THE SPLIT LOG DRAG

USE AND LIMITATIONS OF THIS DEVICE IN CARING FOR ROADS.

USE FOR CONVICT LABOR

Dragging Should Always Be Done Just After a Rain—Good Road Is One That Is Good and Usable 365 Days in Year.

By HOWARD H. GROSS.

There is no road implement that will do more to make bad roads better than the split log drag, and none that is so inexpensive. A handy man can usually get up one at a cost of $3 or $4. Better ones can be bought of road machinery companies for $8 to $15. There is no patent on it, so there is no reason why they should not come into general use.

The problem of supplying prisoners with work that shall not compete unfairly with free labor is not yet solved. Here, however, is an article that can be readily made to advantage in the penitentiary and it would be well to have a few thousand turned out.

The writer desires in the outset to correct a misconception that seems quite general, and that is, that the split log drag is a solution of the good roads problem. It is nothing of the kind. It has its uses and its limitations. Unfortunately, the man who made it, and for which the country is under obligations, overshoots the mark in his slogan: "Good Roads Without Money." The drag is doing good work—it is a pity the inventor is not satisfied to put it and leave it where it belongs.

The drag is not only useful for earth roads, but serves an excellent purpose in keeping gravel roads in condition, and it may be used at times on macadam roads to advantage.

Dragging should always be done in or just following a rain. The surface should be quite wet. The drag should carry just enough weight so it will smooth the surface and fill the ruts without clogging the drag with an accumulation of mud before it. It should iron out and smooth the road without disturbing more than surface projections. Its main use is to fill the ruts and keep the center of the road to the proper crown so the water will readily find its way into the ditches.

The attempt to have the farmers voluntarily drag the road by their farms, or by co-operation have all the roads dragged, will never work out satisfactorily. Some will respond and do their duty, but the human hog must be reckoned with—the one who is supremely selfish, and takes pleasure in overturning the good work of another sometimes just to be mean—pure cussedness. The writer was told of an incident that illustrated this perverseness. A coarse grained middle aged man was heard to say: "T'other day I was coming back from town and I seen old man Jones out with a road drag in the rain—you'd a thought he owned the road. Say, you ought to a-seen that road when me and Jake druv over it. You wouldn't s'posed it had ever seen a drag. Jones was hot when he seen us coming. He tore around like a crazy man. We wouldn't row with an old man, so we give him the ha! ha! and went on."

It is no use to drag a road and then cut it up again. Let all such work as dragging be done and paid for and make it a heavy fine for any one to drive over a dragged road until it is dry enough so it will not cut up.

Gravel roads while new and compacting under the traffic show deep ruts along the wheel track and less ones made by the feet of the horses. When in this condition one or two round trips with the drag will fill the ruts and reform the surface and in doing so will move very little material. The forward movement of the drag should be at an angle so that when the material is pushed forward it is also carried to the center of the road.

The office of public roads will furnish bulletins upon the use of the road drag free upon application. Road officials and others would do well to send for them.

A good road is one that is good and usable 365 days in the year; a road whereon one may ride or drive with pleasure or have a full load without strain upon the horse, vehicle or harness.

To do this the road must have a hard, smooth surface and offer the minimum of resistance. This requires the surface to be "metaled," as the English say, i. e., covered with gravel, broken stone or an equivalent.

An earth road may be an excellent one today and tomorrow a very bad one. It may be a delight in June and a fright in March. Such roads have the virtues of a balky horse—they are liable to fail when most wanted. With a stone or gravel road, leading from the farm, should a heavy rain occur in the busy season, when for a day or so it is too wet to go into the field, the errands to town may be done, several loads of grain or hogs taken to market, and the time well employed. With the average earth roads, when the fields are too wet to work, the roads are too muddy to travel. Hence, the writer holds to the opinion above expressed, that no earth road is entitled to be called a good road, because so much of the time it is positively bad.

The extravagant claims that have been made for the road drag are really holding back the building of good roads. Many have believed that all that was required to have good roads was to go up and down a streak of mud once or twice, say "Presto," and behold, a good highway. This is sheer nonsense. The loud acclaim of a "River to River Road," made good in an hour or so is a myth. This famous road was greatly improved by the dragging, but it is not a good road, and never will be until it is thoroughly drained, properly graded and has a hard, durable wearing surface placed upon it.

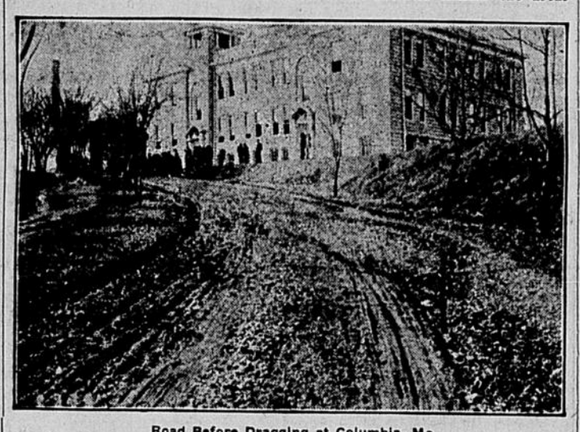
It is human nature to hunt for some easy, cheap and speedy way to do things, and usually no sooner has one discovered how to make some progress toward a solution, than he announces a complete revolutionary discovery that sets aside all experience and precedent, and gains something for nothing. The split log drag is directly in point.

The people may as well make up their minds now, as to find out later, that good roads cost money and lots of it, but they are worth many times their cost and they will pay for themselves over and over again every decade. A well drained and well built macadam road with a good binder may cost anywhere from $4,000 to $6,000 per mile, but such a road with moderate repairs will last for generations. Hence the future should bear part of the burden. There is only one sensible, businesslike way to build good roads, and that is, by state aid, where by the state, preferably from a long time low rate bond issue, pays part of the expense, and the township issues bonds, running from 20 to 30 years, for its part. In this way all the roads needed in a township—the main roads—can be improved at once, and the payments spread over the present and the coming generations.

By building all at once from ten to twenty per cent. can be saved in the cost of the work, and the community has the roads to use from the start. Of course interest must be paid on the bonds, but against this goes the use of the roads. If this is not worth more than the interest it is better not to build the roads. The road question is a big one and must be handled in a big way.

Road After Being Dragged One Year—Helena, Ark.

The above road for many years was impassable a large part of the time. A few years ago it was graded as shown—not very well done, however. The surface has been dragged at short intervals for a year. This has kept the road comparatively smooth. While it cannot be called a good road, it is a good example of how a very bad road may be made better with grading and dragging. This road is in Arkansas.



Road Before Dragging at Columbia, Mo.

This illustration shows a newly made macadam road going through the rutting period. This road apparently was not thoroughly rolled when built. Another illustration shows the same road with the surface ironed out with a road drag. This is a good example of the value of the road drag on a macadam roadway. This road is at Columbia, Mo.

Result of 30 Minutes' Use of Drag at Columbia, Mo.

Macadam road not consolidated being put in shape with a road drag. Note the drag has filled the ruts and moved the loose material towards the center of the driveway. The drag goes forward at an angle for this purpose. The road drag should be used upon gravel or macadam roads only when the road is wet and when it is desirable to fill up ruts.

ALMOST CAPTURED BIG PRIZE

McCurdy Was Within Ten Miles of Havana When the Lubricating Oil Gave Out.

Aboard the Paulding a seaman, having no glasses at all, shouted:

"There he is!"

There he was, two streaks of black against the sky. He had come over the slow boats, passed all the destroyers except the Paulding, and was sailing surely toward a waiting Havana, with only one destroyer—a mere ten minutes or so—between. McCurdy's two mechanicians aboard the Paulding began to grin. Make it? Of course he would! Everything was evidently working well; and ten minutes—only ten minutes—would see the man landed safely in Havana, with the big prize to his credit. McCurdy was coming strong. Every moment he was growing blacker and bigger against the sky.

The Cuban coast—the smoke of the city was within sight.

And then—

"My God!" somebody said, "he's fallen."

This was true. The man had fallen. There was no bird-like speck in the sky. The man had fallen. The Paulding was already turning, at 29 knots, to pick him up; and the Terry was steaming straight on for the same purpose. There had been an accident; the lubricating oil had slipped away and the engine was burning to pieces. There was nothing for it but to descend; and this McCurdy did deliberately, waiting patiently, as he stood on the seat of the airship, for rescue. When a boat from the Terry picked him up—the Paulding was only a moment later—he said:

"Dashed hard luck! Why, I could see Havana!"

He was only ten miles off.

"Dashed Hard luck!" he repeated.

He hadn't wet his feet.—Norman Duncan, in Harper's Weekly.

International Competitions.

It is said that when the time arrives to consider designs for a Shapespeare memorial national theater the architects of all the world will be invited to enter into competition. This would be in accordance with modern practice in such matters. At the present moment competitions that are open to all, without respect to nationality, are awaiting decision for, among other works, a monument to the Czar Alexander II., at St. Petersburg, new courts of justice at Athens, a new presidential palace for Cuba, and the planning of the capitol of the Australian commonwealth.

International competitions of this description are apparently a modern institution, though artists and craftsmen of great ability have at all times readily found employment in foreign countries. We in England have used these desirable aliens as much as any people. The names of Holbein, Zucchero, Rubens, Vandyke, Roubiliac, Angelica Kauffman and numerous others may be cited as proof, while quite a legion of distinguished living artists who are closely identified with British art were not born under the Union Jack—Westminster Gazette.

Fate of a Silent Husband.

Kossara Svetkovitch, who confessed to having murdered her husband, was sent to prison for one month at Kraguyevats Assizes. Kossara proved that on her wedding day her husband had forbidden her to speak to him unless he first addressed her.

During four years he had spoken to her only seven times, and then to use words of blame. At table he indicated his wants by pointing to them. He had never even looked at their two children, and professed not to be aware of their existence.

The jury recommended her to mercy.—Belgrade correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Quite Literal.

She (indignantly)—Look at this piece of goods which has just come out of the washtub! How could the man who sold it to me tell me the colors were fast?

He—I suppose because he knew how they could run.

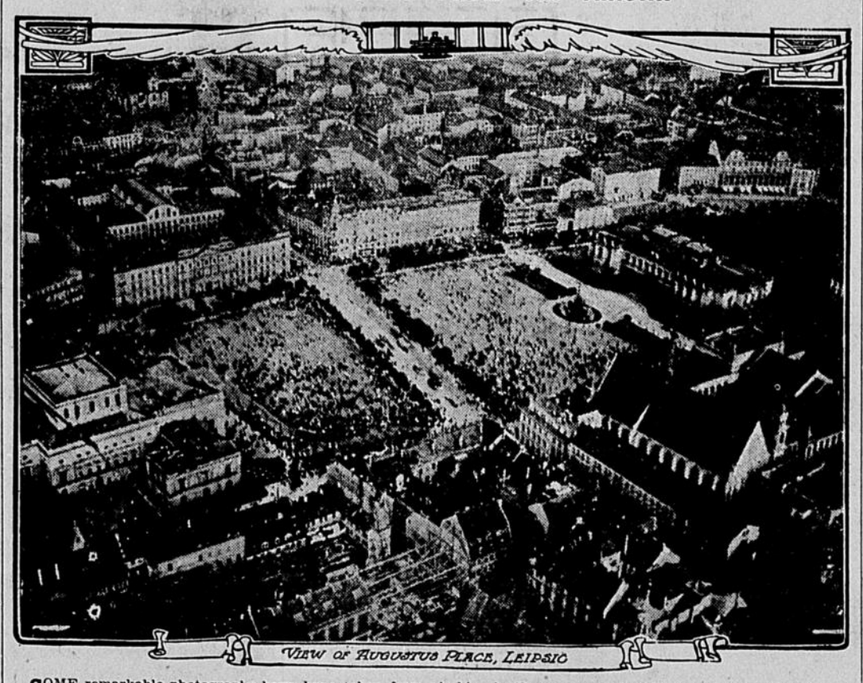
Curious Things in Bottles.

The most interesting bottles in Germany are not filled with wine, but with a variety of things, whose marvel is how they got there. In one of the bottles are five hard-boiled eggs of good size. Another contains two chairs and a couch of doll's house size. The third, which lies on its side, has a full-rigged three-master for its contents. The fourth has a miniature cask, and the fifth an altar with a priest in vestments standing before it. The eggs were treated chemically and made pliable enough to be slipped through the neck of the bottle, and then boiled. The other objects were all constructed inside the bottles by skillful workmen, who were provided with tools adapted to the queer task.

Dog Hard to Kill.

The story of a dog with many lives was told at Axbridge recently when Francis Ashby was heavily fined for cruelty to the animal. The dog, a retriever, was deaf and had become vicious. According to the evidence, the defendant took it out one morning and shot it twice in the head with a rook rifle. He thought he had killed it, but later the same day the dog came up to its master in the village and wagged its tail. The defendant took it home and next morning gave it three blows with a coal hammer on the skull. Again the man thought he had killed his dog, but again the animal revived. He then called in a man, who was a better shot and put the dog out of its misery.—London Daily Mail.

LEIPSIC AS SEEN FROM AN AIRSHIP



VIEW OF AUGUSTUS PLACE, LEIPSIC

SOME remarkable photographs have been taken from airships in Europe, one of which is here reproduced. It is a view of Augustus Place, Leipsic, showing the New theater at the left, and facing it, the main postoffice.

UPLIFT OF CIOCIARE

Wealthy Italian Women Unite to Aid Models.

Spanish Stairs, Where Natives Waited for Passing Artist, Must Go—Will Be Taught to Read, Write and Sew.

Rome.—The world's fair in this city this summer will induce a multitude of people to visit Rome who have never beheld its glories, and it will also be a stimulus for other tourists to revisit the scenes of their former travels.

Whether they be artists of laymen, if they have ever spent any length of time in Rome one of the most vivid impressions they retain must be the Spanish stairs and the groups of gayly dressed models or ciociare, as they are called, who, when not engaged by any artist, make this spot a rendezvous. Here they would congregate, some chatting, others droning in an undertone their weird folk songs, all leisurely waiting for the appearance of a passing artist who might be in search of a subject for his picture.

The Spanish stairs was the bureau of engagement for the ciociare. But all this is to pass. A number of women, headed by the Princess Ruspoli, Baroness Lombardo del Giudice, and the Marquise de Targinani Herman, have decided that the care-free ciociare must be instructed, when not posing, in the practical things of life, that this open-air retreat was pernicious to good morals and right living, and in consequence they have formed a benevolent society to undertake the problem of teaching them the rudiments of learning—for not one of them can read or write—and instruct them in sewing.

Numerous inducements are held out to attract the indolent ciociare to the school. If she works two consecutive hours in the morning the reward for diligence entitles her to a midday luncheon at the expense of the society. Then, after she has been taught to make different articles of clothing, the material for which has been given to her, she is allowed to keep the finished garment, or else she is paid for her labor.

Princess Ruspoli and the other members of the committee personally superintend this big work, and all their energies are directed toward making it a permanent success.

The ciociare, or children of the field, as they are named, are never seen outside of southern Italy, for they never migrate. The sobriquet of ciociare came from their sandals, which are called "ciccie," a name finally given to the section from where they come—between Naples and Rome. The dress of one differs from that of another in color only. Each wears the velvet bodice mellowed by age, the bright silk shawl draped over a white cotton blouse, the voluminous skirt, and the fancy apron with its elaborate wool embroidery. The young boys are equally picturesque in their knee trousers of blue or red velveteen, short jackets of the same stuff, a soft felt hat set coquettishly on one side of the head, protecting the long mass of blue-black hair. Even the old men, with green or purple clothes and long cape cloaks, keep up the illusion of living old masters.

In these days of compulsory education one can hardly realize the ignorance that exists among these ravishingly beautiful ciociare. Many of the fairly intelligent people in Italy cannot read nor write, so that a lack of even a smattering of book knowledge is not a matter of surprise, but the ciociare's intellectual horizon does not extend farther than that of an American child of three. They seem to live from day to day, like birds of the air, careless and unhampered, with no thought of the morrow.

TEXAN NOT AFRAID OF BEES

Charles Potchenick Appears to Have Unusual Control Over Busy Little Honey Gatherers.

San Antonio, Tex.—Charles Potchenick, employed by the Maverick apiaries near this city, appears to have unusual control over bees. He handles them with as much apparent ease as one would in playing with kittens or a harmless pet. He is used to their ways and appears absolutely oblivious to the fact that they can sting.

While working with them he goes bare-armed and bare faced and pays no attention to the insects as they crawl over his exposed hands and arms or pile up in great clumps on his face.

Recently he had a picture taken holding a small limb in his teeth on which a swarm had settled. The bees formed a kind of long beard hanging below his waist and his entire face was covered with those that crawled from the limb. Old beekeepers say that his feats in handling bees are the most remarkable in the world. He claims he has not been stung in two years.

Will Bottle Up Wind.

St. Louis.—Peter Homishak has invented a machine to conserve wind power and three other men have joined with him to put it on the market in St. Louis. They propose to build a factory in St. Louis, where they think the supply of wind is practically inexhaustible.

PUPIL TALLER THAN TEACHER

Arrested by Truant Officer Fifteen-Year-Old Miss Declares She Could Spank Instructor.

New York.—Rather than face the teasing schoolmates who are two feet or more shorter than she, fifteen-year-old Molly Vogel braved the anger of her parents, defied the power of the truant officer and stayed away from school. She was arraigned in the Gates avenue court, Brooklyn, before Magistrate O'Reilly on complaint of Mary Brennan, attending officer.

When Mrs. Vogel was asked by the magistrate if her daughter was in court she replied: "Yes, she is back there." O'Reilly, looking toward the rear of the room, saw two girls seated. One seemed to be about twelve years old, the other fully twenty. The magistrate expected to see the little one rise at the call of "Molly Vogel!" He gasped when the bigger one stepped out in the aisle. Molly would have no difficulty in passing as an adult. Besides being tall she is decidedly plump.

"Judge, if you had to stay in a classroom and you the biggest girl in the school, what would you do?" pleaded Molly.

O'Reilly shook his head, as if to say he had never contemplated facing such a situation personally.

"How can I learn when I know I'm a foot taller than my teacher and a half foot taller than the principal?" wailed Molly. "One of my teachers, a man, is so small I could spank him. And anyway, judge, I thought I'd been to school for the 120 days I had to go. But they say I must go for thirty-five days more."

Magistrate O'Reilly shook his head sadly, but decided the best way would be for the girl to go to school for the remaining days of compulsory attendance.

Sues Slayer of Skunks.

Buffalo, N. Y.—James L. Doty, former coroner of Erie county, but now a trapper, is being sued by his wife for divorce on the ground that he smells from the skunks he kills. She is seventy-three and he is seventy-four. They were married in 1909. Doty is the woman's seventh husband.

The old man explained on the stand, when asked if he had ever told stories, that he was a good hand at coon stories, but he would not lie in a business deal.

Prince Arthur a Chairman.

London.—Prince Arthur of Connaught has consented to act as president of the general London committee for the congress of the universities of the empire which will be held at the University of London in July, 1912.

Chinaman Wins Yale Prize.

New Haven, Conn.—The annual De Forst prize speaking contest at Yale university was won by Yun-Hsiang Tsao of Shanghai, China, who spoke on "Yale Spirit." The winner receives a gold medal of the value of $100.

JAP WOULD LAUGH AT HOBBLE

Swedish Envoy to Japan and China, on Way From Orient, Talks of Women's New Dress.

Chicago.—"I believe the Japanese women, who are considered the most sensibly dressed of any women in the world, would laugh at the American hobble skirt."

Gustav O. Wallenberg, Swedish minister to Japan and China, in Chicago the other day on his way to his native country, made that statement.

Mr. Wallenberg reserved his personal opinion on the harem, hobble and other fashions that greeted him here after an absence of several years since his last visit in the United States.

"I am immensely pleased with everything and everybody here," he said. "I was never happier than when I caught sight of Uncle Sam's country once more, and will say for Chicago that it is wonderful—wonderful. The city becomes greater every year."

Mr. Wallenberg said Chicagoans are holding their own in the trade in the orient.

"Americans seem to be on the ground floor in the industrial outlook in the far east," he said.

The political situation in China at present, he says, is quiet and he attaches slight importance to the recent uprising at Canton.

NUDE MAN HIDES IN A TREE

Pennsylvanian Is Stripped of Every Stitch of Clothing by Tramps and Assailed by Bees.

Philadelphia.—Accosted by tramps in a small strip of woods in Germantown, Thomas Jones of Frankford was robbed of every particle of clothing he wore and left in the woods by the vagrants, who escaped.

Jones, not knowing any of the neighbors and living at a distance from the scene of the robbery, climbed into a tree to wait for some chance passer-by. He remained in the tree all day, suffering greatly from cold, fatigue and and hunger, besides being tortured by a swarm of bees which had built a hive in a dead limb.

After dark Jones descended from his perch and covering himself as best he could with weeds went to a neighboring truck farm, where he obtained clothes and food.

LONE PIGEON FRIGHTENS MEN

Brave Doorman in New York Police Station Alone Defies Popular Superstition—Fear Hoodoo.

New York.—"Yes, I'm going to keep this pigeon as a mascot," says Joseph Devern, doorman in the East Fifty-first street police station.

"I'm not so sure about that," retorts Captain O'Connor. And every other policeman attached to that station joins O'Connor in the fear that the pigeon will be a hoodoo instead of a mascot.

There is a superstition that when a bird flies into a house it brings death to some one there. This pigeon flew into the police station when O'Connor was turning out the platoon the other day. Every bluecoat in line shivered.

"I'm going to put a crimp in that nonsense," said Devern. "Think of big, strong men being afraid of a little, hungry pigeon."

Law and Reason.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.—Sir John Powell.

Bad for Both.

It is no better for a state to live beyond its income than for an individual.—Providence Journal.

RIB GRAFTED ON MAN'S HEAD

Remarkable Surgical Operation Performed on Skull at St. Louis Hospital—Says He Feels Fine.

St. Louis.—George Williams, a City hospital patient, put his hand to the back of his head and felt his sixth rib yesterday, and said he was feeling fine. He is, perhaps, the only man in the world who has a rib in his head, surgeons at the hospital say.

Williams, whose home is in New Orleans, was admitted as a patient March 25. A year and a half before this he had been struck on the head with a club, and in order to save his life a portion of bone at the back of his skull was removed. The pressure of the scalp on the unprotected membrane beneath it caused an irritation of the brain cells, and the effect was that Williams because subject to paroxysms.

Dr. A. H. Sewing, resident physician at the hospital, says there have been many cases of bone grafting, but heretofore the operations have been confined to taking a slice of bone from one part of the skull and putting it on another. In Williams' case this was impossible because so large a portion of the skull had already been removed. Williams has recovered since a piece of his rib, four inches long, was put in his head.

One of the worst things about bearing a grudge is that the bearer is the only one who is likely to be burdened much by it.

KNOX CLEARS SELF

SHOWS SCANDALS IN STATE DEPARTMENT BELONG TO HIS PREDECESSORS.

RESENTS PERJURY CHARGE

Cabinet Officer Declares Payment of $5,000 to Young Hale Was Contracted for by Elihu Root.

Washington.—Secretary Knox made clear to the Hamlin committee that the scandals which have been turned up in the state department are specters of past administrations which cannot properly be laid at his door.

He explained the $5,000 payment to young Mr. Hale, which Elihu Root contracted for, and the affair of the Rosenthal portrait was traced to the administration of John Hay.

At the same time Secretary Knox resented what he regarded as an intimation that perjury had been committed by some of the present clerical force of the state department. The committee has not succeeded in solving the riddle in connection with payments made to Albert Rosenthal for the Day portrait and the recovery of the voucher for that payment.

Secretary Knox gave the committee the original voucher and the explanatory memoranda attached to it. Accompanying the latter was a receipt from Rosenthal which the latter has no recollection of giving. There was a letter from Consul General W. H. Michael, former chief clerk of the department, written in answer to Secretary Root's request for information, in which Michael says the balance of $1,600 was given in cash to Secretary John Hay and used by him in connection with Chinese affairs under Mr. Rockhill.

"Don't you think," asked Mr. Hamlin of Secretary Knox, "that this receipt was prepared since this hearing began?"

"Are you charging anyone with perjury?" remarked Mr. Knox.

"I am not, but I think this suspicious," said Mr. Hamlin.

"If you can ascertain," retorted Secretary Knox, "that since you got your letter from Rosenthal that some one in the department fixed this up there will be some vacancies."

"I may do Secretary Root an injustice," said Davis, "but I think he said the voucher was in two parts. This is all one document."

Secretary Knox—"I gave it to you in the shape in which I received it."

"With these papers is a letter signed by Rosenthal referring to a portrait of Secretary Day. It is signed March 23, 1906, and addressed to no one. Do you know anything about it?" asked Hamlin.

"Nothing," said Secretary Knox. As soon as this affair developed I ordered a search for the voucher. I found the affairs of the department in an chaotic condition. I have reorganized it and will endeavor to install business methods."

MEXICO CITY IS MENACED

Rebel Head of Strong Force Demands That Madero Remove Military Commander of District.

Mexico City.—General Jose Vera, commanding 4,000 rebel soldiers, the flower of Madero's army in the federal district of Mexico, sent an ultimatum to Madero declaring that if Madero did not make a change in the commander of this military zone he would take Mexico City within twenty-four hours.

Madero's agents here have sent back word to Vera parleying for time. Vera is reported to be a bandit like Zapala, but has a strong force of the best, most daring of all Madero's men. He cannot take this city, but might begin a hot battle on the outskirts.

Madero named Emilio Sobrino to command all the forces in the state of Mexico. Now Vera has risen against Sobrino.

SEAMEN'S STRIKE IS BEGUN

Walkout Is Called at British, Belgian and Dutch Ports—Vessel Owners Are Not Worried.

London.—The seamen's strike was formally declared at London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Cardiff, Bristol, Southampton and other British ports, and also at Belgian and Dutch ports, but the chances of any real international strike being declared seem remote.

Indications show the confidence of the shipping federation is well placed, for at hardly any of these ports was enthusiasm displayed for the strike, and the shipowners maintain an attitude of indifference, seemingly satisfied that they will have no trouble in filling the places of the strikers.

The men demand chiefly a conciliation board and the establishment of a minimum wage, and complain bitterly of wholesale employment of Asiatics.

Gives Parrot $3,500 in Will.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—A will leaving $3,500 for the support and maintenance of a pet parrot has been drawn by Thomas Billingsby, a capitalist of this city. The parrot is twenty years old. Billingsby was a sailor for many years, and came into possession of the parrot in Polynesia.

Two Asphyxiated in Well.

London, Ont.—Two farmers, Elias and Warren Hicks, were asphyxiated at the bottom of a 75-foot well near here. Both are dead.

Mint Becomes Warehouse.

Washington.—The historic New Orleans mint will cease to exist as such after July 1. It will be conducted henceforth as an assay office and a storage place for 22,000,000 silver dollars. Only one of its old vaults is considered burglar-proof at present.

Kills Self When Son Weds.

Kansas City.—Despondent because her sixteen-year-old son married against her wishes, Mrs. Nettie Supernawa hanged herself in the basement of her home in this city.

Held as White Slaver.

White Plains, N. Y.—William Simon, engineer of the New York Central, is under arrest here pending an investigation of the alleged murder of his wife, who was found dead, a towel and pillowcase bound around her neck.

Found Guilty of Embezzlement.

Washington.—For the second time John Barton Miller, former secretary and treasurer of the First Co-Operative Building association of this city, has been found guilty of embezzlement of $135,000.

WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. **She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.**

Here is her own statement.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

His Disqualification.

When we saw her she stopped panting by the road to rest. It was the shell road in Bay St. Louis, and she was black. Beside her was a heavy market basket filled to overflowing. We smiled at her with sympathetic friendliness and she responded with full and free confidence.

"Yessam. I is some tiahed. An lame. All painful wid miseries Yassm. I coulda done sen' some one else to mahket fo' me. Mah grandson he coulda done gone. But I dasn't trus' him. He spends mah money too briefly."—Housekeeper.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

You can't reform a man by suggesting that he ought to be as good as you are.

Chew and smoke untaxed tobacco, cheap and undoped. Meriwether & Edwards, Clarksville, Tenn.

Charity is too often charily dispensed.

JAMES BRAID SAYS:

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