The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

COVINGTON, : : LOUISIANA

How would you like to be the mail carrier?

Those eggs from China must be of near-storage variety.

Still this is the kind of winter we are all supposed to like.

The monorail train is the only rival the flying machine has.

Ear tabs may feel heavenly, but they look like the dickens.

The Furnace to the Man of the House—You may begin firing whenever you are ready.

Age cannot stale the infinite variety of embezzlement. An 87-year-old embezzler has been discovered at Rockford, Ill.

In New Jersey a chrysanthemum has been picked 16 inches in diameter. Pretty fair for a little runt like Jersey.

Strawberries at one dollar a quart are on sale in Texas. The Texas shortcake must mean all the name implies.

Those anxious to escape the moving pictures can find refuge in the Coliseum at Rome. You're not allowed to see um there.

That was indeed a grave offense for which a Chinese viceroy has been deposed—misconducting the funeral of the dowager empress.

A Lake Erie freighter with a cargo of flaxseed, has foundered. Many a Buffalonian with a boil on his neck will await relief in vain.

A Yale alumnus offers $100,000 for an adequate remedy for tuberculosis. While appreciating his generosity it would be cheap at the price.

The gold production of this country just about equals the candy output. Unlike almost everything else, candy is never subject to overproduction.

Here is a problem pleasanter to work on than the "twice zero" enigma: How long does it take a cake of butter to melt between two hot buckwheat cakes?

Doubtless many a married man will clip out and take home a Chicago judge's ruling that a wife has no real right to warm her cold feet on her husband's back.

A woman in Milwaukee was operated on to remove a sponge left in her body by a careless surgeon. The first operation was evidently one of an absorbing nature.

According to the Charleston News and Courier a man is at his best at 33. Undoubtedly he is, only some men are 33 at 21, others not until they are 60, and some men never are 33.

Government scientists are planning to rob the unripe persimmon of its astringent qualities. Doubtless they will next try to make a palatable breakfast food out of wild oats.

A divorce play which had created a sensation in Paris was a flat failure in New York. It was too much like putting on a play with the cooking of an ordinary meal as the main theme.

The new administration in Turkey has decided that Mussulman women must not appear unveiled in the streets of Constantinople. Evidently things over there have begun to slip backward again.

A big batch of members of the Black Hand is said to be planning to leave Europe for America. Some of them have been expelled from countries where they have been carrying on operations and are represented to be seeking a more promising field here. But our authorities have been duly warned, the immigration officials are keeping a sharp lookout and should the Black Handers arrive they will get anything but the glad hand.

Those melancholy days have come, in some respects the saddest of the year, when the English tailor reaches out yearningly to make the American man. There are already plates in the papers of the threatened British styles. Condescendingly we are told that Americans are really, though gradually, learning how to dress. An approach to the feminine wasp waist is suggested in the London design as a step further in the right way.

The world is full of men who would help others, in a charitable or religious way, but do not know how to go about it. They are willing to give their money if they knew the actual need, or to lend a hand if the object of their care would be really benefited. In lieu of a definite call to duty, in which one may have absolute confidence, there is a suggestion to be made, which is, that a manly, upright, hopeful, righteous life is itself a powerful promoter of good in a community.

Although it is well known that oysters are planted, it seems funny that it is the department of agriculture that is to inspect all the oyster beds and the stations from which the bivalves are shipped. The yearly output of oysters on the Atlantic coast is valued at nearly $20,000,000. A very great part of the trade being interstate, the traffic becomes subject to federal regulation and inspection. We may expect to see the oyster swell with pride and become more cleanly than ever in his person and surroundings as a special ward of Uncle Sam.

A Cornell university professor has mathematically ascertained that the average lifetime is lengthened one year each century. This does not add much to the length of a man's life who lives less than a century.

A singular incident occurred in New York city the other day, when a policeman captured a supposed burglar and sent a bullet through his own finger, the ball then entering the body of his captive. That suggests the old story of the gun that could shoot around a corner.

The Glory of the Nazarene

Rev. William E. Tibroe, D. D., McCabe Memorial Church, Chicago

And we beheld his glory.—John 1:14.

THAT a citizen of the earth some 19 centuries ago, a certain Syrian Jew, one Jesus of Nazareth, lived a life that was a life of glory, is the thing that is here said. Other things are said, but our matter of talk is this. It is not a theological vision, but a plain record, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory."

Not that to the son of Zebedee theological vision was wanting. To him the historic Jesus of his generation was an eternal, ineffable something known as the Word of God. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God," and "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." As speech is a revealing, a message from the soul invisible, so the Christ was a word from God. Further, this Christ was with John the potent universal Creator. "All things were made by him and without him was not made anything that was made." This same Creator and Word was also Life and Light. "In him was life and the life was the light of men." There may be existence without light, but existence without life there is not, and that new thrilling thing, the key of being, the light of the world, and the secret of destiny, is in the Christ. Surely the invisible and ever-abiding Jesus shone zenith high in the eyes of John and there was theological vision in plenty. But it was this vision become flesh and dwelling among us that was the immediate concern. One too poor for where to lay his head; barren of social prestige, without culture of the schools, writing no books, showing scant regard for organism or institutions, setting the sword into its sheath, beggaring himself deliberately of every arm of power in honor with the ages, and yet so mighty as to bend and rock the earth with his tread, making men suspect him nothing less than God was a spectacle unspeakable for a Galilean fisherman. Fifty years and more he remembers what his eyes have seen and only the greatest words under the sun and stars are able to tell his tale. "And we beheld his glory."

Christ Supreme.

The glory of the Christ life may be seen earliest, possibly, in that it is the only one of its kind. It was a unique life. Jesus Christ was one, "only begotten." In all the ages he has no fellow. When Napoleon said, "No one is like him," he had this vision. It is of the genius of greatness to carve a niche for itself, to fly in its own orbit, to evermore walk lonely. Mosea, Aristotle, Caesar, Shakespeare are memories of the forgotten and live among the dead. So there was never another like the Son of Mary. Reverence is born of respect and worship of the Christ may well begin by finding him among the solitary few. History can neither be written nor read without mention of his name. Jesus of Nazareth is even now Jesus of the planet.

But the glory of the Christ is unique, especially in being such a glory to the mind of God. Jesus is the only begotten "of the father." A compliment of benediction gathers its music and fragrance from its source. The great of earth must read their glory, always, in a revised version. The noonday light of one generation fades in another to a smoking taper. "Call no man happy until he is dead," is an ancient epitaph. Only the judgments of the immortal stand. That the life of the Christ is a glory with the Eternal is at once a patent of worth and a call to prayer. That worship of the historic Jesus is not rank idolatry finds its one reason here: he is in time a veritable manifestation of the eternal God. Forevermore the Almighty Father exists in some fashion as a Revealer and in this fashion never repeats himself. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God." "The same was in the beginning with God." Like the shock of earthquake or the rising of the sun this divine Word breaks into human history as Jesus of Nazareth and passes on, and very rightly men tarry in reverence at his feet. That human soul which sees in Christ a unique, solitary, unsharable revealing of God alone may worship him. He may arise, respect, follow, but to bend the knee and say prayers he must see God. That there is none other name under heaven or given among men: that there is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism, we adore the Christ. "And we beheld his glory."

Must Accept Divinity.

This leads me naturally to say that the glory of the Christ life is seen also in its transcendence. It is a biography evermore parting from men and carried out of their vision. "The darkness comprehended it not." "The world knew him not." "His own received him not." Men face the Christ not only with moral opposition but with mental collapse. They reject him as surely that are little as that they are wicked. Their logic falls in a heap. They walk by faith or stagger to the dust. Unless they believe on his name, receive him, are given right and power to be sons of God, are veritably born again, they never catch the glory of the Christ. A simply human Christ, a Christ who is not transcendent, turns every Christian church into a heathen temple, baptism to an empty, wicked farce, the bread and wine to symbols of a gigantic lie and Christian people everywhere into the most miserable of men. At the mere suggestion that an arctic explorer, reporting a discovery of the north pole, may have deceived the world, men have gone white in astonishment and alarm. To find out that Jesus of Nazareth is only Jesus of Nazareth would be to discredit eighteen centuries of civilization, to sink the stream of modern history underground, to learn that empires may build safely on deception as on the truth, and that the sanest, brightest hope man ever knew is the giant despair of all the ages.

No man worships down. No man worships at a level. To his own mind every man worships up. It may be stick or star or beast or the vision of his dreams, but it is always and forever up. A Christ that is not above, beyond, elusive, infinite, will never receive sacrifices or hear prayers. He may have a virgin birth, work miracles, rise from the dead, ascend the skies as the stairway of his home, and I need not doubt or be alarmed. I could do him reverence were he not somehow superhuman. Such a Christ may astound me, but he does not surprise. He is the very Christ I would look for, my Master, the Lord of my life. Such is the Christ of God, the transcendent Christ. "And we beheld his glory."

The record is hardly given justice if we do not say that the glory of the Christ life is seen in that it is everywhere superlative. It was a glory "full of truth and grace." "Of his fullness have all we received." He is evermore the Unsurpassable One.

When a scientist will study sunshine he runs it through a prism and confines it to the limits of his desk. The thing that floods a universe does not vanish or change in two feet square. So the immortal Christ, light of the world, shut up in the short years of his Palestinian abiding, shows still the primal glories of the eternities and the Father's house. Does he bring grace and truth to the earth? He is "full of grace and truth." Does he speak with men? "Never man spake like this man." Is he accused of wrong? "I find no fault in this man." Does he feed the multitude from a lunch box? They gather of the fragments by the basketful. Does he heal the sick? It is not a matter of visits, mumbling and income, but men take up their bed and walk. Is there an hour when speech is folly? He answers not a word and the mighty of the earth marvel. Finally, with his life at his back and his face to the sky he cries in triumph, "It is finished," and meets the Eternal with his record. Always and everywhere he is the superlative Christ.

Of course the Christ might have done very differently. Revealing truth, he might have told us wholesale the minds of men, the discoveries of the ages and the secrets of destiny. Bringing the grace of God, he could have driven poverty, sickness, sin and death from under the sun. Commanding righteousness in the earth, he might have sent the spirits of the dead to enforce his will. Surely he might have done differently; but being the superlative Christ he could not supposedly have done better. The alarming message of Jesus is that he is the last and farthest reach of the mind and hand of God. To go farther would be to do worse, to be less wise and loving, to set weakness in the seat of power and to furnish the earth at last the thing it is hungry for, a real excuse for sin. A God who might have done more and better for his children and withheld his hand would be dumb on his own judgment day. The superlative Christ is the exhaustion of divinity for the good of men. Unique, transcendent, unsurpassable, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," we behold his glory.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

IS CHRIST'S REAL MESSAGE

"Love and Live for Others" the Keynote of All the Teachings of the Master.

"By love serve one another."—Gal. 5:13.

One of the wisest of the ancient Greeks declared that the free man was he who existed for himself and not, like a slave, for the sake of another. How sharply this contrasts with the essential teachings of the world's greatest religious leader; they who find the full and free life must learn to live, not for themselves, but for others.

We have been for centuries burying the simple teachings of the prophet of Nazareth under survivals of ancient superstitions and masses of philosophical sutlety and speculation. Now when his real message is spoken it sounds so strange we call it a new religion. The doctrine that the greatest need of the universe is that men should love one another and live for one another has been neglected so long that it appears to be wholly new.

Your historians point to this and your philosophers to that as the essential article of Christian faith, but it is neither in historical records nor in theological formulas. The one thing that marks and makes the true man in religion is that he has learned that life is just the chance to love and to give life away. His faith is right who is right with his fellows.

Earthly Cross-Bearing.

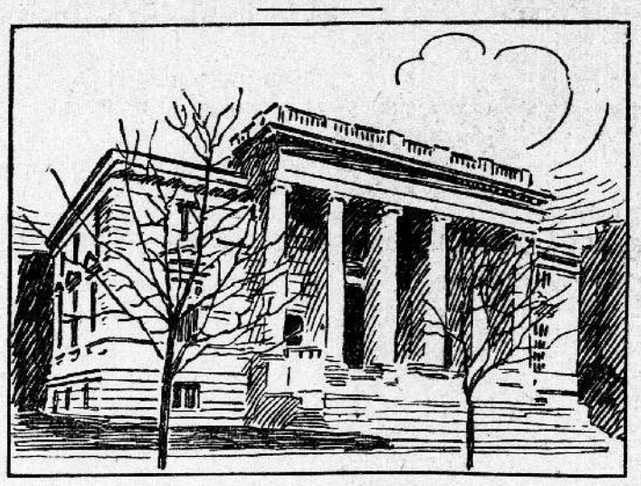
A certain undertone of sadness is recognized in the words of that marvelous compound of cynicism and music, the book of Ecclesiastes: "The clouds return after the rain." The allusion to the "seventh" trouble that comes after the deliverance from the "sixth," as cited in Job, has the same undertone. All true seers and singers have this undertone. That it will be parted with inside the gates of that city of God where sin is unknown is certain. The inevitability of earthly cross-bearing, with the certainty of deliverance that is complete—we will accept the first as it comes; we will claim the second and be ready for it when the glad day shall arrive.

The Divine Voice.

All through history the divine voice that spoke to Samuel has been speaking to human hearts everywhere. We of to-day wonder why it is that a poem or a song or a phrase lodges in the memory and clings tenaciously, making its appeal to our hearts. We wonder why a tender recollection out of the past should come to us in a moment of sore temptation, lending its strength to our weakened resolution. God speaks to us thus, in many ways, sometimes audibly, sometimes through a beautiful life, a beautiful flower, a strain of music, or a whisper of memory, but always it is the Father's love ing call.

Never do great thoughts come to a man while he is discontented or fretful. There must be quiet in the temple of his soul before the windows of it will open for him to see out of them into the infinite.—Mountford.

NEW HOME OF SCIENCE IN WASHINGTON.



Carnegie Temple, which was recently completed and dedicated in the national capital, and which is designed to promote extensive research.

WHITE SLAVE FIGHT

MANN AND BENNET PREPARED FOR A BATTLE.

Ballinger-Pinchot Quarrel Is Another Matter Which Washington Expects Will Enliven the Proceedings in Congress Soon.

Government officials, statesmen and the people of Washington who pay close attention to the doings of congress, now that the holidays are over and the lawmakers are down to solid work, are looking for a pretty fight when Representative James R. Mann of Chicago, chairman of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce, and Representative Bennet of New York, representing the house committee on immigration, attempt to settle the jurisdiction of their respective committees over the two "white slave" bills now pending in that body.

Mr. Bennet had access to the records of the immigration commission for ammunition for his campaign, while Mr. Mann was originally the politica. sponsor of District Attorney Edwin W. Sims of Chicago, who has done more than any one man to make it hot for the "white slave" dealers. Inasmuch as both bills introduced contain in them not only a reference to violations of law relating to interstate commerce, but also to immigration, Speaker Cannon will have a nice point to decide.

Incidentally, Mr. Bennet has played his cards well to date. Not only did he secure a unanimous report from the immigration committee for his bill, but to attain this end he obtained the collaboration of Representative A. J. Sabath, a Democrat of Chicago, from whose district the main testimony about "white slavery" was produced in the recent trial of former Police Inspector McCann in Chicago. On the other hand, there probably will be a minority report in Mr. Mann's committee from the Democrats. The main danger in the situation lies in the possibility that the two proponents of the bills now on the calendar may get into such a wrangle that neither bill will pass. Mr. Mann is a notorious scrapper for his rights, and Mr. Bennet is somewhat of a scrapper himself.

There is likely to be a conflict in the senate over the resolution to investigate the Ballinger-Pinchot row. Under ordinary circumstances it might be assumed that the proper committee to conduct this investigation is that of public lands, of which Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota is the chairman.

On the other hand, there is the senate committee on conservation of the national resources, of which Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana is the chairman. As at present constituted the public lands committee contains eight Republicans, every one of whom comes from west of the Mississippi river, and six of the eight come from the mountain states. On the conservation committee, six of ten Republican members come from west of the Mississippi, five of whom are from the mountain states. In either event, it is plain to be seen that all of the ills of conservation, such as have been complained of by western members of congress for many years back, are bound to be exploited when the investigation is under way. Both Senators Nelson and Dixon are tremendous pluggers when on a hot scent, the former, however, having a slight advantage over his younger colleague in the investigation business.

Already members of congress are beginning to figure on the date of the final adjournment of this session. Democratic and Republican members alike unite in saying privately that upon the record of this congress depends, in a large degree, the probable political complexion of the next house. — complexion of the next house. Republican leaders have no hesitancy in saying that a record will have to be made before adjournment, both for congress and the Taft administration, if either is to be of assistance to the other after the congressional elections next year. It is somewhat astounding to hear the comments on this situation.

"If President Taft were to write me a letter of recommendation for reelection to-day," said a Republican member of congress from a middle west state, "it would defeat me. There is much good in the Taft administration if it can only be written on the statute books before this session of congress quits."

There has not been a time in recent years when Republican members of congress were so fearful, individually, of their chances of re-election. On the other hand, the Democrats freely admit that the political situation is favorable to them, if they can make the most of it.

Nor have the Republicans forgotten the saying which was conveyed from the White House to the capitol last winter, just after the house had taken action unfavorably to Mr. Roosevelt's secret service message.

"There will be a lot of members of congress who will be looking for letters of indorsement from me two years hence, who will not get them," was the remark Mr. Roosevelt was alleged to have dropped at that time.

NO WOMEN ON THE STAMPS

Post Office Department Thus Far Has Ignored D. A. R.'s Request for Honor to Sex.

Some time ago the Daughters of the American Revolution submitted to Postmaster General Hitchcock in Washington a request that the likeness of Martha Washington be placed on one of the United States postage stamps. The request was based on the ground that women have a right to such recognition and that Martha Washington is the logical character to receive the honor.

It was suggested that the then-proposed new 12-cent stamp, designed to cover the increased registry fee and the ordinary letter postage for use in the registry division of the postal service, furnished the desired opportunity to honor the wife of our first president. However, a brief bulletin was posted in the post office department to the effect that the Houdon bust of George Washington would be placed on this issue of stamps, no comment being made regarding the recognition of woman. Inquiry at the bureau of engraving and printing and in several branches of the department revealed an entire dearth of information as to why the suggestion of the D. A. R. was not adopted. Nobody could be found who would admit the slightest knowledge of the subject.

The inquiry still remains unanswered. A bust of Martha Washington appeared on the four-cent stamp for a long time. Former Postmaster General Meyer ordered that its use be discontinued.

Hamlin Loses His Coat.

Congressman Hamlin lost his overcoat the day congress convened. After the house had adjourned he stepped into the Democratic cloakroom to get his coat, which had been left in charge of a trusted Ethiope. The black man got a large coat and started to put it on Hamlin, who protested that it was not his. "'Deed, marster, dats de same coat you left heah." Hamlin donned the coat and walked out. He was met at the door by Congressman Rucker, who greeted him thus: "Hello, parson. Where do you preach to-night?" "I don't preach at all," said Hamlin, "and this coat ain't mine. The nigger says it is mine, and I'm going to wear it this time, but I never saw it before. However, it is a lot better than my own coat, and I'm wondering what the other fellow is saying."

DON'T WORK BY THE CLOCK

Employes in Department of Commerce and Labor Get Down Earlier Since Nagel Came.

Time was when everybody about the department of commerce and labor in Washington felt they had given the government a full day's work when they reached the office at nine o'clock and left at 4:30. But they have had a different idea since Secretary Nagel took hold.

This energetic cabinet officer is likely to drop in any time between seven and nine in the morning and may leave any time between 4:30 and seven in the evening. Of course, his immediate clerks do not want to be far behind him, and it is understood that by arrangement with the watchman the clerks are notified by telephone.

"He's here," goes over the wire, and a little later the clerks drop in, casually, just as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "They certainly are industrious out in St. Louis," remarked one employe of the department, "that is, if Charles Nagel is a fair sample.'

Suffrage of Three Kinds.

Three kinds of suffrage are involved in the proposition to allow the people of the District of Columbia the voting privilege. First, there is the question of allowing men to vote, and in this will be involved voting of the ignorant negroes. Any attempt to allow suffrage in the District will have to be considered on a basis which will allow the blacks to vote and virtually control. There would also arise the question as to whether women should vote. It so happens that in Washington there are more women with large property interests than in any other city of like size in the country. It is one of the contentions of the suffragists, and they would make it interesting for congressmen who denied them equal rights in the national capital. In view of all complications, it is unlikely that the voting privilege will be restored to citizens of the district.

True Wit.

Wit consists in knowing the resemblance of things which differ, and the difference of things which are alike.—Mme. de Stael.

Says McGowan:

"Ut ain't s' har-rd t' have faith in some min—but somehow ye fale aisier whin dheir dead."—Cleveland News.

SMART MAN LEFT PONDERING

For Once He Had Asked Question and Received Answer That Floored Him.

He was a regular patron of the restaurant. Perhaps that is why he felt justified in making clever remarks to the waitresses, remarks which they were puzzled how to answer. One day, however, the smallest and tiniest girl happened to be serving this irritating customer, and it fell to her to answer him in kind.

"I'll have some steak," he said, coming in late for dinner, "and some squash, and some—got some baked potatoes, fine, brown, baked potatoes?"

"Baked potatoes are all over," said the girl.

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her quizzically.

"Baked potatoes all over, are they?" he repeated. "All over what?"

"With," she replied, simply.—Youth's Companion.

CHANCE FOR BARGAIN.

For Sale Cheap—Aeroplane—Owner No Further Use.

All Tired Out.

Do you feel dull, occasionally—out of sorts? Headaches and Dizziness? The fault is either with your stomach or your liver. The safe, sure and easy way to get rid of either trouble is to take NATURE'S REMEDY. Take an NR Tablet to night—it will sweeten the stomach and regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels. Easy-sure to act. Get a 25c Box. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Easily Distinguished.

"This," remarked Mr. Cane, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognize me?"

"I think so," said Miss Softee. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

Pa's Sleepy Day.

"Pa, what do you go to church for?"

"Way—er—to listen to the sermon, of course."

"That's what I go for, but I can't hear it 'cause you breathe so heavy."

For Colds and Gripp—Capudine.

The best remedy for Gripp and Colds is Hicks' Capudine. Relieves the aching and feverishness. Cures the cold—Headaches also. It's Liquid—Effects immediately—10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

The old proverbs depend largely on the point of view. For instance, you can't convince a mouse that a black cat brings good luck.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Money talks in spite of the fact that lots of men want to keep it quiet.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH
It certainly racks your system and may run into something serious. *Allen's Lung Balsam* will check it quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

Most of a man's friends are of the long-distance variety.

A Woman's Diplomacy.

It was the Chicago man's turn, and he told this one:

"Diplomacy, you know, is a remarkable agent. The other day a lady said to her husband:

"'James, I have decided to do without a new fall dress, and with the money it would cost I shall have mother here for a nice long visit.'

"James turned on her excitedly. 'What, wear that old brown cloth thing another season? I guess not!' he exclaimed vehemently. 'You go right down to your tailor's to-day and order something handsome. Remember, please, that as my wife you have a certain position to maintain!'

"The wife bowed her head in submission. On her lips played a peculiar smile."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Gastronomic.

"What belle of the season do you find most attractive?"

"The dinner bell."

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

GENUINE must bear signature: Brent Good

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Accidents Will Happen

And when they do—they hurt. HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL is the one instantaneous relief and cure for all wounds, bruises, sores, cuts, sprains and abrasions of the skin. It forms an artificial skin covering, excludes the air instantly, stops pain at once. There are many oils, but none like HUNT'S. The action is different, and the effect as well.

- - HUNT'S - -
LIGHTNING OIL

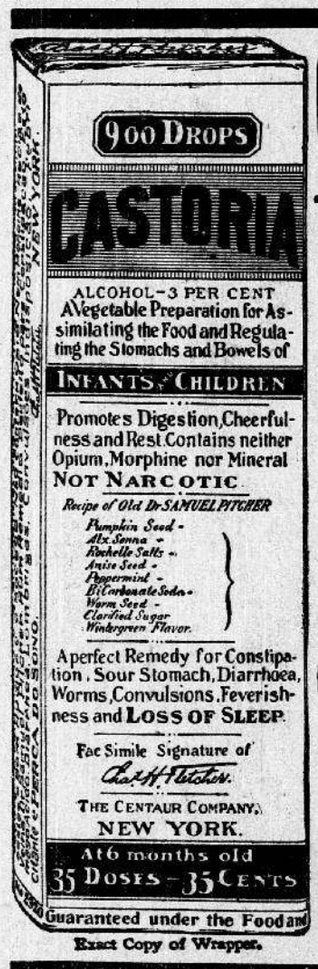
Always have it in the house. Take it with you when you travel—you never can tell when HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL may be most needed. 25 cents and 50 cents bottles.

For Sale by Druggists

A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
An immediate relief for Hoarseness, Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchial and Asthmatic Troubles. An article of superior merit, absolutely free from any harmful ingredient.
Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per box.
Sample mailed on request.
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.



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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

Once a Rayo user always one

The RAYO LAMP is a high-grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp at any price. The Burner, the Wick, the Chimney-Holder—all are vital things in a lamp; these parts of the RAYO LAMP are perfectly constructed and there is nothing known in the art of lamp-making that could add to the value of the RAYO as a light-giving device. Suitable for any room in any house. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest Agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

WHY MEN DRINK AND USE DRUGS, AND HOW TO CURE THEM OUR NEW BOOK TELLS ALL ABOUT IT, SENT SEALED, FREE, ADDRESS THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, 702 PARK AVENUE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS