

What Can't Pull Out?

Why the non-pull-out... Bow on the Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases, made by the Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia.

REMINISCENCE.

Though I am naive to this French song... Through the cold azure overhead... A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khooza's mink.

A LIVING TOMB.

Four years ago I spent the summer in France. July found me in the department of Calvados, Normandy, at a village near Caen, a mine of antiquities.

Very old, with snowy hair and face as ruddy as a pipkin of his province, my companion carried sunshine wherever he went.

"Yes, monsieur, my people know me," he said in answer to some remark.

"Forty-seven years I have labored among them. It is almost a lifetime. The church has called me often.

"Have you heard, father—have you heard?" they cried.

"What is the news?" he answered.

"You know the old castle is sold? To a rich bourgeois—yes? The place is tumble down. He will have it repaired.

"I have been rude," he said.

"I craved again a thousand pardons. I could not tear myself away. Forty-seven years I have sought what chance has brought to light today. You shall hear.

"Friends of the church," a voice answered.

"I opened the door. Two men entered, tall and well dressed. I could not see their faces. They wore masks.

"No matter," he said; "one priest is as good as another. A man is dying. He wishes to receive absolution. Will you go?"

"I hesitated. Will you explain why you wear those masks?" I said.

"He laughed. It is the simplest thing in the world. We do not wish to be recognized. Now, will you go? Your pen will benefit."

"I am ready," I replied.

"A carriage stood outside the door. My poor lamp revealed it. I entered it with the spokesman. The other mounted the box. Many times the carriage turned completely round.

scended. I could not see him. I could not distinguish the carriage.

"Where is the dying man?" I asked.

"Stand close to the wall," he placed me in position. Cold air struck my face—a draft. There was a cavity.

"The priest is here," my guide repeated.

"I am near death. I need the last rites of the church," he said.

"Confess your sins," I answered.

"My sins are trivial," he returned.

"I would speak of a great crime. I occupy a cell twice the width of my body. I know not where. I am condemned to die of starvation. I know not why. I have never injured a fellow creature."

"My blood boiled," I replied.

"My name is Jules Davoust," he resumed.

"I was a happy man until I met Sophie Polinski. Ayo, afterward I was happy. She is Polish, of noble family. So she told me. Ah, father, she is beautiful. I loved her. I love her still. She returned my passion. I am only a tradesman, but we were married. Two months of bliss were mine. One day she came to me trembling. 'Fly,' she said. 'Fly at once.' She would not explain. I had my business—my little shop. I had no work. I refused. That night she disappeared. Next day I received a note written by her hand. She bade me meet her in the wood at a secluded place known to us both. I went. She was not there. It was dark. I called her by name. Two men came up, seized and gagged me, forced me into a carriage and brought me here. I am condemned without trial. My jailers tell me that I must die or a noble name will be dishonored. There is nothing more. I was permitted to choose the manner of death. Aid me if you can, but give me absolution now."

"I absolved him. I bade him have courage. I assured him that he would be free in a few hours. My guide returned.

"I have heard your words," he said.

"You cannot aid him. If I thought you could, you would share his fate."

"He took my hand and led me to the carriage, entering with me. The coachman whipped his horses. They galloped. I pleaded for the poor man. My companion was dumb. I threatened him with the law. He answered not a word. I pictured the vengeance of an offended God. He was stone. I vowed to devote my life to the discovery and punishment of his crime. Still not a word. But I have kept and will keep my vow. A faint gray light was showing in the east when we reached the cure's door. I alighted. A purse was thrust into my hand. The carriage disappeared.

"Two hours later the gendarmes were scouring the country. They discovered nothing. Seven days I passed visiting chateaux and houses, to no purpose. Then I went to Caen. I found the home of Jules Davoust. Both he and his wife were missing. The neighbors described him—a very handsome man, incapable of committing a crime. His wife, they told me, was a beautiful woman, with the air of a princess. She spoke French with a foreign accent, dressed in silk and satin and wore valuable jewels.

"The gendarmes wearied of the fruitless search, but I did not. I made my home here. I succeeded the cure. I mapped out the country and visited every chateau, save one, within a wide radius, every large house. Forty-seven years I have sought a clue. Come to the window."

"I rose. Father Aloysius pointed to the old castle of Vallon, crowning a hill scarce a mile distant.

"That is the chateau which I did not visit," he said. "It is so near, and I traveled many miles that night. There the tomb of Jules Davoust was discovered this morning. I have stood within it. It is a hole in the wall six feet high by four wide. The stones behind which the poor wretch spoke to me bulged with the weight above, and the workmen pulled them down. The skeleton fell out. In my presence they replaced them. One stone, just the height of my head, was without mortar. It could have been removed easily. The two paved yards are there, the passage between the walls, the stone staircase, the big flagged room. I have no doubt at all. If the criminals are living, they shall be brought to justice."

"Some of the astrologers advertise the possession of a caul as an extraordinary inducement to their customers. One of these advertisements reads as follows: 'The old and world renowned Mme. G. in her possession a caul which was carried by Capt. Cook in his many voyages around the world, and to its possession he attributed the success of his many expeditions. Mme. G. cuts cards with invincible success, and she counts among her patrons tens of thousands of people who live near the sea, or have friends whose business is on or near the water. Ladies and seafaring men only need apply at No. —'."

"But even more potent than the possession of a caul, or being the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, are the peculiar prophetic qualities which are believed to attach to the descendants of a gypsy monarch. By actual count there are in the prophetic business today more than 300 gypsy queens, who announce themselves as the daughters of gypsy kings, a fact which goes to prove that gypsy kings are very numerous or very prolific. In this business the gypsies have decided advantage over all other races, though the negro voodooes run them a good second. There is a general belief that the possession of gypsy blood carries with it the gift of prophecy, and as in the case of artists and musicians, the power to begeth, he calculates or casts the horoscope of a person, proves the influences that direct his life, and show that he is really the creature of an inexorable fate, from which no effort of his own can free him. The astrologer is necessary to a fatalist, here is eliminated from his methods and responsibility is cast to the winds. All he can do is to show the good or the bad influences that control the life and fortunes of the subject. The modern astrologists, however, in order to supply the needs of the market, take care that there is more good awaiting their clients than evil. Like the popular story in the popular melodrama, the popular fortune teller, no matter what troubles he or she may forecast, must in the end reward virtue and punish vice."

"There are a number of negro voodooes in New York, principally men, and as might be expected, their methods differ very greatly from those that are popular and potent with other races. They believe in charms, the casting of spells, the power to begeth, or bewitch others and their ability to separate or unite lovers. The purpose of the voodoo is not so much to foretell what will happen, as through certain occult influences, to compel things to happen. By means of incantations and charms composed of blood, calcined spiders and lizards' tongues and such ingredients as the witches of Macbeth threw into the cauldron, they can produce any result their clients want. It might be supposed that the patrons of these 'voodoo' doctors would be the most ignorant people of their own color, but such is not the case. One of these men, known as Dr. Ross, clears, it is said, over \$20,000 a year. His clients are among the best of the city. He has a carriage with arms blazoned on them and liveried coachmen, drawn up before the

THE FUTURE

WOMEN AS PROFESSIONAL PROPHETS.

They Seem to Have a Monopoly of Foretelling.

Uniformity of Their Methods—Seventh Daughters of Seventh Daughters—Children Born With a "Caul"—Cap Tossers and Card Cutters.

(Imaged by the Central Press Association of Columbus, Ohio.)

The desire to look into the future is as old as humanity, and as widespread as the race. The cultured Greeks had their oracles, the Hebrews had their seers, the Celts had, and still have, people gifted with second sight; the Indian has his medicine man, not the least of whose power is lifting the veil of the future, and Europe has had for 500 years a wandering race of gypsies, whose principal business it has been to tell the fortunes of women, from the palace boudoir down to the kitchen.

It is a mistake to suppose that the belief in fortune telling is confined to the ignorant. No doubt the servant girl, the seer, or about to make a voyage, or the workman who finds himself in love, will quietly seek out the fortune teller; but the best, because the most profitable patrons of the profession, are the rich, and principally women who are jealous of their lovers or doubtful of their husbands.

I have recently seen a collection of papers from all the British colonies, from South Africa, and the principal cities in Europe, and in each and every one I have found the card of the professional prophet couched in nearly the same language and claiming the same power to lift the veil of the future. The continuance and extent of this business, or industry, or profession, is the best possible evidence that it has been, is, and will continue to be profitable. No matter the place or the language in which these advertisements appear, all have a striking similarity, and, as in the spiritual medium business, women, all of whom call themselves "Madam" somebody, appear to have a monopoly of the trade, and advertise their special qualifications for the work in a most monotonous and businesslike way. I have before me a number of these cards from different parts of the world, all which look as if they had been written by the same hand. For example: Under the general head of "Astrology," in a leading Parisian paper, I read the following:

"The celebrated Mme. A., the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, tells the past, present and future with invariable accuracy. Will show picture of future husband. Terms, to ladies only, very moderate. Hours, from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Ring second bell."

The magic number seven seems to be potent with these professional prophets, and in the past, as in the present, they seem to attach to the seventh daughter a seventh daughter certain powers of prophecy that other women have not. In the usual order. One might think the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter a very rare person indeed; but if we are to believe the advertisements that appear in the papers all the world over, there are thousands of them, all blessed with the gift of prophecy, and all using that gift for their own profit and, presumably, for the enlightenment of their many clients.

In Great Britain and on the continent of Europe certain powers of divination are popularly believed to be attached to what is known as a "caul." This "caul" is a sort of animal parchment, sometimes found over the face and head of a newborn babe. From time immemorial a belief has existed that a child born with this unique appendage is particularly blessed and less liable to misfortune than the rest of humanity. Not only does the caul confer special favors on its original possessor, but it is supposed to carry with it and convey to its owner the power of looking into the future, and is an infallible protection against shipwreck and disaster by sea. Formerly, if not at present, sea captains attached so much importance to the possession of a caul that they have been known to pay large sums for one, believing that it would save them on their ship no wreck could be lost by drowning. Whenever an article becomes marketable and there is for it an assured demand, human ingenuity is sure to supplement the deficiencies of nature, like the Yankee with his wooden nutmegs, and so in many of the European ports the manufacture of cauls, from the intestines of animals, became a regular business, and as there was no means of discovering the deceit we may be sure that these artificial cauls were quite as effective as those produced in the regular way.

Some of the astrologers advertise the possession of a caul as an extraordinary inducement to their customers. One of these advertisements reads as follows: "The old and world renowned Mme. G. in her possession a caul which was carried by Capt. Cook in his many voyages around the world, and to its possession he attributed the success of his many expeditions. Mme. G. cuts cards with invincible success, and she counts among her patrons tens of thousands of people who live near the sea, or have friends whose business is on or near the water. Ladies and seafaring men only need apply at No. —'."

But even more potent than the possession of a caul, or being the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, are the peculiar prophetic qualities which are believed to attach to the descendants of a gypsy monarch. By actual count there are in the prophetic business today more than 300 gypsy queens, who announce themselves as the daughters of gypsy kings, a fact which goes to prove that gypsy kings are very numerous or very prolific. In this business the gypsies have decided advantage over all other races, though the negro voodooes run them a good second. There is a general belief that the possession of gypsy blood carries with it the gift of prophecy, and as in the case of artists and musicians, the power to begeth, he calculates or casts the horoscope of a person, proves the influences that direct his life, and show that he is really the creature of an inexorable fate, from which no effort of his own can free him. The astrologer is necessary to a fatalist, here is eliminated from his methods and responsibility is cast to the winds. All he can do is to show the good or the bad influences that control the life and fortunes of the subject. The modern astrologists, however, in order to supply the needs of the market, take care that there is more good awaiting their clients than evil. Like the popular story in the popular melodrama, the popular fortune teller, no matter what troubles he or she may forecast, must in the end reward virtue and punish vice."

"Queen Hester, the only true and genuine gypsy princess in the city, in order to meet the wants of her increasing patrons, has moved to No. —, on — street, at the corner of — street. It is unrivaled by any person living or dead. She tells the past without questions, maps out the future, gives the names of winning horses in races and the lucky numbers in lotteries. For 50 cents she will give you a picture of the man you are to marry."

It will be seen from these advertisements that the different nations' ties have varying methods of divination. The gypsies believe in palmistry, and while reading the hand they watch the face, and the excellent students of human nature, they say things that startle their simple clients and add immensely to the belief in themselves and so to their revenue.

The Irish practice a method of divination almost peculiar to themselves, known as "cup tossing." This consists in putting some tea leaves in a cup and pouring hot water over it, after the Chinese method of making that beverage. After these are saturated the fortune teller economically drains off the liquid, leaving enough in the cup to float the leaves. The Irish fortune tellers are invariably old women; indeed, with the Celtic race, age appears to be essential to full possession of the prophetic gift. The hag circles the cup around three times to the right, then three times to the left, so diffusing the leaves over the sides of the vessel; this done, she dexterously turns the cup bottom up, letting whatever liquid there may be in the cup drain into a saucer; after a minute or two, during which perfect silence is maintained, she lifts the cup and, from the arrangement of the leaves and the shape of the past, present and future of her client. If there be a long streak of tea leaves, it means a journey by land; if there is a large open space to which none of the leaves adhere, it signifies a long journey by water; where the leaves are jumbled together in a mass, it invariably indicates trouble, and where they take a circular form with an open space in the center it is a ring, and a sure sign of the approaching wedding. One of these professional prophets, a Celt, we may be sure, from the name as well as from the method employed, advertises as follows: "Mme. Muldoon of No. 20 — street, is the champion cup tosser of the world. She has never had a rival, and she is sure none will ever appear to dispute pre-eminence with her in her chosen field. She uses a tea called 'Birds of Heaven'—flowers picked by the fingers of the mandarins' daughters, from which she gets the most marvelous results. She never makes a mistake. Her terms are low. If you are in trouble or distress, through love or business, call on her at once, and have your mind set at rest."

I have heard that the women have a monopoly of the professional prophecy business. There is one department, however, in which men stand pre-eminent; that is in what an advertiser calls "The Magical Mathematical Field of Pure Astrology." "Astrology" is a generic name applied to the profession as a whole, but by reason of its sup-

posed knowledge of the higher mathematics and the fact that most of the women who exercise this calling have only imperfect knowledge of the one language which they speak, the department of astrology proper is given over wholly to men. The astrological method of divination is as old as history, and while it is not so generally believed in nor its professors so well paid as they were two hundred years ago, yet the professors of astrology, who do not understand the business, make a great deal of money, and have among their patrons people of intelligence, who look down with contempt on palmists, cup tossers, card cutters, seventh daughters of seventh daughters, and even sneer at the professors of the magic call. The methods of the astrologer are, and always have been, such as to appeal powerfully to the credulity of the ignorant. He is popularly supposed to know all about the stars, not only from an astronomical standpoint, but also to be able to read their occult influences on the human race. The astrologer may be said to be the Calvinist of the professional prophets. Given the hour, day and date, he will calculate for you the horoscope of a person, prove the influences that direct his life, and show that he is really the creature of an inexorable fate, from which no effort of his own can free him. The astrologer is necessary to a fatalist, here is eliminated from his methods and responsibility is cast to the winds. All he can do is to show the good or the bad influences that control the life and fortunes of the subject. The modern astrologists, however, in order to supply the needs of the market, take care that there is more good awaiting their clients than evil. Like the popular story in the popular melodrama, the popular fortune teller, no matter what troubles he or she may forecast, must in the end reward virtue and punish vice."

"Are You a Manufacturer?" If you are crowded where you are now, or if raw material is getting scarce, take a look at the Northwest. It is full of resources of woods, clays, minerals and products of various sorts. There are undeveloped water powers. You can find material and power in close association. The railway affords cheap facilities to markets.

"Are You an Eastern Farmer?" The renter generally expends his energies for the tenant. To occupy and begin the cultivation of a homestead means the creation at once of a property worth a thousand dollars or more, and every year thereafter the equivalent of a laboring man's wages back cast will be added to the value of the farm.

"Are You Looking for Gold, Silver or Copper?" Rich discoveries are being made every day in the Flathead valley, the Kootenai district of Montana and Idaho, in the Nelhart-Barker district of Montana, and in the Chelan-Okanogan basin of Washington. To reach these localities take the Great Northern Railway.

"Do You Wish a Business Location?" A region as extensive and so prolific in resources and as full of growing towns and cities as that covered by the Great Northern Railway offers unusual openings for business men. Still chances to get in on the ground floor.

"Do You Wish to Engage in Lumbering?" The finest forests of hard and soft woods to be found in America exist along and in territory tributary to the Great Northern Railway in Minnesota, Montana, Idaho and Washington.

"Do You Like Stock Raising?" The best of opportunities await you in the Northwest. The finest cattle and sheep raising American ranch on the pasture lands of Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana. The whole country, too, is adapted to the poultry industry.

"To Be Had for the Asking." Homestead in North Dakota, Montana and Washington. The last of the public domain of any agricultural value. For publications, and information as to rates, routes, locations, etc., address F. J. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

numerous or very prolific. In this business the gypsies have decided advantage over all other races, though the negro voodooes run them a good second. There is a general belief that the possession of gypsy blood carries with it the gift of prophecy, and as in the case of artists and musicians, the power to begeth, he calculates or casts the horoscope of a person, proves the influences that direct his life, and show that he is really the creature of an inexorable fate, from which no effort of his own can free him. The astrologer is necessary to a fatalist, here is eliminated from his methods and responsibility is cast to the winds. All he can do is to show the good or the bad influences that control the life and fortunes of the subject. The modern astrologists, however, in order to supply the needs of the market, take care that there is more good awaiting their clients than evil. Like the popular story in the popular melodrama, the popular fortune teller, no matter what troubles he or she may forecast, must in the end reward virtue and punish vice."

"Queen Hester, the only true and genuine gypsy princess in the city, in order to meet the wants of her increasing patrons, has moved to No. —, on — street, at the corner of — street. It is unrivaled by any person living or dead. She tells the past without questions, maps out the future, gives the names of winning horses in races and the lucky numbers in lotteries. For 50 cents she will give you a picture of the man you are to marry."

It will be seen from these advertisements that the different nations' ties have varying methods of divination. The gypsies believe in palmistry, and while reading the hand they watch the face, and the excellent students of human nature, they say things that startle their simple clients and add immensely to the belief in themselves and so to their revenue.

The Irish practice a method of divination almost peculiar to themselves, known as "cup tossing." This consists in putting some tea leaves in a cup and pouring hot water over it, after the Chinese method of making that beverage. After these are saturated the fortune teller economically drains off the liquid, leaving enough in the cup to float the leaves. The Irish fortune tellers are invariably old women; indeed, with the Celtic race, age appears to be essential to full possession of the prophetic gift. The hag circles the cup around three times to the right, then three times to the left, so diffusing the leaves over the sides of the vessel; this done, she dexterously turns the cup bottom up, letting whatever liquid there may be in the cup drain into a saucer; after a minute or two, during which perfect silence is maintained, she lifts the cup and, from the arrangement of the leaves and the shape of the past, present and future of her client. If there be a long streak of tea leaves, it means a journey by land; if there is a large open space to which none of the leaves adhere, it signifies a long journey by water; where the leaves are jumbled together in a mass, it invariably indicates trouble, and where they take a circular form with an open space in the center it is a ring, and a sure sign of the approaching wedding. One of these professional prophets, a Celt, we may be sure, from the name as well as from the method employed, advertises as follows: "Mme. Muldoon of No. 20 — street, is the champion cup tosser of the world. She has never had a rival, and she is sure none will ever appear to dispute pre-eminence with her in her chosen field. She uses a tea called 'Birds of Heaven'—flowers picked by the fingers of the mandarins' daughters, from which she gets the most marvelous results. She never makes a mistake. Her terms are low. If you are in trouble or distress, through love or business, call on her at once, and have your mind set at rest."

I have heard that the women have a monopoly of the professional prophecy business. There is one department, however, in which men stand pre-eminent; that is in what an advertiser calls "The Magical Mathematical Field of Pure Astrology." "Astrology" is a generic name applied to the profession as a whole, but by reason of its sup-

posed knowledge of the higher mathematics and the fact that most of the women who exercise this calling have only imperfect knowledge of the one language which they speak, the department of astrology proper is given over wholly to men. The astrological method of divination is as old as history, and while it is not so generally believed in nor its professors so well paid as they were two hundred years ago, yet the professors of astrology, who do not understand the business, make a great deal of money, and have among their patrons people of intelligence, who look down with contempt on palmists, cup tossers, card cutters, seventh daughters of seventh daughters, and even sneer at the professors of the magic call. The methods of the astrologer are, and always have been, such as to appeal powerfully to the credulity of the ignorant. He is popularly supposed to know all about the stars, not only from an astronomical standpoint, but also to be able to read their occult influences on the human race. The astrologer may be said to be the Calvinist of the professional prophets. Given the hour, day and date, he will calculate for you the horoscope of a person, prove the influences that direct his life, and show that he is really the creature of an inexorable fate, from which no effort of his own can free him. The astrologer is necessary to a fatalist, here is eliminated from his methods and responsibility is cast to the winds. All he can do is to show the good or the bad influences that control the life and fortunes of the subject. The modern astrologists, however, in order to supply the needs of the market, take care that there is more good awaiting their clients than evil. Like the popular story in the popular melodrama, the popular fortune teller, no matter what troubles he or she may forecast, must in the end reward virtue and punish vice."

"Are You a Manufacturer?" If you are crowded where you are now, or if raw material is getting scarce, take a look at the Northwest. It is full of resources of woods, clays, minerals and products of various sorts. There are undeveloped water powers. You can find material and power in close association. The railway affords cheap facilities to markets.

"Are You an Eastern Farmer?" The renter generally expends his energies for the tenant. To occupy and begin the cultivation of a homestead means the creation at once of a property worth a thousand dollars or more, and every year thereafter the equivalent of a laboring man's wages back cast will be added to the value of the farm.

"Are You Looking for Gold, Silver or Copper?" Rich discoveries are being made every day in the Flathead valley, the Kootenai district of Montana and Idaho, in the Nelhart-Barker district of Montana, and in the Chelan-Okanogan basin of Washington. To reach these localities take the Great Northern Railway.

"Do You Wish a Business Location?" A region as extensive and so prolific in resources and as full of growing towns and cities as that covered by the Great Northern Railway offers unusual openings for business men. Still chances to get in on the ground floor.

"Do You Wish to Engage in Lumbering?" The finest forests of hard and soft woods to be found in America exist along and in territory tributary to the Great Northern Railway in Minnesota, Montana, Idaho and Washington.

"Do You Like Stock Raising?" The best of opportunities await you in the Northwest. The finest cattle and sheep raising American ranch on the pasture lands of Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana. The whole country, too, is adapted to the poultry industry.

"To Be Had for the Asking." Homestead in North Dakota, Montana and Washington. The last of the public domain of any agricultural value. For publications, and information as to rates, routes, locations, etc., address F. J. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

pen as, through certain occult influences, to compel things to happen. By means of incantations and charms composed of blood, calcined spiders and lizards' tongues and such ingredients as the witches of Macbeth threw into the cauldron, they can produce any result their clients want. It might be supposed that the patrons of these "voodoo" doctors would be the most ignorant people of their own color, but such is not the case. One of these men, known as Dr. Ross, clears, it is said, over \$20,000 a year. His clients are among the best of the city. He has a carriage with arms blazoned on them and liveried coachmen, drawn up before the

THE ASTROLOGIST. posed knowledge of the higher mathematics and the fact that most of the women who exercise this calling have only imperfect knowledge of the one language which they speak, the department of astrology proper is given over wholly to men. The astrological method of divination is as old as history, and while it is not so generally believed in nor its professors so well paid as they were two hundred years ago, yet the professors of astrology, who do not understand the business, make a great deal of money, and have among their patrons people of intelligence, who look down with contempt on palmists, cup tossers, card cutters, seventh daughters of seventh daughters, and even sneer at the professors of the magic call. The methods of the astrologer are, and always have been, such as to appeal powerfully to the credulity of the ignorant. He is popularly supposed to know all about the stars, not only from an astronomical standpoint, but also to be able to read their occult influences on the human race. The astrologer may be said to be the Calvinist of the professional prophets. Given the hour, day and date, he will calculate for you the horoscope of a person, prove the influences that direct his life, and show that he is really the creature of an inexorable fate, from which no effort of his own can free him. The astrologer is necessary to a fatalist, here is eliminated from his methods and responsibility is cast to the winds. All he can do is to show the good or the bad influences that control the life and fortunes of the subject. The modern astrologists, however, in order to supply the needs of the market, take care that there is more good awaiting their clients than evil. Like the popular story in the popular melodrama, the popular fortune teller, no matter what troubles he or she may forecast, must in the end reward virtue and punish vice."

"Are You a Manufacturer?" If you are crowded where you are now, or if raw material is getting scarce, take a look at the Northwest. It is full of resources of woods, clays, minerals and products of various sorts. There are undeveloped water powers. You can find material and power in close association. The railway affords cheap facilities to markets.

"Are You an Eastern Farmer?" The renter generally expends his energies for the tenant. To occupy and begin the cultivation of a homestead means the creation at once of a property worth a thousand dollars or more, and every year thereafter the equivalent of a laboring man's wages back cast will be added to the value of the farm.

"Are You Looking for Gold, Silver or Copper?" Rich discoveries are being made every day in the Flathead valley, the Kootenai district of Montana and Idaho, in the Nelhart-Barker district of Montana, and in the Chelan-Okanogan basin of Washington. To reach these localities take the Great Northern Railway.

"Do You Wish a Business Location?" A region as extensive and so prolific in resources and as full of growing towns and cities as that covered by the Great Northern Railway offers unusual openings for business men. Still chances to get in on the ground floor.

"Do You Wish to Engage in Lumbering?" The finest forests of hard and soft woods to be found in America exist along and in territory tributary to the Great Northern Railway in Minnesota, Montana, Idaho and Washington.

"Do You Like Stock Raising?" The best of opportunities await you in the Northwest. The finest cattle and sheep raising American ranch on the pasture lands of Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana. The whole country, too, is adapted to the poultry industry.

"To Be Had for the Asking." Homestead in North Dakota, Montana and Washington. The last of the public domain of any agricultural value. For publications, and information as to rates, routes, locations, etc., address F. J. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

gypsy-dirty little shop in which he manufactures his charms, and back of which is his private consultation room. In addition to all these there are in the city of New York, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, certain men and women whose education and well-bred manners separate them from the great herd of professional prophets, yet who as surely belong to the great army of impostors as do voodoo doctors. These men and women are popular in good society, live in elegantly-furnished apartments and make a great deal of money reading the palms of wealthy callers and giving directions in matters of love or domestic trouble.

It was my purpose to give my experience with a representative of each one of the classes named, but already I have transcended the limits of my paper.

Brussels Doctors Combine. The physicians of Brussels have banded themselves into a union, pledged to resist any attempt to cheapen their scale of remuneration, and have bound themselves not to accept any fee below a certain fixed sum. They have been led to take this course by a circular addressed to them by several industrial unions informing them that physicians who would give medical attendance at the rate of 50 cents a visit would be exclusively called in by sick members of the trades unions.—Brussels Letter.

JANE JONES. Jane Jones keeps a whisperer to me all the time. An ass "Why don't you make it a rule to study your lessons at work here, I learn 'As never absent from school? Remember the story of Elias Burritt. How he climbed up to the top. Get all the knowledge that he ever had. Down in the blacksmith shop." Jane Jones she honestly said it was so. "Mebbe he did. I dunno. 'Course, what's a bespin me 'way from the top is not never lavin no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor. But full o' demitation an' brains. An' studied philosophy all 'is hull life. An' see what he got for his pains. He bro'th electricity out of the sky. With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we've own him more'n any one else. For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Mebbe he did. I dunno. 'Course, what's a bespin me 'way from the top is not havin any kite, lightning or key."

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the knees. "Why he first thought up Nippon. An' all o' the Spaniards an' tallies, too. They laughed an' just said 'twas a dream. But Queen Isabella she listened to him. An' awarded all the jewels o' her crown. An' bought 'in the Santa Marier an' said, 'Go hunt up the rest of the earth.' Jane Jones she honestly said it was so. Mebbe he did. I dunno. 'Course, what's a bespin me 'way from the top is not havin any land to discover just now. —Ben King in Southern Magazine.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

TO HORSE OWNERS. For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or overworked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists. D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY. Are You Looking for Land? Take a trip over the Great Northwest to northern Minnesota and North Dakota, and you can satisfy your yearning. The Red River Valley, the Devils Lake District and the Turtle Mountain country invite investigation and settlement. These localities offer free homesteads, cheap lands and good climate to Eastern farmers who have vainly toiled for years to get ahead and pay off by drugging a mortgage. It is the country, too, for the grown-up sons to whose sturdy abo r the small Eastern farm no longer gives adequate returns.

Are You in Poor Health? The Northwest is one vast sanitarium. There is a notable freedom from fogs and raw chilly weather. The bright sunshine and the bracing air put vigor into the steps of men and paint roses in the cheeks of women, with colors not to be found in the drug stores. There are hot springs, too, along the line of the Great Northern, in the West, noted for healing many human ailments.

Are You a Manufacturer? If you are crowded where you are now, or if raw material is getting scarce, take a look at the Northwest. It is full of resources of woods, clays, minerals and products of various sorts. There are undeveloped water powers. You can find material and power in close association. The railway affords cheap facilities to markets.

Are You an Eastern Farmer? The renter generally expends his energies for the tenant. To occupy and begin the cultivation of a homestead means the creation at once of a property worth a thousand dollars or more, and every year thereafter the equivalent of a laboring man's wages back cast will be added to the value of the farm.

Are You Looking for Gold, Silver or Copper? Rich discoveries are being made every day in the Flathead valley, the Kootenai district of Montana and Idaho, in the Nelhart-Barker district of Montana, and in the Chelan-Okanogan basin of Washington. To reach these localities take the Great Northern Railway.

Do You Wish a Business Location? A region as extensive and so prolific in resources and as full of growing towns and cities as that covered by the Great Northern Railway offers unusual openings for business men. Still chances to get in on the ground floor.

Do You Wish to Engage in Lumbering? The finest forests of hard and soft woods to be found in America exist along and in territory tributary to the Great Northern Railway in Minnesota, Montana, Idaho and Washington.