The Farmer
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The pen point production of Birmingham, England, is 220,000,000 a week.

Writers of melodrama no doubt view the invention of the noiseless gun with alarm.

There is quite a crop of men who "look like Lincoln," but there the resemblance stops.

An exchange says we are threatened with an orange war. Navel battle, eh?

A Chicago man killed himself because he had gray hairs—and lacked gray matter, we should add.

The Wisconsin professor who says that all children are liars must have disagreeable neighbors.

If vaudeville in airships really is introduced the business of star gazing should take on considerable impetus.

Now they are using rope ladders in New York to effect burglaries. What are romantic elopers going to do?

A Duluth minister has invented an anti-swear stovepipe. But why should ministers feel the need of such inventions?

Admiral Evans' statement that our big guns are the best in the world does not refer to our politicians, however.

The value of the fish and other aquatic products annually taken from the sea surrounding Japan is over $50,000,000.

Many a bachelor would willingly pay a two-dollar tax if he could have any guarantee that he would remain so.

Nebraska hotel keepers are now compelled by statute to provide "nine foot bedsheets." But they can recoup themselves by shortening the grub.

Another whale of a warship for England. Is she arranging to make an escape for her people by water in event of a land invasion?

Now we hear of a Connecticut girl who forgets her name. Chance for some good fellow to give her a new one.

Inducements are being offered to have Kentucky raise "Turkish" tobacco. How will the night-riders dress?

There is a movement on foot in Ireland to induce the Irish to remain at home. The best way is to fix it so they can make as good a living there as elsewhere.

The Washington Herald says the tailors have decided to abolish freak clothes. Then, for goodness' sake, how are we to distinguish the college boys?

Does the fact that there are more than 100,000 bachelors in Texas prove that Texas girls are getting more critical, or that the bachelors are getting wiser?

It is hoped this famous "uplift" proposition will do something effective about the annual shortage of farm hands at crop time. That would be an "uplift" worth while.

A great demand for Jules Verne's books in Chinese is said to have developed in the orient. The translators should be careful to give the celestials a good definition of the word fiction.

Charles Lamb said that a lie was an intellectual evasion. The trouble in these days is that a good many politicians and office-holders overlook the intellectual feature.

A speaker recently said that the country boy is the hope of the American nation. That has always been the opinion of the lad himself, whence his feeling of superiority to the city-bred person.

The old Bay state is considering a legislative bill providing for the study and practice of eugenics with a view to improving the quality of its people. Improve the people of Boston and the rest of the state? What a confession!

Correspondence schools have many ramifications. One is now advertised in England to secure for its subscribers friends and friendships. Supplemented by the telephone and the telegraphic photograph, it ought to succeed.

American warships were calling at 25 ports it different parts of the world last month. British, Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, Franco-Algerian, Nicaraguan, Chilean and Venezuelan officers were greeting the American naval commanders at the same time, while other American commanders had their ships in Chinese waters and in the West Indies. This was the time when the sun found it difficult to set on the American flag.

A New York man received the news that he had been left a fortune of $10,000,000 and then dropped dead. Now they'll have to see if somebody else can stand the shock.

The state of New South Wales, Australia, produced from all industries in 1907 a value of $50,000,000, an increase over 1904 of $20,000,000. The state has 18,000,000 acres of rich lands ready for the plow. Its public debt is $84,000,000, of which 85 per cent, is invested in revenue producing public works.

"The consumption of 40,000 packets of cigarettes a month is no uncommon thing in a regiment, and if the regiment is 1,000 strong the consumption reaches more like 80,000 packets a month," was the extraordinary statement made by a lieutenant of the British army the other night in London at a gathering of Dover Boy Scouts. If this is fact, some things that have been said in the successful play, "The Englishman's Home," may be accounted for. Cigarette fiends cannot make good soldiers, everyone will agree.

Dematerialization

By C. MASON

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A fair young thing, with tender blue eyes, entered Woodworth's office and calmly seated herself. A glance at her portfolio impelled him to seek refuge in the cool brick vault of his neighbor across the passage, Barker, who called himself a banker, but the lady barred the way.

"No," he said, desperately, without waiting to be interrogated, "I don't want to subscribe for a 'History of the War,' nor 'Lives of the Candidates,' nor 'Picturesque Anything.'"

"But, honored sir," replied the mild, simple and rather simpering young person, "I do not ask you to subscribe for anything, unless, indeed, you would honor me by taking a ticket—"

"Ticket nothing!" again interrupted Woodworth. "I've no leisure for amusements. My time is all taken up with my profession—and science."

"Ah, that is what drew me hither!" beamed the beautiful girl. "I perceived by your sign that you were a lawyer, and I have heard that you are a member—a prominent one—of the Psychical Research society. In one or both capacities I think you can do me an inestimable service."

Woodworth, touched at two vulnerable points, unbent.

"You see, kind sir," she continued, "that I am a materialized spirit. My manager, Mr. Shockton, who is stopping at the hotel—here is his card—called me forth from the spirit world by mistake for Martha Washington, with whom I was contemporaneous."

Woodworth had noticed the antique style and courtly bearing of his lovely visitor.

"He delayed so long in endeavoring to correct his error," she went on, "that, instead of remaining in the misty,

When I Died.

indistinct form in which spirits are preferably presented, I became as thoroughly substantial as when I was before on earth, 130 years ago."

"Upon my word, young lady—or, venerable dame—" the lawyer corrected with halting courtesy, "this is a very extraordinary statement. Do you know that you render yourself liable to prosecution for obtaining money under false pretenses when you attempt to sell tickets on such a tale as that?"

She smiled trustingly. "No, sir, I did not know that. Indeed, I am only beginning to learn the strange things of your wonderful century—but I like them very much. Though my familiarity with the distaff and spindle, the needle and quill pen will no longer afford me a livelihood, I have an ardent longing to learn the sewing machine or the typewriter—and become a New Woman. I am most anxious to resume the life permaturely cut short in 1770, in my eighteenth year, when I died from what was erroneously diagnosed as a quinsy. I have reason to believe that, had I been properly treated for diphtheria with an antitoxin serum, I would have lived to a good old age."

"What is there to prevent you from doing so now?" asked Woodworth, touched and interested immeasurably by his singular client.

"Because my master—for so I must call him—Mr. Shockton, who brought me from the other world, is determined to send me back. I fear that, from mercenary motives, he means to dematerialize me at his very next seance."

Woodworth hurriedly thought of all known legal processes, but neither habeas corpus, ne exeat, nor any other writ with which he was familiar seemed a remedy against the peculiar form of extradition proposed by Shockton.

Putting on his hat, he exclaimed:

"You sit right there while I interview this tyrant, Miss ——, beg your pardon?"

"Amy Alright was my name before," she answered, sweetly.

Finding the spiritual manager in his improvised office at the hotel, the lawyer addressed him by name, saying: "I warn you to desist from your persecution of my client, Miss Amy Alright. She is perfectly satisfied with 'this mundane sphere,' as the reporters call it, and intends to remain here. I shall take steps to enjoin you from making her the subject of further experiment."

"Take a ticket," was Shockton's cordial response, thrusting out a card. "One dollar, please; 7:30 this evening. We are going to dematerialize the chit this very night, and if it doesn't come off, call me all the liars you like. Next!"

"One moment, Mr. Shockton," said Woodworth, severely. "I understand you to say that you intend to dematerialize, which I suppose means to disembody—to cause to disappear—"

"Into thin air—evaporate—vamose!" answered the medium, in a business-like tone.

"Cause to disappear a person now living? That, my dear sir, is murder!"

"Wrong!" replied Shockton. "Who is this girl? where does she hail from? She has been dead 130 years. Can't kill a person twice, you know. What good is she, anyhow? She's way behind the times—can't even sell a ticket to her own dematerialization."

"Then you are determined to dematerialize the lady again?" demanded Woodworth, somewhat demoralized.

"Sure; come and see for yourself. Take a ticket, and one for your wife."

"I shall certainly come—with the police. You insist on making this preposterous experiment?"

"Fact. But tell you what I'll do. You may take the young woman—lock her up—do anything you like with her, and I'll bet you a cool hundred I'll dematerialize her all the same."

Woodworth clutched at this proposition—he began to see a way out. The Psychical Research society was hastily summoned in special session, and Amy Alright was introduced to President Barker and the members. Her frankness and timidity convinced the most skeptical among them that she, at least, was innocent of collusion with the medium. She appeared terribly to dread the threats of Shockton.

"Oh, gentlemen," she pleaded, "put me under ground; put me in some strong place, where it will be impossible to get at me. I am so tired of being a spirit. Don't let me be dematerialized again!"

Provided with a lunch from the hotel, wrapped in napkins, she was smuggled into Barker's bank—it was dignified by that name in the village—and locked into its roomy old brick vault, and a committee signed an affidavit to that effect.

Then all the Psychical people attended Shockton's seance. It was very long and very mysterious. For two hours the audience—they could not be called spectators—sat in darkness, listening to soft music and waiting for Amy Alright to appear.

At last there came a gentle tapping. "Ah, ha!" exclaimed Shockton, "she comes! Who goes there?"

"The spirit of Mistress Amy Alright, who died of the quinsy in 1770."

"Are you in the flesh, or in the spirit?"

"A spirit, alas! Oh, woe is me!"

"There you are, gentlemen!" said Shockton, switching on the light. "Now produce your Amy, if you can."

The audience, led by the Psychical Research committee, trooped back to Barker's bank. Heavens! The man had won his bet—Amy had dematerialized after all.

So had the contents of the bank!

The only material evidences remaining of the guileless girl and her work were the crumbs of her luncheon, the napkins in which it had been wrapped, and a hotel table knife—snapped short off—which had served as a screwdriver. The big, old-style locks, with their screws, lay on the floor.

"O Blavatsky!" groaned Barker, "what idiots we have been!"

GOING 69 MILES AN HOUR.

High Speed Made Complete Wreck of Damsel's Feather Muff.

"Last night, or rather this morning, about 1:30," said a man in an Olive line car, throwing his arm over the back of the seat and speaking straight into his friend's ear, "I came in on the Clayton road in my new Burns-60. I've had the car a month, but I hadn't before had a chance to try it out.

"The road was clear; it was a bright night, and I just cut loose. The speedometer indicated 69 miles an hour for a little over a mile. I give you my word of honor that's what it said. Say, it was fearful and exhilarating. Going some? Well, I guess.

"I had two young women and another friend with me, and when I stopped at the home of one of them she began to poke around under the robes for her muff. Then we all searched, but we couldn't find it. She had one of these fancy, feather things they call muffs—they're all show, you know. But we couldn't find it and had about concluded it had dropped out, when the owner found a bare and stripped roll of suffed silk at the back of the seat. It was what had been the muff. There wasn't a feather left on it. All blown off. That's what 69 miles an hour will do to a feather muff. It looked like a plucked chicken."—St. Louis Republic.

Electricity on Shipboard.

At a recent shipbuildiny exposition held in Germany the greater part of the exhibits related to the use of electricity on shipboard, and a large number of new and interesting devices were shown for the first time. One of the features of the electrical building was a chandelier which is thought to be the greatest thing of the kind ever constructed. It comprised a large octagonal arrangement of angle iron, with some decorative material interwoven, and from it were suspended 16 flaming arc lamps. The light from this great cluster was almost blinding.

The Building of a Battleship.

The greatest single piece of work which can be given to a navy yard is the building of a battleship. It has been learned from hard experience that these ships cost from 25 to 60 per cent. more when built by the government than they do when built by contract in private yards. That is, there is a loss to the government of from $500,000 to $1,500,000 on every one it builds.—McClure's.

HOMES OF INTEREST

BUILDING LANDMARKS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Erected Many Years Ago, Some of Them Have Fallen Into Regrettable Decay—History of the Octagon House.

Under the date of June 5, 1663, a land grant was given to one Francis Pope, who, with other Scotch and Irish, immigrated to this country. Pope's patent included Capitol Hill in Washington, and, in his fancy, he saw a great city rise, that should be the rival of ancient Rome. He reared himself a fine home, but, in the succeeding years, this was destroyed, and finally the property came into the possession of Daniel Carroll. It was on this same site that Mr. Carroll built the house afterward known as Duddington Manor. It was this house that made so much trouble for L'Enfant when he was laying out the city, and it remained the home of some members of the Carroll family until 1886, and was one of the landmarks of New Jersey avenue.

A little farther along New Jersey avenue there stands a row of houses built by Thomas Low, who, having amassed a fortune in India, brought to the new country $500,000 in gold. Washington induced him to invest largely in the city of anticipations, and these houses represent a part of that investment. They were originally high-class boarding houses, and sheltered such men as Louis Phillippe, Thomas Jefferson, Monroe and many others of equal distinction. It was in one of them that Alexander Hamilton advised the drafting of the measure to establish a United States bank.

Low was said to be a quaint character. He married a Miss Custis, sister Mrs. George W. Parke Custis, the granddaughter of Mrs Washington. His memory was faulty, and many times he even forgot his own name. On one occasion he locked his wife in an upper chamber of the house and forgot that she was there, keeping her a prisoner over night. Finally she left him and he died in comparative poverty. The houses that he erected in New Jersey avenue long have been usd for government offices.

Passing from the site of the Burns homestead, in Seventeenth street, the sightseer comes to the octagon house at Eighteenth and New York avenue. This house was built more than 100 years ago by Col. John Tayloe. His income was princely, and he lived in a manner befitting one of his vast means.

The octagon house stands to-day a hallowed monument to departed chivalry. It was in this house that President Madison and his wife lived after the burning of the White House by the British in 1814. In those days its wide halls rang to the echo of feminine laughter and clinking glasses, for it was the center of the social gayeties of the capital.

Memories of the past still haunt the great rooms of the house. The octagon house is considered one of the haunted houses of the district, and it is said by the credulous that the spirits of the old slaves who died in the pens that were situated in its once capacious grounds still haunt the premises, ringing bells to announce their presence.

Somewhat Irreverent.

A Washington educator is telling a good story about a young medical friend of his who is interested in insanity symptoms and is a sort of amateur alienist. The other day the student got a chance to visit one of the wards in the Asylum for the Insane, and having heard that there was a man confined there who labored under the hallucination that he was God, the student asked that he be allowed to see this patient first, as he appeared the most promising for investigation. He was taken to the ward where the lunatic was confined and the following conversation ensued:

Student—Are you the Deity?

Lunatic—From the everlasting unto everlasting I am he.

Student—Well, I've been looking for you for a long time. I have a question to ask you. How do you reconcile the doctrines of predestination and free will?

The lunatic drew himself up to his full height and giving the medico a scornful glance, replied: "My dear sir, I never talk shop."

Have Lost All Family Ties.

Of the destruction of Messina a byresult is the loss of lineage and all trace of family. Many children, too young to know their surnames or to pronounce them intelligibly, have been rescued, and their names, fortunes, titles, descents and origin have been absolutely cut off. They can tell no more than that they are "Bimbo" or "Bambina," "Nino" or "Nina." Many are obviously children whom women of rank have borne and loved and nurses tended. Italians take root in their provincial cities and it often happens that a family has no connections beyond the walls. Even if distant uncles and aunts exist, they cannot recognize children so young. Documents exist to attest the civil standing of many rescued adults, but the young children begin the world without genealogy or rights.

For Memorial to L'Enfant.

After having reposed for almost a century in an obscure burial place on the outskirts of Washington, the government shortly will pay tardy recognition to the memory of Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, French engineer and captain and brevet major in the revolutionary army, who had an important part under the direction of Gen. George Washington in designing the original plan of the city of Washington. Arrangements are now being made for the removal of L'Enfant's body to Arlington, where a suitable memorial to him will be erected.

NEVER HARD TO DISTINGUISH.

Visitors to Washington Easily Placed by Hotel Clerk.

"Can you tell what state a person is from when you first meet him, providing he does not tell you?" a Washington apartment house clerk was asked.

"Not so much the state, but certainly the section of the country," was the response. "I would not guarantee to tell a man from Kansas from one from Missouri, but I would know at a glance whether a man was from the north, south, east or west. There is something almost indefinable both in appearance and manner that enables one with experience behind a hotel desk or apartment house register to recognize at once the section of the country a stranger is from, even before a word is spoken. Of course, mistakes can be made, but they are few. It is just the same sort of intuition that a hotel clerk has when he is confronted by some one whom he suspects as a bad customer. He cannot tell why; the person's appearance and manner show not fault that can be pointed out, and yet he feels that the person will need watching, and he rarely goes wrong."

"Can I tell what state a person is from by looking at him?" asked another. "Sometimes. But it is much easier after a few words have passed. I do not mean all states, but there are some ways of telling what state a man is from, and then you can always spot the part of the country a man is from. For instance, there is something breezy about westerners that attracts your admiration. Then, of course, you can always tell a man from New York city. There is no one else that dresses like him or is like him in manner. The men from the south are slouchy in their dress. I do not mean anything uncomplimentary by this. They may be well dressed, but slouchy. They wear slouch hats a great deal, for instance. Then did you ever hear of anybody but a Marylander who would reply: 'Yes, indeed,' or 'Yes, indeedy,' to a question? Of course, everybody knows Virginia talk when he hears it, and in the same way a down-easter is known by his accent."

But if this is only "right much" information on the subject, as some of our neighbors would say, it is "a-plenty," according to others.

TRAGIC STORY FROM ITALY.

Vengeance of Peasant Resulted in Loss of Three Lives.

Very dramatic and terrible is the story of the vengeance of an Italian peasant on a brother who had ill-treated him, as reported in Rome recently from Rivi, in the Abruzzi. The man who sought vengeance was about 52 years of age, and some 12 years ago quarreled with his brother, a man 17 years older than himself, over some property. The elder brother drove the younger from his home, and he departed, cowing vengeance. Nothing was, however, heard of him until the day of the tragedy, when he came back to Rivi, and at once went to see his brother, now 69, who was lying ill in bed. Forcing his way into the presence of the sick man, he cried: "Vengeance at last!" and stabbed him again and again with a dagger. Hearing horrible cries from the bedroom, a lad of 14, a nephew of the two men, went to see what was the matter. No sooner had he entered the room than the murderer shot him dead with a pistol. Then the assassin attempted to escape, and jumped from a window, but in doing so fractured his leg. Realizing that he must be captured, and seeing some peasants coming towards him, he drew the dagger with which he had slain his brother, and plunged it into his heart.

Diplomats Are Welcomed.

From the social viewpoint the national capital is to be congratulated on the recent acquisition to the diplomatic corps. Two bachelor ministers, the former Swedish and Danish, have been replaced by envoys who have charming families. In the case of the German ambassador, though Washington will not forget the Von Sternbergs, the new representative of the kaiser has, besides an affable and socially inclined wife, a charming young daughter. Count von Bernstorff and his family are at present domiciled in the Shoreham, awaiting the arrival of their household treasures from Europe. The German embassy, which was entirely dismantled after the death of Baron von Sternberg, is now in a state of renovation and will be newly painted and adorned from basement to turret.

Held Fast.

The old Eskimo lit a cup of walrus oil and peered over the sealskin curtain.

"Aurora," he called, sharply, "is that young man down there yet?"

"Yes, pa," answered the Eskimo belle, timidly.

"Well, I want you to cut him out, understand?"

"Er—you'll have to do it yourself, pa. He has been here so long he is frozen to the snow settee and you'll have to cut him out with an ax."

May Build Home at Washington.

Just as Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone and one of the country's wealthiest men, is always looked up to as the one man to whom an ambitious inventor may apply with assurance of getting at least a hearing for his case, so John Hays Hammond is regarded by every budding scientist as the assured friend in need. Mr. Hammond has bought a site through agents, it is understood, for a beautiful home in Washington, which will soon be erected.

Interrupted.

"When I leave you to-night," began Mr. Stoplate.

"Goodness!" interrupted Miss Tersleep, "are you coming again to-night?"

He glanced at the clock and apprehended her meaning.

She Meant It.

Belle—I told him I should never communicate with him again.

Nelle—And did you send back his presents?

Belle—Why, of course not. I stuck to what I told him.—Cleveland Leader.

GOOD STORY TO POINT MORAL.

Told by Rabbi Krauskopf, Who Believes in Divorce.

"Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, our eloquent preacher," said a Philadelphian, "sees good rather than evil in the frequency of American divorce. He sees in it a sign that American wives will not endure the treatment that European wives put up with. He sees in it a promise that the married men of the future will live better.

"Discussing the divorce question the other day, he told me that they who perceived only evil in it reminded him, in their illogical and confused viewpoint, of a little boy with whom he once took a stroll.

"As they strolled, they passed the young girls of a neighboring boarding school out on their daily walk. The girls moved in military formation, two by two. In front were the youngest, in skirts to their knees. Next came the older ones, in the order of their ages, their skirts lengthening with their years. And in the rear came the oldest of all, the young ladies, whose skirts hid even their boots.

"The little boy looked at the girls. Then he frowned and said:

"'Why is it that their legs grow shorter as they grow bigger?'"

CONSOLING.

Artist—Yes, my art is my fortune.

Model (cheerily)—Never mind. Poverty is no crime.

CUTICURA CURED HIM.

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—Could Not Wear Shoes Because Of Bad Scaling and Itching.

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the confounded itching. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Second Thought.

"It cannot be," sighed the maid. "I respect you highly, Mr. Hunter, but we are incompatible."

"Well, I suppose it cannot be helped," the young man replied, pocketing his chagrin and looking about for his hat. "But it defeats all my cherished hopes. I had planned a house, in which I fondly imagined we might be happy. It was to have had a pantry twice as large as the ordinary size, with a roomy closet in which to stow away the new cooking utensils, and things that a woman naturally buys when a peddler comes around."

"Stay, George," she said falteringly, "perhaps I have been too hasty. Give me a day or two to think it over. It is not impossible that—that—"

Fatal Catastrophe.

Young Wife (mournfully)—I am afraid, doctor, my poor husband with this wretched cold will cough up his life.

Young Doctor (startled)—Oh, I trust not, my dear madam; at least not until he coughs up my bill.—Baltimore American.

THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Noah, Ky. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from headaches, nervous prostration, and hemorrhages.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, so that I can do all my housework, and attend to the store and post-office, and I feel much younger than I really am.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all kinds of female troubles, and I feel that I can never praise it enough." — MRS. LIZZIE HOLLAND, Noah, Ky.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

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Suitable for printing in newspaper or on stationery. Publishers of this paper will take your order and do the printing.

A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO., Little Rock.

DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.

These New Towns in the Northwest All Need Men

Hundreds of new towns are springing up all over the Pacific Northwest.

The big, easy fortunes being made from fruit, farming and stock-raising, are making these towns grow fast. They all need men who know trades—they need you, whether you have money to invest or not.

Never, in the history of America, has the man who works with his hands had such a chance to make money, as is offered in the west today.

You Are Losing Money Every Day You Stay in the East

You would not stay another day in the worn-out East, if you knew even half the truth about the great Pacific Northwest.

Families, who went there penniless 5 years ago, are spending this winter in California. They bought good land at low prices—paid for it gradually—today are independent.

Opportunities are greater now than ever, because the country is more developed.

Ask us on a postal to send you our free book, telling you all about Oregon, Idaho and Washington. We'll also tell you what it costs to go there.

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