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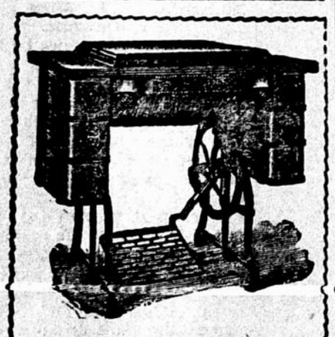

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Brucent Explorers Killed.

Vienna, Sept. 12.—Another fatality is reported from the Hungarian Carpathians. Two university students, Dampfer and Marchovsky, fell down a precipice and were instantly killed.

Storm Damages Hop Crop.

London, Sept. 12.—Reports estimate the damage done to the Kentish hop crop by the recent storm of rain and [illegible]

STATE POWERLESS TO BALK THE PLAN

Helpless Before the Rock Island Reorganization Scheme.

NO REDRESS IN THE LAW

Attorney General Mullan Says Act Is Not Opposed to Public Policy in a Sense that Would Enable the State to Prevent the Transaction.

Des Moines Sept. 18.—According to Attorney General Mullan the state of Iowa is completely powerless to prevent the reorganization scheme of the Rock Island. The acts of the new Iowa corporation, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad company, recently formed in this state with a capital of $125,000,000, he holds are not outside of the powers conferred by statute. Nor are they opposed, he declares, to the public policy of the state in a sense that will enable the state to prevent the transaction or maintain an action of quo warranto for the dissolution of the corporate franchise.

While one may be personally opposed to the policy of the state in permitting corporations to issue their stocks and bonds for the purchase of property in amounts in excess of the actual value of such property, says the attorney general in his opinion, the question is one that must be referred to the legislature rather than the courts.

The effect of the opinion is to bring to an end further investigation by the governor of the Rock Island's plan of procedure. It appears now the only substantial result that may flow from the inquiry set on foot last month by Governor Cummins will be to call the attention of the legislature to the weaknesses of the Iowa law, in affording shelter to such incorporations as the new Rock Island Railroad company and probably to bring about more stringent legislation.

Governor Cummins devoted a large share of yesterday to an examination of the opinion of the attorney general. He was led to the conclusion that Mr. Mullan had construed the law correctly. Asked for a statement, he said:

"I have carefully examined the opinion of the attorney general and I concur with him in the conclusion that under the law as it now is, the state of Iowa cannot prevent the consummation of the plan described in my letter to the attorney general and in the opinion he has filed with me.

"The thing done is neither a merger nor a consolidation. Not a mile of track nor a dollar in value is added to the Rock Island property. It is simply a new device for watering securities.

"It is for the next general assembly to say whether it is wise to permit our laws to so remain that such things are possible."

Governor Cummins on satisfying himself there was nothing more to be done to prevent the reorganization scheme, made public the opinion of Attorney General Mullan and also his own letter in which he asked that an opinion be rendered. The letter of the governor is an interesting document, as it sums up what may be called his indictment against the reorganization plan. He takes the ground it is a grave movement against public policy and he recounts the different steps in the proposed watering of Rock Island securities as he has learned them through his investigations.

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE.

H. H. Abrams is Again Chosen Superintendent.

Des Moines, Sept. 18.—The election of the Anti-Saloon league passed off harmoniously. The report of the nominating committee was accepted without a dissenting vote and the strife so noticeable in last year's election was in marked contrast to the election of this year. H. H. Abrams was elected to his old position of state superintendent. The other officers chosen were: President, L. S. Coffin; first vice-president, E. F. Brockway; second vice-president, F. S. Dunshee; third vice-president, Mr. Ridley; secretary, M. R. Sawyer; treasurer, A. K. Campbell; superintendent, H. H. Abrams; executive committee, W. R. Cole, Mt. Pleasant, F. S. Dunshee, A. K. Campbell, I. N. McCash, Alex Hastie, Des Moines; J. A. Harvey, Perry; R. P. McConaughey, Washington; E. F. Brockway, Letts; M. Hedge, Oskaloosa; H. H. Fairall, Iowa City; Mr. Riley, Estherville.

The resolutions reiterated the advocacy upon the part of the league of absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants for beverage purposes, urging the united efforts of all having the welfare of the temperance cause at heart, asked that the next legislature place a limit of two years on the municipal petition and expressed the gratefulness of the league for the advance which the temperance people are making.

AFTER NEW COURT HOUSE.

Proposition to Bond Audubon County To Be Submitted.

Audubon, Sept. 19.—The board of supervisors of Audubon county, pursuant to a petition presented to them, containing the requisite number of names, adopted a resolution to submit to the voters of the county at the next general election, a proposition to bond the county in the sum of $50,000 for building a new court house. The resolutions reads as follows:

"Shall the board of supervisors of Audubon county build and equip a new court house in Audubon, Iowa, and to raise the necessary cash to pay for the same shall the board issue bonds to the amount of $50,000 payable not sooner than five years, nor later than twenty years, and shall the board make a levy to pay the same of one mill on the dollar over and above the present levy, commencing in 1903 and continuing each year until the bonds are paid?"

TO HOLD APPLE CARNIVAL.

Money Raised With Which to Revive the Festival of a Few Years Ago.

Glenwood, Sept. 16.—At a meeting of Glenwood citizens it was decided to hold another "Apple Carnival." A finance committee appointed to see if sufficient money could be raised, reports $1,000 subscribed. The carnival will be held three days, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 7, 8 and 9. It has been six years since Glenwood held her last apple carnival, in 1896.

"The pretty dimples of youth become the ugly wrinkles of middle age.

ODD FELLOWS IN PARADE.

Largest and Longest Procession Line Ever Seen in Iowa.

Des Moines, Sept. 18.—Odd Fellows who were at Indianapolis last year declare that the parade in Des Moines yesterday equalled the one in 1901 in almost every particular and excelled it in many features. It took eighty-five minutes for the procession to pass the city hall and it was estimated that there were from 8,000 to 12,000 in the line. Had the parade been organized so that the participants had marched in parade formation instead of in bunches it would have lasted three times as long and been more impressive.

But as it was it was the finest parade ever seen in this city, excepting the one at the reunion of the veterans of the war immdiately after its close. It was well handled from beginning to end. The five miles of rope stretched along the streets of the line of march enabled the authorities to control the crowds admirably. There were no accidents, but brief delays here and there and satisfied the 100,000 people who saw it.

The number in the Indianapolis parade was grossly exaggerated in the opinion of many of the grand lodge representatives who have attended the sessions in that city and here. They declare that if there were 15,000 in line yesterday here there could not have been more than half the 30,000 claimed for Indianapolis. For instance there were twice as many of the uniform rank in the parade yesterday as there were in the parade of a year ago. And the remark was made often that the number of subordinate lodges and the number of Odd Fellows in their ranks greatly exceed the number at Indianapolis.

It was the greatest parade given in Des Moines in recent years, and as a spectacle it far surpassed anything ever seen on the Des Moines streets.

The showing made by the Patriarchs Militant was the feature of the long procession. The number of the subordinate lodges was the notable feature from the view point of the order.

MRS. GALLAGHER INDICTED.

Grand Jury Returned Bill Against Holada.

Iowa City, Sept. 18.—Mrs. James Gallagher of River Junction was indicted here on the charge of murdering her husband. The grand jury also brought in an indictment against her alleged lover, Charles Holada. The latter had been in jail since the day folowing the murder.

Mrs. Galagher gave herself up readily and appeared before Judge Wade with a plea of not guilty. Holada entered the same plea. Both were remanded to the custody of Sheriff Hofer. Holada went back to jail without question, but the woman prayed the court to grant her bail. Inasmuch as the laws of Iowa make murder in the first degree a non-bailable crime, except under unusual circumstances, Judge Wade denied the application and Mrs. Galagher went back to jail.

The indictment charges Mrs. Gallagher and her alleged paramour with jointly discharging the 22-caliber rifle that sent the fatal lead into James Galagher's head the night of June 20 as he slept beside his children.

The state has held heretofore that Mrs. Galagher was innocent, and that Holada was the sole criminal. The investigations of the grand jury, the state now alleges, prove that the employe, friend and beneficiary of the murdered man, first undermined Mrs. Galagher's faith in her husband, then won her love and finally, as the fruitage of aguilty liason, both planned and both executed the horrible crime.

Holada, it is believed, will declare that he was the woman's paramour, but he will aver that she alone committed the murder. Former Senator Ranck, who is defending Holada, practicaly concedes that his client will charge the widow with the commission of the deed.

The trial will probably begin Monday.

HENDERSON DETERMINED.

Under No Circumstances Will He Reconsider.

Dubuque, Sept. 18.—There is no dearth of applications for the high position that Speaker Henderson has thrown aside. There are many, among them being Courtright and Pickett, both of Waterloo.

There is considerable talk of calling a convention and go through the process of renominating Colonel Henderson as an endorsement, but if it was done Mr. Henderson would not accept. Early yesterday morning telegrams began pouring in from all parts of the country begging and beseeching the speaker to reconsider his action. Among those received were messages from the president, Senator Allison, all the members of the national congressional committee, Senator Foraker and others. Senator Foraker declared his intention to cancel his engagement to speak at the Waterloo meeting, but Henderson wired back not to do so, but keep his engagement.

It is needless to say that the deepest regret is felt by the people of Dubuque over this unlooked for action on the part of Colonel Henderson.

Speaker Henderson is as positive today in his declination of the congressional nomination as he was Wednesday, notwithstanding the flood of telegrams from all parts of the country protesting against his decision and imploring him to reconsider the same.

The following is the telegram received by Speaker Henderson from the president:

"Oyster Bay, Sept. 17, 1902.—Most earnestly ask that you reconsider your determination not to run.

"Theodore Roosevelt."

OFFER REWARD FOR NUMLEY.

Escaped From Denison Jail and Reward Offered for His Return.

Des Moines, Sept. 19.—Governor Cummins has offered three hundred dollars reward for the apprehension of William Numley, colored, who escaped from the jail at Denison a few days ago. Numley was accused of the murder of a brakeman on the Milwaukee road July 18, last, and the evidence against him was regarded as conclusive. He was in jail awaiting trial and made an attack on the sheriff, overpowered him, and made good his escape. No trace of Numley has since been had.

Iowa Second in Literacy.

Washington, Sept. 15.—Iowa is second among all the states in point of literacy, holding a place close to the leader, Nebraska, according to the figures of the last census. The statistics show also a creditable increase in the efficiency of the schools of the country.

Mrs. Benham—"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Benham—"Then half the world must be unmarried men." Mrs. Benham—"What makes you think so." Benham—"If they were married men their wives would find out and tell them."

LITTLE MISS MILLIONS

OR,

THE WITCH OF MONTE CARLO.

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVIERA.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Miss Pauline, of New York," "The Spider's Web," "Miss Caprice," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XI.

Merrick Entertains.

To the man who moodily watched part of this very interesting billing and cooing from a safe distance, walking to and fro and grinding his teeth as he apostrophized the lovers to the neighboring palms and yucca plants, doubtless the minutes seemed hours long drawn out, each section of which stabbed him to the heart again and again.

Strange that a man who had the social world of Paris at his feet after his return from brilliant achievements in African wilds should fall down and worship a demure little foreign girl whom he had known in "the bush;" but who can account for the vagaries of love or the mad freaks of Cupid.

The night was growing misty, and it was far from safe to remain out of doors much longer.

Besides Mark had been in a way keeping track of time, and knew the hour of probation must be nearly up.

"We must go in," he said, with a huge sigh.

It meant turning back from heaven into purgatory—from Elysian fields into Hades, where all the evil passions of men surged and fought for the glitter of that bauble gold.

So he kissed her once more, very gravely and earnestly, as became a man of his nature, and then took her to the guardian colonel; after which he drew himself together for the severe engagement that was to mark the second night's desperate assault upon the ramparts of the dragon.

The various games were at their height when Merrick passed the swinging doors leading to the palatial parlors where Fortune was baited through the long hours.

No crowd approaching this had made an appearance as yet this season, and the dealers would have been supremely happy over the generous outpouring of golden coins, save for a simple fact that had a depressing effect upon their spirits.

If the redoubtable Jones could win in so remarkable a manner one night, following a system, what was to prevent his guerrilla raid upon their treasury at any time he pleased?

The prospect was alarming.

Hence, they kept one eye upon the doors, and his advent on the scene was marked by what could be called an ovation.

You would never have known it from his countenance, however, which was perfectly immobile. The American evidently had the power of repressing his feelings to a wonderful extent, and such men must of necessity be particularly strong in nerve.

Jones seemed in no hurry for play. He was biding his time.

He lingered awhile back of the princess, who was flushed with small winnings; and then a little later found himself just in the rear of Stromboloff, the big, fair-haired Cossack, now engaged in a low but earnest conversation with a dark-faced man, whose shifting eyes gave one the impression that he was a character fit for treason, stratagem and spoils.

Perhaps Jones caught a few stray sentences of the eager conversation between the Russian and his dark-faced companion, for something like a grim smile flitted athwart his countenance as he pushed further on.

Sometimes a word may give points in a game that are of incalculable value.

At any rate, with so shrewd a customer as Jones it was a dangerous business.

Even a philosopher may have his suspicions of mankind, and engage in a battle against evil; and while this Yankee was doubtless honest in his desire to benefit humanity by killing the dreadful dragon of gambling as practiced so enormously at Monte Carlo, still he might also have other fish to fry.

When Jones saw Merrick enter he knew the time was close at hand for business. No one noticed him, since Jones was making his first stake at the other end of the table, while ten score of eyes feverishly fastened upon him. Jones won.

So did Merrick, of course, but few knew the fact, since it was the victor of the preceding night who claimed their attention.

A thrill went around the room—men and women began to crowd to that point, and as if by magic all noises ceased save those connected with the various games.

The dealer showed no visible sign of excitement, but his keen eyes watched every deliberate movement of Jones, for it was a crisis in the history of the great resort—if the scene of the previous night was to be repeated, alas for the future of Monte Carlo.

He won a second time.

Intense excitement held every one spellbound, and it began to look as though the doom of gay Monte Carlo was written upon the wall.

Then the unexpected happened.

Jones lost!

A great wave of astonishment went over the throng, tongues were loosened again, and their clatter after so long a spell of silence was dreadful.

One man was quite unmoved, even when the grim croupier smiled sardonically.

This was Jones.

He made another stake as coolly as before, with a rouleau of gold covered the full limit on a single number, and again won.

Confidence in Jones, which had been scattered by his break, just as a covey of partridge might, when fired into, returned again.

Again he lost.

Confusion!

Way, the man after all, was playing a hit-and-miss game, just like the rest of them.

Many of them breathed a great sigh of relief, for with Monte Carlo smashed their desire to live would have been reduced to zero.

About this time attention began to be directed to the other end of the table.

The croupier's rake shoved little piles of filthy lucre in that quarter with astonishing regularity, and seldom dragged any back.

Another Richmond in the field!

The excitement burst out greater than ever.

And Merrick played on with just the faintest sign of a smile upon his resolute face, played on and won four times where he lost only once.

Jones had managed to reach the elbow of his friend—no one else, even royalty itself, could have had a passage opened to him through the densely packed audience, but they seemed to recognize a superior being in Jones, the master wizard of it all, and that he had a right to be near his comrade.

To Merrick the experience was one he would never in all his life forget—its novelty alone was enough to stamp it indelibly on his mind.

Between deals, he occasionally looked up calmly and the faces along the table were not the blur one might reasonably expect under the circumstances, with his heart beating like a trip hammer, and his mind devoted to following the line of play marked down in Darragh's brilliant system.

A few more moves must complete the play for this night.

Realizing that they were up against the very toughest argument that had ever fallen upon Monte Carlo, the dealers were not at all anxious to continue playing indefinitely.

The sooner they admitted the grave fact that a third time the famous bank must cry quits, the better for them.

Merrick had done well.

Not a single slip or mistake had been made. There was but a unanimous opinion among the nerve-racked spectators that these two men really held the game by the throat.

If they could be bought off, the future of Monte Carlo was assured, since despairing players would take new lease of life in the kowledge that after all it was possible to eternally win if one but knew the wonderful plan by which each carefully arranged move was to be made.

The scenes of the previous night were repeated, though upon a larger scale.

When the dealer stood and raised his hand to announce that the bank had again gone under, a deathly silence hung over the dense crowd.

Then one man, a big-voiced American congressman, who had been haunting the dragon's den for a month or more, against the prayers of his pretty little wife, threw his silk hat into the air excitedly, jumped on it when it landed, and roared out:

"Hurrah for Jones—he pays the freight!"

It would be next to impossible to adequately describe the scene that followed.

Shouts and laughter and stentorian cheers rent the air, while pandemonium reigned—men shook hands, others fell into the arms of friends, and several women fainted dead away.

Few left the place.

The hour was still early, for the play had been unusually bold and vigorous.

Another chapter had been closed in Jones' account book, another page turned; but he seemed the same affable, mild-mannered gentleman, not to be affected by flattery or threats.

Merrick heaved a genuine sigh of relief when the culmination of his play occurred.

The dreadful strain had told upon him, of course, and now that it had fallen aside he experienced a momentary weakness, which he speedily shook off.

He had seen Constance just a short time before—surely the colonel had waited to witness the rout of the enemy, horse, foot and artillery. They would be found, doubtless, listening to the music or else enjoying a last saunter among the palms and exotics of the garden.

So Mark set about a search.

He had been watched.

Numerous eyes were fastened upon him as a bird well worth plucking. Perhaps there were sanguine hopes that he might prove a more profitable subject than had Jones with his two cuffs covered with mysterious hieroglyphics, utterly unintelligible to the average person, for it was reasonable to believe he carried the system somewhere about his person.

Jones was in no hurry to depart. Indeed, he showed no signs of such a desire, but moved hither and yon with the air of a man quite well satisfied with his surroundings.

Perhaps, as an artist hovers near his picture on the line, to hear comment favorable or otherwise, the hero of this memorable and dramatic smash of Monte Carlo's bank was desirous of discovering how the habitues of the Casino considered the prospect, and thus feeding his philanthropical soul with the thought of the great good he was doing.

With Count Leon it was different.

When a man of his character discovers an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone, he seldom fails to take advantage of it.

He was in his element—a fortune he must have, whether it came through means of an enchanted dossier, allowing him at his will to demand heavy tribute from the funds the Prince of Monaco annually received as his legal share of Monte Carlo's profits, or from certain glorious diamond fields in South Africa of which we have heard more or less.

As a usual thing, when Count Leon made up his mind with regard to a certain object, it was as good as accomplished.

True, the cute Yankee had gotten the better of him with regard to the secret dossier business, but Villebois had managed by manipulation to catch a few of the droppings.

Besides, that deal could hardly be called closed, so long as a single chance remained.

He reasoned, with apparent sagacity that since Merrick had taken hold personally on this night, he must have the packet in his possession.

Hence, if Mark could only be entrapped, the papers might yet be secured.

Of course he would be on his guard, remembering the fate of Darragh, who had been so neatly kidnaped on a former occasion, when somewhat similar conditions prevailed.

Merrick was unconscious of his danger.

He seemed to believe that since he had in his own mind washed his hands of Jones great plan for the redemption of mankind from the ills brought about by this mad desire to gamble, he was no longer an object of interest to outside parties.

Perhaps he would ere long be rudely aroused from this dream of fancied security.

Fortunately, Jones was there to have an eye out for breakers—Jones, who was not madly in love with little Miss Millions, and could therefore keep his wits about him.

Mark, having won the sweet confession of love from the lips of Constance, might fondly delude himself with the idea that his vessel had survived the storm and reached a safe harbor.

Alas! many a gallant ship has gone on the rockes at the very entrance of the harbor, and the cruel waves have swept the forms of those beloved to the very feet of sweethearts and wives waiting upon the strand.

So no man can call himself actually safe until he is within the port of matrimony, since "there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

Merrick had passed through many experiences, but there were a few more things for him to learn.

Not finding Constance about the Casino, he sauntered into the gardens.

Fairy bowers, they certainly were, and because adversity had struck the bank for two nights in succession it was no reason why the myriads of colored lights should glow less vividly, or the endless profusion of flowers cease to exhale delightful perfume. Many people wandered about in certain favorite paths, laughing and chatting, while the music came in half-muffled notes from the Casino.

There were some places apparently deserted.

Perhaps the cool wind from the sea penetrated these points more keenly than at others; or else there might have been an absence of such pleasant surroundings in the shape of flowers and benches inviting rest, as marked the more favored localities.

Merrick began to cast his eye about for a form beloved, one glimpse of which would appeal to him—indeed, like most lovers, he believed it possible to know whether his sweetheart were near from the peculiar magnetic influence her presence would have upon him.

(To be continued.)

BURNS MONEY ON DEATHBED.

South Carolina Man Determined No One Should Profit by His Decease.

According to the citizens of the adjoining county the meanest man that ever lived died recently in Union county, South Carolina. His name may have been too much for him, at any rate he failed to live up to it.

There were so many little Angels that when he came, the names having been quite exhausted, his mother called him Starling.

Even in childhood Starling Angel was avaricious.

At seventy, old and decrepid for his years, he sold the comfortable home and plantation, including the stock on the place, for the sum of thirty thousand dollars. He then moved into a rude log hut and for the few remaining years of his life lived there alone gloating over his treasure.

The night before his death he took from its place of concealment the money, built a large fire and bill by bill consigned to the flames the whole of the thirty thousand dollars.

He was found dead in his bed, and the charred bills on the hearth told the story of the man who had vowed that no human being should profit by his death.

KING SEEKS A MALE HEIR.

Menelek of South Africa Has No Son to Take Throne.

King Menelek in Darkest Africa is having his troubles in finding a successor. A resident of Cairo writes as follows: "Letters arriving here from Adis-Abeda state that the Emperor Menelek will shortly preside at an assembly of exceptional importance of the great nobles of Abyssinia. All the high vassals of the empire have been summoned.

"Menelek and his Empress have no son, and the Negus having reached an age which renders it imperative that the succession to the throne should be finally settled, this grave question will be submitted to the assembly.

"Among those attending will be Ras Waldegeorgia, the Emperor's nephew; Ras Makonnen, Governor of the Galla country; Ras Arousis Tessama, Governor of the Western provinces; Ras Magutchka Apikane, Governor of Godjam, and Ras Michael."

Butler of Isaac Khan.

Gen. Isaac Khan, Minister Plenipotentiary from Persia to the United States, is decidedly cosmopolitan in his habits and tastes. Even among his servants at the legation several countries are represented.

His butler is a Persian, but the assistant butler is an Irishman.

One day the Minister happened to overhear a conversation between the Irishman and a tradesman.

The Irishman was discussing the language spoken at the legation.

"Can you understand it?" asked the tradesman.

"Not at all, at all," replied the butler's assistant, "but Oi make them think Oi do."

"Is that so?"

"It is so," he went on. "They think Oi know the Persian gibberish and that Oi've thraveled in their country, but the fact is, Oi've niver been to South America in all me life."—Saturday Evening Post.

Some of Liverpool's municipal electric tram cars can carry more than 100 passengers each. And they all have seats.

RECORD OF THE PAST.

The best guarantee of the future is the record of the past, and over fifty thousand people have publicly testified that Doan's Kidney Pills have cured them of numerous kidney ills, from common backache to dangerous diabetes, and all the attendant annoyances and sufferings from urinary disorders. They have been cured to stay cured. Here is one case:

Samuel J. Taylor, retired carpenter, residing at 312 South Third St., Goshen, Ind., says: "On the 25th day of August, 1897, I made an affidavit before Jacob C. Mann, notary public, stating my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. I had suffered for thirty years, and was compelled at times to walk by the aid of crutches, frequently passed gravel and suffered excruciatingly. I took every medicine on the market that I heard about and some gave me temporary relief. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and the results I gave to the public in the statement above referred to. At this time, on the 19th day of July, 1902, I make this further statement that during the five years which have elapsed I have had no occasion to use either Doan's Kidney Pills or any other medicine for my kidneys. The cure effected was a permanent one."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Taylor, will be mailed on application, to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

A yarn manufacturer—the press agent.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

Nothing jars a chronic invalid like being told that he is looking well.

"Kape alive, Mike; we're rescuing ye!" Voice from the debris—"Is big Clancy up there wid ye?" "Sure he is." Voice from the debris—"Ast him wud he be so kind as t' step aff the roofing a've enough on top av me widout him."

"The enemy," said the aid, as he lowered his field glasses, "is preparing to charge. A full brigade of bicyclists is about to be hurled against our left flank." "Order up a regiment of tack sprinklers immediately," commanded the general.

Ill temper is the offspring of ill health more frequently than a creation of the heart.

For forty years Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been curing summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa, bloody flux, pain in the stomach, and it has never yet failed to do everything claimed for it.

You can't convince a girl that marriage is a failure until after she tries it.

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Use Russ Bleaching Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers. 10c a package.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

In trying to get his rights many a man goes at it the wrong way.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

The pretty dimples of youth become the ugly wrinkles of middle age.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an incomparable medicine for coughs and colds.—N. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

An optimist is a man who is satisfied with what he doesn't get.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

Ambition has crushed as many men as it has raised.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Getty's New Laundry Soap saves them and saves your hands. No rubbing required. Try it.

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