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**WORDS OF TRUTH**

FROM



**THE SECOND DAY OR EPOCH**

THERE are various theories regarding the formation of the Earth. We follow the one which seems most closely to harmonize with the Bible account. It is called the Vaillan theory. It assumes that Saturn's rings and Jupiter's belts illustrate the various stages of development of the Earth.

The Earth was once molten, as indicated by the igneous rocks of the Azole period; so called by scientists but not discussed in the Bible. When the Earth was thus molten, its water and minerals were thrown off a great distance in gaseous form. As these and the Earth cooled and took shape, the water and mineral substances constituted great rings at a distance from the Earth.

Gradually the motion of the rings became different from that of the Earth in proportion to the distance from the center of gravity. These rings of water and mineral, under the law of attraction, gradually approached the Earth. Yet they would be kept off by centrifugal force, particularly strong at the equatorial line. Thus, one after another these rings as they approached the Earth would spread out like a great canopy, but would not be permitted to come down directly upon the Earth because of the circumambient air, referred to in the Scriptures as a "firmament."

God made the firmament and separated the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. The strongly mineralized waters above the Earth held off by the "firmament" and centrifugal force, greatest at the equator, gradually concentrated at the two poles, where later they broke and then reached the Earth, forming layer after layer of mineralized earth deposited by the water which rushed from both poles toward the equator.

These rings or belts of water and minerals followed each other as great deluges upon the Earth—perhaps thousands of years apart. The deluge of Noah's day was the last, and of pure water only, because the heavier minerals had been attracted first. Hence minerals are generally under several layers of shale and earth and soil. PASTOR RUSSELL.

**WASHINGTON TEMPLE**

**THEY WORD IS TRUTH**

## BOTH BOUND OVER

Roger Buckle and J. B. Smith in County Jail Awaiting Grand Jury

## FOR BURGLARY AND LARCENY

Buckle Turns States Evidence and Accuses Smith of Assisting in Burglarizing the Casey and Campbell Saloons

Roger Buckle and J. B. Smith were arrested and given a preliminary hearing in Justice Stott's court Tuesday afternoon, charged with having entered Campbell & Rosecrans' and Casey's saloons Saturday night. Both were bound over to grand jury under bonds of \$2500.00 each, in default of which they are now guests of Sheriff Poust of Sycamore.

At the Campbell saloon about \$2.50 in change was taken while at Casey's all that the prowlers found worth taking away was a perfectly good revolver, one bottle of Engleside whiskey and two bottles of Schlitz. The taking of the revolver was Buckle's undoing.

Officer Harshman suspected Buckle of having had something to do with the job, and having heard that he (Buckle) had been displaying a gun with threats, swore out a warrant charging him with carrying concealed weapons. Buckle was arrested and taken to Justice Stott's office and upon search the revolver belonging to Casey was found in his pocket. He confessed to having had a hand in the burglary at both places but would not divulge the name of his pal until after having passed a few hours in the city bastille. Lonesomeness got the best of him and he turned state's evidence, implicating J. B. Smith. Smith emphatically denies having had anything to do with the jobs, but the evidence shows that he was with Buckle and helped drink some of the booze after it was stolen and that is his own testimony. The chisels used in prying open the back doors of the saloons were owned by Smith.

Buckle claims that he and Smith took on the night jobs alone and later went to Smith's rooms where they indulged in a few drinks. Smith claims that he went to bed at twelve o'clock, not having been out of his rooms since ten, and that Buckle and his brother came in shortly after one o'clock and asked him to get up and have a drink. At the time of the trial the younger Buckle could not be found to testify before the court.

States Attorney Smith was here to do the probing.

## ONE MILLION DOLLAR

Farm Land Sales in 1912 Made by One Firm in Northern Illinois

Do you want to sell your farm? If so, see THE GEITHMAN & HAMMOND LAND AGENCY of Genoa, Illinois. There farm sales last year were One Million Dollars. They can sell your farm for you, they are advertisers. Their catalog showing views of a large list of farms they have for sale brings them the buyers. Write or phone them and they will call on you. Their 1913 catalog will be mailed free upon request.

## Holroyd Sells Out

The firm of Holtgren & Holroyd was dissolved last week, Mr. Holroyd retiring, leaving the business to F. O. Holtgren. The latter will be assisted in the store by his son, Carl. It is unnecessary to say anything regarding the qualifications of the new firm. Mr. Holtgren has been in business in Genoa so many years that his name is as familiar as the name of the city itself. He starts out right this week with a large advertisement making an Easter announcement.

## RIGHT IN CLOVER

Soil Improvement Association Sells 1600 Bushels of Clover Seed and More Wanted

It is generally supposed that to "be in clover" is something pretty nice but the force at the office of the Soil Improvement Association here has changed its opinion of the proverb the past few weeks, says the Chronicle. The cause for the change is the terrific influx of business in connection with the association's flyer in clover seed this season.

Not only did the farmers like the plan, they loved it. At first the local men in charge of the project thought that they would be safe in getting about 1200 bushels of the seed but orders came so thick and fast that they had over 1300 bushels spoken for in a jiffy and Mr. Eckhardt had to make a hurried trip to Wisconsin several weeks since to buy 200 bushels more.

In all a total of 1600 bushels have already been disposed of and the association has been compelled to go out of the clover business with a whole bundle of orders on hand which cannot be filled. In all over 500 orders for clover seed from farmers in the county were received which shows two things, first that the clover seed plan was a success and then that the soil improvement work has the farmers of DeKalb county interested.

## BRADT IS MODEST

Wants Only \$150,000,000 for Illinois Road Bonds

Aurora Beacon:—A bond issue of \$150,000,000 to be approved by the voters of Illinois to run during a term of 20 years, for the purpose of improving 14,000 miles of highways, was advised by S. E. Bradt of DeKalb, vice president of the Illinois Highway Improvement association, who addresses the good roads meeting held at Elgin today.

"The state of Illinois has 97,000 miles of highways and only 3,000 are improved. I figure that with a bond issue of \$150,000,000, the tax each year would be 60 cents on each \$1,500 worth of assessable property."

Representative Chas. Clyne spoke and stated that there is a sentiment against the proposed abolition of highway commissioners of each township and having a county superintendent. He said it would give too much power to the state and he suggested that the highway commissioners and those favoring the state plan get together and compromise.

## BUTTER PRICE ADVANCES

Quotation at 34 3/4 and 35 Cents on Elgin Board of Trade

Butter sold at 34 3/4 and 35 cents on the Elgin board of trade Monday, with the predominating sales at the latter figure. Last week's market was 34 1/2 cents. The sales at 35 cents Monday entailed 395 tubs, and 108 tubs were sold at 34 3/4 cents.

A comparison of prices for the last several years follows:  
February 10, 1913—34 1/2 cents.  
February 19, 1912—27 cents.  
February 20, 1911—26 1/2 cents.  
February 21, 1910—30 cents.  
February 22, 1909—30 cents.

## A Correction

Editor of Genoa Republican-Journal: I wish to correct a statement made by Mr. Moore in his letter last week. Mary Hill married John Heckman shortly after the Civil war, instead of Mr. Maltby, as he had it.

Mrs. D. B. Arbuckle.

## DR. ROBINSON DEAD

Found Lifeless by His Wife Early Saturday Morning

## HEART FAILURE THE CAUSE

Attended a Dance the Evening Before, Evidently in the Best of Health—Funeral Held Tuesday—Masonic Rites

The lifeless body of Dr. E. A. Robinson was found in bed by Mrs. Robinson early Saturday morning, Feb. 15, death having visited the man during the night, he having passed away without any apparent struggle, lying in a natural position, without a sign to suggest that there had been any pain or fear.

Mrs. Robinson arose at about three o'clock and not hearing the sound of breathing coming from the doctor's room, called to him. It had often been his custom to answer night calls without awakening his wife, and to make sure that he was out she entered the room. There she found him as noted above. He had drawn the sheet over his head and lay in a stupor. She naturally tried to awaken him, but when the truth became apparent help was called.

The doctor and his wife had attended the club dance the evening before, the former being as cheerful and jolly and apparently in as good health as usual. There was no complaint when he reached home, Mrs. Robinson having no warning of any nature that would cause apprehension.

Ezra Alfred Robinson was born in Keeseville, N. Y., December 25, 1854. When about three years of age his parents moved to Seranac, N. Y., where he spent his youth. Having decided to enter the field of medicine he attended the University of Vermont at Burlington and graduated there in 1881. He began his career as a medical practitioner at Jay, N. Y. In 1886 he came west to practice at Genoa, Ill., where he has since remained with the exception of a brief period at Kingston, Ill. His marriage to Miss Cora Olmstead occurred September 4, 1889. Besides his wife he is survived by his mother, who is now in her 94th year, four brothers and sisters, Hiram, Mrs. C. H. Dana, Mrs. S. P. Wilson and John J. all of New York. Dr. Robinson was a member of the Modern Woodmen. His was a sunny nature and he had the faculty of making warm and congenial friends. He was considerate of the poor, and in every way was a credit to his profession and was favorably known in all the community. Being a lover of music he enjoyed the years he spent in the choir. Thus one passed away who had given his life to battle against disease overcome by it in almost the twinkling of an eye. Comment upon mortality is idle before such a demonstration.

Funeral services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 and at the M. E. church at 2:00 o'clock, Rev. Bellamy officiating. The ceremony at the cemetery was conducted according to Masonic rites, the deceased being a member of Genoa Lodge No. 288. Besides the attendance of Genoa lodge in a body, members of the order from Kingston and Sycamore were present. Many years ago Dr. Robinson was a member of the Kingston lodge.

## Belvidere Library

A. Carnegie has given the city of Belvidere a handsome new library building, which has been completed, and on Tuesday was dedicated and opened to the public.

East Lync February 27.

## CIGAR FACTORY GUTTED

Blaze Destroys the Interior of Frank Williams' Shop Tuesday Night

The interior of F. J. Williams' cigar factory was gutted by fire late Tuesday evening, the flames creeping into W. H. Leonard's barber shop and doing considerable damage to the wood work in the rear end of the place. Williams' loss will amount to about \$500.00, practically all the cigars in the place being ruined together with benches and tools. There was but little tobacco leaf in the place and the flames did not reach the front end where the retail cigar and tobacco cases are located. The loss was fully covered by insurance.

It is evident that the fire started from an overheated stove as it was found to be red hot when the firemen got into the building. Both the buildings are owned by A. L. Holroyd of Monticello, Minn., formerly of this city. Paint will make about all the needed repairs in the barber shop, but the interior of the cigar factory was damaged to a greater extent.

The flames were discovered by J. P. Evans as he was passing the place on his way home shortly after eleven o'clock. He turned in the alarm at once and in a remarkably short time the firemen were on the job. A fire could not have started in a more dangerous place in the city, there being a number of frame buildings clustered together in that vicinity. Again we say, take off your hat to the Genoa fire fighters.

## AFTER LONG ILLNESS

S. V. Hungerford Dies at His Home in DeKalb—Widow from Genoa

DeKalb Advertiser: The long illness of Stephen V. Hungerford culminated in death at about five o'clock this morning at his home on Leonard avenue.

He had been more or less of an invalid for years, suffering with some sort of a complication of internal diseases, his final illness covering a period of several months, during which he could not leave his bed.

He was about sixty years of age, a stationary engineer by trade and for many years was an employe of the Jacob Haish Co.

He was a native of Michigan, born near Hillsdale and had lived in DeKalb for nearly thirty-five years.

He was three times married, his first wife being one of the Houghton girls, his second, Mrs. Stanton, and his third, who survives him, was Mrs. Sturtevant of Genoa.

The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at two o'clock at his late home, with the pastor of the Advent church officiating.

## Take Judiciary Out of Politics

A bill providing for the non-partisan election of judges was introduced in the senate at Springfield Tuesday by Senator Olson of Woodstock. The bill was drafted by a Waukegan organization which is interested in taking the judiciary out of politics. A nonpartisan judicial ticket with no party circles is provided for in the bill. Judges who come within its terms include those of the Supreme, Circuit, Superior, County, Probate and Municipal courts.

## Not Always Easy to Perceive.

A Pennsylvania farmer, over one hundred, declares that to work hard will prevent people from growing old. Work comes as near being the panacea for every ill as human experience can supply, but unluckily it is a blessing in such a deep and dark disguise that very few can recognize it when they meet it.

## ANOTHER CITY SUIT?

Officer Harshman will soon Start Proceedings for Wages

## CLAIMS BALANCE OF \$391.00

Appointed as Special Police Several Months ago at \$3.00 per Day, but Council Allows Only \$40.00 per Month as per Ordinance

Unless the city council, the mayor and the police officer, Elmer Harshman, get together soon the city will be mixed up in a suit for wages, the latter claiming a balance due him at the last meeting of the council of \$391.00.

The trouble began early in the present fiscal year when the appointments were made by the mayor. He appointed Elmer Harshman as city marshal and superintendent of streets and L. C. Duval as superintendent of water works. The appointments were not approved by the council and as a consequence the mayor appointed them every meeting thereafter until the council took further action. An ordinance was prepared the substance of which reduced the marshal's salary from \$60.00 to \$40.00 per month. In the case of the superintendent of water works no action was taken. This ordinance was vetoed by Mayor Hoover, but at a subsequent meeting it was passed over his head.

The mayor then took another step by appointing Harshman as special police at \$3.00 per day, following this action after board meeting every month. At each meeting of the council Harshman has presented his bill at \$3.00 per day, but the finance committee approved of it and the council passed on the bill at \$40.00 per month only. At the meeting last Friday evening the balance claimed by Harshman amounted to \$431.00. Of this amount only \$40.00 was allowed, leaving a balance claimed of \$391.00.

There seems to be no move on the part of the council to allow this bill, the members holding that the ordinance protects them in their contention. The officer and the mayor are just as sure and determined that the full amount must be allowed. There is a point of law involved which will probably be passed on to the court to interpret.

It is the intention of Mr. Harshman to start suit while the present members of the city council hold office unless an agreement is reached.

## H. S. EARLEY MARRIED

Sycamore Attorney and Miss Anna Hansen of Sycamore Married at Dixon

The Dixon Daily News, Feb. 13: The marriage of Henry S. Earley and Miss Anna Christine Hansen, both well known people of Sycamore, occurred yesterday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock at the Methodist parsonage of this city, Rev. F. D. Stone officiating.

The wedding will be a surprise to the friends of the young couple, as the affair was quietly arranged and kept a secret until their return to Sycamore last evening, where they will reside.

Mr. Earley is a prominent attorney of Sycamore and has spent the most of his life in that city. His bride has been employed as stenographer in his law office.

## Asks for Divorce

On the grounds of desertion and that he has failed to support her and their three children, Mrs. Margaret Shattuck of Genoa asks the circuit court for a divorce from Arthur B. Shattuck and for the custody of the children.

## THAT HORSE SALE

Cooper & Patterson Trying to Start Something in Genoa this Spring

Cooper & Patterson are advertising a big horse sale to take place at their barn in this city next Monday, Feb. 24, about forty horses to be offered.

It is the intention of this firm to make this a regular monthly event, provided the business men of Genoa and the horse owners get into the game and "push." Years ago Genoa had as good a horse sale day once a month as any town in the country, and there is no reason why Genoa can not again find a place on the map. It means bringing farmers and horse buyers to town and when you bring a farmer to town that means just that much more prosperity for Genoa, because he holds the pocket book that makes the small town possible.

What do you say, Mr. Business Man? Shall we get together and assist Cooper & Patterson in the process of awakening?

## Going Some

A DeKalb county farmer and capitalist states that the employment by the county of a consulting agriculturist to help increase the fertility of the soil and crop production, has added already \$25 an acre to the value of DeKalb county farms. When his attention was called to the fact that the increase was possibly only in conformity with a general increase throughout the country, he said that just over the lines in adjoining counties the increase of values was less marked, and insisted on the truth of his original statement.—Advertiser.

## WIFE SEEKS LEGACY

Legal Tangle Arises Over Estate of Former Genoa Man

The divorced wife of William Coon deceased, has filed a petition in the DeKalb county courts, asking to be declared the widow on the grounds that he contracted a common law marriage with her after they had been divorced.

William Coon, prominent as a farmer and hotel keeper at Genoa and Hampshire, died two months ago and Botsford & McCarthy of Elgin were engaged to settle the estate of \$50,000 that he left.

They ask that Chas. O. Coon, of New Lebanon, a son, be selected as administrator, Samuel Coon of Hampshire and Mrs. Cassie Hartman, son and daughter, who reside on the old home farm near that village, joined in the request. Mrs. Coon asks in her petition that D. S. Brown of Genoa, be appointed to take charge of the estate. She claims that she resided with her deceased husband at the Genoa hotel after the divorce had been granted and that he recognized her as his wife on all occasions.—DeKalb Chronicle.

## Hay is Ambitious

This part of the state will be well represented, with candidates for the office of clerk of the appellate court second district, a \$5,000 position, which has been efficiently filled for some 20 years by that popular old veteran of the Civil war, Chris Duffey, whose term expires in two years.

Justus L. Johnson, clerk of the circuit court of Kane county, and W. M. Hay, clerk of the circuit court of DeKalb county, are both out after the job.

# MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North," etc.

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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## SYNOPSIS.

Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Leo, is sent on a perilous mission by the War Department, just after the winter at Valley Forge. Disguised in a British uniform Lawrence arrives within the enemy's lines. The Major attends a great fête and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball. Trouble is started over a waltz, and Lawrence is urged by his partner, Mistress Mortimer (The Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape. Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British Army, who agrees to a duel. The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape. The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose. Captain Grant and rangers search blacksmith shop in vain for the spy. Lawrence joins the minute men. Grant and his train are captured by the minute men. Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men, who lock him in a strong cell. Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt to escape as "some one" would send for him. Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances. Lawrence again meets the Lady of the Blended Rose, who informs him that he is in her house, and that she Grant begins a search of the premises. After digging his way out, Lawrence finds the place deserted. Evidence of a battle and a dead man across the threshold.

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

I stepped across the pile of things to the window, glancing out at the still smouldering ruins of the stable. Whatever had occurred, neither the lady nor Peter remained about the house. Of this I was satisfied, yet with the realization there came a sudden comprehension of my own helplessness to be of any aid.

From the window where I stood not a house was visible. Just beyond the orchard the roads forked, a well-traveled branch circling to the left, and disappearing over the edge of a hill. As I traced it with my eyes a considerable body of mounted men suddenly appeared on the summit. With-out fear that they could see me at that distance I watched eagerly as they trotted down the long slope. They were plainly a squadron of British Dragoons, their arms and cross-belts shining in the sun, in spite of the dust kicked up by their horses' hoofs.

I waited until convinced they were coming to the house, before drawing back out of sight. It was difficult to decide what was best for me to do. Should I wait, trusting to my rough clothing, and pass myself off as a countryman, or take advantage of the brief time left in which to escape? If I essayed the first choice I could explain the situation, and start these troopers on the trail; if not they might fall to understand and ride on thoughtlessly. What such a body of mounted men were doing in the neighborhood I could merely guess at—either they were riding through to New York on some matter of importance, or else had been sent out hurriedly to discover what had become of Delavan's foragers. This supposition was the more likely, and they had taken the wrong road, thus missing Grant and his men in the darkness.

The must have cut through the orchard, leaping the low fence, for I heard the thud of hoofs even as I drew back into the upper hall. Then a voice gave a sharp command.

"Circle the men about the house, Simmons. There is something wrong here, and I saw a fellow at that upper window as we came down the hill. Move quick, now!"

I must face them, and went forward to the head of the stairs, anticipating an easy explanation of my presence within. Already quite a squad was inside the front door bending over the bodies and staring about curiously.

"Pine Robbers, eh, colonel?" said one contemptuously. "That fellow has cutthroat written all over him. Don't see any signs of our men here."

"Queen Ranger lying back of the stairs, sir," reported a soldier briefly; "Irish lookin' mug."

The man addressed as colonel, a Ranger himself from his green uniform, looked up quickly and saw me. He called out an order, and three or four men sprang up the stairs, grasping and leading me down. I made no resistance, not realizing I was in any danger. The colonel, a tall man with gray mustache and goatee, and dark, searching eyes, faced me sternly.

"What are you doing here, sir? Come, speak up! What does all this mean?" and he swept his hand about in gesture.

"I came along about thirty minutes ago," I explained, beginning to appreciate my situation, from the suspicious glances cast at me, and recalling how disreputable my appearance must be. "I found things just as they are now,

sir. There's been a fight and robbery."

"That's plain to be seen; are these all the bodies?"

"Yes, sir, but the house is upside down from end to end."

"You saw no one? No British soldiers?"

I shook my head, conscious of the fierce grip with which I was being held. A couple of the men dragged down the body from behind the stairs, and as the face came into the light, the colonel's eyes saw it. I heard the sharp breath expelled through his lips, as he stared down into those ghastly features.

"Good Lord! Mike! What in the name of heaven does this mean? He was supposed to be with Claire!"

"There must be some mistake, Colonel Mortimer," insisted the other officer gravely. "Perhaps we can get the truth out of this bumpkin, if we take the lash to him."

I understood in a flash, and as swiftly chose a course of action. This gray-headed colonel was her father, and I would serve her in this emergency without thought of my own danger. No threat of a whip would open my lips, but memory would.

"Come, you dog!" burst out the colonel fiercely. "You know more than you have told. Speak up, or we'll skin you alive."

"I will, Colonel Mortimer," I said, looking him straight in the eyes. "Not because of your threats, but because I wish to serve you. Now I know who you are, and I will tell you all I know about this whole affair."

"Was—was my daughter here?" he interrupted.

"Yes, sir."

"My God! And Eric?"

"Not to my knowledge—there was a man called Peter, this fellow, and a black slave or two. They were all I saw."

"But why should Claire have been here," he asked as though dazed, "unless she came to meet her brother? I supposed her safe in the city."

"I do not pretend to understand the cause of her presence. But if you listen to my story perhaps you may know what to do." I paused an instant to get a grip on my thoughts. I need not tell all, confess my identity, or mention my personal relations with the daughter. "I am a soldier, Colonel Mortimer, in Maxwell's brigade of Washington's army. What brought me here has nothing to do with the present story. I was in the fight over yonder near Mount Laurel night before last when we captured Delavan's forage train—"

"What!" burst in the dragoon officer. "Was Delavan defeated, then? Hadn't Grant joined him?"

"Yes to both questions, sir. Delavan was killed, and Grant surrendered. He and his men were paroled, and started for Philadelphia last evening from here."

"From here!" incredulously. "That must be a lie, colonel, for Mount Laurel is between here and the city."

"Nevertheless, it is no lie," I retorted promptly, looking the young fool in the eyes. "I was hiding here for reasons of my own when they came tramping in along that road about the middle of the forenoon yesterday. There was near a hundred Hessians and Rangers, with two German officers, and Grant. I heard them tell Mistress Mortimer this was the nearest place where they were sure of finding provisions, and that they intended to remain until night. I don't know what happened after that, except that the officers went inside, and the men marched around to the back to eat their breakfast."

"What became of you?"

"Oh, I had other business, and never got back along here until just at daylight this morning. Then I found things this way."

"You don't know what occurred, then?"

"No more than you do. But I've got my opinion. It's this—Grant and his fellows must have left as soon as it was dark, taking the west road, which was the cause of your missing them. It is likely from this man Mike's body, that your daughter and her party were still in the house. It couldn't have been much later when these others got here and made the attack. Mike must have fought them at the front door, but that was all the fight made; there's no sign of any struggle inside."

"Then they never got Claire," declared Mortimer positively. "That's a certainty, Seldon."

"She would have fought, sir?"

"Like a tiger. I know my little girl. And, besides, Peter would have died

before the hand of one of those villains was ever laid upon her."

"But," I protested, "I have searched the house, colonel."

"I imagine your acquaintance with the house is somewhat limited," he replied coldly, turning away. "Seldon, place this fellow under guard in the library here. We will learn later what his business might be in the Jerseys."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### At Cross Purposes.

It could not be considered an unpleasant place of imprisonment, yet it was useless for me to contrive any plans of immediate escape, for the door was securely locked, and two heavily armed dragoons sat within eyeing me rather malevolently. My attempt at approaching the window was instantly checked by a threatening gesture, and I sat down in the reading chair to await developments. They could not muffle my ears, however, and I heard the swift hoofbeats of an approaching horse being ridden furiously up the gravel driveway. At the door he was hastily checked, and a voice spoke peremptorily:

"Here you, take the rein!"

The fellow came up the steps hurriedly, almost ignoring the sentry at the door.

"I haven't time to stand here, you fool," he exclaimed roughly, "my uniform is pass enough. I wish to see Colonel Mortimer at once—at once." There was a pause, and then the same voice, and I recognized it now as Grant's beyond a doubt. "Ah, colonel, what in God's name has happened here? I heard that you were out hunting us at Farrell's blacksmith shop, and came back as swiftly as I could ride. But I never suspected this. Who were the miscreants?"

"That is a question not yet answered, Captain Grant," replied Mortimer slowly. "It looks like the work of Pine Robbers. Do you recognize this fellow?"

"Ay," and from the muffled tone he must have been bending over the body, "that is 'Tough' Sims, a lieutenant of 'Red' Fagin; there's one more devil gone to hell. But when did the attack occur? We left here after dark, and all was quiet enough then. Claire—"

"She was here, then? I hardly believed it possible."

"I talked with her—quarreled with her, indeed. Perhaps that was why she refused to accompany us to Philadelphia. But what did you mean, colonel, when you said you hardly believed it possible she was here? Did some one tell you?"

"Yes; we caught a fellow in the house when we arrived. He had no time for escape—rough-looking miscreant, claiming to be a Continental. We have him under guard in the library."

"He confessed to the whole story?"

"Not a word; claimed to know nothing except that Claire was here. Said he saw you, and then went away, not getting back again until this morning."

"The fellow is a liar, colonel. Let me see him; I'll lash the truth out of his lips. Where did you say he was—in the library?"

I had barely time to rise to my feet when he entered. His eyes swept across the guard, and then centered upon me. Instantly they blazed with excitement, although I noticed he took a sudden step backward in the first shock of surprise, his hand dropping to the butt of a pistol in his belt.

"By all the gods!" he exclaimed sharply. "If it isn't the spy! I miss the red jacket, but I know the face, Mister Lieutenant Fortesque."

"Major Lawrence, if you please," I returned quietly.

"We'll not quarrel over the name. I've had occasion to know you under both; bearing one you were a spy, beneath the other a leader of bandits. I'll hang you with equal pleasure under either." Suddenly he seemed to remember where we were, and his face flushed with newly aroused rage.

"But first you'll explain what you are doing here at Elmhurst. Do you know whose home this is?"

"Most assuredly," determined not to lose my temper, or to be moved by his threats. "It is the property of Colonel Mortimer, of the Queen's Rangers."

"And—and you—you came here to again see—the daughter?" he questioned, as though half regretting the indiscretion of such a suspicion.

"Oh, no, captain; you do the lady a grave injustice. I came here a prisoner, very much against my will, not even aware whose plantation this

was. I had no suspicion that Mistress Mortimer was outside Philadelphia until I overheard your conversation with her."

"Overheard! You! In God's name, where were you—?"

"In this room; with both doors ajar it was impossible not to hear. You spoke somewhat angrily, you may remember, not finding the lady as gracious in her reception as expected."

The sarcasm in my tone stung him, but the surprise was so great that he could only rip out an oath.

"I thought you would have also enjoyed swearing at that time," I continued coolly, "only you scarcely dared venture so far. You had previously boasted to me of your engagement to the lady, and it naturally was a surprise to observe how lovingly she greeted you—"

"Hell's acre!" he burst out. "Did the mix know you were there?"

"If you refer to Mistress Mortimer, I presume she suspected it. At least she came to me shortly thereafter."

"Then I understand better what troubled the girl. But, in God's name! how did you ever escape me? I was in every room of the house."

I smiled pleasantly. There was nothing for me to gain, or lose, by goading him, yet it was rather enjoyable.

"That, of course, I must naturally refuse to answer, captain. I might need to resort to the same methods again."

"There will be small chance of your having opportunity. Mortimer will hang you fast enough when I tell my tale. Don't look for mercy at his hands, for he's prouder than Lucifer of his family honor."

He was out of the door, striding down the hall, bent on carrying out his purpose. I heard his voice asking where the colonel was to be found; then the guard closed the barrier between us. Very well; of the two I would rather leave my fate to Mortimer than to him, and felt profoundly grateful that the captain was not in command. Had he been I should doubtless have been hung without the slightest formality of trial, but Mortimer would at least hear my version first; indeed, I could hardly believe he would issue so stringent orders without listening also to his daughter's story. I was an officer of rank; the consequences might prove rather serious were I to be executed summarily, and without proper trial.

I had scarcely reasoned this out, however, when a corporal threw open the door, ordering my guard to conduct me into the colonel's presence. I was taken to the parlor, where the furniture had been somewhat rearranged, and found myself confronting Mortimer, the officer I had heard addressed as Seldon, and Grant. The latter was speaking vehemently:

"I tell you, colonel, this has got to

Jersey militia, sir, as Captain Grant can testify," I answered civilly.

"And Captain Grant is only too anxious," broke in that officer impatiently. "If you will listen to me, colonel, I'll tell you what I know in two minutes or less. It will settle this fellow's status."

Mortimer glanced from my face to that of the speaker, evidently attracted by the vindictiveness of the voice.

"All right, Grant, go on," he said shortly, "only I shall pass judgment as a soldier, and not because of any personal quarrel. What is it you know?"

"That this man came into Philadelphia three days ago dressed as an officer of British Infantry. He claimed to be Lieutenant Fortesque of the Forty-second Foot, with despatches from New York. Howe vouched for him, and furnished him with a pass and orderly. He put in the whole day studying the positions of our troops, and in the evening was a guest at the Mischianza—Andre gave him a card, I heard—and danced there with your daughter. I doubted the man from our first meeting, and later picked up certain rumors which convinced me he was a spy. Some words passed between us on the dancing floor, and as a consequence I asked the man to meet me below. Some one either told him he was suspected, or else he had the heart of a coward, for he failed to appear."

"Did you intend to fight him?"

"No, we planned an arrest. I reported to MacHugh what I had heard, and he had Carter close at hand with a squad of the guard."

"A very pretty trick on mere suspicion," commented the colonel in some disgust. "But go on with your story."

Grant sucked in his breath quickly, evidently surprised at the remark.

"Claire was waiting for me upstairs in the dining room, but after Carter had scattered his men to the outposts, I took a turn about the grounds in hope of thus running across the fellow. Luck favored me, but, damn him, he jumped into me like a fighting cock, struck me in the face, and taunted me into meeting him there and then."

"Good boy! the right stuff, eh Seldon?"

"I supposed it all a bluff," went on Grant, paying no heed to the interruption, although his cheeks flushed, "but we went at it, behind the pavilion, and I had pricked him twice, when the guard came up and separated us. At that the fellow took to his heels, and by Gad! got away—swam the Delaware, while we were beating the west shore. The next I saw of him he was in command of those ragamuffins who attacked us out yonder. Now he shows up here looting this house on the trail of 'Red' Fagin. I'd hang him offhand if it was me."

Mortimer looked across at me earnestly, but with an expression of doubt



"Come, You Dog!" Burst Out the Colonel Fiercely, "You Know More Than You Have Told!"

in his eyes. As for myself I hardly knew what to say or do. Grant had no corroborative proof of his assertions, unless I was returned to Philadelphia. I could emphatically deny that I was a traitor, but how could I account in any reasonable way for my presence at Elmhurst, or even successfully sustain my claim to being a Continental officer. I could not tell Colonel Mortimer that I had been taken prisoner by his daughter, masquerading as a lieutenant of dragoons. Apparently he knew nothing of this escapade, and she would scarcely forgive me for exposure; besides, for all I knew to the contrary, the girl might have thus been attempting to serve the colonies, and a word of betrayal might seriously injure our cause. All this flashed over me before Mortimer spoke.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## "YOU'RE A FAKIR," CRIED A SKEPTIC

Then Unconscious Man Wakes and Puts Conscious One Out.

## WAS AN URGENT CASE

Supposed "Tough Case" Leaps Out of Ambulance and Chases Truducer Several Blocks, and With Jolt to Jaw Sends Fugitive to Pavement.

New York.—Everything would have gone along nicely and Michael Doyle, weighing 200 pounds, would not be resting easily in a white enameled bedstead in the Harlem hospital had it not been for a skeptical voice that cried out "fakir" when Doyle was being tenderly lifted into an ambulance at Third avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street. The man behind this voice regretted it the next minute, for Doyle, despite his condition, took occasion to teach the man in County Cork fashion that it is always wise to hold your tongue.

How a man in a semi-conscious condition can suddenly be revived when his integrity is attacked was told in the Harlem court by many blushing witnesses who had a hand in the matter. When Policeman Bonaventura (this name always gets a laugh on roll call the police say) was walking through Third avenue near One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street at noon he saw a crowd wearing anxious faces and bending over an unconscious form. The policeman edged through the throng, gave the man one professional look and called an ambulance.

"Poor fellow," said Dr. McKinlay. "This looks like a tough case. Officer, please telephone to the hospital that I have an urgent case, and will they please get ready to receive it?"

Policeman Bonaventura was off in a jiffy. Volunteers choking with emotion assisted Dr. McKinlay and Policeman Donnelly and Kearns to lift the unconscious form into the ambulance with all the care possible. Then the cry:

"Aw, that guy's a fakir."

In his subconscious mind Doyle heard this allegation. Like a man rising from the dead he leaped out of the ambulance. Dr. McKinlay, who sat on the end seat, was sent sprawling into the street.

"Where's that fellow that says I'm a fakir?" shouted Doyle, as he pranced through the group. The man with a guilty conscience bolted and ran. Doyle pursued. Around his shoulders was the ambulance blanket, stretched out behind him like the mantle on the youth in the picture.

"The Storm."

Then followed a "moving picture" race, with all hands joining in, and the ambulance with clanging

gong leading the van. In the second block Doyle overtook the fleeing man. With a straight left to the body and a jolt on the point of the jaw he sent the fugitive to the pavement. Then he sat on his victim.

"What right has this fellow to interfere with my business?" said Doyle, when placed under arrest.

The ambulance was used as a patrol wagon and Doyle was locked up. Before Magistrate Krotel later Doyle said he was subject to fits, and did not know what was going on until he heard the man call him a fakir.

"I think \$10 will just about fit this fit," said the magistrate, and Doyle was led away. He said he was a butler and lived at the New York hotel, in One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, when he was not "wearing his brass buttons." He would not say where he is employed.

Victim of Glanders.

New Haven, Conn.—Albert Nagel is dead here from glanders after a nine week's illness. He contracted the disease from a horse, the animal having sneezed in his face. Nagel was born in Germany. Coming to this country, he learned to talk English fluently. After he had been ill a short time, however, all power of expression or understanding in English left him, although he could still speak and understand his native tongue.

## HIS OPINION.



Howe—I understand your friend Bangs recently led a charming waltz to the matrimonial altar. Wise—I don't know about that. I'm inclined to think she pushed him there.

The right way to brighten the world is to do a good deal of your shining at home.

## CONSTIPATION

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods; they do not scour; they do not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

FREE TO WOMEN—PISO'S TABLETS are recommended as the best local remedy for women's ailments. Easy to use, prompt to relieve. Two weeks' treatment, and an article "Causes of Diseases in Women" mailed from THE PISO COMPANY, BOX E, WARREN, PA.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoe. The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. The Man who put the E E S in F E E T.

FACE COVERED WITH PIMPLES. Suffered Three Years. Used Resinol. Now Not A Pimple To Be Seen. Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 27, 1912.—"I had been troubled for the past three years with pimples which completely covered my face and neck. The pimples would come out, fester up and cause me to pick at them, feeling very uncomfortable. I tried most all kinds of facial creams, but with no effect. I tried a sample of Resinol Soap and Ointment and noticed instant relief. I bought Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment, and began the treatment. After using two jars of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, there was not a pimple to be seen, and now my face is as smooth as if there was never a pimple on it." (Signed) Albert Greenburg, 4157 Frankford Ave.

For eighteen years Resinol has been a favorite doctor's prescription and household remedy for itching troubles, skin eruptions, dandruff, chapped faces and hands, sores, piles, etc. Stops itching instantly. Sold by all druggists or by parcel post, Resinol Soap, 25c. Ointment, 50c. and \$1.00, but you can try them without cost—just write for samples to Dept. 19-K, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels. Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Sick Head-aches and Indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Distemper COLTS. Your colts positively cannot have Distemper, Pinkeye, Influenza, Catarrhal Fever or other similar diseases if you use Carter's Cure in time. If the disease is started it will not fail to cure in any case. Safe at all times and under all conditions. Go to your Druggist get a bottle. CARTER'S DISTEMPER CURE. If it fails you get your money back. If it cures, supply your written order. 3 valuable Horse Books, free. Write Wells Medicine Co., 2, 36 St. Lafayette, Ind.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

PISO'S REMEDY. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.



# KINGSTON NEWS

FRED P. SMITH, CORRESPONDENT

Mrs. Edith Bell spent Monday in DeKalb.

Miss Dora Bell was a Sycamore visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Landis spent last Friday in Sycamore.

Mrs. E. L. Bradford spent last Friday in Sycamore.

Mrs. I. A. McCollom spent last Thursday in Rockford.

Mrs. Emily McCollom was a DeKalb visitor Saturday.

Mrs. H. Landis was a Belvidere and Rockford caller Saturday.

E. E. Bradford was an Elgin visitor the fore part of the week.

Dr. Burton of Capron visited relatives here the fore part of the week.

Mrs. H. Wyllys and children of Fairdale spent last Friday with Mrs. I. A. McCollom.

A number from here attended the funeral of Dr. E. A. Robinson in Genoa Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Ort and Beatrice have been spending a few days at the home of the former's daughter, Mrs. Geo. Helsdon, at Belvidere.

A number from here attended the farewell party given Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Glidden Monday evening. Refreshments were served and a jolly time was reported by all. Mr. and Mrs. Glidden will soon move onto a farm near Hampshire.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church will hold their annual bazaar in the church parlors Thursday, Feb. 27. Chicken dinner will be served. In the afternoon fancy articles will be sold. The ladies will also serve supper. All are cordially invited.

Robert Helsdon has been home from Chicago for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Schmeltzer and family spent Sunday in Sycamore.

Mrs. Rebecca Burke was a guest of Rockford relatives over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Jordon and daughter are visiting Sycamore relatives.

Allen Mowers of Esmond spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Aurner.

Mrs. E. J. Stuart returned home from St. Anthony hospital, Rockford Thursday.

Mrs. W. H. Bell has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Horace Biggs, at Kirkland.

Miss Helen Weaver of Rockford spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of O. W. Vickell.

A surprise party was held at the home of John Swanson last Thursday evening in honor of his son, Carl. About twenty young people were present and helped make the event a merry one. Refreshments were served. The Swanson family will soon move onto the John McKee farm near Kirkland.

### Notice

I will be at Brown & Brown Bank, Genoa, on Friday, Jan. 24, to receive taxes for the town of Kingston. Grant Dibble, 18-1f Collector.

### For Road Commissioner

I do hereby announce myself candidate for the office of Road Commissioner for the town of Kingston and will appreciate the support of the voters. J. P. Ortt, 19-1f

## Farm Interests

Edited by HENRY G. BELL

Agronomist Middle West Soil Improvement Committee—Chicago—of the National Fertilizer Association  
Formerly Professor of Agronomy and Manager of Farms, University of Maine  
Asst. Professor of Farm Crops, Iowa State College of Agriculture, Ames

"Experience Has Shown That the Right Use of Fertilizers, Barn Manure, Proper Tillage, Good Seed and Crop Rotations, Insure Farm Prosperity."

### HAVE YOU A SYSTEM OF CROPPING?

Systematic cropping is the first essential to business methods on the farm. It has the following advantages:

1. A system of cropping makes it possible to keep accurate account of every crop and field on the farm.

The modern farmer wants to know what crops are paying him, and what returns each of his fields net him on the money invested in it.

2. Systematic cropping makes an economic balance of crops possible.

The man who is running his farm without any attempt at a system in planning his crops, is continually suffering from over-production of one or more crops. Systematic cropping does away with this fault, since one of the essentials of establishing a system of cropping is an exact knowledge of the size of fields.

3. Systematic cropping conserves land.

4. Systematic cropping tends to the conservation of fertility.

Conservation of fertility means not only hoarding up fertility, but using it wisely. The farmer, in arranging his crops in a system, follows deep rooted crops with shallow rooted.

Moreover, the fertility made on the farm, such as manures, both green and stock manure and supplemental plant food of the right kind, can be handled so that each section of the farm has the required attention given to the maintenance of its plant food and organic matter.

5. Systematic cropping conserves labor.

By a judicious planning of the kinds and quantities of crops to be grown, the requirements of labor can be arranged that man and horse labor on the farm find continual and profitable employment. A well planned farm, moreover, avoids loss of time in passing from stables to fields and vice versa.

6. Systematic cropping admits of control of three of the greatest enemies of the farm, to-wit:

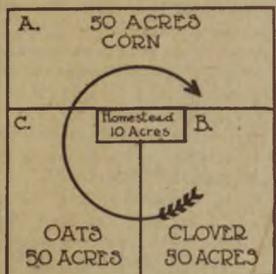
- (1) Weeds.
- (2) Plant disease.
- (3) Insect pests.

To make clear what we conceive to be the underlying principles of a system of rotation, let us illustrate by planning a system of rotation for a typical 160-acre farm.

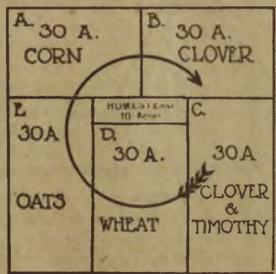
Plan 1 shows the farm divided into a typical three-year rotation. Let ten acres be set aside near the middle of the farm for homestead, feeding lot,

barnyard, orchard and garden. The remainder of the farm will divide easily into three 50-acre fields. A common three-year rotation in the middle west is corn, followed by oats, followed by clover. The arrow on Fig. No. 1 shows the order in which the crops follow in this rotation.

Fig. No. 2 is illustrative of this farm being divided for a five-year system of crops. Ten acres again is left for homestead, etc., the remainder of the farm easily divides into five 30-acre fields, on which it is common prac-



160 Acre—3-Year System.



160 Acre—5-Year System.

tice to grow corn, followed by oats, followed by wheat, followed by clover and timothy. The arrow on Fig. No. 2 illustrates the order in which these crops follow in rotation.

If your farm is not already planned in accordance with principles here-with outlined, it is to your advantage to give this matter immediate and careful thought.

Always an Anti-Climax.  
It is always reassuring to read of some millionaire's son who, dressed in overalls, has taken up some hard, grimy job at a few dollars a week, just as a poor farmer's or mechanic's son might do. But his election, in a few weeks, to the directorship or vice presidency of his father's business shows a growth that boys of more humble parentage can hardly hope to equal.—Christian Science Monitor.

## Bates & Lackland's Public Sale!

OF HORSES, CATTLE AND FARM IMPLEMENTS  
Thursday, Feb. 27, '13  
At 10:30 o'clock a. m.

On their farm located six miles south of Marengo and 5 1/2 miles north-west of Hampshire, Ill.

### HORSES

28 Head Grade Percherons and Belgians, 1 saddle—bay mare, 7 yrs. old; grey gelding, 5 yrs. old; grey gelding, 5 yrs. old; bay mare, 5 yrs. old; bay mare, 7 yrs. old; bay mare, 11 yrs. old; bay mare, 6 yrs. old; black gelding, 4 yrs. old; black gelding, 4 yrs. old; black mare, 14 years old; grey mare, 14 yrs. old; black mare, 6 yrs. old; black mare, 8 yrs. old; grey mare, 6 yrs. old; grey mare, 5 yrs. old; grey gelding, 15 yrs. old; sorrel mare, 5 yrs. old; sorrel gelding, 3 yrs. old; bay mare, 3 yrs. old; bay gelding, 3 yrs. old; black mare, 4 yrs. old; bay horse, 3 yrs. old; grey gelding, 2 yrs. old; roan gelding, 2 yrs. old; bay mare, 2 yrs. old; bay mare, 2 yrs. old; roan gelding, 1 yr. old; roan mare, saddle horse.

### CATTLE

Holstein springer, 2 yrs. old; Holstein springer, 2 yrs. old; red cow, 6 yrs. old; red heifer, 2 yrs. old; red heifer, 2 yrs. old; red heifer, 3 yrs. old; red heifer, 2 yrs. old; dark red cow, 4 yrs. old; red cow, 6 yrs. old; red cow, 6 yrs. old; red cow, 5 yrs. old; 4 red yearling heifers, 4 red yearling steers, black yearling steer, roan heifer calf, a fine thoroughbred, 2 year old Short-horn bull.

### FARM MACHINERY

Deering 8 ft. Binder, Deering 6 ft. binder, Deering 5 ft. mower, 4 horse disc drill, Deering corn binder, 14-inch gang plow, walking 16-inch sulky plow, 2 16-inch sulky plows, 3 four horse pulverizers, steel frame roller, 4-horse drag, 2 two horse drags, Tower drag, 2-row cultivator, 3 six shovel cultivators, 3 surface cultivators, hay loader, hay rake, Black Hawk corn Planter, Fertilizer attachment, Deere corn planter, Fertilizer attachment, Potato plow-hiller, Manure spreader, End gate oat seeder, Fanning mill, Hand corn sheller.

### HARNESSES AND INCIDENTALS

14 Sets double work harness, Single buggy harness, 25 New stable blankets, 12 New 1/2 inch leather halters, 15 leather halters, 2 Horse blankets, 10 Extra horse collars, Saddle and bridle, Saddle, 200 feet hay rope, Hay fork, 50 Burlap bags, 2 Tank heaters, Swill cart, 3 Road horse scrapers, 8 Egg cases, 15 Bu. hand-picked seed corn. Tests 99%. Other incidentals.

### WAGONS AND BUGGIES

Four-inch truck grain wagon, 4-inch truck grain wagon, Grain wagon, Hob sled, Top single buggy, Single road wagon, 2 Hay Racks.

### AUCTIONEERS

COL. D. L. BROWN, Bloomington, Ill.  
CHARLES SULLIVAN, Marengo, Ill.

### (OFFICIAL PUBLICATION)

Report of the condition of Kingston State Bank located at Kingston, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 5th day of February 1913, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois pursuant to law.

### RESOURCES

1. Loans:		
Loans on real estate	26,917 12	
Loans on collateral security		576,022 16
Other loans and discounts	49,145 01	1,894 22
2. Overdrafts		
3. Investments:		
State, county and municipal bonds	5,200 00	
Other bonds and securities	3,500 00	8,700 00
4. Miscellaneous Resources:		
Banking house	3,000 00	
Furniture and fixtures	2,000 00	5,000 00
5. Due from Banks:		
National	2,347 92	2,347 92
6. Cash on hand:		
Currency	405 00	
Gold	302 95	
Silver coin	29 52	797 47
Minor coin		
7. Other Cash Resources:		
Checks and other cash items	753 22	
Collections in transit		753 22
Total Resources:		\$ 93,534 99

### LIABILITIES

1. Capital Stock Paid In	\$25,000 00
2. Surplus Fund	2,500 00
3. Undivided Profits	1,207 12
Less current interest, expenses and taxes paid	200 04
4. Deposits:	
Time certificates	14,758 02
Demand, subject to checks	31,174 65
Demand certificates	7,597 81
5. Miscellaneous Liabilities:	
Bills Payable	13,500 00
Dividends Unpaid	18 00
Total Liabilities:	\$ 93,534 99

I, L. H. Branch, Cashier of the Kingston State Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
L. H. BRANCH, Cashier  
STATE OF ILLINOIS  
County of DeKalb  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of February, 1913.  
F. P. SMITH, Notary Public (Seal)

# One Bad Ear OF SEED CORN

—MEANS A—

## LOSS OF 300 HILLS

Think of the possible enormous loss Mr. Farmer if you plant seed which has not been tested. Every ear of corn should be tested by the EAR TEST. Do not guess that an ear of corn will grow and grow strong. Test it and find out before you have wasted upon it a whole year's work and the use of the land. Get a

## Brown's Sane Seed Saving System

NOW ON DISPLAY AT OUR STORE ROOM

There are two fundamental reasons for testing EACH EAR. It enables us to discard those which have been weakened or killed by freezing or by natural causes not yet understood. (There are from 900 to 1,200 kernels on an ear.) It's not less than a calamity to plant such corn in your field. Three such ears discarded and good one planted in their stead saves you the price of the tester and more.

## CALL AND SEE THIS TESTER

## Jas. R. Kiernan, Genoa

10c

# Basement Bargains

5c

## Sale to Continue All Next Week

There will be articles sold for 10c that can not be bought elsewhere at less than 25c

To make it doubly inducive for you to come to our store we put on sale 25 pieces or wool dress goods at just half price.  
\$1.00 goods, 50c. 75c goods, 37c. 65c goods, 33c.

Now these are not out of date materials, but good staple goods

## Ladies' and Children's Coats and Furs at way-down prices

## Calico Remnants, guaranteed best American Prints, 5c yard

Come in and look around. It will be worth your time

# F. W. OLMSTED

Genoa, Ill.

Call No. 4.

**It's Oberg's Grocery Auctioneer**

**Farm Sales a Specialty**

My record speaks for itself. Ask those who have engaged my services in the past. Am well acquainted with values of live stock and machinery and give the best there is in me at every sale. If you intend to have a sale call me by phone or drop me a card and I will look you up.

**CHAS. SULLIVAN, Marengo, Ill.**

**International Special Molasses Feed**

**MIXED WITH CORN AND OATS**

**COWS INCREASE ONE-THIRD**

Mr. J. P. Goodall of Capron, Ill., writes us as follows: "I have used International Special Molasses Feed for two years, feeding 4 pounds per day mixed with ground corn and oats and by using your feed as above I have obtained an increase of one-third in milk production. My cows always keep healthy and eat with a relish. International Special Molasses Feed will cost only a few dollars more per ton than ground corn and oats. For each ton of International Special Molasses Feed that you will buy and use along with ground corn and oats you will make an extra profit of \$20.00 over and above all extra cost. Latest State bulletins give the following reports on their analysis of the International Special Molasses Feed: State of Pennsylvania, protein 14.69; fat 5.74. State of New Jersey protein 15.82; fat 5.02. State of New York, protein 15.19; fat 5.68. This compares with an average analysis of less than 10% protein for ground corn and oats. We sell and recommend INTERNATIONAL SPECIAL MOLASSES FEED. We are headquarters for everything in our line.

**JACKMAN & SON.**

# THE GENOA REPUBLICAN-JOURNAL

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, SEPTEMBER 16, 1904, AT THE POSTOFFICE AT GENOA, ILLINOIS, UNDER THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1879

PUBLISHED BY C. D. SCHOONMAKER

GENOA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1913

NEW SERIES } VOLUME VIII, NO. 22

## THE SECOND PRIZE WINNER

Sidney Burroughs Describes Methods Used in Raising Bumper Crop of Corn

Having entered the corn contest of 1912 I selected an acre of ground in the central part of the farm. It had been worked two years previous, corn the first year

and oats the second. Before this land was broken years ago it was heavily covered with timber. The land being very rich and fertile I did not use any fertilizer at all. The land was plowed in the fall with a riding plow, about five and one-half inches deep.

In the spring the ground was pulverized with a sixteen disc

pulverizer, four times laping half. After this it was dragged twice with a four-section drag and floated once. Then the corn was planted being checked with two and three kernels in a hill and the hills being about three feet, six inches apart. It was planted the 25th of May. The weather being very favorable at the time the corn soon came up. It grew so rapidly that I didn't have time to drag it after it was planted. As soon as the corn was large enough I started to cultivate it. I used the surface cultivator which proved a great success. The corn was cultivated four times and hoed once.

My corn was Reed's Yellow Dent and I obtained my seed from Walter Spanswick, who won the first prize last year at the Farmers' Institute for the best corn display. The seed was treated before planting and therefore made a perfect stand with the exception of two or three missing hills. The corn being on rich ground grew large and fast and was picked Nov. 9. I sold it for 50 cents a hundred, bringing me \$40.35 and my expenses were \$6.40 leaving me \$33.95 profit.

### COST OF PRODUCTION

Plowing, 3 horses, 3 hours...	\$1.25
Pulverizing, 4 horses, 1/2 day	2.
Dragging and floating.....	.50
Planting, 2 horses.....	.25
Cultivating, 2 horses.....	2.
Hoeing, 2 hours.....	.40
	\$6.40

### To Farmers and Stockmen

Attention is called to the public sale of Bates & Lackland that is published in full elsewhere in this paper. This sale will be held next Thursday, Feb. 27, on their farm six miles south of Marengo. The owners have recently sold this 560 acre farm to give possession March 1; hence their full farm equipment of 28 head of big draft mares, horses and colts; cattle and a complete line of farm tools and machinery will go to the highest bidders. They have engaged two of the very best auctioneers to be had, in the persons of Colonel Brown of Bloomington and Charles Sullivan of Marengo. Prospective buyers will be treated right. The sale begins at 10:30 a. m. Farmers and livestock men will do well to bear this sale in mind.

### Big Savings on Little Notions in The Mill End Sale

Better come quickly for every day some of the wonderful values offered in this sale are completely closed out. The sale is now half over so don't delay longer but come now while there are still hundreds of wonderful values to be had. In our notion section we offer regular 5c hairpin cabinets at each 3c; fine white pearl buttons, two cards for 5c; large size silk hair nets at 25c a dozen, and other values just as attractive as these.

Luncheon served FREE and your carfare refunded according to the amount of your purchase.

Theo. F. Swan, "Elgin's Most Popular Store"

**Different Method of Talking.**  
Our little boy three years old had been told of the difference between human beings and dumb animals—that we could talk and reason because of our brains and intellect, and that dumb animals could not. Being disobedient one day, I told him that if he would not obey the ruler would talk. He replied, tearfully, "How can a ruler talk, mother? It has no intellect."  
—Exchange.

### Scholastic Filippary.

"And now," continued the professor of history, "permit me to mention a tireless worker in the great cause of humanity."  
"Attireless worker?" interrupted one of the seniors, "pardon me, professor, but if you are referring to Lady Godiva, she was attired in her luxuriant hair."

## DeKalb County Soil Improvement Association

EDITED BY

WM. G. ECKHARDT

CONSULTING AGRICULTURIST FOR DE KALB COUNTY  
TELEPHONE 1007, DEKALB, ILL.

Our Motto: A permanent, profitable agriculture; the farm the best place in the world to live.

Good seed is absolutely necessary in order that a good crop may be produced. We wish to be helpful to DeKalb county farmers in two ways regarding seed.

If you have for sale good seed corn, oats, barley, soy beans, timothy, clover or other seed produced in DeKalb county, write the office stating how many bushels, the variety and the price. Inquiries come to the office every day for seed and you will help yourself in helping us find a market for you.

For those wishing seed the Association will do everything possible to secure good seed. With this end in view 1,600 bushels of clover was bought and has all been spoken for by DeKalb county farmers.

There is room for several thousand bushels of seed corn grown by DeKalb county farmers. This should be standard varieties of known breeding. Seed grown this far north by reliable men is hard to secure. We will render every assistance possible to those planning to establish a seed business. A good field of corn will yield 10 bushels of seed corn. This ten bushels will bring as much for seed as will 50 bushels for market purposes.

In other words we will try to make this office a clearing house for information that will be of help to farmers and land owners.

### CITY COUNCIL MEETS

Regular Monthly Bills—City Treasurers' Report Shows Balance of \$5905.50

February 14, 1913.

Regular meeting of city council called to order by Mayor T. J. Hoover.

Members present at roll call: Weber, Malana, Whipple, Quanstrong, Hutchison, Altenberg. Minutes of last regular meeting read and approved.

The following bills were approved by the finance committee: E. W. Halleck, street work \$4.00 Wm. Schmidt & Son, repairs and stakes..... 9.00 A. A. Stiles, paint, labor... 71.57 B. B. Mitchell, justice fees 2.40 E. G. Cooper, gasoline.... 23.40 T. J. Hoover, repairs..... 11.45 Genoa Lumber Co., coal... 19.40 Perkins & Rosenfeld, supplies..... 4.75 L. C. Duval, salary..... 50.00 C. F. Sager, fire marshal, Vincent fire..... 15.00 Wm. Watson, salary..... 30.00 Ill Northern Utilities Co., Lights Dec. and Jan.... 287.09 R. Gallagher, livery..... 1.50 E. Harshman, salary..... 10.00

Moved by Quanstrong, seconded by Altenberg that bills be allowed and orders drawn on treasurer for amounts. Roll call on motion: Weber, yes; Malana, yes; Whipple, yes; Hutchison, yes; Quanstrong, yes; Altenberg, yes. Motion carried.

Report of superintendent of water works read. Moved by Whipple, seconded by Weber that report be approved. Roll call on motion: Weber, yes; Malana, yes; Whipple, yes; Hutchison, yes; Quanstrong, yes; Altenberg, yes. Motion carried.

Report of city treasurer read, showing balance of \$5905.50. Moved by Hutchison, seconded by Weber that report be approved. Roll call on motion: Weber, yes; Malana, yes; Whipple, yes; Hutchison, yes; Quanstrong, yes; Altenberg, yes. Motion carried.

Moved by Altenberg, seconded by Quanstrong that bill of W. L. Abraham for special police service at \$10 be allowed. Roll call on motion: Weber, yes; Malana, yes; Whipple, yes; Hutchison, yes; Quanstrong, yes; Altenberg, yes. Motion carried.

Moved by Weber, seconded by Whipple that council adjourn. Motion carried.

### Agreeable People.

The agreeable person is one who pretends to enjoy hearing another talk endlessly of him or herself.

## HAS SPLENDID HOUSE

Former Genoa Man Builds New Residence Near Berger, Idaho

From Holister paper: What is said by persons in position to know to be one of the best built and most comfortable residences in Southern Idaho is being completed by J. M. Pierce on his farm near Berger. The residence, which is of the bungalow style, contains nine rooms and bath. Besides six bedrooms, there are living room, dining room and kitchen. It is finished with exposed rafters in hard wood on finest grain. Two open fire places built of lava rock are features of the home. A supplementary heating arrangement is the hot air furnace installed in the basement. Wiring for lighting the residence by electricity was completed this week.

Water in the house is made possible by gravity fall from a cistern located on an eminence in the rear of the building.

### Makes All the Difference.

Before marriage the shape, the figure and complexion carry all before them; after marriage, the mind and character unexpectedly claim their share—and that the largest—of importance.—Lord Melbourne.

People become wealthy by spending less than they make. Learn how to save money. It's a duty you owe yourself. A bank account with this institution will help you to prosper—it will increase your happiness.

EXCHANGE BANK  
BROWN & BROWN

ALL KINDS OF  
**Hard and Soft**  
**COAL**  
Our Bins are Filled  
with the Finest  
Grades.  
Ask for Prices.

E. H. Cohoon & Co.

J. L. PERCY'S

—NEW—

# EAST LYNE

AT THE OPERA HOUSE  
ONE NIGHT

# THURSDAY FEBRUARY 27

Admission 25-35-50c

Seats on Sale at Carmichael's



Smoke Pleasure and other Pleasures for the Man Who Smokes

Liggett & Myers

## Duke's Mixture

There is smoke pleasure in this pure old Virginia and North Carolina bright leaf. Thousands prefer it to any other pipe tobacco. Thoroughly aged and stemmed and then granulated. A perfect pipe tobacco—nothing better rolled as a cigarette.

One and a half ounces of this choice tobacco cost only 5c, and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

The other pleasures are the presents that are secured with the coupons in each sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture. These presents delight old and young. Think of the pleasure that you and your friends can get from a talking machine, free, or such articles as—fountain pens, balls, skates, cut glass, china, silverware, tennis racquets, fishing rods, furniture, etc.

As a special offer, during February and March only we will send you our new illustrated catalog of presents, FREE.

Just send us your name and address on a postal.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be assorted with tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, coupons from FOUR ROSES (10c tin double coupon), PICK PLUG CUT, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags and coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

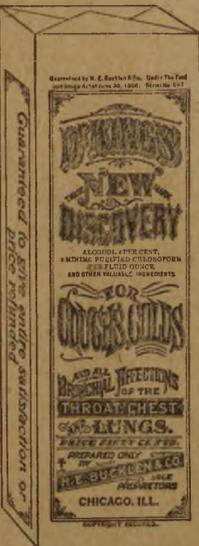


YOU SHOULD TAKE PURE AND PLEASANT DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY. YOU WILL GET QUICK AND PERMANENT RELIEF.

Stops Cough, Loosens Chest, Soothes Inflamed Throat, Nose, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs. Start Taking It at Once.

Dr. King's New Discovery was originated 43 years ago. Its wonderful power to stop coughing, cure colds, relieve bronchial and lung affections, made it quickly popular. Its use steadily increased. Now it is undoubtedly the most used prescription for coughs and colds in the world. Millions of bottles are sold annually, and thousands testify to its merits by testimonials and continued use. Why experiment with unknown and untried remedies? Pleasant, tried and true, Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed by your druggist to help you or money refunded. Get a bottle to-day. Keep it for emergencies.

"Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," writes Mrs. J. E. Cox of Joliet, Ill. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines, till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. I owe my life to this wonderful remedy, for I scarcely cough at all now." Quick, safe, and reliable for all throat and lung troubles. Sold by



L. E. CARMICHAEL

# THE QUEST OF GENTLE HAZARD

Being the Adventures in Love and Chivalry of Lord Richard Jocelyn

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

## A Family Reunion

In his apartment on Madison avenue, New York, Lord Richard Jocelyn sat reading a letter. It was from his father in England, the fourth viscount, and ran as follows:

"You have now been nearly eight months in America for the purpose of selecting a bride, and have not succeeded. You are young, fairly good-looking, heir to an historic name and a castle—great attractions in the United States, I understand; all the cards are in your favor, and yet you cannot find a single American girl who will link her fortune with yours. I have obtained introductions for you among the wealthiest families, and from the reports that have come back to me I understand that you have rejected many opportunities to form alliances. Now, Richard, I cannot blame you for your reluctance to marry an American. I could not imagine myself doing such a thing unless her wealth were ample enough to counteract the unpleasantness of her constant proximity. But I have come to the conclusion that you are either hopelessly devoid of common sense or else a congenital imbecile, and if you marry at all you'll probably elope with some designing actress. Therefore, since the condition of our finances makes it essential that you discover a bride at the earliest possible moment, I shall sail shortly for New York to help you in your choice."

Jocelyn put the letter down and groaned. "The devil!" he muttered, striding up and down the room. "Now I'm in for it. The governor's bound to marry me off, and from what I know of him he wouldn't stick at anything if he could do so. Talbot!"

"Did you call, sir?" asked his servant, emerging from the kitchen, a tumbler in one hand and a towel in the other.

"I did, Talbot, my father's coming over in a week or two to get me married."

"Yes, sir; indeed, sir?" answered Talbot respectfully.

"What shall I do, Talbot?"

"Why, sir, I wouldn't do nothink, sir. It ain't much use doing nothink when Lord Jocelyn's made up 'is mind, sir."

"But I don't want to meet him, idiot."

"Then why not go 'ome, sir?"

"Home? How do you mean?"

"If you was to take the next boat, sir, Lord Jocelyn might think as 'ow you 'adn't received 'is letter, sir, and meanwhile 'e'd be in Hamerica hand 'er in England, sir."

"An excellent plan, Talbot, my boy," said Jocelyn. "I'll go right down to the shipping offices and see about a ticket on one of tomorrow's outgoing ships."

"Yes, sir," said Talbot. "Will I pack for you, sir?"

"When I get home, Talbot; I'll see how the idea strikes me when I've had luncheon."

He put on his hat and went out into the avenue. The heat of summer was gone; a few leaves were yellowing upon the trees in Madison square, and as Jocelyn gazed around at the city's streets a sudden revulsion of feeling came over him. Why should he return to England and leave this land of romance behind him? Let his father do his worst; let him stop his allowance, bluster, threaten, rave; at least he could earn a living here, if only as a plain soldier in the American army. And so, having lunched at a modest restaurant, he put aside his plan and strolled leisurely homeward.

"If I ever find a bride," he mused, as he turned up the avenue, "she shall come to me by blind chance, by favor of fortune. No more scrapings and shufflings among the plutocracy for me. And I shall tell the governor so."

The elevator carried him to the front door of his apartment, and, inserting his key in the lock, he was about to open the door, when the sound of a feminine voice within arrested his movements. Very slowly he pushed the door inward. A lady was standing in the hall.

"You say that you can cook a sole?" he heard her call to Talbot. "And you're sure that you know how to make sauce tartare?"

"Yes, indeed, my lady," answered the servant.

"Excellent. Then Lord Jocelyn and I will dine here together this evening."

Lord Jocelyn closed the door without a sound, and, standing on the mat without, took off his hat and fanned himself.

"Whew!" he whistled. "She's certainly come. Who can she be? 'My lady'? Can it be that I have become a benedict without knowing it?"

Here she flashed through his mind a whimsical idea which, if carried out, would not only afford him a little needed diversion, but would be the best means of enabling him to discover just what fate had contrived for him. From the glimpse that he had caught of the lady he was positive he had never seen her before; ergo, she

would certainly not have seen him. He rang the bell of his apartment and Talbot came forward to open it.

If Jocelyn looked surprised the expression on the face of his honest servant expressed his own emotion magnified to the nth power.

"Who is she, Talbot?" he whispered.

"She says she's Lady Jocelyn, sir," answered his man.

"Then I must have got married in my sleep, Talbot."

"Which you 'aven't, sir, I'll wager. She come in as cool as brass, sir, and said she was Lady Jocelyn, and 'ow you'd be following 'er in a few minutes. Heither she's a himposter, sir, or she's what they calls—"

"I know—mentally deranged. Now listen, Talbot. We'll take stock of her. You've never seen me before. My name is Jones and I'm a friend of Lord Jocelyn's—understand?"

"Yes, sir, by hall means, sir."

"Then let me in," said Jocelyn. And, in a louder voice, he added:

"My name is Jones. Lord Jocelyn specially requested that if I came while he was out I was to wait for him. It's about—er—the gas meter."

"Yes, Mr. Jones; walk in, please, sir," said Talbot, and ushered Lord Jocelyn into the sitting room, where he found his pseudo-wife inspecting his book case. They bowed politely to one another.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Lady Jocelyn?" asked Jocelyn.

"I am Lady Jocelyn," the lady returned, surveying him with a smile in which something of amusement lurked. "My husband is not here at present, but I am expecting him shortly, Mr.—er—?"

"Jones," answered Jocelyn promptly. "Pardon me for intruding on you, but—it is a little matter about the gas meter."

"If it is a bill," said the lady, "perhaps I can settle it and save you the trouble of waiting. We have only come home to our apartment and it may have been overlooked."

"No—ah—it's about a refund," said Jocelyn, on the spur of the moment.

"Lord Jocelyn paid us too much, through an error in the accounts, and I wish to return it to him."

"Give it to me," replied the lady. "I act for Lord Jocelyn."

Lord Jocelyn was nonplussed for a moment, while the lady, smiling merrily, surveyed him with a cool stare.

"With your permission I'll wait," said Jocelyn. "I have to obtain his personal signature."

"O, very well," said the lady. "Pray be seated Mr.—the name was Jones, was it not?—Please look through these magazines; I am sure Lord Jocelyn will offer no objection." And, handing him some of the current periodicals, she went through his apartment to the kitchen, where, a moment later, Jocelyn heard her ordering Talbot to go to the fish market and purchase a pair of soles.

"What am I to do, sir?" asked Talbot, coming in in agitation.

Lord Jocelyn's amusement was fast changing to anger.

"She's a thief," he said. "Go to the police station and bring a man round here to arrest her. It's the most brazen impudence I ever heard of."

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," answered Talbot, and, putting on his hat, he left the apartment just as the lady returned.

"You are quite sure you don't want to leave the money with me?" she asked again. "You see—"

"Yes, madam?" replied Jocelyn politely, though he felt his anger rising rapidly.

"The fact is," she confided, "my husband is of a very jealous disposition, and if he were to come in and find me chatting with a stranger I don't know what he would say to me. Mr. Jones, won't you oblige me and come back some other time?"

Jocelyn, utterly at a loss, surveyed this singular woman in astonishment not unmingled with admiration. A little past thirty, he would have judged her; her maturity of figure only lent additional charm to a face of singular beauty. Under other circumstances his sentiments of romance, always latent, might have developed into a crisis of an amatory nature. But at being ordered out of his apartment his annoyance gained the mastery over him.

"Look here, young woman," he said, "you've made a mistake. I advise you to get out of here as soon as you possibly can, for I have sent my man to the police station."

"You—you—what do you mean?" she gasped.

"I mean that I am Lord Jocelyn and that you have overplayed your hand."

"You Lord Jocelyn?" she cried, starting back and stretching out her hands to feel for the support of the wall. "Then who is my husband? Tell me that. Tell me that!" she continued in agitation, pacing up and down the room rapidly. She came to a stop in front of him and grasped his arm fiercely, her lips quivering. "Who is my husband?" she demanded.

Her obvious sincerity moved Jocelyn to pity.

"How long have you been married, may I ask?" he said.

"Only since this morning. Our courtship was a brief one. He wooed me

under the name of Jocelyn—Lord Jocelyn, of Doublewith Manor, Stockton, England—and married me not two hours ago."

"But how did you come here?" cried Jocelyn.

"He sent me here. He told me that his servant, Talbot, had received instructions about me, that he had been called away downtown upon an urgent summons which, not attended to, would mean the loss of his entire fortune. He begged me to forgive him if he left me for awhile, and told me that he would follow me here at the earliest moment possible. O, if you are indeed Lord Jocelyn, tell me who my husband is!"

"He's probably Jones, the gas man," thought Jocelyn, but he did not give utterance to his thought. Indeed, he extended his hand soothingly toward his fair visitor.

"Perhaps he is not as wicked as he seems," he said.

"Wicked?" the lady cried. "My husband wicked? How dare you call him such a word? O, if he were here to protect me from insult! But he does not come. I am an abandoned wife, and only two hours married! And I thought Richard the soul of honor." And sinking into a chair, she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

Lord Jocelyn was overwhelmed with sympathy and grief. He seated himself upon the arm of the chair beside her and sought to console her. "It will be all right," he stammered. "He will come—I know he will; and then we shall have a complete solution of the mystery. Perhaps there are two Lord Jocelyns," he said with a happy thought. "Though it does seem a stretch of the imagination to suppose that they both live at Doublewith Manor, Stockton," he added, mentally.

"Courage, my dear lady," he continued. "Let us wait here until he comes and hear what he has to say for himself. He must have known that I live here. If your husband were an impostor, why should he have given you my address?"

"Do you think so?" murmured the lady behind her handkerchief. "Do you really think so? O, you are so comforting." She raised her face and smiled pitifully at him.

Lord Jocelyn, in whom her emotion had produced a very similar effect, perceived two beautiful eyes smiling at him through their mist of tears. Then, moved by an unlucky impulse, impelled irresistibly, even against his judgment, he seized her hands in his own and pressed them warmly. He bent his head to hers, and but for her sudden withdrawal would have kissed her lips.

Next instant, realizing what he had done, he started to his feet, and, his face scarlet, and with eyes upon the ground awaited the contemptuous words that he anticipated. But none came. The lady only looked at him reproachfully; yet, if he had dared to observe her, he might have seen the faintest suspicion of a smile upon her countenance. But, while both still kept silent, there came a ring at the door, and Jocelyn stepped forward and opened it.

Outside stood Talbot, a policeman at his side.

"There she is," cried his servant, addressing the officer and indicating the lady within. "Harrest her, constable—I mean officer. That's the himpostress I was telling about."

"What the deuce does this mean?" cried Jocelyn angrily, stepping forward so as to interpose himself between his fair guest and the policeman.

"Beg pardon, sir, but the sergeant sent me round here at your servant's request to arrest a woman thief who had entered your apartment under false pretenses," said the policeman.

"Is this the woman?"

"It is not," cried Jocelyn. "This lady is a guest of mine, I would like you to know. My man is a fool."

"Yes, sir," muttered Talbot respectfully.

"Then you don't want this lady arrested?" asked the policeman dubiously.

"I certainly do not want this lady arrested—seeing that she is my wife," Jocelyn answered, with a vague idea that he was in this way shielding her. The policeman scratched his head in perplexity.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but the charge has been entered on the blotter and you'll have to explain the matter to the sergeant now. It doesn't lie within my control any longer. I've got to arrest somebody."

"Then arrest me," cried Jocelyn hotly. "It was a mistake, I tell you. That ass of mine misunderstood me. I sent him out to buy some fish. This lady is my wife."

"Take me, constable," interposed Talbot. "Hi was to blame, constable—Hi mean officer. Hi 'ad been drinkin'. You see, sir, my master, Lord Jocelyn, 'ad just got married, and Hi, knowin' nothink about hit, jumped to the wrong conclusion."

"Shut up, you ass, you're making matters worse," said Jocelyn, infuriated. "Now see here, officer, this is a mix-up. If it will straighten it out in any wise I will accompany you to the police station and then—"

There came a strange sound from Talbot's lips. All turned toward him. He had staggered back against the wall and stood there, staring at a gentleman who was just emerging from the elevator.

He was a stout, bald, dignified-looking gentleman, wearing a frock coat adorned with a singularly large carnation, and in his hand he carried a gold-headed cane and a silk hat which shone like glass. Jocelyn jumped three inches into the air. But the elderly gentleman, as though wholly unconscious of the impression that he was creating, came forward, not in the least disconcerted, with a stolid, imperturbable stride, and extended



one hand to Jocelyn in a languid fashion.

"How do you do, Richard?" he said. "I trust I see you well? Warm weather we're having for this time of year."

"Yes, father," said Jocelyn dutifully.

Then he looked at his father again. There was a change in the old gentleman's expression. He was smiling now. It was a wooden smile, as though it had been hung there and did not naturally belong to him, and he was actually smirking, too, in a peculiar, half-timid, half-furtive manner.

"How do you like her?" he asked sheepishly.

"Like whom?" cried his son.

"Your stepmother, Richard," said Viscount Jocelyn. "I married her this morning when we stepped off the ship."

The officer had gone, his passion for justice squared by some inscrutable means which this story does not record. Viscount Jocelyn and his son and Lady Jocelyn were seated at the table, enjoying a filet of flounder, masquerading for the nonce as sole, with sauce tartare, the viscount slightly nervous, Richard decidedly sheepish, and the lady casting quite embarrassing smiles at him.

"You see, Richard," the viscount volunteered, smacking his lips over a glass of his son's Burgundy, "you see, my boy, I didn't quite know how you would take the news that I had married again, and so, though in a sense it was an object lesson to you for your own dilatoriness in finding a bride, I decided to send Lady Jocelyn ahead to make peace between us. She knew you from your photograph."

"And Mr. Jones received me exceedingly ill," said the new viscountess, pouting.

"You knew me all the time?" asked Richard, struggling with his vexation.

"The minute you set your foot inside the apartment," the viscountess answered. "But, of course, when you denied yourself it wasn't for me to contradict you. Besides, I was a little afraid of my new stepson."

"But why did you deceive me?"

"My dear boy, I didn't deceive you, you deceived yourself. I told you I was Lady Jocelyn—and am I not?"

"But you wept, or pretended to weep," said Richard hotly. "And I was naturally very much perturbed."

"You tell him," whispered the viscountess to her husband.

"After dinner," said Viscount Jocelyn, in some confusion.

"And now," said the viscountess, "I know that you two will have much to talk about, and so I shall leave you together for half an hour—no more. Don't be longer, because we must all have a little talk together afterward before we start for our hotel."

She went toward the sitting room; then beckoned to Richard mysteriously from behind the door. He went up to her.

"You'd better say nothing about—about anything that's on your conscience," she said mischievously. "And I shan't either. It might distress your father, Richard. He's jealous—I think I told you. But I know now that we shall get along very well indeed."

She left him and Richard turned back to where his father sat, drinking his Burgundy.

"Richard, my dear boy," said the viscount, "I hope you won't be disappointed when I tell you something. I met your stepmother on the boat and we fell in love. But—well, you remember what I wrote in my letter about not marrying an American unless she had a fortune?"

Richard nodded.

"The fact is," said his father, "she's an American. And—and—" he gulped—"well, she hasn't a penny, Richard."

"Then we're all in the same boat," said his son gaily.

"I'm glad you take it so well, Richard," said his father. "Because the fact is—gulp, gulp—" Richard, she's an actress."

"Yes, my boy," he continued, and

they entered the sitting room together, "my last word of advice to you is, do as I have done and take a wife."

"And I'm sure," put in the viscountess, with a swift glance at her stepson, "that with his accomplishments he should not find the process difficult."

**BUT SHE WASN'T DECEIVED**

Dalbeck's Finely Turned Excuses for His Sunday Golf Properly Appreciated by His Wife.

"It certainly is going to be a beautiful day," murmured Dalbeck, when the sun, shining in his face, awakened him Sunday morning.

"Why don't you go out to the golf club then?" inquired Mrs. Dalbeck.

"O, no—I don't want to do that!"

"Why not?"

"Do you want me to go?" inquired Dalbeck in accents of deep reproach.

"When Sunday is the only day of the week that I can spend with my family, it is pretty hard lines to find you trying to get rid of me!"

"Now, James!" said Mrs. Dalbeck, protestingly. "The idea that you should think of such a thing for a moment! You know I'd rather have you at home than anywhere else on earth!"

"Then of course I won't go," Dalbeck said with a skillfully revealed sigh. "Not if you don't want me to. I believe it's a man's duty to do as his wife wants, even at the cost of his personal inclination, and of course I'd rather stay at home with you—"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Dalbeck. "If you stayed at home this beautiful day my conscience would reproach me, James. We may not have any more nice Sundays this fall and it will do you good to get outdoors. I am perfectly willing for you to go, because I know you need the exercise. A man of your age doesn't exercise nearly enough, and—"

"O, so you're dissatisfied with my figure, are you?" inquired her husband in tones of deepest reproach. "I know I'm not an Apollo, but I didn't think—"

"James!" cried Mrs. Dalbeck. "You are perfectly stupid! I was just trying to make excuses for you to go—"

"Ah!" said her husband. "Your words plainly show that you don't honestly feel that I should go! Your real opinion is that a man is a dub who doesn't pass Sunday with his family, and I agree with you. Where should he find more happiness and pleasure than at the family hearthstone, anyhow? I'd lots rather—"

"I know you would," said his wife, "but you must consider your health, James. It is your duty to do so. Please oblige me by doing as I ask and going out to the club!"

"I haven't the least desire to go," protested Dalbeck. "Somehow I don't feel up to it. It may rain anyhow—"

"The sun never shone brighter," interrupted Mrs. Dalbeck. "Please, James!"

Dalbeck looked harassed and then resigned. "I don't see why you make such a fuss about it," he mourned. "And there isn't time to catch the golf special now, anyhow, if I did want to go!"

"Yes there is," insisted his wife. "Here are your clothes ready to jump into, and I'll bring you up some coffee while you are dressing. The clock is five minutes fast, and if you hurry—here are your shoes and—"

"You don't give a fellow time to think," Dalbeck grumbled. "You are rushing me off at such a rate that I don't get a chance to say a word. It doesn't seem to make any difference to you whether I want to go or not, just so you get your own way. I—"

"Here's your cap," said Mrs. Dalbeck as she opened the outside door, "and if you hurry you can just make the train!"

She watched Dalbeck leap and vanish around the corner, and then she

smiled to herself. "I suppose he has to go through all that formula every time to ease his conscience," she said.

"Hello," Dalbeck was saying on the station platform to three other men in golf attire. "I came near missing the train this morning. I tell you—I got so interested making my objections to going as artistic as possible. But they worked beautifully!"

**The Poor Relation.**

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain upon your purse—a more intolerable dun upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a strain in your blood—a blot on your scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hall in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, "That is Mr. —." A rap between familiarity and respect, that demands and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He fillets a chair, and your visitors' two children are accommodated at a side table. He remembereth birthdays, and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small, yet suffereth himself to be impertuned into a slice. He sticketh by the port, yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious or not civil enough to him. Everyone speculateth upon his condition, and the most part take him to be a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name to imply that his dog is the same as your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client.—Charles Lamb.

**Production of Cochineal.**

It is the opinion of Monsiegnur Leon Digue, who has been studying the state of the cochineal industry in Mexico for some time, that before many years have passed cochineal scarlet will have become a thing of history only, like the Tyrian purple of antiquity. It is made from the dried female of the cochineal insect (Coccus cacti). They are gathered by brushing the branches of the nopal cactus, on which the insects feed, as soon as they begin to lay their eggs. They are then desiccated in ovens or killed with boiling water. It has been estimated that one pound of cochineal contains no fewer than 70,000 distinct insects. The color is brought out and fixed by chloride of tin. Only a few plantations of the nopal cactus now remain—hence the fear that the dye will soon become a thing of the past, at any rate, unless some other substance is found on which to feed the insects.

**Poor Married Man.**

"The time will come," thundered the suffragette orator, "when woman will get a man's wages."

"Yes," sadly muttered a man on the rear seat, "next Saturday night."

## CALLS LIFE A FAILURE

ONE MAN THAT EVIDENTLY CHERISHES NO ILLUSIONS.

Possibly the World's Verdict Would Be the Same as His Own, but Many There Be Who Envy Him His Record.

The following "human document" is placed at our disposal for what it may be worth, declares the Chicago Record-Herald. We shall make no attempt to pass judgment upon it, preferring to let our readers do that for themselves.

"I am probably a failure. Do not hastily conclude that I need food or clothes or that I may become a future ward of charity. I have a little home which has been paid for out of my earnings. I have three children whom I have managed to send through college, and I have been able to save enough money to provide such things as I shall need after my earning power is gone. But I am probably a failure.

"Let it be understood that I have never willingly or knowingly wronged any one; that I have been a law-abiding citizen; that I have kept myself free from debasing habits; that I have always endeavored to vote for the good of my country, of my state, and of my city, rather than for the benefit of any man or party, and that I have tried to keep my heart as clean as if it, like my face, were visible to the world.

"I have no quarrel with people who do not believe as I believe. I acknowledge that there may be things which I do not understand, that a thing is not necessarily wrong because I think it wrong, and that a thing is not made right merely because I suppose it to be right. It is probable, however, that the people who fix our standards of success, the people who are leaders in society, the people in authority, would, if my case were brought to their notice, consider me a failure. I have not accumulated a fortune. I have not caused my name to become familiar to the public. Few people consider my favor worth courting. If I coin an epigram it is unnoticed, owing to my obscurity, and I have never been a guest of honor.

"I believe I am qualified to fill any high position except that of champion heavyweight pugilist, but I have never been called upon to accept executive responsibilities. I have in an obscure, subordinate position done my work skillfully and conscientiously, and I have been permitted to remain in it undisturbed.

"I have not the slightest doubt that if because of some upheaval of nature or through some other extraordinary agency I had been hurled out of my little, unimportant corner into some high place, I should have been able to prove my fitness as an administrative genius, a master of strategy or a transcendent organizer. But no upheaval has occurred; I have waited patiently for the reward which we are assured must come to him who does well that which he has to do, and I begin to see my superiors cast furtive glances at me and shake their heads, and in fancy I hear them say:

"'Poor old chap! He is a faithful, conscientious soul, but he has no talent, and in a little while he will have outlived his usefulness.'

"So I must write myself down a failure. If I did not do so the world would do so for me. I have not been tried and found wanting. If that had happened I should have no reason to complain because the world has decided that I am unworthy. I have not been tried at all, yet judgment has been passed upon me. That is my grievance."

**Dumas and His Dogs.**

Fondness for dogs has been a marked characteristic of many famous men. Of the great romancer Dumas it is told that he once had a dog as hospitable as was his master, and that the dog once invited 12 other dogs to Monte Cristo, Dumas' palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas' factotum-in-chief wanted to drive off the whole pack.

"Michel," said the great romancer, "I have a social position to fill. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say I have 13 dogs, and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! That is an unlucky number."

"Monsieur, if you will permit me, there is nothing left for me to do. I must chase them all away," said the servant.

"Never, Michel, never," replied the great writer. "Go at once and find me a fourteenth dog."

**Milk Pitcher of Six Millions.**

"The sight of one of his good cows standing under a tree down the lane at milking time would throw the modern dairyman into a fever," writes Charles White in the current issue of Harper's Weekly. "The harmless,

# THE Hair Grower of Puoroa

He wasn't a liar, at least he wasn't a confirmed liar. I found him on one of the benches in Union Square, and we immediately became friends. On spring days the seats near Broadway and Fourteenth street are veritable treasure grounds, and the astute searcher after human bric-a-brac can pick up anything from a Polish count to a South Sea buccaneer with little effort.

"You have never heard of Zirg-stauk's Hair Grower?" he remarked quietly. "No of course you have not. I am the inventor, Dr. Ulysses G. Zirg-stauk. No, I never marketed it. This country is not kind to the inventor, but it is a grand spot for the imitator of the inventor. If I put Zirg-stauk's Hair Grower on the market I'd waste all my time serving injunctions, while every unprincipled idea pirate between Duluth and Galveston would be getting rich by selling my stuff."

"But the patent laws?" I inquired.

Zirg-stauk sniffed haughtily at a wandering puff of cool air that came up from the North river and soothed his nerves by bringing a worn boot heel and a match into violent collision.

"They're all right," he murmured. "All right for the gentlemen I mentioned and the persons you hire to get the patent. The inventor gets between the two and he gets hurt. Yes, sir, I've taken out 126 patents in the United States, and my feelings have been battered into a state of shivering insensibility, and I'm a peripatetic bankrupt standing on my pride and two injured shoes."

I sympathized clumsily.

"When I invented the hair grower," he continued, "I knew I had the greatest hair-hustling compound that had ever been offered. I tried it in a dozen

ways and I was satisfied. Then I sat down to commune with myself. 'Ulysses G.' said I, 'if you market that stuff you'll be hanging round the tribunes of justice asking for a square deal, while every woman in the five continents is growing a six-foot thatch with a compound that has been supplied to her by some scoundrel that has stolen your prescription.' That is what I said, sir. I had 126 object lessons up to that time, and the remnants of my charity wouldn't bring three cents in an auction room. That's when I got the idea. It came to me one night, and next morning I was on my way to 'Frisco en route for the South Seas.'

I looked surprised, and Zirg-stauk smiled. "Why the South Seas?" I questioned.

"I intended to grow hair and sell it to them instead of selling them the preparation," he snapped. "Do you understand? I was out to circumvent those thieves who prey on our time corraling every little idea that blows our way. 'Hire niggers down in the islands to grow you six foot fleeces with the help of your tonic,' were the exact words of the dream, and then cart the wigs home and sell them to every short-haired female in the United States."

"Four weeks afterward I was at Auckland, New Zealand, and from there I got a passage down to Puoroa, one of the outliers of the Gilbert group. I was far away from Broadway on that little spot, and after I mixed a few gallons of the tonic I got busy. I rubbed the heads of a few scores of those niggers, after making an agreement with them regarding the crop that would result, and then I wandered round and made calculations concerning the value of a few hundred six-foot wigs delivered in Broadway or Piccadilly."

Zirg-stauk paused and watched a man swinging in space above a new building. The thin wire support was hardly discernible.

"That fellow up there is in no danger," he murmured. "We might think he is, but the chances of one of those trees falling on our heads is far greater



I Cut Hair From Daylight Till Nightfall.

er than the chance of that wire snapping. I'm just trying to show you that we haven't got down to the proper method of guessing how and when and where old Nemesis is going to kick us. I was in the fool mob when I was at Puoroa calculating upon the value of those six-foot lengths that were growing faster than corn in spring time. Those nigs grew five inches of hair every day, and I was beginning to sharpen the shears when trouble fell upon me like the wrath of Heaven.

"One of those pot-bellied native youngsters stole a five-gallon can of the hair grower, and six hours afterward I had struck the champion bad luck patch of my career. Yes, sir, I was in it up to my neck. That kid rubbed the stuff on his old man's nose while the father was asleep; splashed it pretty freely over his mother's facial rind, and decorated himself in such a manner that he looked like one of those King Charles spaniels the moment the tufts of hair started to shoot. Nothing could keep the hair off any part of the body touched by Zirg-stauk's Hair Grower.

"If I got that can back I might have stopped the trouble, but the youngster traded it all round the place, after he had worked off his spite against his parents, and before nightfall there were three hundred Puoroans growing hair in places they didn't want hair to grow, and using up all the cuss words of the Pacific on yours truly. They came down to my hut in droves to give personal testimony to the efficacy of the hair grower, and the only way I could repair the damage was to offer to barber them free. My get-busy days started just then. The kid's father who got the splash on the nose came up to have it trimmed every morning, because he hair grew that fast over night it muffled his voice when he started to order his breakfast of fried yams and coconuts. His wife was in the same fix, and every day my troubles increased. Those copper-colored heathens found that Zirg-stauk's Hair Grower was the most effective stuff in the world for getting even with an enemy, and instead of prodding a foe with a knife, they would syringe him with a half-pint of the mixture and come round next day to grin when he was turning into the wild man from Borneo at a fast gait. I cut hair from daylight till nightfall, and even did a bit of rough trimming when the moonlight was strong enough to let me work.

"Then I struck the climax before I was prepared for it. I used to sleep with the shears under my head, because, being the only pair on the island, it was a pretty valuable possession, so you can imagine the shock I got one morning when I woke up and found some one had stolen it while I slept. I guessed Puoroa would be too warm for me without that scissors, and I knew I had little hope of getting them. Just as I was debating about the best way of skipping out, a few of my early morning customers started to batter the door, so I loped out the back way and made for the beach. I stole a canoe and pulled as hard as I could toward the horizon, and that evening I was picked up by a copra schooner and taken on to Melbourne. No sir, I never went back, but if you see any abnormally hairy specimens of the human family on exhibition in the Bowersy it is safe betting that they hail from Puoroa, and if you question them they'll support my story."

I stood up, but he put out his hand and detained me.

"I said I never marketed it," he murmured, "but occasionally I sell a bottle to a person whose evident respectability is proof that he is not one of those thieving—. Thank you, sir; fifty cents. I am delighted at meeting you, and if ever you meet one of those Puoroans ask them about Dr. Ulysses G. Zirg-stauk."

I have the bottle of hair tonic on my desk; I am waiting to present it to the first baldheaded book agent that invades my office.

**With the Rothschilds.**

What chiefly struck one at the funeral of the late Baron Gustave de Rothschild was the great multiplicity of relatives descended from his father, the first Baron James, the shrewdest and most funnily humorous member of the Paris branch of the Rothschilds, that he founded, says a writer in London Truth. Among these descendants were a son, grandsons and great and great-grandsons — Rothschilds, Lamberts, Leonis, Ephrussi, Sterns, Sassoons, Bubbays. They represented not only the principle of blood relationship, but the finance of Paris, Brussels, Genoa, Milan, Odessa, Bombay and Calcutta. Among the numerous multi-millionaires descended from the first Baron James there was one who devoted himself to medical science, dramatic literature and the collecting of autographs of great writers — Baron Henri, only son of the second Baron James.

**Dog's "Stunt" Almost Fatal.**

The state water analyst in Kansas City has a curious dog—a brindle bull—who licks stamps. Any morning until very recently he was to be seen accompanying his master to his laboratory. At the laboratory he made his nest in an unused locker. But the dog wasn't there merely for looks. He had a specific object in life. When bottles were to be labeled he would emerge from his hole at the snap of his master's fingers, obediently stick out his tongue and neatly and cleverly lick the label extended to him. But the combination of glucose and cow's hoofs on the label is not the best diet for bulldogs. The glue must have come off and stuck in his throat, for he now lies on a couch of old coats with a golfie on his neck, swathed in bandages of cotton and cold cream.

# FAMOUS SWORDS OF SPAIN

For Centuries Toledo Stood First in the Making of That Equipment of the Soldier.

The swords of Spain have always been celebrated. Numerous authorities might be quoted in testimony of their unsurpassed excellence, even as long ago as the time of Cicero, who makes honorable mention of the little Spanish sword.

It is probable that the manufacture of swords continued at Toledo until the epoch of the Gothic kings, and it is certain that it was in full swing in the ninth century. These swords served beyond doubt as a pattern for the weapons used by the Moors of Spain in the middle ages, still to be seen represented in the pictures at the Alhambra.

The making of swords was not formerly confined to one establishment. The espaderos, or sword makers, worked at their own homes alone or with a certain number of apprentices. Like all craftsmen, they were bound together in guilds.

Many of the kings of Castile accorded to the finest sword makers of Toledo certain imposts and duties appertaining to the sale of swords, the purchase of iron and steel and other primary material.

The steel used by the espaderos of Madrid was obtained in an iron mine situated about three miles from Mandragon in the Basque provinces.

According to Palomeus, a Toledan swordmaker of the eighteenth century, it is an error to suppose that the Toledans preserved particular secrets for the tempering of their arms. They were compelled to use the water of the Tagus, as well as the fine white sand that the river contains in its bed. This sand served for the operation of what they termed *refrescar la calda*, or cooling, for when the metal became red and commenced to throw off sparks the espaderos instantly sprinkled it with sand.

The blade having become cherry-red, they plunged the point into a wooden reservoir full of the water of the Tagus, and, having once cooled it, they straightened it as much as was desirable.

They then subjected each of the blades as had not hitherto been exposed to the fire, and when it began to redden they took it by the tongue with red-hot pincers and plunged it into sheep suet until it cooled, an operation that imparted temper to it.

One famous Toledan swordmaker of whom mention is made was Julian, surnamed El Moro, or the Moor, by reason of his coming from Granada, where he worked until toward the end of the fifteenth century for King Boabdil.—Harper's Weekly.

**Amateur Photography.**

The pastor of a church in this city went to call on one of his parishioners who lived in a single room in a club house. He rapped on the door. There was no answer for a moment and then a rather suppressed voice said:

"Wait a minute. I can't let you in now—but wait a minute."

He waited. After what seemed several minutes he heard the voice again: "Now stand up close to the door, and when I open it come in as quickly as you can."

It was the pastor's first call, and he began to wonder what sort of Black Hand society or bombmaking club he was to visit. His worst fears seemed about to be realized, for as the door was opened he was met by a streaming red light and an evil smell. "Hurry," said the host, "or you'll spoil the plate. That lamp always smells like hell!"

Then he glanced up and saw who the man was who had invaded his dark room.—Indianapolis News.

**Beautiful Hands.**

A perfect hand, according to the long-established rule based upon the Greek sculptured ideal figures, should measure seven inches from wrist to the end of the second finger, but by the same criterion a hand which is classic in its shape and is in true proportion to the rest of the figure may be also given the palm of perfection. However, the painter or sculptor working to produce an "ideal" figure, with a model whose hand was other than seven inches, however true in proportion and form, would probably so scale the whole figure as to bring the hand to the highest sought measurement of perfection. Arching of the nails adds to the beauty of the hands, and this arching should increase from the index finger to the little finger, and the nails should be narrow and lengthwise straight.

**Fashions in Canes.**

The manager of a cane and umbrella department in a large New York concern was surprised at the question: "Is there such a thing as fashion in canes?" Of course there is. The straight canes, with knob handles of all shapes and made of all materials, were, so he said, "all the rage" a few years ago. Conservative men wore simple canes, but a miniature wandmaster's baton was easily disposed of. Then came the thin switch cane, and a few years ago nothing sold better than canes with straight handles. Today everything wants a crook handle cane, and there is a good reason for the style. In crowded subway and elevated trains and surface cars where a man must hold to a strap and has only one hand left for cane and paper, the crook handle comes very handy. It hangs at the pocket or over the arm and its shape is graceful and sensible. It will not be displaced as the leader in many years.

# An Eleventh-Hour Bridegroom

By KATHERINE HOPSON

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"The date set for the wedding is only twelve days off, the trousseau is finished, everything is ready except—the bridegroom. He alone is lacking! Why, oh why, was I so foolish as to get into this scrape?"

Dorothy Bowers, sitting by a window in her bedroom, stared out into the night with frightened eyes. Nervously she clasped her hands as they lay on the ledge before her, and a ray of moonlight caught the chaste little diamond on her third finger till it seemed to mock her with its significant gleam. The trouble had all begun with that ring!

Six months ago, when she had gone to Chicago to visit the aunt for whom she was named, the latter had given her this diamond.

"It's an heirloom I always intended to give you, since you are my namesake," she said.

On her return home Dorothy had thoughtlessly worn it on her third finger to a meeting of the Fancywork club. The girls, remembering that she had recently returned from a two months' sojourn in the city, naturally formed one conclusion when they saw that diamond. Most of them were either newly married or engaged, so their thoughts ran in matrimonial channels. Dorothy, taking the matter as a joke, and yielding to a sudden impulse, had accepted their good-natured rallery with laughing acquiescence.

"Tell us his name, Dot; you must do that, since we have never seen him," begged her chum Edith.

"Tom Morton," replied Dorothy, giving the first name that popped into her head.

"Is he handsome?" asked another.

She was descending the stairs when a knock sounded at the front door. On opening it she found a tall, keen-eyed young man standing on the porch.

"Is this Miss Dorothy Bowers?" he asked, as he took off his broad-brimmed straw hat.

Wonderingly, she assented.

"I am T. M. Morton, of Blue Mound, Nebraska."

"T. M. Morton!" she repeated.

"Yes." Seeing the puzzled look in the big brown eyes, he added, "May I come in and explain?"

She led the way into the living room, which he seemed to fill with his virile personality.

He drew from his pocket a package of letters whose addresses Dorothy saw with a flush of recognition.

"I'm afraid I've gotten hold of some letters that were meant for another fellow," he began with a glance at the diamond on her finger. "It may have caused you trouble. If so, I'm sorry."

"I was honest in thinking it mine when I opened the first. There was a bunch of them addressed to T. M. Morton, advertised in the Chicago papers. When I went there with a carload of cattle I was expecting some mail through the general delivery, so naturally thought these were mine."

She did not speak, and he continued: "I know I was a cad to read the others—but the temptation was too strong. You see I have dreamed so often of a little girl who would write letters like those to me. I have been alone so much with no one to know or care since I bought my ranch, and the thought took a pretty strong grip on me. Strangely enough, my dream sweetheart had brown eyes like yours."

"But it all came over me the other night what I'd done in keeping these letters from some one else—the lucky chap to whom they belong. And I resolved to return them to you."

Dorothy clasped her slim hands tightly. "There—there is no other man," she said.

"No, mine was only a fancy, too." Then, briefly, she told him of the whole affair, from the sudden impulse to play a joke on the club girls until before she was aware of the fact she had been caught in a maze of her own making from which she couldn't extricate herself without ridicule and mortification. "It's a wonderful relief to tell the truth at last; I had no idea of letting the joke go so far—and now I'm not brave enough to own to the facts, so I've decided to have my fiancée die," she concluded, with a tremulous little laugh.

Into his keen eyes came a new light. He crossed the room and took the nervous little hands.

"I have a better idea, Dorothy. Let it be true about the dream chap. Let me take his place! There are still eleven days in which we can get acquainted before the date of the wedding. And we can say a lot in that time. I'll furnish references about my character and business prospects to your uncle. I know I'm unpolished, though I've always tried to be a decent sort. But if at the last you don't want me, I'll go—away."

As if drawn by the magnetism of his earnest eyes, Dorothy rose, her hand still in his.

"Perhaps, together, we can make our dreams come true," she said.

**Behind the Times.**

Although he was a typical Weary Willie in general appearance, the wayfarer carried himself with a certain air of distinction that attracted the attention of the kindly matron.

"My poor man," she said, "you look as if you had seen better days."

"Yes, madam," was the reply. "In my time I have been the cynosure of all eyes."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; you see I was the tattooed man in the big circus."

"How did you come to lose your position?"

"Oh, the people are crazy for moving pictures now and I couldn't fill the bill."

**THE USUAL WAY.**

Mrs. Jackson—Before we were married you said you'd lay the world at my feet.

Mr. Jackson—Well?

Mrs. Jackson—Now, you are not even willing to lay the carpet.

All the Same to Him.

"Have you a few minutes to spare?" asked the agent.

"No," replied the busy man.

"Well, I have a proposition that I think will interest you."

All Useful.

"I call 'em the cutlery family."

"Why so?"

"Well, the daughter spoons, the father forks out the money and the mother knives the other guests."

A Suspicious Case.

"What makes you think his credit isn't good?"

"He called in a doctor to treat him for a stomach ache, and the doctor didn't tell him he had appendicitis."

Charcoal Eph's Philosophy.

"Ef de worl' was jess lak hit stabt-d off," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively, "you'd fin' nearly everybody shinin' up dat of apple tree. Try some biscuits, Mistah Jackson."

Comparative Values.

"My wife can make a tart reply."

"My wife can do better than that. She can make a pie speak for itself."

# ACTOR AND THE PLAYWRIGHT

Former Resents Idea That He is Given Vehicle to Express Talent and Genius to World.

"You don't seem to have a very high opinion of the man who wrote the play in which you are appearing."

"Why should I have a high opinion of him?" asked the popular young actor.

"He has given you the opportunity to become a public favorite."

"He has given me the opportunity? My dear sir, he is not responsible for the talent, the genius, the artistic temperament I possess."

"No, but if there were no playwright to provide you with a vehicle how would you find expression for your talent, your genius, your artistic temperament? It seems to me that you owe everything to the man who gives you lines to speak."

"My dear boy, you have a primitive mind—very primitive. You could not drive your automobile if there were no mechanics to make the wheels and the brakes and the engines; but do you feel that you owe all to the besmeared mechanics? Pardon me for a moment while I indulge in thought. It is my favorite recreation."

Heredity.

"Give me a kiss!" pleads the sutor of the lovely daughter of the eminent philanthropist.

"I will," she replies thoughtfully, "on condition that you raise three more within five minutes."—Judge's Library.

# HIS PURPOSE.

First Senator—What makes you keep declaring that you will never again be a candidate for public office?

Second Senator—Well, I've got to keep saying something in order to prevent my friends from overlooking me as a possible candidate.

A Tender Plea.

"I see that Jack has colored his hair black where it was turning. Why did he do such a foolish thing?"

"Well, his girl asked him to do it, and, of course, no man could refuse a loved one's dying request."

In the Blood.

"Why do American hellfires persist in marrying impetuous noblemen?"

"I suppose with the American woman's instinctive love of bargains, they cannot resist the prospect of getting anything that's reduced."

The Question Today.

"Are you making history?" inquired the Mexican insurgent.

"What a question, general!"

"I ask it seriously. Are we making history or just a few films for the moving picture people?"

Average Time.

"Which of these clocks is right?"

"I don't know. We've five clocks. When we want to know the time we add 'em together and divide by five, and even then we're not certain."—London Opinion.

The Only Way.

"I think, dear, I'll make my will."

"Why should you do that? You haven't anything to leave."

"I know; but it seems to be the only way in which I can hope to have a will of my own."

At It Again.

The Doctor—I see there has been some discussion as to whether it should be a Norwegian or an English flag that flies from the south pole.

The Professor—The honor belongs to neither. It should be Polish.

Time to Roost.

"Doctor," said a despairing patient, "I'm in a dreadful way—I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the medical man gravely, "I think you had better roost."

Inexcusable Ignorance.

Rankin (trying to remember)—Who and what are the "geisha girls?"

Fyle—The gay Shaw girls? I don't know. Why not read his stuff yourself and find out?

Last Time.

"When you make an engagement, you are always right on the minute keeping it, aren't you?"

"Yes, I have lost a lot of time that way."

Her Untrained Ear.

"Yes, I enjoyed my visit to Boston ever so much." Miss Cahokia was saying. "What a curious—er—brogue they speak there, don't they?"

The Cause.

"I don't look well in a steamer cap."

"Few people do. You see, it is a sort of handy cap."



"I Will See If He Can Come," She Answered.

"Why—er—I suppose most people wouldn't consider him so; but he's big and broad-shouldered, with a breezy western manner.

Before night it was known throughout the village of Dunton that Dorothy Bowers was engaged to a western man named Tom Morton.

The absent-minded old uncle with whom she lived heard the news in dazed surprise. But when other men would have made searching inquiries concerning his niece's fiancée, Uncle Emmett breathed a sigh of relief that the courtship had been carried on elsewhere so that it in no way interfered with the even tenor of his life; then he signed a generous check for her trousseau and returned to his beloved books. Dorothy sewed with the other engaged girls on wedding finery, and when questioned about the date for her wedding, replied:

"September 12th."

"I must have been mad," the girl declared. "I shall have to end the affair some way—it has gone much too far. But how can I do it? Oh, why did I let things drift so long!" she repeated.

Next morning at the breakfast table Dorothy appeared pale but resolute. She was determined that, cost what it may, "Tom" must die. That would be the easiest way out of it all. If she attempted to invent a broken engagement it would necessitate endless explanations; but in this way she would be surrounded with a halo of sentiment as a heroine of a blighted romance. She felt that she could carry off the situation unless Aunt Dolly came to visit her.

"She knows I didn't meet a single man when I was visiting her, and if she comes I shall have to make a clean breast of it and throw myself on her mercy. She would enjoy helping me along, for she always sees the humor of the case."

She had decided that the next letter would be made to contain the fatal tidings. Usually she heard from her aunt on Tuesdays, so a letter would probably come on the noon train.

"I shall soon be a maiden all forlorn," she was thinking when her uncle broke in upon her reverie.

"I should think, Dorothy," he began, peering at her from over his gold-rimmed glasses, "that it would

# CAP and BELLS

be fitting if your—er—ah—fiance visited us before your wedding. I suppose I should get acquainted with the young chap before he comes into the family." He heaved a sigh as he thought of some new books that were still unread. "Yes, it is clearly my duty. Is he fond of outdoor sports?" Uncle Emmett had visions of trawling dismally in the wake of an enthusiastic golfer.

"I—will see if he can come," she answered, "but do not think he will trouble you with athletics." With that he was content.

However, it was not so easy to satisfy Mrs. Tompkins, their old housekeeper, who had overheard the question and answer.

"Seems to me your young man would be comin' of his own accord before the weddin' day," she remarked later with the familiarity of an old servant.

"He has been very busy. I expect a letter today," evaded Dorothy.

Mrs. Tompkins sniffed. "In my day young men were more keen. They always managed to see their sweethearts pretty often, business or no business."

"I must dress and go down for the mail," said Dorothy.

"I feel almost as if it were true," she thought, as she fastened her linen dress with shaking fingers. Then the full force of the case rushed over her. "Oh, I'm so tired of subterfuges and lies—lies—yes, that is what they have been. I, who have always prided myself on my truthfulness! I began it all in fun, never dreaming it would go so far. I can't explain now without making myself a laughing stock. Oh, if it were true and I was going to be happy like other women—!"

She was descending the stairs when a knock sounded at the front door. On opening it she found a tall, keen-eyed young man standing on the porch.

"Is this Miss Dorothy Bowers?" he asked, as he took off his broad-brimmed straw hat.

Wonderingly, she assented.

"I am T. M. Morton, of Blue Mound, Nebraska."

"T. M. Morton!" she repeated.

"Yes." Seeing the puzzled look in the big brown eyes, he added, "May I come in and explain?"

She led the way into the living room, which he seemed to fill with his virile personality.

He drew from his pocket a package of letters whose addresses Dorothy saw with a flush of recognition.

"I'm afraid I've gotten hold of some letters that were meant for another fellow," he began with a glance at the diamond on her finger. "It may have caused you trouble. If so, I'm sorry."

"I was honest in thinking it mine when I opened the first. There was a bunch of them addressed to T. M. Morton, advertised in the Chicago papers. When I went there with a carload of cattle I was expecting some mail through the general delivery, so naturally thought these were mine."

She did not speak, and he continued: "I know I was a cad to read the others—but the temptation was too strong. You see I have dreamed so often of a little girl who would write letters like those to me. I have been alone so much with no one to know or care since I bought my ranch, and the thought took a pretty strong grip on me. Strangely enough, my dream sweetheart had brown eyes like yours."

"But it all came over me the other night what I'd done in keeping these letters from some one else—the lucky chap to whom they belong. And I resolved to return them to you."

Dorothy clasped her slim hands tightly. "There—there is no other man," she said.

"No, mine was only a fancy, too." Then, briefly, she told him of the whole affair, from the sudden impulse to play a joke on the club girls until before she was aware of the fact she had been caught in a maze of her own making from which she couldn't extricate herself without ridicule and mortification. "It's a wonderful relief to tell the truth at last; I had no idea of letting the joke go so far—and now I'm not brave enough to own to the facts, so I've decided to have my fiancée die," she concluded, with a tremulous little laugh.

Into his keen eyes came a new light. He crossed the room and took the nervous little hands.

"I have a better idea, Dorothy. Let it be true about the dream chap. Let me take his place! There are still eleven days in which we can get acquainted before the date of the wedding. And we can say a lot in that time. I'll furnish references about my character and business prospects to your uncle. I know I'm unpolished, though I've always tried to be a decent sort. But if at the last you don't want me, I'll go—away."

As if drawn by the magnetism of his earnest eyes, Dorothy rose, her hand still in his.

"Perhaps, together, we can make our dreams come true," she said.

# NOT LOOKING FOR ARGUMENT

Among Other Things Was Willing to Give Women Right to Vote and Same Wages as Men.

"Don't you think a man is a fool to try to drown his sorrows in strong liquor?"

"Yes."

"And don't you think chewing tobacco is an awfully filthy habit?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think a man who smokes is foolish to burn up money in that way?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think it is ridiculous to deny women the right to vote when tramps and ignorant foreigners who have no knowledge of our institutions are permitted to cast ballots?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think a woman who does a man's work as well as a man could do it ought to have a man's pay?"

"Yes."

"Well, for mercy sake, why don't you spunk up and argue about something? Haven't you an idea of any kind?"

Didn't Bother Him.

Musician—Is it not a distressing thought that some of our greatest composers made very little money in their lifetime?

Philistine—No. It's my only consolation when my wife drags me to the opera.—London Opinion.

Fit Designation.

"My dear, what is your kitty's name?"

"What kitty, my love?"

"The kitty you talk about in your sleep that you have at your club?"

"As far as I am concerned, my dear, its name is Dennis."

Agreed.

Tapper—How do you get along so well with your wife?

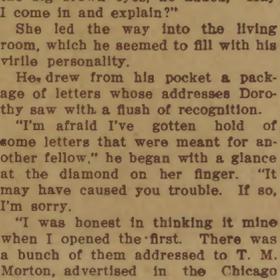
Topper—We made an agreement that she wouldn't interfere with my stenographers if I wouldn't interfere with her chauffeurs.—Judge.

Paradoxical.

"An hellness does one thing contrary to everyone else."

"What's that?"

"She is apt to be most wasteful of her riches when she husbands her resources."



THE USUAL WAY.

Mrs. Jackson—Before we were married you said you'd lay the world at my feet.

Mr. Jackson—Well?

Mrs. Jackson—Now, you are not even willing to lay the carpet.

All the Same to Him.

"Have you a few minutes to spare?" asked the agent.

"No," replied the busy man.

"Well, I have a proposition that I think will interest you."

All Useful.

"I call 'em the cutlery family."

"Why so?"

"Well, the daughter spoons, the father forks out the money and the mother knives the other guests."

A Suspicious Case.

"What makes you think his credit isn't good?"

"He called in a doctor to treat him for a stomach ache, and the doctor didn't tell him he had appendicitis."

Charcoal Eph's Philosophy.

"Ef de worl' was jess lak hit stabt-d off," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively, "you'd fin' nearly everybody shinin' up dat of apple tree. Try some biscuits, Mistah Jackson."

Comparative Values.

"My wife can make a tart reply."

"My wife can do better than that. She can make a pie speak for itself."

# ACTOR AND THE PLAYWRIGHT

Former Resents Idea That He is Given Vehicle to Express Talent and Genius to World.

"You don't seem to have a very high opinion of the man who wrote the play in which you are appearing."

"Why should I have a high opinion of him?" asked the popular young actor.

"He has given you the opportunity to become a public favorite."

"He has given me the opportunity? My dear sir, he is not responsible for the talent, the genius, the artistic temperament I possess."

"No, but if there were no playwright to provide you with a vehicle how would you find expression for your talent, your genius, your artistic temperament? It seems to me that you owe everything to the man who gives you lines to speak."

"My dear boy, you have a primitive mind—very primitive. You could not drive your automobile if there were no mechanics to make the wheels and the brakes and the engines; but do you feel that you owe all to the besmeared mechanics? Pardon me for a moment while I indulge in thought. It is my favorite recreation."

Heredity.

"Give me a kiss!" pleads the sutor of the lovely daughter of the eminent philanthropist.

"I will," she replies thoughtfully, "on condition that you raise three more within five minutes."—Judge's Library.

# HIS PURPOSE.

First Senator—What makes you keep declaring that you will never again be a candidate for public office?

Second Senator—Well, I've got to keep saying something in order to prevent my friends from overlooking me as a possible candidate.

A Tender Plea.

"I see that Jack has colored his hair black where it was turning. Why did he do such a foolish thing?"

"Well, his girl asked him to do it, and, of course, no man could refuse a loved one's dying request."

In the Blood.

"Why do American hellfires persist in marrying impetuous noblemen?"

"I suppose with the American woman's instinctive love of bargains, they cannot resist the prospect of getting anything that's reduced."

The Question Today.

"Are you making history?" inquired the Mexican insurgent.

"What a question, general!"

"I ask it seriously. Are we making history or just a few films for the moving picture people?"

Average Time.

"Which of these clocks is right?"

"I don't know. We've five clocks. When we want to know the time we add 'em together and divide by five, and even then we're not certain."—London Opinion.

The Only Way.

"I think, dear, I'll make my will."

"Why should you do that? You haven't anything to leave."

"I know; but it seems to be the only way in which I can hope to have a will of my own."

At It Again.

The Doctor—I see there has been some discussion as to whether it should be a Norwegian or an English flag that flies from the south pole.

The Professor—The honor belongs to neither. It should be Polish.

Time to Roost.

"Doctor," said a despairing patient, "I'm in a dreadful way—I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the medical man gravely, "I think you had better roost."

Inexcusable Ignorance.

Rankin (trying to remember)—Who and what are the "geisha girls?"

Fyle—The gay Shaw girls? I don't know. Why not read his stuff yourself and find out?

Last Time.

"When you make an engagement, you are always right on the minute keeping it, aren't you?"

"Yes, I have lost a lot of time that way."

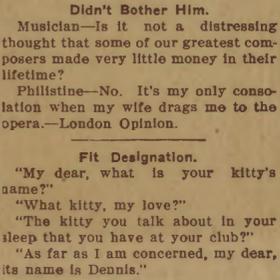
Her Untrained Ear.

"Yes, I enjoyed my visit to Boston ever so much." Miss Cahokia was saying. "What a curious—er—brogue they speak there, don't they?"

The Cause.

"I don't look well in a steamer cap."

"Few people do. You see, it is a sort of handy cap."



THE USUAL WAY.

"Why—er—I suppose most people wouldn't consider him so; but he's big and broad-shouldered, with a breezy western manner.

Before night it was known throughout the village of Dunton that Dorothy Bowers was engaged to a western man named Tom Morton.

The absent-minded old uncle with whom she lived heard the news in dazed surprise. But when other men would have made searching inquiries concerning his niece's fiancée, Uncle Emmett breathed a sigh of relief that the courtship had been carried on elsewhere so that it in no way interfered with the even tenor of his life; then he signed a generous check for her trousseau and returned to his beloved books. Dorothy sewed with the other engaged girls on wedding finery, and when questioned about the date for her wedding, replied:

"September 12th."

"I must have been mad," the girl declared. "I shall have to end the affair some way—it has gone much too far. But how can I do it? Oh, why did I let things drift so long!" she repeated.

Next morning at the breakfast table Dorothy appeared pale but resolute. She was determined that, cost what it may, "Tom" must die. That would be the easiest way out of it all. If she attempted to invent a broken engagement it would necessitate endless explanations; but in this way she would be surrounded with a halo of sentiment as a heroine of a blighted romance. She felt that she could carry off the situation unless Aunt Dolly came to visit her.

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(OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.)

Report of the condition of Farmers' State Bank located at Genoa, State of Illinois before the commencement of business on the 5th day of February, 1913, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois pursuant to law.

RESOURCES

Table with 2 columns: Resource Name and Amount. Includes Loans on real estate, Loans on collateral security, Other loans and discounts, Overdrafts, Investments, Miscellaneous Resources, Due From Banks, Cash on Hand, Other Cash Resources, and Total Resources.

I, Flora Buck, Cashier of the Farmers' State Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, County of DeKalb. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of February, 1913. GEO. W. BUCK, Notary Public.

PILE! PILE! PILE! WILLIAMS' INDIAN PILE OINTMENT. Will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, always itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief.

GENOA CAMP NO. 163 M. W. A. Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Visiting neighbors welcome.

SAW DENTIST A. D. HADSALL. X cut saws 10c per lineal foot. Hand and Buck saws, price according to condition of saw.

GENOA LODGE NO. 288 A. F. & A. M. Meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

GENOA LODGE No. 768 I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening in Odd Fellow Hall.

C. A. Patterson DENTIST. Hours: 8:30 to 12:00 a. m. 1:00 to 5:00 p. m.

Dr. J. W. Ovitz Physician and Surgeon. Office over Cohoon's Store. Hours: 10:00 to 12:00 a. m. 2:00 to 4:30 p. m.

J. D. Corson D. V. M. Veterinarian. Office and Hospital Stott and Main Sts. Phone 181.

EVALINE LODGE No. 344. Meet 4th Tuesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

Our Query and Reply Department

What is a Sabbath Day's Journey?—About one mile. What is the Meaning of Gerrymander?—It means the geographical apportionment of districts to give preponderance to one political party.

Who was John Rennie?—He was an eminent engineer, the son of a farmer, and born 1761. His greatest achievement was the building of the famous London Bridge across the Thames, and which was opened in 1831.

What is the Area of Haiti?—The area of Haiti is 10,204 square miles, or about one-third of Indiana. Its population is near 2,000,000.

Real Estate Transfers Fairdale—John W. Emmons wd to Henry Wyllis, lot 8 blk 7 and 2 blk 6, \$3,000.

Sandwich—George N. McDonald wd to A. D. Marley, lot 7 blk 6 Joles', \$750.

Genoa—Fred Faltz heirs wd to Cath. Bishop, lot 6 and 7 blk 10. \$1,000.

Genoa—Fred Scherf wd to Woodstock & Sycamore Traction Co., pt ne 1/4 sw 1/4 sec. 19, \$125.

To Write a Letter. The art of letter writing is quite simple if you will take it in all simplicity. All you have to do is to conjure up a vision of the person to whom you are writing.

He Never Drank Any Panther Juice. "A good many years ago," said the Arkansas citizen, who was showing the tourist from the north around the neighborhood, "there was a wildcat distillery up that 'ere rocky holler."

Riley Center Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will John February 8, a boy. All are doing nicely.

Alva Ratfield and Geo. Redpath attended the sale near Harmony Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Brotzman attended the Relief Corps at the home of Mrs. Loomis at Marengo Friday.

Hal Gillette has decided to stay on the farm which he sold last fall, as the farm he recently purchased is rented for this year.

Mrs. Leon Waterman is ill and the doctor thought it best to take her to the hospital at Elgin. Her many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

The church gave a Valentine social at the home of Oscar Anderson last Wednesday which was well attended. The articles left from the bazaar were sold at auction, bringing good prices.

The young peoples' class in the

Distinctive Resorts for Winter Outings

NEW ORLEANS. A city of unusual charm and of great interest to the visitor. Send for illustrated booklet, "New Orleans for the Tourist."

FLORIDA. Via the "Central Route to Florida and Cuba." Solid fast through train, the "Seminole Limited" from Chicago to Jacksonville.

PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICA. Illinois Central to New Orleans, and semi-weekly steamships of the United Fruit Co. to Colon, Panama, and Central American ports.

VIKSBURG, MISS. Contains Vicksburg National Military Park, commemorating the siege and defense of the city. An interesting place to visit en route to New Orleans.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK. Through daily sleeping car from Chicago via the "Hot Springs Limited." Daily, electric lighted through train carrying drawing room sleeping car and chair car to Hot Springs.

TEXAS. Via New Orleans or St. Louis. Through daily sleeping car from Chicago to Dallas, Waco, Austin and San Antonio with connection for Ft. Worth via St. Louis and M. K. & T. Ry.

CALIFORNIA. Through tourist sleeping car to California every Monday from Chicago via New Orleans and the Southern Pacific. The low altitude route. Send for copy of California folder.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL Literature Mentioned, Free for the asking. Tickets, reservations, train time, and specific fares from your station may be had of your local ticket agent.

corner gave a masquerade party at the home of L. E. Mackey Saturday evening. There were many queer costumes.

The Largest Magazine in the World

Today's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50c per year. Five cents per copy at all newsdealers.

Taxes, Taxes, Taxes!

The tax books for Genoa are now open at the Farmers' State Bank every day from 9:00 to 4:00 o'clock except Thursday.

M. D. Bennett, Collector.

EACO WINGED-HORSE FLOUR Highest Grade in the World. Those who have used it are confident that the above statement is true. It gives the best results, because it is the best. It's in a class by itself. Your Money Back if it is not as represented. IRA W. DOUGLASS PHONENO. 67

We are now in position to receive orders for all kinds of Hard Coal JACKMAN & SON Phone 57. Been Selling Good Coal Since 1875

F. HALL DUNDEE COMPANY ILLINOIS The Clearing Sale. Examine the goods, test them in any way you choose, but convince yourself that they are what we claim - real bargain values.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE

Chase & Bauer Pianos The Queen Player Piano

J. H. HOLMQUIST Jeweler and Optician SYCAMORE, ILL.

Players can be Installed in any Piano

# EASTER IS EARLY THIS YEAR

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER THAT NEW SPRING SUIT

Making clothes for men has been my business for many years, that my work has given satisfaction and that my guarantee is good is evidenced by the fact that those years have been spent right here in Genoa, fitting some of the men of Genoa dozens and dozens of times with absolute satisfaction. Then is the reason why men come back to me. I guarantee a perfect fit and goods to be exactly as represented. The spring and summer samples are now in for your inspection. There are hundreds of patterns to select from at prices ranging from \$13.50 to \$40.00, and you need not spend \$40.00 to get a good suit either. You can have a suit made to order here just as one taken from the rack ready-made and rest assured of a fit. No ready-made suit can fit perfectly for no two men are built just alike. Call and see the samples now before the rush of spring work.

**F. O. HOLTGREN - Genoa, Ill.**

CARMICHAEL'S MOTTO:

"Absolutely Pure Drugs"

## Farmers

Does Your Employee Take a Drink of WATER

David Ross, Secretary of the State bureau of labor statistics, ruled, on Feb. 13th., that an employer under the Compensation Act is liable for sickness caused by Workman drinking contaminated water at place of and during their occupation.

FOR PARTICULARS  
**ASK**

Lee W. Miller, Genoa

The day?—Next Thursday.  
The hour?—10:30 a. m.  
The place?—South of Marengo. Bates & Lackland's big farm sale.  
G. W. Sowers was over from Elgin Tuesday.  
Miss Irene Durham is spending the week in Chicago.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Keating visited in Spring Valley and LaSalle last week.  
Mrs. T. B. Haines and Miss Genevieve Baldwin were out from Chicago over Sunday.  
A. L. Crawford of Chicago was here last Friday evening to attend the H. A. G. T. Club dance.  
The highest bidder gets it. Everything goes at the big farm and livestock sale of Bates & Lackland next Thursday.  
Jas. Hutchison, Jr. and R. B. Field are in Freeport this week where they will attend the Masonic school of instruction.  
Emil, the seven year old son of the late Fred Sell, who has been in the orphans home at Addison, will be taken to the home for feeble minded children at Watertown, Wis.  
For sale, 20 barred rock roosters at \$1.50 each, also pen of black orpingtons which won first prize at Sycamore mid-winter fair will be sold cheap.  
Frank Stanley. \*

Miss Lane of Rockford was a guest of Miss Linda Patterson this week.  
Mrs. W. A. Geithman and younger son visited in Hampshire Wednesday.  
Garfield Pierce is attending a Masonic School of Instruction at Freeport this week.  
Robert Driver is recovering at Sherman Hospital in Elgin from a recent operation for rupture.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Crawford entertained the latter's brother and other relatives from DeKalb over Sunday.  
Miss Maude Tuthill of Elgin and Miss Bess Bidwell were Sunday guests at the home of their uncle, A. V. Pierce.  
W. E. Miller, who has been employed in the shipping room at the telephone factory for two years, will soon move onto the farm west of Genoa recently vacated by Ellis Cooper.  
Roe Bennet was assisted in celebrating his birthday anniversary on Monday evening when a host of friends called to spend the evening. It was an enjoyable event, cards and other sources of amusement causing the hours to pass pleasantly. The guests arrived laden with plenty of good things to eat and an excellent lunch was the result.

Harnesses oiled at E. H. Cohoon & Co's.  
Mrs. A. G. Stewart was a Chicago visitor last Saturday.  
Miss Belle Taylor of Washington is here visiting friends and relatives.  
John Young, the baker, transacted business in Chicago the first of the week.  
F. S. Abraham of Chicago was out Saturday and Sunday, a guest at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Abraham.  
Don't wait until you want to begin spring work before you bring your harness to E. H. Cohoon & Co. to be oiled.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Hutchison of St. Charles were Sunday guests at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hutchison, Sr.  
Wanted—a good home for a baby girl, 11 months old. Address the Republican-Journal office or Box 116, Genoa, Ill. \*

For sale—3 full blood Chester White Boars, large enough for service. Cheap if taken soon.  
M. J. Corson.  
Colvin Brown, Harvey King, F. Pease and Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sowers of Elgin attended the dance here last Friday evening.  
Wanted—two or three furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Young couple, no children. Permanent address E. 3, care Republican-Journal.  
Geo. W. Smith, manager of the opera house at Fisher, Ill., says: "Played J. L. Percy's new 'East Lynne' February 4, to good business. It was without a doubt the finest acting company that ever played my house. Charlotte Leighty held our audience spell bound with her fine acting. Mr. Percy can have a return date any time he wants it." At Genoa Opera House February 27.  
The dance given by the H. A. G. T. Club last Friday evening was attended by a big crowd of invited guests, all having been invited also to leave their pocket books at home. The ladies entertained at their own expense as a token of appreciation for the patronage given their parties in the past. The opera house was tastefully decorated in keeping with the day, St. Valentines.

Miss Mary Prain spent Sunday with relatives in Elgin.  
Bring your harnesses to E. H. Cohoon & Co. to be oiled.  
L. W. Miller transacted business in Chicago Monday.  
John Hadsall was a business visitor in the windy city Monday.  
Mesdames Chas. Corson and Howard Renn were Elgin visitors last Friday.  
Miss Maude Tuthill of Elgin spent the week end at the home of Dr. Patterson.  
Edgar Baldwin of Addison spent the latter part of the week with his mother.

Miss Lina Lord visited with friends and relatives at Elgin the fore part of the week.  
For sale, quantity of extra large oak fence posts, at 10 to 15c each. Inquire of John Pratt, Genoa, 22-t.  
Mrs. E. H. Browne went to Shabbona Saturday for a week's visit with her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Kirby.  
Section Foreman Yagel, who has been located in Genoa, for sometime with the Illinois Central, will move to Freeport this week.

Don't leave carcasses of animals lying around or carelessly bury them, for this invites dogs and crows, and they spread disease. Call J. Kunzler at the rendering plant or at his residence and he will properly remove them. Notice, however, must be given immediately on death of the animal and hide must be left on. Residence phone H. Wiedeman, No. 351. We pay telephone charges. 13-tf

Elmer Hawkins, manager of the opera house at Mahonet, Ill., says: Played Percy's "East Lynne" February 5 to good business, one of the strongest companies that have ever played my house. Charlotte Leighty, the star, is an actress of more than ordinary ability and made a lasting impression on our people. They can come back at any time." At Genoa Opera House February 27.

Why Not Buy MISSISSIPPI LANDS?—We have a fine climate, good people, an excellent school system, good churches and a fertile soil which produces two crops a year. We can sell this land for from five to thirty dollars per acre and it will double and treble in value during the next three years. We can satisfy the investor or the man who is looking for a home. Write the Southern Land & Investment Co., Hazlehurst, Miss.  
Henry F. Stout, Sales Manager.  
Geo. Beers will move back to Genoa this spring and occupy his residence on Genoa street. Henry Smith, who is now occupying the Beers residence, will move in with Elias Hoag, on East Main street.

Something at the M. E. church on the 28th. Watch for particulars.  
Fred Johnson of Sycamore called on his father, A. P. Johnson, Sunday.  
Mrs. Andrew Johnson, Elna and Lettie Lord were Elgin visitors last Wednesday.  
Mrs. Geo. E. Sisley of Chicago is a guest at the home of her brother, C. D. Schoonmaker.  
Mrs. Sumner is seriously ill at home of her son, Horace, at Graylin, Colo. The girls have been called to her bed side.  
Dr. Barber, Optician, will be in Genoa at the office of Dr. Ovitiz Wednesday, Feb. 26, and every alternate Wednesday thereafter.

Don't forget, Young's Home Bakery is the place to get good things to eat. Strict attention paid to children. 32-tf  
Seward & Driver are fully equipped to drill your well, repair wells and do any work along that line on short notice. Phone No. Rural 906-11. 13-tf

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Wightman and son, Walter, of Charlevoix, Mich., were visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Emma Lord, over Sunday.  
Mrs. Wm. Watson attended the celebration of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ashelford at Sycamore Monday. The latter is a sister of Mrs. Watson.

Several of the office and sales force of Cracraft, Leich Electric Co are in Chicago this week at tending the telephone convention at the LaSalle Hotel. The company has an elaborate exhibit of switchboards and telephones.  
Miss Zada Corson was out from Chicago over Sunday. Miss Corson is just recovering from the effects of a broken ankle sustained some five weeks ago. The turning of the foot while walking caused the fracture.

H. J. Merritt has secured the contract for erecting a residence for Richard Merriman who resides north of Genoa. The building is to be 28x36 feet, with 18 ft. posts.  
Appropriate services for Lent at the German Lutheran church next Sunday. Choir practice at 7:30 p. m. J. Molthan, pastor.

Ed. Pierce is ill.  
Only one dollar oils a set of harness at E. H. Cohoon & Co's.  
Miss Marion Brown was absent from school last week because of sickness.  
Mrs. G. J. Patterson will return Friday after a visit of several months with her parents at Linville, Ia.  
Miss Florence Lord came out from Chicago Wednesday to spend her two months vacation with her mother and friends.  
Roy Holemeak and two children, who have been visiting his mother in this city, returned to their home in Casey, Ia., this week.

Mass will be celebrated next Sunday at 9:15 at Genoa instead of 9:30 as heretofore; and at 11:00 o'clock at Kirkland. Evening devotion at 7:30.  
Those from out of town to attend the funeral of Dr. E. A. Robinson were Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Robinson and daughter, Ilene, of Rockford; Miss Hazel Robinson of Chicago and Dr. J. Robinson, a brother of the deceased, of Plattsburg, N. Y.

A small blaze in the roof at the Vincent home called out the fire department last Thursday afternoon. A hole was burned in the roof but no damage resulted. Sparks from the chimney ignited a bunch of leaves which had lodged in an angle of the roof.  
Charles F. Sager, who recently lost his left hand and suffered other injuries in a dynamite cap explosion, was out on the street Wednesday evening telling the boys how it happened and how thankful he is that he is able to tell the story.

Does it pay to advertise? Ask Oberg. He advertised flour for sale last week at a reduction in price. He sold every sack that had been placed on sale and was compelled to sell some from the new car which had been recently received. It always pays to advertise if you give it to the people straight.

Card of Thanks  
Mrs. E. A. Robinson desires to thank the Masonic lodge and friends for their kind sympathy and assistance after the death of her husband, Dr. E. A. Robinson.

Counsel of Despair.  
"I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle," said the bride, on her first trip to market. "Yes, ma'am," replied the butcher. "I would suggest that you take an egg." —Youth's Companion.



The Baking Question Solved

—solved once for all by Calumet. For daily use in millions of kitchens has proved that Calumet is highest not only in quality but in leavening power as well—unfailing in results—pure to the extreme—and wonderfully economical in use. Ask your grocer. And try Calumet next bake day.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS  
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, March, France, 1912.



You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

See that Smile

It comes from perfect satisfaction with the cigar. You'll be delighted, too, with that sweet-flavored

"Mild Single Binder" 5c Cigar

FRED ZWIGER, Mfg., Genoa



ISABELLA'S DESCENDANTS.

The discovery is attributed to President David Starr Jordan of Stanford university that almost any American of distinction can trace his descent to a common ancestor, one Isabella de Vermandois, duchess of Warren, who lived in the twelfth century.

A Chicago woman has a just grievance. She had just hired a taxicab when the police jumped in and made the driver pursue a party of automobile bandits who had just robbed a jewelry store.

The perfect cat has also been found. The ideal cat won the first prize at the show of the National Cat club at the Crystal Palace, London.

The boy who was found adrift on the Caribbean sea, clinging to a cocconut palm tree from which he had picked a nut and secured nourishment that sustained his vitality until rescued by a passing steamer, was blown off the island of Jamaica by a hurricane.

A Yale professor declares that collegemen, as a rule, drink too much. He holds the view that a university should rise superior to the vices of the community about it, and set a better example.

Vienna furnishes a suicide pact that outranks all others at present. Three youths in love with a young girl threatened to commit suicide on her account.

It is sufficient comment on that scientific discovery that a large number of the leading men of this country are descended from the Countess Isabella de Vermandois of the eleventh century, that not counting intermarriages they had about a billion other ancestors, which is presumably more people than there were in the world then.

MADERO'S REGIME SUCGUMBS TO THE VICTORIOUS DIAZ

Mexican Executive and His Entire Cabinet Prisoners in the National Palace.

HUERTA HEAD OF STATE

Federal General Is Made the Provisional President of Mexico With Approval of Rebel Leader.

BLANQUET MAKE THE ARREST

More Than 2,000 Men Have Been Killed During the Week and Between 8,000 and 10,000, Mostly Non-Combatants, Were Wounded—Mexican Chief, Broken in Spirit, Takes Downfall to Heart.

Mexico City, Feb. 19.—The Madero government has fallen and the president and his cabinet are prisoners in the National Palace.

General Blanquet, on entering the capital with his men, went at once to the capitol, where he placed President Madero and his cabinet under arrest.

Gustavo Madero, the president's brother, and General Delgado, the federal commander, have been arrested by cadets.

People Wild With Excitement. The populace is wild with excitement. The inhabitants, always ready by reason of their volatile temperament to go from frolic to fight, are surging through the streets crying: "Viva Diaz" and "Viva Huerta!"

All the horrors of the past ten days apparently have been forgotten in the exultance over the advent of a new fool. A city torn by shot and shell is en fête. The streets are being cleared of the dead by rollicking crowds of merry-makers.

More than 2,000 men have been killed during the week, and between 8,000 and 10,000, mostly non-combatants, were wounded.

Madero Broken in Spirit. Madero, at the time of his arrest, was broken in spirit and could no longer make optimistic statements in the face of an inevitable fate.

After six hours of fighting General Huerta made an attempt to communicate with Diaz and his actions precipitated a sharp battle, in which the rebels dealt out a terrific fire of small arms.

Shortly after four o'clock the order to cease firing brought the battle to a close.

Generals Reach Agreement. General Blanquet had been at the national palace since he led his followers into the city, reaffirmed his loyalty to Madero and listened to a patriotic speech by Huerta in front of the palace.

Although Huerta failed to personally communicate with Diaz, his emissaries succeeded in arranging a meeting with representatives of the rebel leader and the coun d'etat was then decided upon.

Madero's Plan Rejected. Madero earlier in the day had offered to force his cabinet and the vice-president to resign, he to retain the presidency.

Up to nearly nine o'clock, however, the silence remained unbroken. Shortly before ten o'clock the rebel artillery resumed activity, firing intermittently in the direction of the palace.

The fighting became particularly vicious in the vicinity of the American embassy and several bullets penetrated the embassy walls, doing slight damage.

The announcement came late in the afternoon that President Madero had agreed to the appointment of a president ad interim, and caused widespread rejoicing.

MISS LILLIAN GRONNA



Senator Asie J. Gronna of North Dakota and Mrs. Gronna have announced the engagement of their daughter, Lillian, to Dr. Oscar Neuman Begtrup, also of North Dakota.

ROOT'S PLAN TO REPEAL FREE TOLL CLAUSE LOSES

Senate Committee Rejects Proposed Amendment to Panama Canal Provision.

Washington, Feb. 18.—Senator Root's proposed amendment to the Panama canal law to repeal the provision giving free passage to American coastwise ships was rejected by the senate committee on interoceanic canals.

The decision of the committee, it is believed, will prevent action in the senate at this session. No report will be made and there will be no opportunity to put in a minority finding.

Some senators who voted to table the proposal, declared they did so because they believed the toll question was too important to be disposed of in the short time available for debate in the present congress.

The senate judiciary committee reported the bill incorporating the Rockefeller Foundation without amendment.

The senate campaign fund investigating committee decided to send a commission to Franklin, Pa., to take the testimony of former Representative Joseph C. Sibley, whose letters figured conspicuously in the Standard Oil correspondence brought before the committee.

The sundry civil appropriation bill, one of the largest annual budget providing for the odds and ends expenditure of the government, was reported to the house by Chairman Fitzgerald of the appropriation committee.

The bill carries \$113,151,614.64, of which \$14,000,000 is for public buildings on contracts already authorized, \$12,000,000 for river and harbor improvements already authorized, \$4,000,000 for fortifying the Panama canal.

The measures carried about \$25,000,000 less than the estimates submitted and approximately \$5,000,000 less than the sundry civil bill for the current fiscal year.

J. P. MORGAN MUCH BETTER

Financier Ill During Travels Has Improved Greatly, Says Dispatch From Cairo, Egypt.

Cairo, Egypt, Feb. 18.—J. Pierpont Morgan, who had been suffering from indigestion both before and since he left the United States, has improved greatly in condition since his return trip up the Nile.

This dispatch sets at rest an alarm following a report that Mr. Morgan had been taken suddenly and seriously ill at Cairo, Egypt, as told in a dispatch from Rome to the Exchange Telegraph company.

LILLIAN RUSSELL TAKEN ILL. Mrs. Alexander P. Moore Suffering From Tonsillitis in Her Pittsburgh Apartment.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 17.—It was learned that Lillian Russell, who in private life is Mrs. Alexander P. Moore, wife of the publisher of the Leader, is seriously ill with tonsillitis in the Hotel Schenley here and that she has been for several days confined to her apartment.

FIRE SWEEPS TOWN; 3 DIE

Elk City, Near North Bay, Ont., is Nearly Wiped Out by Flames During Night.

North Bay, Ont., Feb. 17.—Dispatches from Elk City, a near by town of 1,000 population, say that fire during the night nearly wiped out the place and caused three deaths.

STRIKE IS AVERTED

MANAGERS AGREE THAT DEMANDS OF FIREMEN BE SENT TO ARBITRATION.

TWO ARBITRATORS SELECTED

Eastern Roads Announce Willingness to Submit Trouble With Brotherhood to Erdman Act Body—Ask That Hearing Be Public.

New York, Feb. 19.—There will be no strike of 30,000 firemen on the eastern railroads. The railroads yielded and agreed to arbitrate under the Erdman act the controversy with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers.

Two Arbitrators Are Selected. The firemen selected their representative on the board of arbitrators as soon as the railroads' decision was announced.

Judge Martin A. Knapp of the United States commerce court and G. W. W. Hanger, acting federal commissioner of labor, acting as mediators under the Erdman act, at the firemen's request, conducted the negotiations which resulted in the agreement to arbitrate.

Roads Oppose Erdman Act. Throughout the mediation proceedings the railroad managers bitterly opposed arbitration under the Erdman act, on the ground it was unfair to place so much responsibility on the shoulders of the odd man on the board.

The firemen themselves admit the defects of the Erdman act, and while the present dispute will be settled under the existing law, afterward the firemen's president, W. S. Carter, will meet with the heads of other railway organizations and representatives of the railroads to request congress to amend the law in certain respects.

Asks for Public Hearings. The communication of Elisha Lee, chairman of the conference committee of managers, is addressed to Judge Martin A. Knapp of the United States commerce court and G. W. W. Hanger, acting United States commissioner of labor, who have been acting as mediators in the dispute.

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OPEN BIDS FOR LARGE SHIP

Navy Department Prepares to Award Contract for the Pennsylvania, to Be Largest Fighter Afloat.

Washington, Feb. 19.—Bids for the construction of the new battleship Pennsylvania were opened at the navy department. With her great displacement of 31,400 tons, the Pennsylvania will be the largest and most formidable battleship in any navy.

Washington, Feb. 19.—A strike called in September, 1911, involving 1,100 carmen throughout the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad system, ceased at noon as the result of an order promulgated by M. F. Ryan, president of the International Brotherhood of Railway Carmen.

WORK AT PANAMA RUSHED

Cable Report Shows Increase in the Constructive Portion of Canal Building.

Washington, Feb. 18.—Excavation on the Panama canal during January averaged 100,642 cubic yards a day against 122,632 cubic yards per day in the previous month, says a cable to the canal commission from the chief engineer.

Washington, Feb. 18.—Former Senator Eugene Hale of Maine is reported to be in a critical condition from paralysis, with which he was stricken last week.

FORMER SENATOR HALE ILL

Maine Statesman in Critical Condition From Paralysis—Friends Fear He May Not Recover.

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KANSAS IS FOR WEBB BILL

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 19.—Both houses of the legislature passed resolutions asking President Taft to sign the Webb bill, prohibiting the shipment of intoxicants into "dry" states, which was passed by congress recently.

Two Slain in Georgia. Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 18.—As the result of a general fight in a public road near Estelle, Ga., Calvin Ludler, a farmer, and Frank Moore, a miner, are dead.

ARNOLD SHANKLIN



Arnold Shanklin, American consul general in Mexico City, was forced to abandon his consulate and take refuge in the American embassy.

POINCARÉ INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

Simple Ceremonies Mark Induction into Office of New Chief Executive—Much Enthusiasm.

Paris, France, Feb. 19.—The inauguration of Raymond Poincaré as president of the French republic, for a term of seven years, took place here with simple ceremonies.

Premier Briand shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon called at the private residence of the president-elect. The two then proceeded in a four-horse open carriage, escorted by a regiment of Cuirassiers, through the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the Avenue des Champs Elysees and the Avenue de Marigny to the palace.

In spite of zero weather the streets were lined with people. A school holiday had been proclaimed and most of the children were on hand to cheer and wave handkerchiefs and flags.

As the president-elect's carriage entered the courtyard of the palace a battalion of infantry came to salute, while the trumpeters played a fanfare. M. Fallieres, the retiring president, with Emile Loubet, the only other living ex-president of the French republic, received M. Poincaré on the steps of the palace and walked with him to the reception hall, where M. Fallieres delivered a brief address, at the end of which he transferred the seals of office to M. Poincaré.

BATHTUB TRUST FINES HEAVY

Run From \$1 to \$10,000 on Fourteen Men and Thirteen Companies—Total \$51,007.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 17.—Judge Clarence W. Sessions in federal district court imposed fines ranging from \$1 to \$10,000 on the fourteen individuals and thirteen corporation defendants convicted in the trial of the "bathtub trust" for criminal conspiracy.

The fines totaled \$51,007 and they must be paid on before March 1. In the cases of the individuals, if the fines are not paid before that date a sentence not exceeding six months in the Detroit house of correction will be imposed.

ENDS STRIKE OF 1,100 MEN

Brotherhood President Sends an Order to M., K. & T. Workmen to Return to Posts.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 19.—A strike called in September, 1911, involving 1,100 carmen throughout the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad system, ceased at noon as the result of an order promulgated by M. F. Ryan, president of the International Brotherhood of Railway Carmen.

Washington, Feb. 10.—President Taft's veto of the Burnett-Dillingham immigration bill was overturned in the senate when the bill was repassed, 72 to 18, greatly in excess of the two-thirds vote necessary.

PASS ALIEN BILL OVER VETO

Senate Overrides President Taft on Immigration Measure by a Vote of 72 to 18.

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JOAQUIN MILLER IS DEAD

"The Poet of the Sierras," Succumbs at His Home Near Oakland, California.

Oakland, Cal., Feb. 18.—Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," died at his home, the Heights, near Oakland.

TRUST MEN JAILED

TWENTY-NINE OFFICIALS OF CASH REGISTER FIRM SENTENCED TO PRISON.

PRESIDENT IS GIVEN ONE YEAR

John H. Patterson, Head of National, Also Fined \$5,000—Officers of Combine Convicted in Cincinnati Federal Court of Violation of Law.

Cincinnati, Feb. 18.—John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register company, who, with 28 other officials or former officials of the company, were convicted of criminal violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$5,000 and serve one year in jail.

The 28 other defendants were sentenced to terms ranging from nine months to a year in jail, and to pay the costs.

This is the second time in the long record of prosecutions under the Sherman law that sentences of imprisonment have been imposed for violation of the act.

One of the defendants was given three months in jail, while three others were sentenced to nine months, and the rest to one year.

Three Months for Secretary. George Edgerton of Dayton, secretary of the company, was given the lightest sentence, three months.

William Bippus, treasurer; Alfred A. Thomas of Dayton and Jonathan B. Hayward of New York were given nine months in jail. The following were sentenced to one year.

Edward A. Deeds, Dayton, vice-president. William H. Muzzy, Dayton. William Pfum, Dayton.

Robert Patterson, director. Thomas Watson, sales manager. Joseph E. Rogers, assistant sales manager.

Alexander C. Harned, salesman. Frederick S. High, district manager, Boston.

Pliney Eves, district manager, San Francisco. Arthur A. Wentz, Columbus.

George E. Morgan, Dayton. Charles T. Walmsley, Elizabeth, N. J. Walter Cool, Denver.

Myer N. Jacobs, Pittsburgh. Mont L. Lasley, Detroit. Earl B. Wilson, Los Angeles.

Alexander W. Sinclair, New York. John J. Range, Washington. M. G. T. Keith, New York.

William Cummings, Brooklyn. J. C. Laird, Toronto.

W. C. Howe, San Francisco. E. H. Epperson, Minneapolis.

Motion for New Trial Denied. Before passing sentence Judge Holister denied the motion of the defendants for a new trial, and declared that the defense had submitted no new evidence, and he had come to the conclusion that the verdict had been upheld by the evidence.

The bond of President Patterson was increased to \$10,000, the sureties of the other defendants remaining the same.

NEW ARMY PLAN IN EFFECT

Reorganization is Complete With the Central Bureau in Chicago and Others in Three Cities.

Washington, Feb. 17.—The army reorganization plan, which has engaged the attention of the officials of the war department and the general staff for nearly a year, was put into effect.

Some of the changes brought about by the reorganization are of a most momentous character. The territorial organization heretofore existing is discontinued and for military purposes the territory of the United States is organized into four geographical departments, Hawaii and the Philippines constituting two more.

The departments are to be known as eastern, central, western and southern departments, with headquarters respectively at Governors Island, Chicago, San Francisco and San Antonio.

PASS ALIEN BILL OVER VETO

Senate Overrides President Taft on Immigration Measure by a Vote of 72 to 18.

Washington, Feb. 10.—President Taft's veto of the Burnett-Dillingham immigration bill was overturned in the senate when the bill was repassed, 72 to 18, greatly in excess of the two-thirds vote necessary.

An attempt will be made to repass the bill in the house.

President Taft vetoed the measure because it requires an educational test of all foreigners seeking to enter the United States.

Senator Dillingham, one of the authors of the bill, attacked Secretary Nagel for condemning the literacy test.

JOAQUIN MILLER IS DEAD

"The Poet of the Sierras," Succumbs at His Home Near Oakland, California.

Oakland, Cal., Feb. 18.—Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," died at his home, the Heights, near Oakland.

Cincinnati's Heine Miller, the real name of the author, was born in the Wabash district of Indiana, November 10, 1841, and removed with his parents to Oregon in 1850.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—45 to 50-cent tin 30 cts., 90 to 100-cup tin 50 cts.

HOW MRS. BROWN SUFFERED

During Change of Life—How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her a Well Woman.

Iola, Kansas.—"During the Change of Life I was sick for two years. Before I took your medicine I could not bear the weight of my clothes and was bloated very badly.

I doctored with three doctors but they did me no good. They said nature must have its way. My sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I purchased a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. I continued taking it until I had taken twelve bottles. Now I am stronger than I have been for years and can do all my work, even the washing. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I cannot praise it enough. If more women would take your medicine there would be more healthy women. You may use this letter for the good of others."—Mrs. D. H. Brown, 809 N. Walnut St., Iola, Kan.

Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

WILLING TO TRY.

Mrs. Youngwidow—No one can ever take the place of my dear dead husband. George—Why-er-er-I was going to suggest that I take his place.

Similar Position.

Little Robert was much interested in the picture of a stork which he saw in a magazine. "Say, mamma," he asked, "what has become of the bird's other leg?"

"It has raised it up among its feathers," replied the mother. "That's funny," the boy observed. "I thought it was trying to clean its shoe on its stocking like sister Ethel does."

AS TO FLAVOUR. Found Her Favorite Again.

A bright young lady tells how she came to be acutely sensitive as to the taste of coffee:

"My health had been very poor for several years," she says. "I loved coffee and drank it for breakfast, but only learned by accident, as it were, that it was the cause of the constant, dreadful headaches from which I suffered every day, and of the nervousness that drove sleep from my pillow and so deranged my stomach that everything I ate gave me acute pain. (Tea is just as injurious, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)"

"My condition finally got so serious that I was advised by my doctor to go to a hospital. There they gave me what I supposed was coffee, and I thought it was the best I ever drank, but I have since learned it was Postum. I gained rapidly and came home in four weeks.

"Somewhat the coffee we used at home didn't taste right when I got back. I tried various kinds, but none tasted as good as that I drank in the hospital, and all brought back the dreadful headaches and the 'sick-all-over' feeling.

"One day I got a package of Postum, and the first taste of it I took, I said 'that's the good coffee we had in the hospital.' I have drank it ever since, and eat Grape-Nuts for my breakfast. I have no more headaches, and feel better than I have for years."

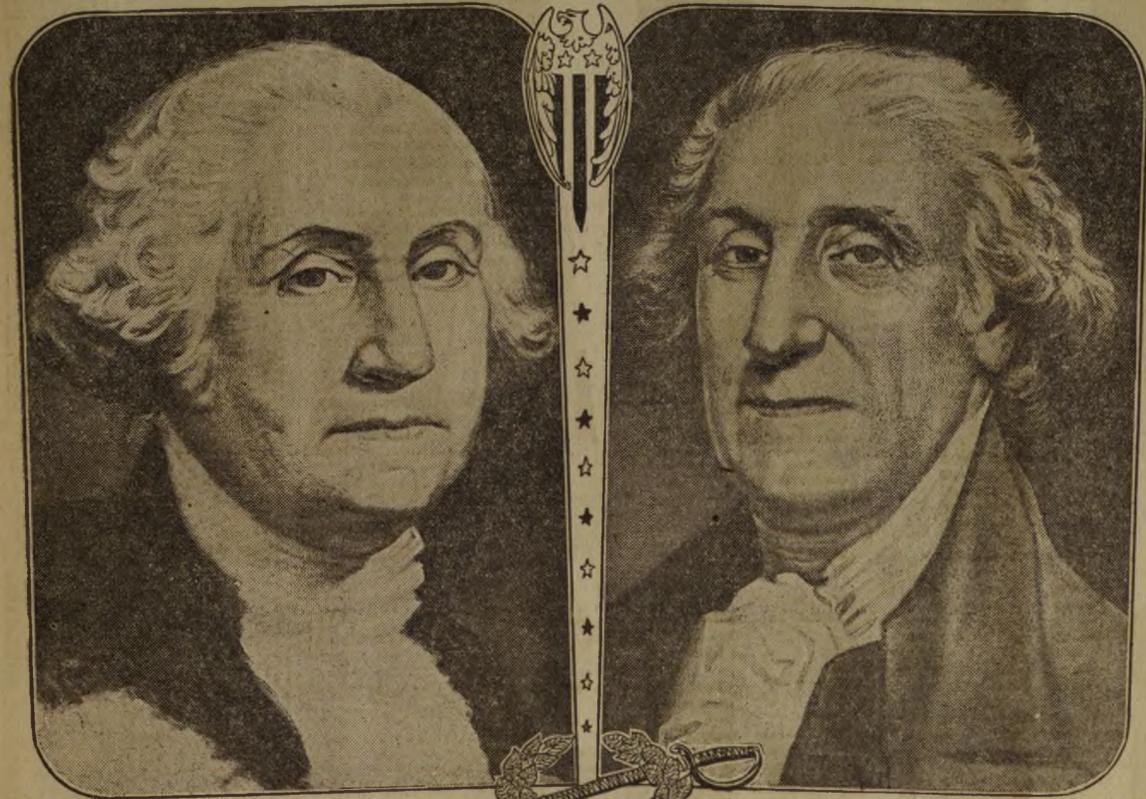
Name given upon request. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pigtails. "There's a Reason."

Postum, now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—45 to 50-cent tin 30 cts., 90 to 100-cup tin 50 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.—Adv.

# TWO GEORGE WASHINGTONS



STUART PICTURE OF WASHINGTON

MRS. WASHINGTON'S FAVORITE PICTURE

HOW many people would recognize George Washington if they met him face to face and modernly dressed on a city street?

How many school children, coming directly from the exercises celebrating the birthday of the father of our country, would recognize the immortal Washington if he stood on the schoolhouse steps and gave them greeting as they went out?

"Every one," answers the public. "Not one," say experts in Washington.

The public, secure in its knowledge of the portraits accepted as portraying the features of Washington, is confident that it knows Washington too well to make any mistake. The historians, knowing of what the public is ignorant, calmly aver that not one American patriot in a thousand knows what the first president looked like in life. For the accepted picture of Washington, the famous Stuart portrait which has been handed down through the generations as being a lifelike representation of Washington lineaments, which has been reproduced hundreds of times, and from which Americans have learned to know, or think they know, what he looked like, has been exposed and held up to criticism and branded as everything but a resemblance of George Washington.

The public, which for 110 years has looked upon this face depicted in books, magazines, on flags, everywhere that the face of the father of the country has been reproduced, never has seen a faithful representation of what Washington looked like in the flesh. Trusting little school children, gazing upon the classic countenance on the schoolroom wall, have been basely deceived. Washington did not look like that, or anything near it, it is said.

This picture, say the researchers, is far removed from the true Washington. The public, they say, doesn't know the father of the country and wouldn't recognize him if they met him face to face on the street.

The how and the why of this startling announcement comes through the disclosure of a real Washington, a portrait quite different from the accepted one. This portrait, painted by the great Washington painter, Stuart, in 1795, is declared to be the one that shows the man as he really was, depicting his features and characteristics with the sternest fidelity and truthfulness, and making a likeness so true that it should have been handed down through the ages as a record of what Washington looked like. It was accepted as such by Mrs. George Washington and by the entire household at Mount Vernon.

Surely, say the historians, his own wife and family ought to know what Washington looked like! But this portrait, the "true Washington," is not the one that the public has been led to believe is George Washington.

The commonly accepted portrait, the one which hangs in duplicate on the walls of every schoolroom in the land, and which Americans confidently point out as a picture of the father of their country, is quite another picture. It also was painted by Stuart, in 1796, but the magic bond that had made the painter and subject at ease with each other was gone, and Stuart turned from his work in disgust, declaring that the picture lacked the animation that characterized Washington, and was never completed.

Yet this is the picture which has been accepted as absolutely correct. Mrs. Washington didn't like it; but the public and Washington's old soldiers liked it. It was their idea of what they wanted their hero to look like. Hence its rapid growth into popularity, and the practical eclipse of the other portrait, declared to be the true Washington.

Stuart, it is well known, made three great attempts to transfer the being of Washington to canvas. The first was, so the painter declared, a failure, because the confidence necessary between subject and artist was lacking. The second was a success. Stuart learned that he could get his famous sitter interested in "talking horse," and so he painted him as he really was. The third attempt resulted in the conventional "household Washington." It lacked, said Mrs. Washington, truth. It lacked, said Stuart, the animation characteristic of the general. But it made its way into popularity. Hence, say historians, the public knows not the country's own father.

"Upwards of thirty oil paintings from life by

different artists, a full decimo of statues, and hundreds of pen and shadow pictures are in the collection of Washington faces now scattered throughout the libraries, museums, and private collections of this country," writes Dr. Bernard J. Cigrand, director of the Chicago public library. "Besides these varied originals have been the foundation of many hundreds of famous copies, not counting the nearly 400 different engravings formed from these sketches from life—in all making the largest assortment of likenesses made of any human being and representing the progress of the art of painting and sculpture, as well as engraving, since the year 1772 down to this present day.

"The entire time which he must have spent before the critical eyes of these famous artists, if summed up, would doubtless reach at least a full month, and while his personality has been caught in its great varieties of moods, yet the complex physiognomy has been deduced to five basic faces which are standard as relates to age, character and physical formation.

"The first among these Washington faces is the one produced by Charles Wilson Peale, who at the invitation of Washington called at Mount Vernon and painted the first portrait of the eminent Virginian; this was begun on May 20, 1772, when Washington was 40 years of age. This picture is especially interesting since it is the earliest reproduction of the face and form of Washington. He paid Peale about \$100, and during the remainder of his career Peale painted eight more from life, the dates being 1772, '77, '79, '84, '85, '87, '94, and '95. These studies are practically all recognized as worthy of the artist and the man.

"The war for independence was just ended and the treaty of peace signed when the state of Virginia engaged in the discussion as to how it could best fittingly recognize the public service of Washington, one of its native and loyal sons. After a variety of propositions had been disposed of the legislature finally voted that a statue of him should be erected in his honor.

"Benjamin Harrison was the governor at the time and was personally entrusted by the legislature to execute the wishes of the resolution. He immediately wrote to Franklin and Jefferson, who were in Paris, to engage the best sculptor of all Europe; the governor also called attention to the fact that he had ordered Mr. Peale to make a full-sized painting of the general, and this he would forward as a model for the sculptor. Franklin and Jefferson were not long in selecting the artist. He was a Frenchman by the name of Jean Antoine Houdon.

"When he was informed of the oil painting project he immediately objected, saying that if Virginia wanted a living likeness of Washington he must have his own way as to arriving at the product; that would mean that he must cross the Atlantic, visit with Washington, and carefully model the face from the living, take impressions and casts, and laboring along exact rather than impressional lines. This was quickly agreed to by Franklin and Jefferson, but the terms of the affair were difficult to arrange.

"The short, industrious artist was in no great hurry to leave gay Paris for the wilds of Virginia, and between illness and rush of work it was about one year before he set sail. He perchance came across with Franklin, who, on arriving, wrote a letter of introduction to Washington.

"The Houdon statue has been accepted as the nearest true physical reproduction we possess of the great commander, even Peale and the critical Stuart admit this, and the Virginians never grow tired of what Stuart said: "It is the head of Washington par excellence." Additional testimony of the truthfulness of the Houdon statue dates to 1860 (Feb. 22), when the congressional committee, after diligent and lengthy discussion, accepted it as the standard Washington for busts, medals and coins.

"The military Washington we get in the John Trumbull picture, which has caught the daring and dashing element of the war general. Trumbull did everything with the greatest possible exactness, and every detail in the painting is from life and from nature. The horse and the background are the result of standings and poses and represent a world of detail. When it was completed in 1790 Washington was in New York and the executive mansion was the scene of an interesting pictorial arrangement at the sugges-

tion of Washington. A large delegation of Indian chiefs were visiting him and, anxious to see what they thought of the picture, he had the artist set it in a large room opposite the entrance and so arranged as to give it a panoramic setting. Then he had the artist take the Indians through and, to the amazement of the general, who was unobserved, the Indians believed it to be the real Washington, and only after they were allowed to go forth and examine it did they desist in paying homage to the painting.

"The Trumbull picture is indeed a great production, and while it has always been recognized as the military spirit, strange to say the portrait remained unengraved for nearly a century—the first time it was illustrated in 1883.

"The last picture made from life was the work of the Frenchman, Charles E. Memin. He was the inventor of the physiotrace, by which, through mechanical arrangement, the accurate shape of the head and the outlines of the face were registered, and the artist only supplied the life or human touch. The original is lost, but a good copy remains. It is pronounced a good Washington and is famous because of it being the last likeness."

## YOU WHO HAVE TEMPERAMENT

Make Sure It Isn't Ill Temper, Egotism, or, Worse, Selfishness.

Temperament, as applied to individual peculiarities, was a word not in the old-fashioned family vocabulary. Helen Coale Crew, writing in *Lippincott*, comments:

"Time was—and that not many decades ago—when we all had temperament of one sort or another. I might have a gloomy temperament, you a genial one, our friend a phlegmatic one; and the kindest, simplest soul among us was as temperamental as his nervous and complex brother. Nowadays we apply the word to put a single class of individuals, and the test of temperament seems to be that a man shall always do the unexpected, and shall be extremely difficult to live with. And as in Attic days there were but Greeks and barbarians, today there are but the temperamental and the commonplace.

"Fortunately, an overwhelming proportion of us are commonplace; for no family could, with pride and difficulty, support more than one temperamental member. It is the commonplace who bear the brunt of living, offering themselves as buffers between those favored creatures of temperament and the daily friction of family life. We must needs be tender of them, for it is of them that geniuses are made. 'Be careful of Edward's feelings,' is the constant warning of an anxious mother. 'He has so much temperament and is so sensitive!' And Edward continues to go about with an ill-balanced chip on his shoulder, which his brothers and sisters dare not knock off, though among themselves they are well aware that knocking about is what he needs above all else.

"If every individual of temperament became a full-fledged genius, no amount of forbearance would seem too great a price to pay on the part of the payers. Unfortunately, many fall just enough short of this desired culmination to keep us in doubt all the time. And he who falls short of ripening into the genius he has for years expected to be is likely not to ripen in any direction, but to harden into a disappointed, exacting creature, needing a still larger and more devoted group of buffers to save his tender mental shins.

"At the risk of even losing a few geniuses out of the world, would it not be better to turn over all temperamental children to their commonplace brothers and sisters without reservation? Children are wise creatures, even the dullest of them. Their cruelties are, in the long run, kind. They will replace the aggressive chips upon Edward's shoulder with the burden that belongs there—that of serving as he would be served and enduring as he would be endured. And if, with this fair play all around, he blossoms into a genius, we are only too thankful to rise up and call him blessed!"

Nonplused.  
Host—Mr. Parvenu, will you please take Miss Gumwell out to dinner.

Mr. Parvenu—Certainly, but where? I thought we were going to eat here in the house!—Judge

## ILLINOIS NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

Wire Reports of Happenings From All Parts of the State.

### QUINCY HAS \$150,000 BLAZE

Fire Destroys Property Owned by the Bloomer & Michael Packing Company—Watchman Overcome, Is in Serious Condition.

Quincy.—Fire destroyed the property of the Bloomer & Michael Packing company, entailing a loss of nearly \$150,000. The origin is not known. The loss to the stock is about \$100,000. The concern has been located in Quincy for years and was one of the largest in the middle west. Bernard Baker, a watchman, was overcome and is in a serious condition.

Shawneetown.—Three business houses were destroyed by fire on Main street here, Mathis' general merchandise store, Venters' hotel and Daoust's restaurant and poolroom. The fire started in the Mathis building. The origin of the fire is not known. The estimated loss is \$25,000. G. E. Mathis, largest loser, gives his loss as \$13,000. The Froehlich hotel caught fire and all the fixtures were ruined, but the fire was extinguished. The damage is estimated at \$1,000.

Springfield.—State Auditor of Public Accounts Brady issued his first statement of the condition of the seventy-two state banks in the city of Chicago, which were organized and transacting business February 1, 1913. The last statement issued by Auditor of Public Accounts McCullough was under date of November 27, 1912. Since that time three new state banks at Chicago have been organized and are now doing a banking business. The statement shows that the total capital, surplus contingent fund, and undivided profit on February 5 was \$89,200,922, an increase since the last report of \$2,484,204. The total deposits, including amounts due to banks, was \$524,988,654, an increase of \$17,567,943. There is also an increase of \$22,308,307 in the item of total cash and due from banks, the total amount being \$145,928,717. The percentage of the reserve to deposits (including due to banks), was 27.79.

Springfield.—Official notice on the part of the state of the reign of crime which has been sweeping Chicago was taken in four cases. Three proclamations were issued by Governor Dunne offering rewards of \$200 each for the arrest and conviction of alleged murderers. The rewards are for "Handsome" Jack Koeter, charged with the murder of Mrs. Emma Kraft of Cincinnati at the Saratoga hotel November 14, 1912; the person or persons who murdered J. H. Logue, a diamond broker in the McVicker's theater building December 20, 1912, and for Iaup Hansen and Chrisml Umer, charged with the murder of Owie Abdul, a Syrian, January 6, 1913.

Freeport.—Three hundred Progressives from the Thirteenth congressional district held their first annual banquet here and laid plans for carrying on the work between campaigns. Charles E. Merriam, Chicago, told of the efforts of Progressives to obtain the passage in Illinois of legislation in accordance with principles laid down in the party platform. He urged that there be no back-sliding and no fusion. Mr. Merriam said he is satisfied that the Illinois senatorships were settled at the same time the speakership was settled and that one Democrat and one Republican would be sent to Washington after the people wearied of fruitless balloting.

Peoria.—Eddens J. Darst, millionaire lumberman of Peoria, died from pneumonia. Mr. Darst was born in Peoria 61 years ago. For the last 22 years he had been president of the E. J. Darst & Sons Lumber company.

Champaign.—Louis Koss, a farmer, crawled under a railroad train to make a short cut home and was killed.

Bloomington.—William Peer, veteran employe of the Chicago & Alton shops here and for many years locomotive engineer between Chicago and St. Louis, was killed in the yards attempting to go between cars.

Decatur.—George Brown of Windsor committed suicide by putting his head on the Big Four track as a fast train approached.

Chicago.—Refusal of Mrs. Sadie Kohlers, twenty-five years old, to be married to William Jensen, twenty-two years old, caused him to slash her probably fatally with a razor and then fire a bullet into his head in the woman's home, 5765 South La Salle street. Both were taken unconscious to St. Bernard's hospital.

Elery.—Edward Shippy, while hunting rabbits near here, encountered a gray timber wolf of large size. He succeeded in killing the animal and claimed the bounty of five dollars.

## NEWS NUGGETS FROM ILLINOIS

Springfield.—That Medford Cruickshank was robbed and murdered is the theory of sheriff's deputies, who are trying to solve his mysterious disappearance.

Cruickshank's horse and buggy, bloodstained and indicating murder, arrived at the Cruickshank home, three miles south of Springfield, but with the driver gone. The father, M. G. Cruickshank, immediately gave the alarm.

The theory is that the body of the young man was thrown into an abandoned mine following the robbery and supposed murdered.

Young Cruickshank Thursday night visited his fiancée, Miss Mae Hall, this city, to complete arrangements for their marriage Wednesday, February 26.

The deputies found in the buggy a blood-stained overcoat with pocket turned wrong side out. A wallet was found in the buggy box with Cruickshank's papers scattered around.

Chicago.—M. E. Rubel, 4231 Michigan avenue, fell nineteen floors in an elevator shaft at the McCormick building and was instantly killed. He was twenty-four years old. He had started to leave the car at that floor, and as it lifted he was thrown against the iron grill-work of the shaft, which gave way under his weight. As his body dropped down the shaft it struck iron cross bars at the side of the chute.

Pontiac.—Rev. O. E. Clapp of the Methodist Episcopal church, who has been in charge of the McDowell circuit, near here, many years, has resigned, declaring there is no money to be made in ministerial work. He has purchased 160 acres near Romeo, Mich., to engage in farming. During his ministry his congregations have been composed of wealthy farmers and he seeks to profit by their example.

Anna.—William Wiggins, Sr., eighty-four years old, is dead at his home at Jonesboro. He was the first engineer to take a passenger train out of St. Louis on the Missouri Pacific. He also ran the rescue train following the Gasconade bridge disaster.

East St. Louis.—One woman was killed, another injured and two men struck by bullets in two shooting affairs that occurred at practically the same time. Mrs. Martha Regan was killed after a quarrel with Antone Levora, member of a prominent family.

Murphysboro.—Aeroplane flights by Tony Jannus, the St. Louis aviator, and a parade of automobiles and carriages decorated with flowers are two of the features of the Egyptian Hustlers' carnival, to be held in Murphysboro in June. The Hustlers will have a white suit parade.

Carlo.—The negro population of Charleston, Mo., has taken fright at the warnings several days ago tacked to their doors threatening not only to destroy their homes but inflict personal injury if they do not leave the city within thirty days, and are daily leaving with their worldly possessions. A large number went to Cairo, Sikeston and Poplar Bluff, and they are daily fleeing from Charleston. So far the officers of that place have been unable to find out who put up the placards.

Mount Vernon.—The Mount Vernon District Knights of Pythias convention closed here. The meeting next year will be held in Fairfield.

Virden.—James Gilbert, aged seventy-nine years, one of the oldest residents of this city, died after a lingering illness.

Lena.—A gray fox that had been looting poultry yards in the vicinity of Lena for some time was killed by J. E. Weburn.

Springfield.—Because he refused to appear before the commissioner appointed to take testimony in disbarment proceedings, Lincoln M. Coy, a Chicago attorney, was disbarred by the supreme court. Complaint was made against Coy by the Chicago Bar association.

Sterling.—Five persons were injured when an automobile in which they were riding upset on a country road near here. The victims of the accident, who were rescued by farmers, were: Charles Downer, a traveling master mechanic of the Baldwin Locomotive works, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Bertha Stone, Angora, Me., his private secretary; Mary Squares, Lafayette, Ind.; Ethel Haynes, Chicago, and Fanny Smith, Omaha, stenographers, in his employ.

Belvidere.—The new \$17,500 Carnegie library at Belvidere was dedicated and opened to the public. Ida Public library has been merged with the new library, which will be known, not as the Carnegie, but as the Ida. It was the gift to the city of the late Gen. Allen C. Fuller, in memory of his daughter, Ida Fuller-Hovey.

Champaign.—Urbana rejected the commission form of government by a vote of 550 to 210. The proposition carried only one ward.

## TRUCK GARDENING AND POULTRY RAISING

THESE, AS WELL AS OTHER MIXED FARMING BRANCHES, PAY IN WESTERN CANADA.

Truck gardening and poultry growing are two branches of agriculture in which the farmers near the main lines of the three transcontinental lines traversing Western Canada are much concerned. The abundance of sunshine during the long days from May to September, and adequate moisture in the spring and early summer permit of a wide variety of crops. The soil is rich and warm and is easily worked. Close attention to cultivation has resulted in record yields of all sorts of vegetable and small fruits which bring good prices in the cities and at the numerous railway construction camps.

Mr. Harris Olum, an Alberta farmer, came from South Dakota eleven years ago and homesteaded the first 160 acres in his township in 1902, which was divided between grain and pasture. He earned sufficient money to buy a quarter section of railway land at \$11 an acre. The half section netted proportionate profits and he gradually increased his holdings to 1,920 acres, which was devoted to mixed farming last year. He values his land at \$50 an acre.

Mr. Olum markets from 100 to 125 hogs and a similar number of beef cattle each year. He has 200 hogs, mostly pure bred Poland China, 25 head draft horses and 35 head of pure bred Hereford cattle. By feeding barley to hogs he estimates that the grain nets him 80 cents a bushel, as compared with 40 cents, the average market price when delivered to the warehouse. His average crop of barley is 40 bushels to the acre, while oats average 80 bushels.

By writing any Canadian Government Agent, full particulars as to best districts on which to secure homesteads will be cheerfully given.—Advertisement.

### HOT RETORT.



The Pompous Man—Why, sir, I'm a self-made man.  
The Lean Chap—When are you going to call the strike off and complete the job.

Model Boy Found.  
William Allen White, the Kansas newspaper man, says that the model boy, so long sought by all Sunday school superintendents, has been found. The discovery was made quite by accident by a baseball fan while discussing with a class of ten-year-old boys, in Sunday school, the question of Sunday amusements.

"Now what is there a healthy boy can do on Sunday afternoon?" inquired the fan, blandly, even while his wayward thought dwelt on the fascinating baseball game. "What do you think, Henry?"  
Without blinking an eyelid Henry replied, "Read the Bible and pray."—Hearst's Magazine.

The man who stands on the promise of God lives in the land of promise.

### REAL ESTATE

FLORIDA LANDS Grapefruit, Pecan and other valuable crops. \$10 Cash and \$100 per month per acre. Full information for postal, Terrell Land & Development Co., Dept. N. U., Herdell, (Terrell P. O.), Fla.

### FOR PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS IN WESTERN CANADA

Farm Lands, deal with the owners. We have choice blocks of from two to ten thousand acres of the best in Saskatchewan and Alberta, or we can sell you from 160 acres up of improved or unimproved lands, we either own or control, and all lands will bear closest inspection. Write for particulars to White Land Co., Battleford, Sask.

## ALBERTA

**THE PRICE OF BEEF**

**160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE**

**IS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF CATTLE.**

For years the Province of Alberta (Western Canada) was the Big Ranching Country. Many of these ranches today are immense grain fields and the cattle have given place to the cultivation of wheat, oats, barley and flax. The climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, markets splendid, in either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

There is splendid opportunity now to get a

### Free Homestead

of 160 acres (and another as a pre-emption in the newer districts) and produce either cattle or grain. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, markets splendid, in either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

Send for literature, the latest information, railway rates, etc., to C. J. Brough, 412 Merchants Bldg., Chicago, Ill. or 175 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents, or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

# RENEWAL SERVICES

In the

Genoa Methodist Episcopal Church  
Beginning the First Sunday in March and Continuing through the Month

**FRED L. BUCK. Evangelist**  
of Normal, Ill.

AND

**REV. J. MOON, Chorister**

Revs. Buck and Moon are Able and Successful Men whom You will want to hear

**S**IN is a fact that can not be ignored without ruin to one. It is significant that everywhere religious claims are being ignored to the detriment of all. Petty dishonesty and a growing indifference to Sabbath observance are bearing their legitimate fruit in society. Children need religious parents who will give them good training in the home and not leave it to the momentary work of a Sunday School teacher. A religious mother and an indifferent father will neither make an ideal home nor foster true culture. The only remedy is both parents united in religious conviction of duty.

Mere belief in mortality, however sound, can not prepare one for immortality. Sin makes difficulties regardless of station and privilege in life. The plain experiences of the ages is that Christ alone can conquer sin effectually. What Peter preached in the early church is as true today as then and as efficacious: "Repent ye therefore and be converted, so that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Acts 3:19.

All are welcome to these services without respect to creed, whether Protestant, Catholic, Christian Science, Socialist, Spiritualist or any other believers. All are invited to come.

**W. O. BELLAMY, Pastor**