

BENEDICT GORDON.

By REVERE RODGERS.

[Written for the SUNDAY GLOBE.]

CHAPTER XIII.

"So de gemmenen done went, hab dey Mis' Helen?" asked Sally, stopping in the act of making up bread and addressing that young lady, as she seated herself on a chair in the kitchen.

"Yes, they have left, Aunt Sally," replied the young girl as she gazed dreamily out through the open window.

"Well," answered Aunt Sally, "ef I neebber has to cook fo' wusser gemmenen de Mistah Gordon an' Mistah Browne dis chile would cut'n'y be happy."

"Yes," said Helen, musingly, "I like them very much, and I will never forget their kindness."

"Dey war bofe pow'ful good lookin' men," replied Aunt Sally, "specially dat Mistah Gordon. Gord Almighty but warn't dat one han' some man," she mused, stopping in her work for a moment and putting her floury hand up to her chin.

Helen said nothing, but a very suspicious color overpread her fair countenance when Gordon's name was mentioned.

"Now he war er man," continued Aunt Sally, "an' not sneaking sly fox lak' dat Mistah Phil Saunders 'at Mis' Prisciller's alter-trovin' up to yo', jis' case his family an' ole 'triceraters. But Lord love yo' chile dat Mistah Phil's er bad man of dis black lamb hab any ober n'torious sense lef' yet. Ebery one ob de Saunders war tricky men, and dis ole nigger dat am talkin' to yo' hab knowed seberal in her day. No sub, my spierence wid de male folkses an' to judge de man hisse' an' not his family."

"Why, you were never married were you Aunt Sally?" exclaimed Helen in some surprise.

"Oh git' long wid yo' foolin' Miss Helen, cried Sally, grinning broadly. "Cut'n'y I neebber war ma'ied, but dat don't say dat I hab neebber had de chance do it? Case dis baby done hab seberal suitors, fo' her hand, but she 'pulsed dere 'vances airly? Yo' see Mis' Helen, afo' de war, I war allus play'd 'bout de house, an' yo' know dat de fel' niggers, war er vaia inferior crowd compared to de fouse han's; well sub; strange to say, my fouse feller war er fel' han'."

"Yes," mused Aunt Sally, "Ham Massey war er fel' nigger, dat tractet my 'tention de fouse time I had dese hyar eyes 'pon him an' den when I hear de folkses braggin' 'bout how he lead all de res' ob de han's in de habest fel' sub; him, 'gin to git' interested. Well sub; Ham warn't er lovin' nigger, 'tall; he war nuffin' but er hon'ry hungry coony; an' me bein' in de kitchen, he said to hisse' dat Sally would s'ply his wans' ealty."

"Well, me an' Ham, we kep' 'comin', fo' nigh outer er yaar, er mo', an' den I 'gin to git' res'less, 'spection' dat de no count hungry nigger gwine to say some 'un."

"And did he inquire Helen, smiling.

"Lord Mis' Helen," answered Sally, "all dat nigger war er spak'in' me fo', war to git free vittles; when I tink ob de fried chickin' an' de white bread, dat dat er Ham Massey 'd'voured. I clear to gracious of 'd'vasser' feel lak' gwine out and lickin' mysef' wid er bar'l' scave; I does 'nedeed, fo' all de time dat Ham war payin' his 'tentions to me he war goin' wid Big 'Lize Tunnah ober at 'Square Fryes place; yes sub; Ham war what yo' might call er hon'ry co'ter sho' 'enough!"

"But 'scraceful as Ham's conduct war, it warn't to be compared to de doin's ob Sandy Tarby. Sandy war a light 'plexioned nigger dat waited on de table at de Miller's place, and he war a dresser from de heart. Lord, but how dat yaller boy could dress," mused Aunt Sally, pausing in the process of rolling out the dough, and resting her fat arms upon the end of the rolling pin while her mind went back to the scenes of years ago.

"What was the matter with Sam?" inquired Helen, as Aunt Sally began to work vigorously at the floury dough.

"De matter wid Sam," said Aunt Sally, stopping in her onslaughts upon the dough and shaking the rolling pin at Helen, impressively, "war dat he wuz er tief; and de way dat I cum to git on de fac' happened in de follin' manner. One night we had er 'gret 'vival meetin' ober at Pahson Goings' church, on de ribbon road, an' me'n Sandy 'tended. Lord, Mis' Helen, I war er proud s'gger girl dat night when I sweep by de 'cooler coons, leasin' on de arm of Sandy Tarby. I had on one ob yo' ma's silk dresses dat she hab jis give me dat Christ'mus, an' Sandy he hab on some ob young Massa Miller's gyarments; an' when we sweep by in de chu'ch jis same as we see de white folkses do on er Sunday, you jis orter see dem niggers star'."

"Well, sub, de ole pahson 'livered a mighty pow'ful surmon dat night, an' de moaner's bench war packed an' jammed an' de sisters war er hoppin' 'bout in all kind ob c'ntentions. Well, I notice dat Sandy Tarby war er puttin' 'tisselt to er monstrous lot ob trouble 'peppin' to hold de jis got 'higion sisters when dey war er comin' 'round agin'. I tink to mysef dat dat am cut'n'y er new pint in Sandy's kerketer, sho'ly, fo' mos' ob de sisters war ole an' homely, an' I knowed dat Sandy warn't doin' it jis case he wanted to hug 'em. Well, sub, bye an' bye, when de sisters hab fully 'covered dere wits, dey 'gin to complain 'bout losin' dif'ent tings, an' ole Pahson Goings gits up in de pitpit an' 'nounce de articles los'. Eberbybody sarch high an' low fo' de tings, an' Sandy Tarby he war fo' most in all de sarching parties, an' de women folkses dey hab to plead wid him not to s'ile his clus, by g'poin' 'bout on de flo'. Yes 'tudeed, mis', dat sneakin' res'al wanted to crawl under de benches, so 'nreated he 'tend to be in de r'covery ob de los' articles."

"Well, after we war all seated agin', an' de Pahson say dat he 'spects de tings will all be 'covered on de morrow; I jis' happen to look in my pocket, an' clar to de Lord ef my pocketbook warn't done gone. When I 'covered my loss, jis' riz up in de seat an' I say, Pahson, some nigger in dis conf'agitation done stole my pocketbook."

"Oh, sister," said de Pahson, comin' up to de bench, "kin dis be so?"

"So er not," I say, "de pocketbook done went."

"Mebbe some un playin' er joke on ye, sister," said de Pahson.

"If I cotch dat air p'usson," said Sandy Tarby, "I bet I mek' dat p'usson bid hard."

"I serjis," said the old Pahson, "dat we distinguish de lights and all clus' our eyes, an' when de lights am lighted agin, I 'spects dat we'll find Sister Sally's pocketbook layin' by her side on de bench."

"Well, sub, dey put out all ob de lights an' we all closed our eyes, an' when dey war lighted agin, de Pahson's watch an' spectacles war 'mong de articles 'nounced er missin'."

A WARNING

To the Applicants for Clerical Jobs in the Philippines.

NO CERTAINTY OF OFFICE.

The Civil Service No Protection to a Subordinate Whom the Chief Desires to Discharge—The Manila American Exposes the System and Interviews Colonel Shuster, Who Admits the Facts, and That He Recently Peremptorily Fired Eighteen Clerks—A Nice Place to Stay Away From!

It is as well that the ladies and gentlemen stenographers and typewriters who took the Civil Service examination in this city on Monday last should become acquainted with the conditions existing in the Philippines, where they are destined for in the event that they successfully passed the examination, and with that end in view the GLOBE rises in its place as the organ of the unemployed and the applicant for Government (or other) employment to enlighten the said aspirants for clerical positions in our distant possessions, that they may expect, eight or ten thousand miles away from home.

Our very able contemporary, the Manila American, furnishes the following, which the GLOBE commends to the careful perusal of the male and female applicants, aspirants or appointees to the Civil Service (?) positions in the Philippines. Here is what the American says:

The Custom House clerks, like other Government employes in the Philippines, are asking themselves what use it is to go against the so-called Civil Service examinations, when the Civil Service law does not guarantee them continually in their positions. Several men are seriously considering whether they will take the examinations or resign from the service, because, they argue, they are compelled to take examinations for advancement, while in order to discharge them it is not even necessary to file charges. This does not indicate any lack of confidence in Collector Shuster, but some of these men have seen the working of the Philippine Civil Service law in other departments, and realize how frail a hold the law gives them on their positions.

In the United States the Civil Service law gives every possible protection to the employe, so long as he is efficient and faithful. The Philippine law gives him none. With two thousand applicants in the United States for positions in the Civil Service in the Philippines, it cannot be wondered at that many of the men who are veterans of the service feel discouraged.

The question of examinations and the right to discharge has been a vexed one since before the days of civil government. The original clerks and other employes in what are now the civil departments were military appointees. When the plan was advanced of requiring all of them to take examinations about one hundred and fifty of them, including clerks of the military secretary's office, the custom house and other departments, agreed to walk out together. This would have tied things up woefully, but as General MacArthur diplomatically forebore to make any decision, it never came to the question of walking out. Since the civil commission took over the government it has done nothing aggressive in the matter. It has removed men here and there, sometimes for cause and sometimes without. There has been a scarcity of men and consequently few removals. With a small army of carpet-baggers with "pulls" seeking employment, however, the conditions favorable to the employe are liable to disappear.

Collector W. Morgan Shuster was interviewed yesterday by the Manila American in regard to the expediency of putting the Philippine Civil Service on the same basis as the Civil Service of the United States. Mr. Shuster, who has had much experience in the United States and Cuba, believes that some power of removal should be vested in the chiefs of departments, but he also believes that these chiefs should be men who can be trusted to use this vast power for the good of the service, and not to further their own ends. These questions were asked him by the Manila American representative and answered as follows:

"Why cannot the United States Civil Service law apply to the Philippine Islands? Why should the exception be made in giving chiefs of departments the power of removal over their subordinates?"

"I am not familiar enough with all the details of the Civil Service law of the United States and of the Civil Service law here to be able to answer that question in an intelligent way. I understand that the general purport of these two laws is the same, though there may be variations in some of their details. I am not certain what the power of executive heads of departments of the United States is in regard to removing their subordinates, for or without cause."

"As the head of a department in the Philippine Civil Service, do you think the efficiency of a department would be decreased if the head of it did not have the summary power of removal?"

"Yes, I am very sure that the general efficiency and discipline of the department would be decreased. In my opinion, no administrative or executive office could be properly conducted if there was not some power of removal of subordinate employes vested in its chief. This power, it is assumed, should not be exercised in an arbitrary and brutal way except where the good of the service absolutely demanded such action, and the means of preventing the exercise of the power of removal on the part of the chief in such arbitrary and brutal way would be by appealing from his decision to superior authority, and thus requiring him to explain and justify his action in case such evidence was presented to superior authority as would warrant them, in their opinion, in taking any notice of the appeal. If the head of a department could not be trusted with the power to remove and otherwise maintain discipline among his subordinates, he should not be entrusted with the administration of his department."

"Is it true that eighteen men were discharged by you recently, and, if so, for what cause?"

"Yes, it became necessary some time ago, for the good conduct and name of the Customs Service, to summarily discharge a considerable number of employes who, it was conclusively proved, had been guilty of an attempt to defraud the commerce of

WASHINGTON DIRECTORY.

The Sunday Globe is now mailed to many States and Territories. It is also the favorite Sunday morning paper of visitor and resident alike. In view of these facts, The Sunday Morning Globe will keep standing the following useful information, both as a guide to visitors and an advertisement and these Capitol streets are the dividing lines of the four sections of the city as named.

Washington City is divided into four sections, viz: Northeast, Northwest, Southeast and Southwest.

The four streets which run due North, South and East (the West line being imaginary), from the center of the capitol, and named respectively North, South and East Capitol streets, numbers allotted to it, thus—beginning at East Capitol street, and going north (in any street running north of same) the first house on the right will be No. 1. On the second square the first house will be No. 100, and so on to the end of the street.

All streets in each section of the city are either lettered or numbered streets.

All avenues run at angles to the streets, and radiate from the Capitol, the White House, and several of the larger parks. These avenues are named for various States.

Every street running East and West are lettered streets, those running North and South are numbered streets.

All lettered and numbered streets are duplicated in each of the four sections.

In like manner the numbers run from East Capitol street (on all streets running south of same).

In the same manner all streets in all sections of the city start and number from a Capitol street. The odd numbers are always on the right-hand side, and the even numbers on the left-hand side in every street, as you start from a Capitol street in either section of the city.

One house numbers on the various avenues correspond to those of the street to which they run nearest parallel.

Some of the avenues extend through two sections of the city, but the house numbers are not disarranged thereby, as all numbers begin at a Capitol street, whether on an avenue or street.

By this system of numbering houses, any desired locality or number can be readily found in either section of the city.

Short streets and places running through the center of a square have the same numbers as the streets between which they run, thus—Madison street in the Northwest section is between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, and the first house on that street is number 1700.

Washington is really a cosmopolitan city, its population embracing people from all parts of the United States, and Representatives from all civilized nations.

It rapidly becoming the great center for holding conventions, assemblies and reunions, and the chosen city for institutions of learning.

It has the largest library, and the most scientific and historical collections in the country.

The various trades representing Stair Builders, Carpenters, Painting and Paper Hanging, Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron, Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Lumber Mills, Marble and Stone Works, Masonry, Brick, Plaster and stucco work number 553, and the number of establishments of every kind in the city numbers 2,300 and employ over 23,000 hands.

The city of Washington was incorporated in 1802.

The present system of numbering houses was adopted in 1869.

The shade trees of the city begun to develop their proportions and beauty in 1880.

When the corner-stone of the capitol was laid in 1793 the country around Washington was practically an unbroken wilderness.

The Government offices were first opened in the city of Washington in the year 1800 and Congress met there for the first time in that year.

There are 331 Reservations all told, including the great Mall, which extends from the capitol to the Potomac River, a distance of over two miles, the whole covering an area of over 900 acres.

These parks and reservations are bountifully supplied with every known kind of tree and shrub, and number over 3,000,000 ornamental foliage and flowering plants and shrubs are annually propagated in the Government Propagating House, and in the spring months are transplanted into the various parks throughout the city.

SPECIAL INFORMATION.

THE CAPITOL—Open 9 a. m. Guides to be found in Rotunda.

CORCORAN ART GALLERY—Open 10 to 4. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday free days.

WAR, NAVY AND STATE DEPARTMENT—Open 9 to 2. In the Library of the State Department may be seen original Declaration of Independence.

EXECUTIVE MANSION—Open 10 to 2. The President receives Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1 p. m. sharp.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT—Open 9 to 2. Visitors to vaults 11 to 12 and 10 to 2.

BEAVER TAIL SOUP.

"Although I am a Marylander and an Eastern Shore one at that," said an epicure from that state, "and consequently know what good things to eat are, I want to tell you that I have to take off my hat to the lumber camp cook of the upper Michigan peninsula as the discoverer, fabricator and dispenser of a dish that knocks the Eastern Shore cuisine silly. And that rare lumber camp dish is beaver tail soup."

"I was with Colonel Park, of Columbus, Ohio, deer hunting in the Rainy lake region of Michigan one fall. We lived at a lumber camp boarding shanty."

"There were signs of beaver at the upper end of the lake, and a trapper succeeded in trapping one of the wily dam builders."

"When the beaver was brought into camp, the camp cook went nearly wild, and so did the lumbermen when they heard the news, all because they had been trying to trap a beaver for weeks, not for its fur, but for its tail, as they were pining, they said, for beaver tail soup."

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THE GRAVE OF ANNIE LAURIE.

It has just been discovered that the grave of Annie Laurie, the heroine of the world-famous ballad, has remained for all these years without a tombstone. Many people are under the delusion that Annie Laurie was merely a figure of the poet's brain, but this was not so. She was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, and was born at Maxwellton House, which stands on the "braes" immortalized in the song. Her birth is thus set down in the Barjor Manuscript:

"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born upon the 16th of December, 1862 years, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George, minister of Glencairn."

Maxwellton House is still full of memories of this winsome girl, and in the long drawing room there still hangs her portrait. Her lover, who was author of original song, was young Douglas, of Fingal, but whether he, as is common with lovers of poetic temperament, did not press his suit sufficiently, or whether she wished a stabler husband, she gave her hand to a prosaic country laird, her cousin, Mr. Alexander Ferguson. They lived the rest of their lives at Craigdarroch House, five miles from Maxwellton, and when she died, Annie was buried in the beautiful glen of the cairn. Lady Scott Spottiswoode, who died early in the present year, was responsible for the modern version of the song.

BORN BLIND.

Remarkable Achievements of an Afflicted Resident of Mississippi.

"Blindness is not such a bad thing when a fellow gets used to it," said an oculist, "and, after all, in cases where a man is born blind there are certain compensating affects which seem to offset, to some extent, at least, the affliction of living in utter darkness. Sam Jones is the author of a rather homely story to the effect that a man who lost his right foot in an accident consoled himself with the reflection that it was the foot that had the corns on it. The law of compensation is a great and consoling factor in life, and Emerson's splendid tribute to the principle did not reach too high. But speaking of blindness, I recall a rather remarkable case which came under the observation of a celebrated Tennessee oculist, Dr. J. L. Minor, now living in Memphis. It was the case of a Mississippiian. He was born blind, and was forty years old when the attention of a specialist was first called to his case. He had catarrhs on his eyes, and had lived in utter darkness during the forty years of his life. The specialist found the case of such absorbing interest that he made a close study of it, and reported it to the national association of which he was a member, as one of the most remarkable cases in the history of the profession.

The remarkable features of the case were found in the ease with which the blind man had moved about in the world, in his ability to reason accurately about distances and directions, and in the fact that he had been able to make a living for himself and family and had acquired a small competency. He was a farmer. He had bought and paid for a farm. He was able to do any kind of agricultural work, except to use the hoe and plow cotton in the earlier stages of its growth. He was able to live his home without a guide and to go to the house of his neighbor on a social or business mission, and he often called his dogs around him at night with the hunter's horn, and would plunge into the very heart of the forest on a coon hunt or a fox chase, and he never experienced any trouble in getting back home. While he could not tell where the moss was on the tree, he knew intuitively north from south, and always got home, even when he made the trip by himself. The fact is that he experienced absolutely no trouble in ordinary affairs of life, and was looked upon by his neighbors and friends as a good and useful member of society in every respect. He had wood, and had wedded a young Mississippi girl, and had reared an interesting family of children.

"But the most interesting part of the story," the narrator continued, "from the way I look at the case, was in the experiments made by Dr. Minor after the blind man came under his observation. These experiments had particular reference to the man's method of reasoning. He concluded that he would have his eyes operated on, and he sought the specialist for that purpose. Before going to the operating room he weakened. 'I believe I'd rather not see anything,' he said appealingly to the specialist, and when pressed for the reason he explained that he was married, that he loved his wife and believed she was the prettiest and sweetest thing in the world, and that he had drawn a mental picture of her, and he was fearful that really seeing her might in some way mar the picture.

At any rate the specialist persuaded him to undergo the operation. The sudden change which followed was marvelous. Square blocks, things in circular form, glass tumbler and things of that sort were held up before him after the operation. When the specialist asked him to name the shape of a certain article he would reach for it from the force of habit, but, of course the physician would not let him touch it. He was able, after some hesitation, to tell the shapes and names of things which he had only known through the sense of touch. The cot in the hospital, upon which he had lain and which he found without difficulty in a room containing a hundred or more before the operation, which removed the catarract from his eyes. The only thing he failed to recognize was a poodle dog which was covered with long white hair, and with evident curiosity he asked his benefactor what kind of an animal it was. He had been used to hounds, and a dog which did not have long ears, short hair and long, slim legs, was something he had never known while he was seeing with his hand.

BEAVER TAIL SOUP.

"He was cured, and returned to his family in Mississippi. He wrote to the specialist as soon as he reached home. He recalled the conversation he had with the doctor respecting his wife just before he went to the operating table. He said he knew the physician was anxious to know what he thought of his wife since he could see her as she really was, and he added that she was really prettier than he had ever thought she was in the days of his blindness, and the vision had amply repaid the pain to which he had been put while under the specialist's treatment."

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Use a pancake lifter to place cookies on the baking tin and to remove them.

A Light, Appetizing Ale \$1 doz.

Note that—\$1 a dozen pint bottles! Brewed by Ballantine of Canada Malt. A fine, clear, brilliant, delicious Ale, equaling, if not surpassing, the imported stuff at twice the price.

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For further information apply to No. 601 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE NW., Pennsylvania R. R. Office, corner 15th and G. sts., and Pennsylvania R. R. Station.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

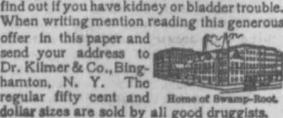
Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a booklet telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble.

When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Blinghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.



Home of Swamp-Root.

The Finishing Touches.

A girl who had been very clever at college came home the other day and said to her mother:

"Mother, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibliology."

"Just wait a minute," said the mother. "I have arranged for you a thorough course in roasting, bottling, stitching, dermatology, patchology and general domesticology. Now, put on your apron and pluck that chicken."

Burns and Scalds.

In cases of burns and scalds, when the skin is unbroken, cover the burn with white lead paint, glycerin, fresh lard, linseed, olive, sweet or lard oil, or soapuds. If the skin is broken pour a mixture of oil and lime-water (either linseed, olive, sweet or lard oil) in equal parts over the injury. Then place a piece of soft linen or muslin wet with the oil mixture on the wound. Then loosely wind a bandage over this, removing it from time to time to wet the linen with the oil mixture. Never attempt to uncover the injury.