. W. Vickell and Mrs. R. S. Pratt spent Tuesday in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lutter are entertaining relatives from Nora, Ill.

Principal Johnston spent last Friday evening and Saturday in DeKalb.

Miss Lena Bacon was out from Elgin last Saturday evening and Sunday.

Miss Maude Benson went to Chicago last Saturday to remain two weeks.

Miss Eva Gross of South Grove spent last week with her grandmother, Mrs. I. A. McCollom.

Miss Mildred Hage of Rockford was a guest of Misses Cora and Dora Bell and Jennie Clark Sunday.

Mrs. John Hemauer came from Chilton, Wis., Wednesday of last week to care for her daughter, Mrs. Fred Larson, and her new grandson.

Arthur Phelps went to Garden Prairie to spend a number of days with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Frank Brown.

F. W. Jones loaded a car with household goods Wednesday for Grand Rapids, Wis., where they will reside on a farm.

Mrs. Emma Tazewell and daughter, Edna, of DeKalb were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Tazewell last Saturday.

The bazaar held by the Baptist Aid Society last week Thursday in the Moore building was well attended. Dinner and supper were served.

There will be a union service of the churches Sunday, March 20, when a representative of the Anti-Saloon League will be present. More particulars next week.

E. J. Houghton will lecture on "Religion of the Future" Saturday evening. Look for lecture on 19th inst. Mr. Houghton will preach on John 3:16 Sunday evening.

The revivals which were held in the M. E. church last week closed with the evening service of last Sunday, Rev. W. H. Burns, D. D., returned to his home in Evanston Monday.

Rev. W. H. Tuttle officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Nancy Booher, mother of Samuel Powell of Herbert, held in Belvidere M. E. church Tuesday morning. Interment was in Belvidere cemetery.

Miss Nona Phelps entertained twenty-five young people at her home Tuesday evening in honor of her twentieth birthday. Progressive games were played during the evening. At a late hour refreshments were served.

Over fifty people attended the basket social given by the ladies of the Baptist church at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arbuckle last Friday evening. A neat sum was added to the treasury. Ed. McDonald acted as auctioneer.

A very pleasant time was had by the members of the O. E. S. Club and their friends at the home of Mrs. Frank Wilson last Saturday. Dinner was served to a large number. The meeting in April will be held at the home of Mrs. I. A. McCollom.

For Tax Collector
I take this method of announcing myself as a candidate for the office of tax collector for the town of Kingston and would respectfully solicit the support of the voters at the coming town caucus.
23-8t
Stuart Shrader.

For Assessor
I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of assessor for the town of Kingston and will appreciate the support of my friends at the caucus.
24-tf
Stuart Sherman.

To All Whom it May Concern
Having resolved to be good, I hereby announce myself as candidate for tax collector for the township of Kingston and respectfully solicit the votes of the people.
Yours truly
22-6t
H. N. PEAVY.

For Collector
To the voters of the town of Kingston, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of collector for the town of Kingston and respectfully solicit your support.
23-4t
A. S. Gibbs.

Notice
I, hereby, announce myself as a candidate for re-election for the office of assessor for Kingston township and solicit your support.
Ira Bicksler. 22-tf

For Tax Collector
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of tax collector for the town of Kingston and respectfully solicit your support.
23-tt
C. S. Phelps.

Notice
I hereby announce myself as candidate for election to the office of road commissioner for the township of Kingston and solicit your support.
25-2t
Lew Bicksler.

In paper hanging and painting I guarantee satisfaction and have a complete line of samples to select from. Estimates cheerfully furnished on application. Let me figure with you.
24-3t
Elmer Bell, Kingston.

Everybody
goes to A. LEATH & Co., 72-74 Grove Ave., Elgin, Ill., for high grade home furnishings because they save 15-40 per cent on each purchase. Right now you can save more—great reduction sale going on. All purchases delivered free and car fare refunded.

Moonlight Blindness.
Moonlight most intense sometimes causes sore eyes in Cuba, and the natives navigate and perambulate with umbrella and paraluna. This very obstinate affection is cured by washing the eyes with moonlight-fallen dew, so the inimitable Frank Steinhart, former consul general to Cuba, said. Not so strange a joke and cure after all, for such dew has been found to be radioactive and electric.

Wisecracks.
The wisdom of the wise is no doubt a fine thing, but evolution seems to want it tempered by the folly of fools, otherwise there wouldn't be so many of the latter. Wisdom is wise, but it is also timid; folly is foolish, but it is also bold. A thousand years ago angels would have feared to tread where now we all walk in security, thanks to somebody having rushed in notwithstanding.—Puck.

Last Days of the Mill End Sale
Till the Mill End Sale closes Saturday, you can choose from stocks that still offer splendid choice at the same sensationally low prices which have characterized this Mill End Sale from the first day. Quality and value are the chief consideration of this Mill End Sale. The goods are the same as we sell over our counters every day. Prices are positively unmatched for their lowness.

Lonsdale bleached muslin worth 12½¢ a yard, Mill End Sale price 8¼¢.

Checked apron gingham worth 8¢ a yard, Mill End Sale price 5¢. Leather shopping bags and vanity purses worth 50¢, Mill End Sale price 39¢.

Ladies' percale wrappers worth 98¢ to \$1.29, Mill End Sale price 69¢.

Ladies two-piece house dresses worth \$1.49, Mill End Sale price 79¢.

Women's fancy white aprons worth 50¢ and 56¢, Mill End Sale price 39¢.

Women's plain gingham aprons—15¢.

Fine taffeta silk petticoats worth up to \$6.00, Mill End Sale price \$3.98.

"Heather bloom" petticoats worth \$2.25, Mill End Sale price \$1.75.

Women's rust proof corsets worth \$1.00, Mill End Sale price 69¢.

Mercedized tape girdles worth 50¢, Mill End Sale price 39¢.

Wide silk ribbons worth 15¢ a yard, Mill End Sale price 10¢.

Men's twilled work shirts worth 50¢, Mill End Sale price, 37¢.

Men's canvas working gloves, pair 5¢.

Men's 24c fancy hose at pair 15¢.

Theo. F. Swan, Great Department Store, Elgin.

First Class Livery Stock at Auction
Positively going out of business on account of barn being sold. Riggs nearly new, will be sold at Winters' barn in Genoa, Ill., on

Saturday, March 12
Commencing at noon

20 Head of Horses
3 matched white pairs, ages 5 to 9 yrs; spotted horse, 5 yrs; sorrel horse, 7 yrs old; pair brown mares, 5 and 6 yrs old; roan horse, 7 yrs old; pair bay blocks, 8 and 9 yrs old; bob tail saddle horse, 7 yrs; pair draft horses, 10 and 11 yrs; pair heavy mules; sorrel mare, 5 yrs; spotted pony, 3 yrs. 10 rubber tire single buggies, 3 surries, 3 cutters, 11 sets single harness, 3 saddles, 2 side saddles, 5 sets light driving double harness, 8 pair heavy wool blankets, 10 buffalo robes, 10 light summer dusters, 10 sets fly nets, forks, shovels, barn tools, 6 sets sleigh bells, other items.

Terms of Sale: Sums of \$10 and under, cash; on sums over \$10 credit of six months will be given on approved notes with interest at 7 per cent per annum. No property to be removed until settled for.

E. H. RICHARDSON,
W. H. Bell, Auctioneer.

Once Was Enough.
Magistrate (discharging prisoner)—"Now, then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company." Prisoner (feelingly)—"Thank you, sir. You won't see me here again."—Lippincott's.

Court House News

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Sycamore—Sophie Kanes qcd to Adolph Kanes, pt sw¼ (13 a) sec 18, \$630.

Franklin Hall heirs, deed to Ephriam Hall, pt secs 5 and 6, \$54,609.30.

Same deed Elizabeth Hall, pt lots 4, 5, and 3 blk 3 Lattin's, \$8,000.

Mayfield—Franklin Hall heirs, deed to Almon F. Hall pt sec 23 and 24, \$42,796.80.

Same deed William D. Hall, pt secs 23 and 22, \$41,315.40.

Genoa—Farmers State Bank Genoa, wd to Hans C. P. Rasmussen, lot 14 blk 5, Morningside, \$1.

Farmers State Bank Genoa wd to Hans P. Rasmussen, lot 14 blk 5, Morningside, \$1.

Franklin—George E. Adeo wd to Walter Gibson, w½ ne¼ sec 16, \$10,400.

Bessie D. Newton wd to James N. Finnegan nw¼ sec 32, \$1.

Mayfield—William H. McCarty wd to A. McCarty, wd 1-6 interest ne¼ sec 17, \$1,950.

David McCarty wd to Benjamin Johnson, nw¼ sec 17, \$17,600.

Henry Lanau qd to Caroline Tower, w½ sw¼ and n½ ne¼ sec 3, \$1,678.50.

James S. Shaw wd to George E. Dick, s 60 a e½ sw¼ sec 3, e 80 and nw¼ sec 10, \$19,600.

Genoa—Byron B. Burbank wd to Edward O. Gustafson, e½ ne¼ sec 17, \$7,600.

George E. Stott wd to J. R. England, e 3 a w½ sw¼ sec 19, \$2,500.

Farmers State Bank of Genoa wd to Frank A. Carlson, lot 4, blk 3, Morningside, \$225.

Franklin—United State patent to Samuel Cronkhize, n½ ne¼ and se¼ nw¼ sec 29.

Kingston—Ander Gustafson wd to Fred W. Ruback, pt lot 18 sec 16, \$5,000.

Sycamore—Felix Oehler wd to Elizabeth Hall et al, farm land in Sycamore, \$16,500.

Franklin Hall heirs qd to Jessie H. Lee, same as above, \$16,500.

Malta—Franklin Hall heirs wd to Frank Schweitzer, n½ sec 15, \$48,000.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Carl Ezel Lindstrom, 25, and Anna Louira Nelson, 23, both of Sycamore; Henmi Ketonen, 20, and Fiina Waroula, 23, both of DeKalb; Carl Helmer Carlson, 28, and Marie Matilda Anderson, 30, both of DeKalb; Frank Herbert Withey, 25, and Theresa Margaret Byerhof, 20, both of Shabbona.

PROBATE

Hazel Robinson, minor. Inventory and final report of guardian approved; ward of full age, settlement made; guardian discharged.

A Dreaded Contingency.

A young girl of 14 was taking a trip on Lake Michigan in a small steamer. The lake was somewhat rough and many were seasick. The girl sat in the bow and was unusually quiet for her. "Are you feeling sick, daughter?" inquired her father. "No, I don't think I am sick; but I should hate to yawn."—Life.

He Doesn't Get Far.
The world has little use for the man who needs an ear trumpet to hear the call of Duty.

Houses and Lots For Sale

RESIDENCES, ready to use, in all parts of town, anywhere from \$600.00 to \$6000.00.

VACANT LOTS, anywhere from \$50.00 to \$500.00, according to location.

BUSINESS PROPERTY, worth the price. FARMS of various sizes, from 80 acres to 200 acres, at \$100.00 per acre and up. HOUSES to let.

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Call and see about it.

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Ask your doctor about the wisdom of your keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, ready for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis. If he says it's all right, then get a bottle of it at once. Why not show a little foresight in such matters? Early treatment, early cure.

Ayer's

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Many a boy is called dull and stupid, when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills will do such boys a great deal of good. They keep the liver active.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE SHOE TRUTH

Many people took advantage of the great shoe sale which we put on last week. They fully appreciated the values which we placed before them. They found that we stated the absolute facts in our ad last week. The shoes that are on sale are good, honest goods, but they are broken lots and must be closed out at a great sacrifice to make room for the spring stock which is now arriving. It will pay you to always look for our ad, where nothing but the truth will find place. If YOU want real bargains in shoes, now is the time to call.

SALE CLOSES WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16

JOHN LEMBKE, GENOA, ILL.

Perkins & Rosenfeld, Genoa