

# The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

## She Said So, Anyway.

The young man who was endeavoring to win the favor of Bobby's pretty sister met the boy on the street one morning, and greeted him with much cordiality.

"Er—do you think your sister was pleased to know I had called the other day?" he was at last forced to ask bluntly, after several efforts to guide Bobby's conversation in that direction.

"Sure!" said Bobby, with gratifying promptness. "I know she was. I heard her say so."

"When she came home mother said, 'Mr. Brown called while you were out,' and she said, 'He did? Well, I'm glad of that!'"

## PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.

If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back Write to This Man.

G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., in whose kidney suffers to write to him.



To all who enclose postage he will reply telling how Donan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctor and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism.

"Before I used Donan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Rooster Muzzle.

They were like fairy helmets—little wire helmets no bigger than a walnut.

"They are rooster muzzles," said the city farmer, as he led the way past the pea beds on the window sill, the potato field on the porch, and the flourishing mushroom crop under the outhouse.

"Rooster muzzles!"

"Even so. Muzzles not to prevent roosters from biting—for even the gamiest fowl has never been known to snap—but to prevent them from crowing. See here."

They had reached the tiny chicken run. The city farmer caught a rooster and gently slipped a muzzle over its fierce head. "Now," said he, "it can't crow. It can't wake the neighbors with its crows at daybreak. Hence, thanks to this muzzle, it is at last possible to keep chickens in the most crowded city quarters. Harrison Weir invented the rooster muzzle. A rooster to crow, you see, stands erect, flaps his wings, throws back his head, and opens his beak wide. If he can't open his beak no crow can come from his little red throat."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## The Eternal Feminine.

"Clara, dear," the young man began, "taking her little hand in his, 'the last I am in a position to tell you how fondly I—'"

Instantly she jumped to her feet and clasped her hands wildly.

"I got the moth that time?" she said, smiling, as she resumed her seat. "Go ahead, George."—Chicago Tribune.

## Doan's All-Back Pain.

Because some men get over a fence safely with a loaded gun it is not at all wise to assume that they won't examine a mule's heels to settle a bet.

## DIFFERENT HOW.

athletes find better training food. It was formerly the belief that to become strong, athletes must eat plenty of meat.

This is all out of date now, and many trainers feed athletes on the well-known food, Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and barley, but the meat down to a small portion, once a day.

"Three years ago," writes a Michigan man, "having become interested in athletics, I found I would have to stop eating pastry and some other kinds of food."

"I got some Grape-Nuts and was soon eating the food at every meal, for I found that when I went on the track I felt more lively and active."

"Later, I began also to drink Postum in place of coffee and the way I gained weight and strength on this diet was certainly great. On the day of a field meet in June I weighed 124 lbs. On the opening of the football season in Sept. I weighed 140. I attributed my fine condition and good work to the discontinuation of improper food and coffee, and the using of Grape-Nuts and Postum, my principal diet during training season being Grape-Nuts."

"Before I used Grape-Nuts I never felt right in the morning—always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man."—There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being" in place.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of interest.

# A LONELY GIRL

By Mrs. Hungenford

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"I'll tell you," says Everard, who seems amused. "Your Uncle Lucien's sister—an only sister—of my class in her father's will entitled on her marriage to take possession of the family jewels. I have heard it said that they were unique—that their price was fabulous; but at all events there is no doubt about it, that they were some of the best stones in Europe. Of course the old man always thought that with her beauty and position she would marry brilliantly, and so left her the jewels. She, however, elected to marry the miller, O'Connell."

"She ought to have been ashamed of herself," yawns Mrs. Clarence.

"But what an extraordinary arrangement! About the will, I mean," says Grey.

"The absurdest on record. There was, however, a proviso. She was to have the jewels for her life, or until she had a son. There was no mention of a daughter, or else one unknown cousin would be the richest heiress in England to-day. Falling the son, they were to revert to the family again. To Sir Lucien, in fact. He did all he could to make his father change this will, but even after the disastrous marriage the old man would not. She was to have the jewels for her life, or for her son."

"Yes, that was it," says Mrs. Clarence. "I remember it all now quite clearly. And no son was born. Only a girl. Therefore the diamonds—very valuable—should have come to Sir Lucien. But, how was it, Eustace?" to Everard.

"On her death the jewels were not to be had. They were lost; gone. And never a single sign of them since. Isn't that it?"

"A very graphic description. On Mrs. O'Connell's death, demand was made for the jewels, but from that day to this no tidings of them has ever been heard."

"Her husband?"

"O'Connell, they all said, made away with them."

"From all I have heard of," puts in Mrs. Clarence indolently, "I should say Lillian Adams—Mrs. O'Connell—had more to do with the disposing of them than anyone else. Aunt Maria, who knew her very intimately, says she was a vain, intolerably selfish creature, with a capacity for spending money, that was not even to be rivalled."

"Everard in a little low-toned whisper that reaches her ear alone.

"Still a woman, however extravagant inclined, could hardly sell a quantity of valuable stones without a chance of their being traced," says Gilbert Grey.

"What madness to make a will like that!" says Everard. "To give stones of almost untold value into the hands of a girl who was unable to manage even her own life. I don't exactly hanker after Sir Lucien, but I'm sorry he failed in getting his father to change his will. But it seems the old man would not hear of it. He stood firm. The fact is he was not in love with Sir Lucien, and he adored his daughter—perhaps because she was his only one—"

"Oh, no! Because she was dominating—hard, unloving, but very beautiful," says Mrs. Clarence with a cynical shrug of her shoulders.

"There might have been another reason for the old man's obstinacy," says Gilbert Grey. "Everard has hinted at it. We all know he hated his eldest son—Sir Lucien. Have you forgotten it?"

"Yes, I remember it," says Gilbert Grey, who has been so taken up with knotting his nose as to be unable to bear the noble part he usually does in every conversation, whether it concerns him or otherwise, now breaks in solemnly—"We were very fond of him, but I mention it to mention it."

"Yes, I may nod her head, 'that is where his sister, Mrs. O'Connell, used to live.'"

"Where our aunt used to live," corrects her brother, lifting his brows, and smiling a little.

"She only married him to the disgust of all her family," says Mrs. Clarence. "Her father—your grandfather, May—lived here then, and as she was the light of his eyes he forgave her though her brother, Sir Lucien, never did. But her father's forgiveness did her little good, as he died three days after her wedding. Your poor father, you know, died two years before that."

"Yes, I know," says May slowly. She hardly remembers either her father or her mother. Her father had been Sir Lucien's younger brother.

"It was quite a tragedy," murmurs Mrs. Clarence, in a tone that would have suited quite as admirably, if she had said, "It was quite a comedy."

"How she must have felt that," says May in a low tone. "Her father dying so soon after her terrible defiance of all his wishes, his desires—"

"Sir Lucien must be a genius!" remarked Mr. McGrath.

"You are wrong there. He feels something," says Gilbert Grey, who always contradicts, Owen if possible. "He feels the loss of those stones."

"I think he has come here this time because of them," says Everard. "You know that fellow Deane is in the country. He was a nephew of O'Connell's, and after O'Connell's death Sir Lucien took it into his head that Deane knew something of the jewels. He feels certain that they are still intact, hidden somewhere, and the proverbial Deane, as the sole relative of O'Connell, may know something of them."

"Why not the girl, rather?"

"Well, he is divided between suspicion of her and Deane. That's why he hates her."

"What fun it would be to make him receive her and acknowledge her whilst we are here," says Mrs. Clarence, her eyes brightening.

"Oh, no!" May grows a little uncertain. "I daresay, I am sure she is dreadful. Quite a common girl, an impossible person."

"That's where the fun would come in!" declares Mrs. Clarence indignantly. "To catch a wild creature like that, and try to tame her—and with Sir Lucien looking on!" She laughs in her low, soft, somewhat wicked little way.

"Oh, if it came to that, to catch anything, and try to do it good," says Mrs. Clarence, with a look of excitement.

"There would be some excitement," says Mrs. Clarence, "I should call it."

## CHAPTER III.

On this old mill, once fine in its strength and its proportions—now dilapidated and grown grey and wrecked through neglect and age and neglect, the August sun is smiling, lighting up its moss-grown corners, its falling chimneys, and its crumbling walls, that would have crumbled even faster but for the faithful ivy, friend of many years, that still clings to it.

Over there—a little further up the hill, and half hidden by a belt of trees that had been planted between it and the mill—the house may be seen—"O'Connell's House," as it is called by the peasants round. A very ordinary old house, square and bare, and exposed to all the winds of heaven, with sad touches here and there on it, made by time and want of care, and redeemed only entirely from the basest commonplace by a splendid old millioned window on the north side, and the massive oak wood of the doorway. A forbidding looking house, with the remains of an old mill running round it, that once perhaps was full of water, but now is dry and overgrown with rank grass and poisonous weeds. No doubt in the past generation the river that flooded it had been turned into another channel to feed the old mill below, that now in its turn is dry and silent too.

The sun to-day is shining too hotly for the comfort of one person at all events. Captain Adams, who has been out fishing since early dawn, has now, as it draws towards evening, reached the small river Arrigarran, that beginning quite a long way up between the shoulders of the two big hills runs down here straight into the arms of the old mill.

He looks to right and left—but no one comes in sight, and there is not a rising cloud of smoke upon the air to tell of a peasant's cottage. Once again he turns his glance on the old mill that had appeared so homeless a derelict to him at his first glance that he had given it up as a means of communication with his fellow creatures. Who could live there, in that old wind-ridden harem of a place, windowless, almost roofless, a mere splendid ruin appearing its damaged head to the skies—that never care?

His eyes sweep it carelessly, as if knowing nothing is to be got from it, and then all at once grow concentrated on one spot, his gaze resting on a window in the past no doubt had been. Surely there, in the framework of it, someone can be seen. He can hardly be sure, as the sun, so brilliant half an hour ago, has now capriciously retired, giving way to a soft pale grey mist that rising rapidly envelops the spot, and then, as if by magic, pierces the mist for a moment, the sun shines out again, making the figure more prominent—tall, slender, girlish.

"The Maid of the Mill," he tells himself with a smile. "Well, anyway, I suppose that has been my way with or without her blessing!"

He wades through the river, banded so closely and so shallow as to be hardly distinguished by that name any longer, and taking a fence, pulls up presently right under the old mill. He has got beyond the range of the window where the figure stood and the old giant work of the place becomes a blank to him.

"Still she was there," he says to himself, and going farther on, and rounding a corner or two, finds himself in front of a huge opening in the walls; it was once a doorway, though of these doorways he can see that there are many further on, but he stays at the first he comes to, and entering it, runs up a bare tottering staircase that is clinging, as it were, to the wall on his right.

Before going up this rotten treadingway he had noticed distinctly, yet with indifference at the time, the mark of an arrow—a small black arrow painted on the side of the wall by which he had come in—an arrow pointing downwards.

Now he has come to the top of the stairway, and bowing his head beneath an arch that has been built very low, finds himself upon a floor, that once had many a bushel of grain upon it, but is now broken and rotten, a mere trap for unwary feet.

She stands up as he comes in. Once again she looks at him, and in recognition of her beauty, open wide, and the crown of her hair, their clefts, falls upon her. She has turned away from him, and is now looking at him; it is a calm, dignified look, that has no fear in it, and no ill-bred confusion. Erect, beautiful, expectant, she stands, her eyes on his, her head a little forward bent, a book half closed, resting between the fingers of her hand, that has now, in her surprise, been lowered to her side.

"I beg your pardon," says Adams, greatly taken aback at this sudden coming of a gently born girl, where he had expected to find only a young woman of the farming class, who would set him on his right road to Carrig Carran, and that fact is, he's lost my way, and I couldn't see a living soul in sight to make inquiries of, until I caught sight of you in the window."

"She too smiles faintly, and as her lips part he recognizes yet more deeply the charm, the loveliness of her perfect face. "You," with a glance at his fishing boots, "saw me from the river?"

"From down there," pointing through the bare open space where a window once had been, to a turn in the stream below. "Of course, I cannot be sure it was you. I saw—"

"Oh, yes," she nods her head gravely. "I am the only one who ever enters this old mill."

"I feel I've been awfully presumptuous," says Adams. "Coming here disturbing you. But will you be so good as to tell me where I am?"

"You are in the townland of Beannragh, and this is the old mill. O'Connell's Mill, they call it. It belonged to my father. Our house is up there. Her eyes go over his shoulder, and one slender hand points to where, as he turns round, he can see through a broken window a big gable white house, dull and unattractive.

"Your house. You are, then," regarding her closely—"your name is O'Connell?"

"I am an Ap-er O'Connell," returns she gently, yet with growing amazement.

"And I," quickly, "am Hilary Adams."

"Adams?" She lifts her brows. The name, so far as he is concerned, evidently conveys nothing to her.

"Surely," a little hotly, you have heard of it?"

"I am sorry," but, coloring slightly, as if ashamed, "I don't call it."

ed to hurt him, "I really have not. Of course, I know the name. There is ever someone—an old man—Sir Lucien Adams—who I believe used to live in this part of the world, at one time; but he has been in England for years, and—"

"He is not in England now; he is here."

"Here!" All at once her face changes. Her lip curls. Instinctively she draws herself up, and a very pale blue eye and defiance blaze in her dark blue eyes. "At Carrig?" She draws her breath sharply. "And you?" demands she impetuously.

"I am Sir Lucien's nephew, and—I think—your cousin!"

There is a long pause, whilst two frowning eyes gaze into two dark-brown eyes that are full of entreaty. Then—

"Come, I can't help being his nephew," says Adams. With this he frankly holds out his hand to her. But she puts hers behind her back.

"His nephew?"

"But your cousin?"

She sighs quietly, and then—as if the generous nature of her rebels against the thought of anger against a man who, however closely connected with the enemy still has done her no wrong of his own accord—draws one small brown hand from behind her and lays it lightly in his broad palm; with a certain reservation, and a touch of hauteur, however, that sits most charmingly upon her. He takes it, holding it gently, whilst he looks at her. Then lets it go again.

"Yes," she says, "he admits in a very low voice, that he feels not only thrust back but almost discarded."

"Don't say you are sorry about it," "Not about that! No, I am only sorry that we have ever met! Do you think I have not felt—have not suffered from your indifference to me?"

"Mine! My indifference?"

"Oh! it is all the same," she turns away from him, looking out through the window to the river beyond, and yet in such a way that he knows she cannot see the river because her eyes are filled so full of tears, that she fears the overflowing of them. "You are on his side, I am on this."

"I am not on Sir Lucien's side, if you mean that."

"You must be. It is useless to talk about it. There!" she glances kindly at him, kindly but distantly. "Let us make an end of it. We have met today; to-morrow—"

"We shall," eagerly, "meet again."

"Oh, no. We shall probably forget that we have ever met."

"I shall not," with decision. "Where are you going now?" She has made a step towards the stone staircase outside.

"Home." Her manner is cold, almost disagreeable. Perhaps she feels the little touch of discourtesy, because she turns to him, with her foot on the topmost step, and says—

"You want to know the shortest way to Carrig, do you not? Come with me, and I will point it out to you."

He follows her, she going very silently, and silence thus being imposed upon him, he has time to glance round him, but nothing on his way down these dangerous old stairs attracts his attention, until on coming once again to the doorway, his eyes light on the small arrow painted black upon the wall, that had first caught his eye on coming in. A little farther on another arrow can be seen, and both these arrows point downwards.

(To be continued.)



The new law directed against the United Press has been executed by the postmaster general in orders to the postmasters telling them that they are to refuse the mails to all papers which, in their judgment, contain articles which "tend to incite to arson, murder and assassination," and to hold up all papers in foreign languages likely to have objectionable matter, pending examination of a translation of such matter to be furnished by the proprietor of said papers. This order is taken by the Appeal to Reason, the Chicago Socialist, New York Call and other socialist papers to be a challenge to the order with every known weapon. If it shall be applied to them. They say that it is against all precedent to give such discretionary power to every postmaster in the land. The only appeal from the decision of the postmaster will be to the department at Washington.

President Roosevelt's announcement that he will spend most of next year hunting big game in Africa is regarded as an indication that he is not a candidate for Senator Platt's seat. This would leave the way open for former Governor Black, with an opportunity for Mr. Roosevelt on Senator (Spencer's) retirement two years later. Mr. Roosevelt expects to sail early in April, 1909. He will not touch any European port, but go direct to Cairo. The actual hunting plans have not been made, beyond the fact that British East Africa will be the scene. Mr. Roosevelt expects to make a study of African animals, besides killing a few of them. He will tell his experiences and observations in magazine articles and possibly in book form. The trip is expected to last about a year.

The end of the fiscal year found the United States Treasury approximately \$60,000,000 behind the total expenditures of the year, as compared with a surplus of over \$84,000,000 a year ago. This condition is attributed by the department officials to the business depression in the wake of the panic of last fall. The receipts from all sources were \$763,000,000 less than in the preceding fiscal year, while the disbursements were \$818,000,000 larger. The total receipts were \$59,895,763 and the total of expenditures were \$659,551,755. Customs have fallen off about \$46,000,000 and the Internal revenues \$19,000,000. The postal deficit will be nearly \$13,500,000.

Upon the second anniversary of the passage of the pure food law, June 30, the famous "poison squad," or class of food experimenters conducted by Dr. N. W. Wiley, chemist of the Department of Agriculture, was disbanded. During this period nearly every class of foods has been tested scientifically by studying its effect upon these men. A board has been created to pass upon the final decision as to the quality of the food and there are now about 100 criminal cases in the courts. Dr. Wiley says that manufacturers and dealers have generally come to see that it pays better to obey this law as to branding their goods for what they are.

The question which has caused so much controversy between government officials and distillers as to whether or not whisky and neutral spirits are like substances, has been judicially determined by the District of Columbia Court of Appeals which holds that they are not like substances. It also was decided that bourbon whisky can only be made in the State of Kentucky and must be made from a mash, the chief ingredient of which is corn.

The fact that Chairman Payne of the House Committee on Ways and Means, which is to inquire into the subject of tariff revision, does not intend to call his committee together during the recess of Congress is attributed to a desire not to encourage tariff revisionists. Payne declares positively that his committee will not be called together.

After a conference between Secretary of Commerce Labor Straus, Immigration Commissioner Sergeant and the immigration officials of Boston, Montreal, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore at New York, it was announced that hereafter the rules for the exclusion of persons because of disease will be uniform.

The president has proclaimed the reservation of strips of land along the Canadian border, 30 feet wide, for the better enforcement of the customs and immigration laws. This applies only to unappropriated lands.

In a letter to Commander Hutch L. Cone of the torpedo flotilla, which made the voyage from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, President Roosevelt says that if he could draw any distinction between the work of the battleship crews and the men of the destroyers it would be in favor of the latter. He adds that the voyage of the destroyers is even a more notable feat and he would like to thank every member of the crews personally.

Secretary Root's summer program includes another course at Muldoon's, where he got so much help physically a year ago. Mr. Root is sure to remain in office, apparently, until the end of this administration.

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## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Professor Wassermann of Berlin, has succeeded in finding a serum which cures pneumonia poisoning.

With his serum therapy Professor Chantemesse, of Paris, claims that he has in 1,000 cases of typhoid fever reduced the usual mortality of 17 per cent to only 4.7 per cent.

At the meeting of the Plomesgate board of guardians the clerk reported the death of George Smith, who, he stated, had been an inmate of the workhouse for more than seventy years.—London Standard.

Every foreign observer believes that the grand struggle between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots," which is to mark this century, will be fought out first of all upon American soil.—London Spectator.

Mrs. Tiny La Roux, a Boston girl, claims to be the first woman in the world to ride and propel an airship, which is her own property. Her balloon ascensions are well known to New England people, who have pronounced them most successful. She is a little woman, weighing less than 120 pounds.

R. F. Wilson, of Baggs, Colo., will file on a piece of ground on which is now located the Baggs cemetery. The land belongs to the government. Wilson will, as soon as he acquires title to the land, turn it over to the city. This will be the first time on record, it is said, where a man homesteaded a graveyard.

Abraham Schaeffer, who resides near Elizabethtown, Pa., made a vow in 1836 that if James Buchanan should be elected President he would never part with his mustache. Mr. Schaeffer was at that time in Baltimore. As Buchanan was elected, the West-Indian man has not had a bare upper lip in the last fifty-two years.

I am more than confirmed in the impression I always get when I visit Germany—the impression that the drill-sergeant pursues the German citizen from the army to all departments of life; that the nation remains a well watched, well drilled and very docile army inside invisible barracks and submitting to iron discipline all the moments of its life.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Robert Sewell, of Stillman, a Cree Indian, is one of the most widely traveled men in Oklahoma, having been in England and on the continent of Europe, besides having claimed a residence in both South America and Australia. He has been around some, and was absent from his country and people more than twenty-five years. He returned only two years ago, just in time to claim his rights as a Creek citizen.—Kansas City Times.

An old-time spelling bee was held at the Carnegie Hall in Bryan, Tex., between the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church and the Home Mission Society of the Methodist church. Mrs. J. Webb Howell was captain of the Baptist side and Mrs. Mattie Hall captain of the Methodist side. There were about twenty-five contestants on each side. The Methodist ladies won the contest, having two spellers up when all the Baptists went out and down.

They have a drastic way of curing carelessness on the part of railway employees in France. Last August a child of 9, Emilie Remilly, traveling in a train with his parents, fell from the coach, the door of which had not been properly shut at the last station. St. Cyr station master has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and the Western railway will have to pay \$5,000 damages as well as an annuity of \$1,200 to the boy.

Taxicabs in London, as in New York, are a marked success, and the business is being crowded out, reports say. Although scarcely a year has passed since these swift moving carriages appeared, the capital already invested in London taxicabs is \$10,000,000. There are 758 taxicabs on the streets, 2,900 taxicabs on order and 1,700 licensed drivers. There are eight London taxicab companies, the average day's earnings of a cab being \$11.20. The average cost is \$1,703.

During the recent Mississippi gubernatorial campaign the Hon. Jeff Truay was one of the unsuccessful aspirants for the majority suffrage of his fellow-citizens. Prohibition doctrines figured prominently in the campaign. "Brother Truay," said the minister, "I want to ask you a question. Do you ever take a drink of whisky?" "Befo' I answer that," responded the wary Brother Truay, "I want to know whether it is an inquiry or an invitation."

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