

**DR. J. F. FIGOTT,**  
Corvinton, La.  
Residence in the Exterstein raised  
message, two blocks west of public  
school building.  
Offers his professional services to the  
public.  
Office at the City Drug Store on Co-  
vinton street.

**GEORGE B. SMART,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
COVINGTON,  
And 905 Hibernia Bank Building, New  
Orleans.

**E. ELMO BOLLINGER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
SLIDELL, LA.  
Office in bank building. Notary pub-  
lic in office.

**JOS. B. LANCASTER,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Covington, La.  
Will attend to civil business in con-  
nection with his office as District At-  
torney.

**B. B. WARREN,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Covington, La.  
Office on Main street, opposite the  
bank.  
Residence: New Hampshire street,  
near Rutland.  
Office Phone 68. Residence Phone 68.

**DR. H. E. GAUTREAU,**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office Southern Hotel Building.  
Hours: 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. and 2 to 4  
p.m.  
Phones: Office, 213-3; Residence, 94.

**DR. A. C. GRIBBLE,**  
DENTIST.  
Southern Hotel Building.  
Best references in town.

**DR. A. H. GRIMMER,**  
DENTIST,  
Covington, Louisiana.  
Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Phone No. 213.  
Frederick Building.

**J. M. YATES,**  
Parish Surveyor  
FOLSOM, LA.  
All orders left with Howard Burns,  
Covington, La., or addressed to J. M.  
Yates, Folsom, La., will receive prompt  
attention.

**S. W. RAWLINS' SON**  
Cotton Factor and  
Commission Merchant  
530 Union St., New Orleans, La.

**KEEPING**  
the quality of  
your goods a  
secret is what  
you accom-  
plish when  
you don't ad-  
vertise them.

You know they're  
best; so do a few  
others! But the  
general public—  
are they informed?  
Tell them! Don't keep  
it a dark secret.

**Let the light  
shine through  
the columns  
of this paper.**

**TRADE MORAL—Nobody would  
have known the Good Samaritan's  
kind act were it not for Our  
Saviour's parable. Be the  
home folks' Good Samaritan,  
Mr. Merchant; make this pa-  
per your commercial bible;  
write your own parable and  
put it in our advertising col-  
umns.**

**CHILD WITH TWO HEADS**  
A most wonderful child is the six-  
year-old daughter of John O. Nelson  
of Brooklyn Hills, N. Y. She has two  
well developed heads; and though un-  
able either to sit up or walk, her gen-  
eral health is good, and she possesses  
normal intelligence.

**NEEDLE IN GIRL FIVE YEARS**  
The 13-year-old daughter of Charles  
Clayton, a farmer at Pleasant Plains,  
half way between Toms River and  
Lakewood, N. J., five years ago swal-  
lowed a large needle. This needle has  
just been removed from her body at  
the base of the spinal column.

**KEPT HIS WIFE'S SKELETON**  
An extraordinary instance of a hus-  
band's devotion to his wife's memory  
has just been revealed at Bukharest.  
An inventory of property left by  
Miklos Denner, a merchant, was being  
made, when the skeleton of a woman  
was discovered locked up in a cup-  
board. It was at first thought that  
a murder had been committed, but  
inquiry showed that the skeleton was  
that of Denner's wife, who died a  
natural death ten years ago, and was  
buried in the ordinary way.

**WARDEN NOT MUCH FOR CHANGES.**  
When George J. Warden took his  
manufacturing business to a new loca-  
tion recently it was a noteworthy  
thing for him to do. For Warden is  
about as little addicted to making  
changes as any man in Cleveland. He  
himself was speaking of this fact a  
day or two ago.

**SMALLEST OF TYPEWRITERS**  
Some ingenious man in Europe has  
invented a typewriter so small that it  
can be carried in the waistcoat pocket.  
This tiniest of all writing-machines  
is made in the form of a watch.  
The letters make their mark under the  
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and the writing is done on a narrow  
strip of glued paper.

**RODENT HAS MONEY TO BURN**  
A pet red squirrel belonging to Otto  
Speltz, farmer, of Bellingham, Wash.,  
has been under surveillance ever since  
he was discovered tearing a \$5 Cana-  
dian bill to pieces. Speltz rescued the  
money and sent it to Ottawa for red-  
emption.

**SNAKE BINDS OWL TO TREE**  
Charles Allison of Nashville, Ind.,  
relates a peculiar experience with a  
snake and an owl. He was walking  
along the creek carrying his gun, when  
he noticed a large owl sitting in an  
old dead tree. He shot three times,  
and says he knew he hit the bird each  
time, as it would drop its wings when  
he discharged the gun. On going  
closer to the tree he found why the  
owl did not fall. A large blacksnake  
had wound around the tree, and had  
its head hanging down the tree. He  
shot the snake, then the owl and re-  
piled both fell into the water.

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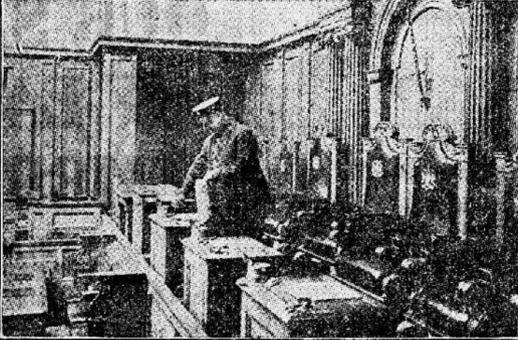
**NEIGHBORLY ATTENTIONS.**  
A parson was applied to for advice  
by a member of his congregation, who  
complained of the continual noise  
made on a trombone by a next-door  
neighbor.

**THE DRUGGIST.**  
I am a druggist, lorn, and lone,  
A being without gulla.  
When strangers grab my telephone  
I merely smile.  
A big directory I keep.  
And should, without any stress,  
You want my aid, I'll in it peep  
For an address.  
I have on hand of glue and string  
A large and free supply  
I'll gladly get you anything  
You'd like to try.  
At midnight I climb slowly to  
My little cot to camp.  
But I'll get up to furnish you  
A postage stamp.  
Emotions I have learned to curb;  
I've always helped been.  
And taught that happens can disturb  
My gentle grin.

# The World's Wonders

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

## Relic of Jail-Fever Days



A curious custom still observed in the central criminal court of London is that of placing sweet herbs on the bench. It dates from the days when jail-fever was prevalent and the rankness of the air in the courts was such that it was necessary to provide some counteracting scent for those whose duty it was to administer justice.

## HOARD IN A FLOATING LOG



A party of campers from Seattle were hauling a gigantic cedar log up to the beach of Lake Washington to be converted into firewood when what appeared to be a huge plug attracted their attention. One ran for the axe and the log was split into two pieces. The plug acted as a door of a safety vault where some logger twenty years ago had hidden his savings. There were \$600 in gold, \$68 in silver and \$500 in currency. The name, though, dim, on the post office money orders appears to be Claude Parsons or Parker, and they are payable in the post office at Eau Claire, Wis. The money orders are dated April, 1891.

## RODENT HAS MONEY TO BURN

A pet red squirrel belonging to Otto Speltz, farmer, of Bellingham, Wash., has been under surveillance ever since he was discovered tearing a \$5 Canadian bill to pieces. Speltz rescued the money and sent it to Ottawa for redemption. He had no more than despatched the letter containing the shreds of the five than the squirrel was found playing with a piece of a United States \$10 bill. Speltz garnered this money in before it was too damaged for barter, and is now watching the movements of his pet. It is believed the rodent has discovered a hidden hoard laid away in past years by a miser or cached by a robber in a hollow tree and found by the squirrel.

## CHILD WITH TWO HEADS

A most wonderful child is the six-year-old daughter of John O. Nelson of Brooklyn Hills, N. Y. She has two well developed heads; and though unable either to sit up or walk, her general health is good, and she possesses normal intelligence. When the child was born the doctors said she could not live, but Mr. Nelson, possessed of considerable means, engaged the best physicians and gave the little one the most careful attention, sparing no expense in trying to make the delicate infant a healthy child. According to her father the child speaks English and German with equal fluency, using both mouths when she speaks.

## NEEDLE IN GIRL FIVE YEARS

The 13-year-old daughter of Charles Clayton, a farmer at Pleasant Plains, half way between Toms River and Lakewood, N. J., five years ago swallowed a large needle. This needle has just been removed from her body at the base of the spinal column.

## KEPT HIS WIFE'S SKELETON

An extraordinary instance of a husband's devotion to his wife's memory has just been revealed at Bukharest. An inventory of property left by Miklos Denner, a merchant, was being made, when the skeleton of a woman was discovered locked up in a cupboard. It was at first thought that a murder had been committed, but inquiry showed that the skeleton was that of Denner's wife, who died a natural death ten years ago, and was buried in the ordinary way. The husband was inconsolable till he secretly exhumed his wife's remains, and hid the skeleton in the bedroom. The skeleton is to be re-interred in Denner's grave.

## WARDEN NOT MUCH FOR CHANGES.

When George J. Warden took his manufacturing business to a new location recently it was a noteworthy thing for him to do. For Warden is about as little addicted to making changes as any man in Cleveland. He himself was speaking of this fact a day or two ago.

## WHEN THE DEAD RETURN

This is a story of mistaken identity of remarkable character. Mary McGonigle was struck by a trolley car in New York last April and died shortly afterwards in a hospital. On notification from the coroner, her relatives came to view the body and she was identified by her son, her sister, her brother and a cousin; a burial permit was issued in the name of Mary McGonigle; an insurance company paid \$117 on the life of Mary McGonigle; the traction company paid \$350 for the funeral of Mary McGonigle; the body of Mary McGonigle now lies in Calvary cemetery.

Late one night recently Mary McGonigle in the flesh walked into her sister's home. To say there was surprise at her visit would understate the emotions of the relatives. The sister screamed; the brother dropped his new clay pipe and a small niece fainted. Mrs. McGonigle herself was surprised but placid; she had not read the newspapers, and did not know that she was supposed to be dead.

Then came explanations. Mary McGonigle had been buried all right, but it was the wrong Mary. The living woman is in private service and her address fluctuates with her employment. The dead woman who bears such an extraordinary resemblance to her was no relative, but had known her, and had given her address to the hospital. The undertaker who buried the late Mary, was summoned to view the living Mary. "I never saw such a resemblance," he gasped, "and I've buried many."

## SMALLEST OF TYPEWRITERS



Some ingenious man in Europe has invented a typewriter so small that it can be carried in the waistcoat pocket. This tiniest of all writing-machines is made in the form of a watch. The letters make their mark under the pressure of the knob within the ring and the writing is done on a narrow strip of glued paper.

## FIFTY-POUND HAILSTONE

The notoriety of setting a new standard for all stories of big hailstones befell William Dittenhafer, a cellar digger of York, Pa., entirely unsoiled. He found a mass of many hailstones congealed or melted together, thirty-six inches long, fourteen inches wide and five inches thick, in a deep depression in the lawn. This mass weighed more than fifty pounds.

## Cannon Used at Agincourt



London's army pageant is providing a series of wonderful spectacles for the people and at the same time gives them valuable lessons in the history of warfare since the earliest days of the English as a nation. All the costumes are historically correct and in many of the tableaux there are used the actual weapons of the period represented. The old cannon, including a serpentine gun used in the battle of Agincourt, attract especial attention.

## NEIGHBORLY ATTENTIONS.

A parson was applied to for advice by a member of his congregation, who complained of the continual noise made on a trombone by a next-door neighbor.

## THE MEMORY LINGERS.

Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

# A Colonist of Canaan

By Izola Forrester

The Southwestern flier drew up at Canaan Junction. It never stopped, merely slowed up long enough to throw out the mail sack, and give the curly-headed boy in the express car a chance to call hello to Nell.

But today it stopped, stopped while one man swung off a sleeper, and the porter dropped a suit case and grip on the platform beside him.

The man left behind was young, so young that he had outgrown his years, and there was a latent, careless strength, mixed with awkwardness about him that reminded one of a cub.

Nell took one look at him and caught her breath sharply. She knew him in an instant, but there was a bare chance that he had forgotten her. It had been four years, and four years is a lengthy stretch when one is 17.

He set the suit case down under the ticket shelf, and went back to the water bucket.

"It's hot enough down here, isn't it?" She watched him drain the tin cup a second time before she answered. "We don't mind it much."

"I suppose not. I came from the north. Don't suppose you know anybody here named Acton?"

The girl's hand closed tightly over the package of letters she had drawn from the mail sack. Her back was toward him. But her voice was steady and natural.

"No, I don't."

"You'd be pretty likely to know, handling all the mail, and so on, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I would know. I know the name of everybody in this town!"

"Except mine."

He came over to the ledge and leaned one elbow on it, smiling in at her cheerfully. She did not answer.

"Maybe he's using a different name," he went on, presently. "He had

plenty of cause to change it, the Lord knows, when he started down this way. I know he's here all right, and I'm going to find him."

As the man left she caught up the telephone receiver and called a number.

"I want to speak to father, please. Is he there? Well, wait. Give him a message. Tell him to come over to the depot right away. Tell him to come around by the river road, not Main street. I want to show him something there."

Then she waited. It seemed hours before she caught sight of the dear old figure, swinging along the river road, his gray felt hat well back on his head, his gray mustache and imperial giving added distinction to the fine, graceful face. The tears rushed to her eyes as she watched him, but she controlled herself, and met him with a smile.

"Sit down and rest a minute, honey. You've got 20 minutes. They—they've wired for you to come down to Alcazar. It's some committee meeting, I believe." She turned away, and bent over a time table, so that he should not see her tell-tale eyes. "You can make the 1:10 local, dear. And—don't bother about coming back tonight. I'm sure they need you down there."

"In a rush, aren't they?" laughed the colonel, wiping off his forehead. "Guess it's about their new town hall. It consists of four flags on a center post at present, with a geranium bed in the middle. I suppose I'll have to go. Be all right, won't you, Nell?"

She nodded and smiled. It was 15 minutes now. She watched the road to Main street every now and then, half expecting Fate to play her a trick and send the long-limbed stranger back again. It wasn't wrong. She

# WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills



Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs."

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Thompson's Eye Water  
"PLAY WITH THE CHILDREN"

Fabled Fountain of Youth Could Not Be More Potent Than Association With Little Ones.

"Play with the children!" was the recurrent advice of a wise and successful man. "This will keep your heart young, your viewpoint fresh, your wit sparkling. The child heart is at once the purest and the happiest in all nature; the child tongue is a transfiguring power."

Something of this indubitable power attaches to good stories of those naive and innocent "little ones" scripturally declared specially blessed and potent. The child mind transforms, the child touch lifts to glad laughter incidents and accidents not otherwise worth noting. Witness this little tale of the careful mother to whom came a tiny son all agog over the acquirement of new and forbidden knowledge.

"Mother!" cried the child, baby eyes shining, baby cheeks glowing, "do you know what I'll be hornswoggled means?"

"No, dear," said the mother, solemnly, seizing the opportunity to implant a lesson. "I'm sure I do not."

"Well, I do," was the ecstatic answer, the suggested lesson being utterly ignored. "It means just the same as 'I'll be gol-darned!'"

Qualified. A prominent western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him. 'Now, my son,' I said, 'if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?'"

"The boy smiled confidently. 'I be,' he said.—Independent.

Quantity Not Quality. Teacher—Willie, have you whispered today without permission? Willie—Yes, wunst. Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have said "wunst"? Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am, he should have said twat.

The Real Thing. "You say your husband was cut by his neighbors at the party?" "Yassah, dat's so, sah." "Did they cut him with malice pretense?" "No, sah; wiv a razah, sah."

The supply of talk always exceeds the demand.

# Hungry Little Folks

find delightful satisfaction in a bowl of toothsome

Post Toasties