

The Chafing Dish.

"JUST ABOUT MOTHERS"
There is no deep, strong deathless love save that within a mothers heart.

In Mr. Barrie's play there is an exquisitely beautiful speech put into the mouth of his Alice and delivered equally exquisitely by Miss Ellen Terry as to the peculiarly tender feelings of a mother for her girl as she grows up from childhood and at last crosses the river that divides youth from mature womanhood to stand by the mother's side, that would make one wonder how a man had ever understood so well a mother's heart...

Thus was achieved the ideal that was once expressed in simple language from the heart of a dear little tender maiden of but six years old who so loved her mother that, when it had been borne in upon her that mothers sometimes die and leave their daughters alone, she thought, deeply, till she had excogitated this ideal: "Mamma, would it not be nice if there was a mother, and she lived to be very, very old, and her daughter lived to be old too, but of course, not so old, and then both died at one time?"

In regard to the present agitation of the tendency of club life to lead to childless homes the N. Y. Evening Post says: "On the face of it the charges are rather absurd. The average club-woman in the eastern and southern states is about forty years old, the mother of several children, the oldest of whom are either in college or preparatory schools. She is in comfortable circumstances, but has not always been so situated. She is a good housekeeper, as averages go, and simply prefers to spend her leisure in self-improvement or civic work rather than in shopping, matinees, bridge and gossip. In the western states the clubwoman is rather younger, but there is no evidence that she neglects her domestic duties for the club. Why should it be assumed that the children are crying for food and the husband is buttonless because the wife goes to her club once a week? Nobody assumes such terrible things if a woman goes to a matinee or a tea.

One of the sweetest sights on the Fourth was to see the tired looking mothers holding up the little children so that they "could see good." Each spick and span white dress and clean waist meant mothers hands at the washtub and ironing board and in many a gay hair ribbon, planning and mothers going without, could be seen. Three little boys with pink and white waists stood in front of their mother during the parade and we heard her saying to some friend "I got those three waists out of my dress but it took some planning." We thought bless your dear heart so it did but it was a happy time for you—as to the boys, their faces spoke for themselves. I hope they didn't get very wet or soiled, those three pink waists but I have faith that "mother" would be equal to it if they did.

SICK. Edwin L. Sablin in "In Lighter Vein" in the November Century. When Mother's sick, the house is all so strangely hushed in room and hall! But mother never will admit she's suffering a single bit! She won't let people do a thing—there's nothing any one can bring—she just lies there, and tries to fix herself by cunning little tricks. And as for doctor—why, the world she scorns as being most absurd. And when he comes he has to guess. At symptoms that she won't confess. And then he's apt to frown and say: "You should have had me right away. I'll come again this evening"—or "It's bed, you see, a week or more!"

When father's sick—I tell you now you ought to hear the dreadful row! The talk of "dying," and the groans! The orders in convulsive tones! The hasty runnings to and fro! To rearrange the pillow—so! To fix hot-water bag and shade! For mustard plaster, lemonade! Appeals to get the doctor, quick—And "Can't you see I'm awful sick!" And then the doctor sits and hears. While father grunts his pains and fears. He leaves some drops, and tells us: "Hum! Unless I'm needed I shan't come. Again, I think he'll do all right." It's bed, you see, a week or more!

A custom is creeping toward us, which should be fostered by every

family. It is now fashionable to establish a Home week, the time when sons and daughters gather about their parents to relate their experiences out in the world, to exchange bits of family history, to keep alive family affection and to gladden the declining years of parents. The wedding anniversary, Thanksgiving or Christmas are all happy times for such reunions. In a few parental homes in Denison children, grandchildren and perhaps a few close friends make it an unwritten law to gather every Sunday evening for a few hours together. There is no better way to start the new week than this.

HIS MOTHER'S COOKING

He sat at the dinner table there. With a discontented frown. The potatoes and steak were underdone And the bread was baked too brown; The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet. And the meat was much too fat. The soup so greasy, too, and salt. 'Twas hardly fit for a cat. "I wish you could taste the bread and pie. I have seen my mother make. They were something like, and 'twould do you good. Just to look at a slice of her cake." Said the smiling wife: "I'll improve with age; Just now I am but a beginner. But your mother called to see me today And I got her to cook the dinner."

We presume this was the day he felt like thirty cents.

A Wisconsin woman gave a birthday party last week in honor of her daughter. Such an announcement would not be at all peculiar save for the fact the daughter is dead. Had she been alive it would have been her twenty-seventh birthday and invitations were sent to all her friends. The guests drove to the cemetery to lay their birthday gifts of flowers upon the grave. They then returned to the residence, where an elaborate dinner was served. The vacant chair of the daughter, decorated in purple and white, stood at the head of the table. Bunches of violets, her favorite flower, were arranged around the glasses and plates, turned down at her seat. The custom of giving birthday parties for the dead will scarcely become general, for at the best the pleasure would not be unalloyed.

GRANDMA'S DREAMS.

I wonder what Grandma is thinking about As she sits in the corner there. With the fire light shining into her eyes. And over her silver hair. She has laid her knitting across her knee. And folded her hands so thin. And I know her thoughts are far away In spite of the children's din. I'm sure it is something strange and sweet. That brightens her eyes so dim; Perhaps she is seeing the golden gates. And hearing the angels' hymn. And she smiles to think that she soon will cross. Whether the wonderful river rolls. And gather the roses of youth again. In the beautiful garden of souls. —H. J. Metcalf.

A LARGE RECEPTION

On Friday afternoon Mesdames Richardson, Luney, Hope and Bryce were at home to their friends at the home of Mrs. Richardson.

The reception was given as complimentary to Mrs. Eugene Hamilton, and was one of the largest affairs of the season.

The receiving party had a bevy of pretty daughters and nieces and they assisted in a very charming way. Mrs. Bryce also made the guests feel very much at home. Frape was served on the vine-clad porch by Miss Florence Baker.

Mrs. Hamilton, whose beautiful voice is well remembered here, sang for the guests. Sweet peas were the dining room favors, and the refreshments were green and white in coloring.

The quartette of hostesses are to be congratulated upon the informal and cordial atmosphere that pervaded the entire afternoon. The day was delightfully cool and the Richardson home was well adapted for entertaining comfortably so large a company.

On Saturday the infant class was entertained at the Bryce lawn. Misses Snouffer, Bryce and Staley assisted Mrs. Bryce in giving the children a delightful afternoon.

TAKEN UP ESTRAY.

A red cow two years old has been taken up estray in my pasture. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for costs.

28-3t. R. Lehfeldt.

BEAUTIFUL LAKE VIEW

is an ideal summer resort. Good hunting and fishing. The North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Lake View at \$1.20 for the round trip from Denison on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, tickets limited, to return on or before the following Monday. Other low rate round trip tickets sold daily with return, limit of 30 days. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

CONTINUE

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A Love Potion

[Original.]

The great scientist sat reading his morning paper before going into his laboratory.

"Please, sir," said the butler, "there's a young woman to see you, sir." The scientist, always accessible, directed that she be shown in. A well formed, rosy cheeked young English girl entered with evident diffidence.

"What can I do for you?" asked the scientist in a kindly, reassuring tone. She replied in one of those well modulated voices for which the daughters of Britain are conspicuous.

"I've heard, sir, that you're a great alchemist." The scientist smiled. "Is it astrology you are?" she hastened to add by way of correcting a possible mistake.

"I'm a chemist." "Well, sir, I'm Molly Baine, a poor girl that dances for a living. One of the girls has taken my young man away from me, and I thought you'd be so kind as to give me a love draft to bring him back."

The scientist smiled again. "He's a good young man is Tommy," the girl went on, "and I'm not a bad girl. Indeed I'm not, sir, though they say all dancing girls is. Tommy's a scene shifter."

The great man, whose discoveries had made his name famous throughout the world, pondered. Presently he rose from his seat, went out and returned with a fistful of violets.

"My dear little girl," he said, "these flowers need only be displayed before your young man to put him again in your power. But I warn you that if you tell him who gave them to you the spell will be broken."

The girl's face lighted with pleasure. "You don't mean it, sir? Is it in the smelling, sir?" "Never mind where it is. Do as I tell you and you will have your desire."

The girl took out a pocketbook and, selecting a half dollar from among some copper coins, offered it to the chemist. "I'm sorry, sir, I've no more to give you for the spell, but I only get"—

"Never mind the pay. The violets came from my own conservatory and cost nothing. I hope you will find that they will work well. Good morning."

The great man bowed the girl out and, proceeding to his laboratory, soon forgot everything except his crucibles and test tubes.

Just twenty-four hours from the time of his first interview with the dancing girl he received a second visit. He lay down his paper and, looking up at the girl standing before him, saw that she was in a tempestuous mental condition.

"Well, my dear," he asked, "didn't the spell work?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it worked, but the wrong way, sir. When the ballet was called last night I went on with the violets in my girdle. Tommy had just rolled a palace on when he caught sight of 'em."

"Who give you the violets?" he asked. "What's that to you?" I told him. "It's a swell. I knew one of 'em 'ud git you," says he.

"Never you mind who give 'em," says I, mindin' what you told me to keep from him. At that I danced on. When I came off he wouldn't speak to me, turned his back on me, and, after we all went off and had our supper, I tried to get a kind word from him, but he acted 'orrid, sir. So I, I think, you might 'ave made a mistake and given me the wrong spell, 'ave come back for the right one."

The scientist pondered for awhile, then said: "Tell Tommy the flowers given you contain an antidote for love."

The girl went out wondering, but with full confidence in the chemist's ability to do what he liked—that is, if he didn't get the wrong potion mixed up with the right one.

The next morning the scientist received a third visit, this time not from the dancing girl, but from Tommy.

"Please, sir, is it you as give my sweetheart a hantidote for lovin' me?" "She told me you had gone off with another girl."

"So I did, sir, but," looking down and picking at his cap that he held in his hand, "when I see she'd got some violets, so expensive as only a swell could afford 'em, I, I think I'd lost 'er, wanted 'er."

"You mean you don't want what you can get and do want what you can't get?" "I suppose so, sir. I think, sir, if you'd withdraw the spell from Molly I wouldn't shift again."

"Well, tomorrow morning you and Molly come here together, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"Do you think you can kill the hantidote?" the young man asked anxiously. "That will depend somewhat on you."

The next morning the pair appeared, Molly much comforted, her lover in considerable trepidation.

"Thomas," said the great man sternly, "you have deserved to lose this sweet little girl. The only antidote for love I gave her was your suspicion of another man to take your place. Molly, you have always loved him, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir." "Well, you can both go now, and, Molly, if you find him straying away again or otherwise ill treating you come to me, and next time I'll give you an antidote that he won't get over so easily."

The only other gift the scientist bestowed upon the couple was a wedding present, a check accompanied by a box of cut flowers from his conservatory.

ALICE CHEEVER.

WITNESSES TO ALIBIS.

Steady Trade Which Once Flourished in New York's Courts.

The elder Weller in "Dickwick" was, as all admirers of the works of Dickens will know, a great believer in the utility of an alibi as a defense in both criminal and civil actions.

"Never mind the character," said Mr. Weller to his son. "Stick to the alibi. Nothing like an alibi, Sammy; nothing. Vevever he's agoin' to be tried, me boy, an alibi's the thing to get him off."

This sage advice of Mr. Weller found frequent corroboration in the views of criminal lawyers in town up to a very few years ago. There were half a century ago more criminal lawyers than there are today, and the emoluments and fees of criminal lawyers were materially larger in the ordinary run of cases than now. As a consequence, cases were more often defended than they are now and pleas of guilty much more rare. Then the alibi witness was a necessary though usually unwelcome part of the machinery of defense in criminal cases. There is in criminal procedure no better defense than an alibi if sustained. Alibi witnesses were therefore very much in demand until juries began to mistrust them and the penalties for the crime of perjury were visited upon some of the delinquents.

For a long time the mendacious and subsidized testimony of professional alibi witnesses obtained credence from jurors, and some of these witnesses, to quote their own language, "made a good thing out of it." Juries in criminal cases are usually sympathetic where no outside pressure is brought upon them, and it is the part of the charge of every judge in a criminal case to inform the jury that the prisoner at the bar is entitled to every reasonable doubt. If, therefore, any uncertainty existed on the point whether or not the prisoner was actually present at the time and place of the alleged crime he was entitled to the benefit of it, but little by little the prosecuting officers became acquainted with the identity and records of the professional alibi witnesses. One or two were prosecuted. Others were scared off. The commercial value of the services of the others was decreased, and finally the whole nefarious business was abandoned, never since to be revived.

CURE OF INSOMNIA.

The soporific powers of warm milk are well known, but care should be taken that the milk does not quite boil.

A Swedish method of producing sleep is to wring out a handkerchief in icy cold water and lay it across the eyes, when it is said to act like magic.

To many constitutions a warm bath taken immediately before going to bed is very soothing and produces drowsiness, while an apple eaten as the last thing is equally effective. The homely boiled onion is another sovereign remedy, or an onion may be sliced and eaten raw, the disagreeable taste being removed by taking a little sugar or a pinch of tea afterward.

A Hindoo practice to induce sleep is to take deep inhalations, expelling the air alternately through each nostril, keeping the other closed with the finger. This has a wonderfully quieting effect.

Going to Congress.

A poor man had better keep out of congress. Campaign expenses are heavy and they come every two years. No man can go to congress without neglecting his law practice or his business. If he is a poor man he will probably lose his clients or his customers; a small business or practice will not support partners or managers. After a few years in congress nine men out of ten are beaten for re-nomination, and then, if they have not a fortune or an established business to fall back on, they will try to get some small salaried place under the govern-



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ment and may not be successful.—Philadelphia Record.

Chemical Changes.

By taking some limewater and blowing one's breath into it a fine white powder will be formed in the water.

By adding some common salt to a solution of nitrate of silver a thick white powder, is produced which, if placed in the sunlight, will turn brown. Pour the juice of a red cabbage into a test tube or thin glass bottle, drop in very gradually a solution of washing soda, shaking the bottle every time you put the washing soda in, and you will see the red solution gradually turning blue. Go on adding the soda solution, and the blue color will give way to green.

Repressed Sentiments.

People who marry always hear good wishes, congratulations and other pleasant remarks, but they miss much in not hearing the repressed sentiments which burst forth to others. A woman who recently received a wedding announcement from a friend was heard to exclaim in tones of disgust, "What a willful disregard of the manifestation of Providence when she was so plainly intended for an old maid!"

The Evidence Was All In.

A jurymen went to sleep during the closing speech of one of the counsel in the case in an English court. The judge had him awakened and sternly rebuked him. "My lord," said the juror, "I was under the impression that I was sworn to give a verdict according to the evidence, not according to the speeches."

Three Kinds.

There are three kinds of good—the kind that feels good, the kind that looks good and the kind that opposes evil. And the first two are good for nothing.

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