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Phonics, Six-3-Seven

Play Ball..!

See our line of Base Ball Supplies. We have in stock everything needed on the diamond. Send for catalogue.

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Stationers Shreveport, La.
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Elston, Prince & McDade

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ARTHUR J. NEWMAN

Monuments and Iron Fences.
Fiftieth year in Shreveport, and twenty-third year of satisfactory service in this business. Bossier People always welcome. Office and Plant, 1011 Texas Avenue. Take Fair Grounds cars.

We Pay 4 Per Cent Interest on Time Deposits

Every loan made by our bank is carefully considered, as is evidenced by the fact that we have been in business eleven years and have never lost a dollar on a loan. Can you deposit your money in a bank with a better record?

Bank of Benton

Benton, La.

I make a specialty of overhauling gins—putting the entire plant in first-class condition.
Grinding Only on Saturdays

R. O. SILLIMAN

General Blacksmith
Benton, Louisiana

When your glasses go a-shattering to the floor, and receive a new pair by return mail.

Avail yourself of the opportunity of having us test your eyes (without charge or obligation) when you are next in Shreveport.

Office Stationery

Yours should bear some stamp of individuality. If not that, then it should at least bear the mark of painstaking and skillful workmanship. We print to please, and the most modern fixtures known to the craft enable us to achieve that end. Let us have that next order.

CASTLE PRINTING CO.

519-21 Spring Street Shreveport

The Big Stave House

Wants White Oak Pipe Staves and White Oak Timber. Address The King Stave Company, Postoffice box 364, New Orleans, La.

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Recognized over Louisiana, particularly through Bossier Parish, as the symbol of accuracy, honesty and efficiency in Optical Service, the name "Schwartz" has become as firmly established in the minds of Louisianians as "Stetson," "Tiffany," "Kodak," etc.

That is why one thinks first of Schwartz's when any detail of Optical Service is needed.

We are as large, as well equipped and capable as any optical establishment in the South.

Mail Us Your Broken Lenses

When your glasses go a-shattering to the floor, and receive a new pair by return mail.

Avail yourself of the opportunity of having us test your eyes (without charge or obligation) when you are next in Shreveport.

Schwartz Optical Company

Exclusive Opticians
306 Texas Street Shreveport, La.

When in Shreveport Get Shaved at Rettig's and Read Signs of Good Times

THE NEW CLARION

By... WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XI. The New Correspondent.

GOOD! Good! Couldn't be better," Tarp said to himself as Abner approached him. "He's swallowing it like a hungry fish. If this thing goes through it will be the talk of the county. Say, Uncle Ab, did you ever in your rounds happen to meet a chap by the name of J. L. Tarp, proprietor of Tarp's Dry Goods and General Merchandise Emporium at Darley? Well, if you haven't you'd better keep your eye peeled. He's the slickest and the cheapest advertiser in seven states and will do you if he can." And with an exultant smile, the merchant turned into his store.

Abner finished reading the communication just received at the foot of the stairs and then went to the office. Throwing his armful of papers on a table, he glanced across the room at Howard, who was at work on an editorial.

"Say," he began, smiling significantly, "you was sayin' you was afraid that we'd run a little sly on news for tomorrow's issue, wasn't you?"

"I thought so," Howard returned, "but I guess we can manage to fill up by running some reserve matter already in type."

"We won't have to," Abner smiled, as he tapped on the table with the folded sheets he had received.

"Why? Has something happened?" Howard asked, curiously.

"You'll think so," Abner chuckled. "We've got a new correspondent over the mountains at Elktown—Thomas L. Keith he signs himself, and he's a corker. I am an judge. Drop what work an' listen to this."

Howard turned in his seat, and opening the manuscript and clearing his throat, Abner began to read in a sort of declamatory tone which he used when he wished to be impressive:

Elktown, Ga., Wednesday Morning

Editor the New Clarion:

Dear Sir—I am writing to you with the hope that I may be enrolled as your correspondent from this charming mountain hamlet. I have never tried my hand at newspaper work, but I have always felt that I would like it as a pastime, and after reading about what a princely host you were at your recent dinner to the various correspondents of the New Clarion and what a gay time you all had in such a brotherly and sisterly way, I admit I have had the pen fever worse than ever. And as for a suitable outlet for my efforts, I must say, without any intention to flatter, that I know of no journal that I would rather be a contributor to than yours. That such a well printed, well edited paper could emanate from a small town in north Georgia in these days of struggle is a marvel that I find difficult to adjust myself to.

"Fine, ain't it?" Abner paused to comment and smile. "He knows what's what, if I'm a proper judge, an' I'm glad see a feller appreciate what we are doin'. But just wait—that's just the introduction to the main stuff. That's comin', as you'll see in a minute."

I am happy to say, Mr. Editor (Abner resumed reading) that it happens now that I am able to transmit some important news—news, it seems to me at this distance, to be of unusual interest to people of all ages, sizes, classes and sexes. Something of an astonishing nature has just come to light, and I have always felt that the excitement is absolutely unprecedented and is spreading like a swollen torrent of water.

It started from a report that has been whispered and talked and hinted at ever since the last Cherokee Indian tribe lived here and was finally run off by our early settlers to the west. As you are aware, it is a fact of history and present day observation that those same Indians dug gold with success at Elktown, Ga., and proved by the old pits and shafts which still greet the eye in many spots. Now that fact is not only established beyond a peradventure by what has just come to light; but moreover, the old story about a certain Indian chieftain burying a big treasure of nugget gold appears to have had actual foundation, as you will see by what follows.

The old tales had died out; folks were going about their various affairs in their daily walks, never dreaming of the bump of untold wealth that was to explode in our sylvan midst, when a stranger arrived from the Indian territory and put up at the Elktown hotel. He had no particular business that anybody could see, but kept coming and going and saying nothing to anybody. Some thought he was an agent sent out to buy up lumber lands for some rich company or inspect water power plants.

But as the man continued to stay and act secretive in the extreme, the speculation as to what he was up to became a riot. For one thing the stranger had an odd look. He was as dark as a mulatto, had very high, not actually protruding cheek bones, and it appeared that he was straight as a ramrod and had hair as thick and stiff as No. 8 spool thread. Many noticed that he looked happy. In fact, folks on the watch caught him grinning to himself when he thought nobody was looking. He paid his bill, in fact, made lavish tips all about. He had packed up his belongings and was waiting for the train to take him off when he suddenly fell sick.

The amiable proprietor of the Elktown hotel and his kind hearted and popular wife tried to attend to his needs as well as they could, and it appears that they overheard him saying things not intended for other ears than his own. He seemed to be afraid that the hand of the grim reaper was overshadowing him and was anxious to get something of vast importance off his mind and at the same time to be aware that none but his own

chosen people could be received into his confidence. He kept saying: "Gold, gold, gold! Chunks and chunks of it! Under the mossy rock, keep to the right! Go down hill towards then left up the slope and down again to gum spring!" The man died at break of day.

There was nothing to do but lay him away in a decent form as was possible. Nobody could guess what religion, if any, he had and so no particular denomination officiated, though all was represented at an impressive ceremony at the tomb. Nobody knew (the pronunciation was Abner's, interpolated in his excitement) where the deceased lived, and so his friends and relatives could not be notified, but they were evidently on the watch as to his movements. Whether it was something he had written back to his folks or his failure to write can only be surmised. It was a fact, though, that within ten days after the internment two well dressed, dark skinned men with the same slick upturned hair and other facial blemishes and straight backs came and put up at the hotel.

They could not hide the excitement they were in. They spent the day nosing about in the mountains and the nights confabbing together in their room. Sometimes they would get the proprietor of the hotel to tell them exactly what the dead man had mumbled in his delirium.

As you and your gentle readers may well imagine, the whole matter got in a heap of a row. The merchant, who had been talked of at the fireside, in the field, office or place of business.

The Indian fellows that had come seemed to give up or pretended to give up, but they went their way as silently and mysteriously as they had arrived. But what happened after they left?

With all the lynx eyed ability of their forefathers they had overlooked a thing that a little boy, the twelve-year-old son of one of our most highly esteemed farmers, discovered while out hunting yesterday. He ran across a big, flat sided pile of gray limestone a mile or so from town facing due east. On it were some letters that had evidently been made by the dead man with a brush and oil paint. They were fully six inches in size and while written with the plentiful rains which have recently fallen, were distinctly discernible. They were:

D. O. A. M. E. S. M. S. D.

The boy happened to relate his discovery to his pa in the presence of our esteemed town clerk and others, and you may well imagine the excitement thus promulgated. Needless to say, the spot was promptly visited by everybody who could possibly climb the rugged steeps and cross the twisting canyons intervening between Elktown and the interesting goal. Your correspondent happened to be among the first to view with his own eyes the thing that has made the name of this town so lively that the dying stranger who passed into the vast unknown with sealed lips with his own hand painted the mark on the rock, a landmark to guide him back to the hidden treasure.

Such excitement has never been known since Lee's surrender.

I have written myself, respectfully and admirably yours,

THOMAS L. KEITH.

"Ain't that a stunner?" Abner asked, as he finished reading. "I don't know what Keith he is, but he must be some kin' o' old Uncle Tommy Keith over there. The Keiths in that section are as thick as flies in August."

"Now, we must get to work an' set this up in type. Put the biggest head lines on it you possibly kin get up, and above all, mum's the word. The news may reach Darley overland before our paper is out, but we'll hope not. It would tickle me the best in the world to see the folks openin' the New Clarion tomorrow an' readin' across an item like that just as of such news was an everyday matter with us."

Howard was about to reply when he was arrested by a step on the stairs, and Frank Raymond entered. "I have a political item for you," he said. "I have just heard it from a reliable source. Henry W. Polton has come out in the governor's race and will make a strong candidate. It will be important news for southern dailies. I have just wired it to Atlanta, Charleston, New Orleans, Chattanooga and Nashville, under a new arrangement I have made for special news."

"You can pick up a good many items now and then," Abner eyed Howard furtively, his lips curving in a triumphant smile. "We are much obliged for telling us about Polton, an' I wish we was in the shape to do you a like favor. Now then a big item falls on a weekly like our'n, but, as you kin see well, we couldn't afford to divide with the big dailies. You see, the Atlanta papers will be the streets here in the morning, for instance, before we can get ours wrapped and distributed. We are in this thing for all that is in it, an' we don't want to print stale news if a fresh variety lies ready at hand."

Raymond whistled softly. "I catch on," he said, with a smile. "You have some news now. I can tell by the way you chuckle, Uncle Ab. Say, don't you think you could tip me off?"

"Not on this, Frank," Abner shook his head firmly. "I'm sorry, but this thing is our special pie. If it was a little squib like the one you have handed us it would be different, but this—oh, just wait till you see the New Clarion in the mornin'! I don't know but what we may git some boys to get it out as an extra at 5 cents a copy."

"I call that dog mean, Uncle Ab," Raymond laughed dog naturally, "and you will feel bad if I hold back a piece of news from you some day. So long. I must go."

At the foot of the stairs Raymond met Pole Baker going up.

"Is Uncle Ab up there?" Pole asked.

"Yes. I've just left him. Want to see him?"

"Yes, you remember I told you about the fuss betwixt Howard an' Fred Craig?"

"Yes, and it made me anxious, for I saw him down the street this mornin'. We must keep the two apart. There will be trouble if they meet."

"That is what I want to see Uncle Ab about," Pole went on. "He's worried, too, and I can set his mind at rest for a few days anyway. Craig has just gone to Nashville. His sister is sick and telegraphed him to come up. For once in his life he was sober. Maybe the two will cool off by the time he gets back. I hope so anyway."

If your subscription date is September 1st this copy of the Banner is being mailed you complimentary. Our terms are cash in advance.

CHAPTER XII. A Hard Blow.

AS he was walking past the public wagon yard in the next block Raymond saw Tarp circulating about among the groups of men and women and children gathered about their wagons, and he paused for a moment to watch the active young merchant. Presently Tarp left the yard and approached Raymond.

"You've caught me at it!" he smiled. "This is the sort of work that I can't trust to my help. Nobody knows as well as I do how to honey-fugge mountain men and women, especially women. I can just take one sweeping look at a farmer's wife or daughter and tell whether they are looking for hats, dresses or cloaks, and I always put in a word that stirs their curiosity and makes them crazy to get to my emporium of utility and fashion."

"If I think a woman wants a hat I just tell about what a wonderful trimmer Miss Bessie Williams from New York is and what a stunning dresser she is, and they'll rather see her than the president's wife. I notice you come down from the Clarion office." Tarp's eyes held a faroff look of anticipation as he spoke. "Anything new on tap?"

"Something has happened, but I don't know what it is," Frank answered. "They don't act fair with me, J. L. I put them on to every bit of news I scrape up. Look how I worked for them at their big dinner, and yet when they run on a plum they eat it seed and all."

Tarp's eyes shone. He reached out and took hold of Raymond's lapel and thrust a finger through a buttonhole.

"That's a fact. You do telegraph news to city papers, don't you? I had clean forgot it. Of course, important, real important news would be a feather in your cap. I see. I see. And it is a shame if they are so greedy that they won't divide. Now, on this special piece of news—"

Tarp hesitated and dropped his glance to the toe of his shoe.

"Do you mean that you know what it is?" Frank asked eagerly.

Tarp's profile was now toward the inquirer. He seemed to wear a sort of hesitation that was unusual with such an outspoken individual.

"Well, you know, it is like this," he said gravely, twisting his fingers more vigorously in the buttonhole. "I am the main advertiser and chief moneyed support of Daniel's paper. Hillhouse would have busted long before he did if it hadn't been for the hard cash I paid into his till every week, and I am

doing even more for the new firm, for they have increased their circulation enormously and print a respectable sheet. So naturally, I reckon, they do sort o' talk free like to me about what is coming, knowing that I keep a lock on it comes to a matter of public interest like the bit of news they've got ready for tomorrow's issue—well they ought to divide. If they see fit to be hogzish I'm not so mighty sure that I am entitled to eat out o' the same trough. This is going to bother me some, Frank, for when foul play is being enacted about me I don't like it. I like them fellers, and I'm willing to look them; but they have no right to gobble up news that ought to be free as winds that blow over level ground."

"I'm glad you feel that way, J. L.," Frank said warmly, "and since you happen to know what they've got up their sleeve, why—"

"Oh, I'm not beholden to them," Tarp interrupted. "The shoe is on the other foot, I'm here to state. They didn't tell me not to mention it either. I have made no promises and if I tell you my conscience will be clear. The item really is a big one—a whopping big one. The only thing I'm afraid of is that half my customers here in town may grab picks and shovels and cut out like a bunch of Elktown and leave me like a lurch."

"Elktown?" Frank repeated. "Has anything happened over there?"

"Has there? Good gosh! Say, To-be," Tarp was calling to a negro man who was slouching past with a sack of flour on his shoulder—"where did you buy that?"

"Webb & King's," the negro replied, sheepishly, as he faced toward the questioner.

"I know," Tarp smiled derisively. "That is the Golden Glow brand. They are selling it at 90 cents a sack, while we are getting rid of whole car lots to our customers at 80. To-be, some of these days you coons will learn where to do your trading."

"Maybe so, boss," the negro answered, humbly, and moved on.



"Ain't she a jim dandy!" Abner exclaimed.

Half an hour later the paper was being sold on the streets, a thing which had never happened before in the history of Darley journalism. A negro with a blank carried a banner on his shoulder bearing the words, written with a marking brush in lamp-black: "Extra! Great News From Elktown!"

A little white boy with an armful of papers, timid in his new occupation, was at his heels.

Abner walked along the opposite side of the street, a smile of triumph on his face.

"Yell out, that!" he ordered. "What did we tell you to say?" As he drew near Tarp's store Abner saw the merchant pasting half a dozen of the front pages of the paper on the outside of a plate glass show window.

"Hey, what's this?" Abner asked, delighted, as he paused, his hands in the pockets of his trousers. "Stealin' our thunder, eh?"

"Yes," Tarp's eyes gleamed oddly. "It is big piece of news, Uncle Ab. It may shorten your sale on the street a little for nothin' it stuck up for so many to read for nothin', but it will draw attention to the bargains in the window. Folks are bound to stop to look, and my boys will invite 'em in."

"Have you told it clean through?" Abner inquired.

"Have I? Oh, yes, yes. I wasn't too lousy for that, and I'm here to state, Uncle Ab, that it is simply great."

"Yes, good piece o' news," Abner agreed. "Just look down the street. There is a bunch o' folks readin' it in every store door an' on every corner. Look! That goes a nigger on a dray with his kinky head buried in it."

"It is not only fine news, but—the thing is got up in fine shape, if I am any judge," Tarp ventured to remark as his eyes swept Abner's features probably.

All the way down to the warehouse at the end of the street, whither Abner now strolled, he saw excited faces beaming over the wonderful story. Ab-

"Say, J. L. old man"—Raymond almost with suspended breath returned to the topic in a pleading tone—"you will tell me about that thing, won't you? I may be able to do you a good turn some time."

"I don't care if I do, Frank. I'm a great hand to stand out for fair play. And, as I look at it, it wouldn't do Howard and Daniel a bit of harm to have that news spread all over the civilized world. They will get the cream of it, anyway, for I understand they've got a long, detailed account of it."

Thereupon the merchant gave an adroit version of the matter, much to the satisfaction of the listener, who, when he had heard the whole story, fairly panted with excitement.

"It is great, isn't it?" he cried. "I heard about that buried gold when I was a little tot at my mother's knee. And to think that it has come to light at this late date!"

"Yes, it is all right, I guess," Tarp said, with the faraway expression in his eyes. "But, after all, it may not be located, for no living man may be able to unravel the letters painted on the rock. I'd put them in my report in proper order, if I was you. It will make the article more exciting. Folks in this day and time are anxious to get hold of any sort of a puzzle, especially if there is something to be made by it."

"The letters—oh, I forgot," Raymond broke in. "Of course I ought to have them. But how could I get hold of 'em?"

"Oh, you see, Frank, I took the trouble to remember them," Tarp said, as he drew a slip of paper and a pencil from his pocket and wrote in the palm of his hand. "Here they are in due order: T. D. G. A. G. M. E. S. M. S. D."

"Are you sure you got 'em right?" Frank asked as he carefully copied the letters in his notebook. "I wouldn't make a mistake for anything. This will create a big sensation all over the country."

"The letters are all right," Tarp wiped a slight, impulsive smile from his lips. "They could stand for a thousand things as well as one and folks are going to be badly mixed up as to the true meaning. By the way, Frank, while you were confabbing with Ab and Howard did they happen to say how they liked the—the well, the way the article they got was—was shaped up?"

"They didn't go into that part," the face of the merchant was set in a mask of expectancy as the reply came. "But if the style was not all it ought to be," Raymond added, "Howard could shape it up. He knows how to scratch out and write in, I tell you. He writes as smooth as goose grease on any topic of current interest."

"He'll let that article stand as it came in!" Tarp spoke without thinking. "I mean—that is, I judge from all accounts that the style of the report is at the top notch—breezy, full of ginger. It is of good length, too, I understand, and got up by a writer that knows how to sling ink if—if he does reside in the backwoods."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you, J. L. I really am," Frank said gratefully as they parted in front of Tarp's establishment. "I'm going straight to the telegraph office. You bet I'll heat those wires. I'll pile it in on them too. The big dailies don't mind paying for real news. They may wire me to go post-haste over there. If they do I'll get a fast horse and make a dash for the field of action."

The next morning at 10 o'clock the New Clarion in great stacks was being folded, wrapped and addressed.

"Ain't she a jim dandy!" Abner exclaimed to Howard and Miss Lizzie Swaine as he held the front page up and eyed it with delight for the twentieth time. "A body could read that 'buried treasure' line across the public square."

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ner recognized an old war comrade.

"By gum, Bill Springs! Abner chuckled. "An' from Elktown too! I wonder what fresh news he may have? The gold may be found by this time. Hello, Springs, how are you?"

"How goes it with you, Ab?"

"Oh, so-so," Abner responded. "Anything new over your way?"

"Nothin' in all, Ab. We are as dead as a doornail at Elktown. It is dry'n' up an' may blow away one o' these days. We did have some excitement 'other day, though."

"Oh, you did?" Abner's face kindled expectantly. "You were in it, of course."

"No, thank God, I wasn't. In fact, nobody was in it at the time it was struck."

"Struck! What was struck?" Abner cried.

"Why, the Methodist meetin' house. The members had been debating on buying lightning rods—old members for an' young ones a'n' it—when the storm came. It was terrible, Ab."

Abner stood like a man drifting into stupidity. "Nothin' else has happened over there, except the storm an' the meetin' house? I mean, of course, within the last three days."

"As for news, I can't think of a thing just now. There is a big excitement in our neighborhood."

"Oh, that is?" Abner saw the straw and clutched it.

"Yes, but it don't seem to me to be the sort o' thing you'd care to print. There is a big talk about churchin' old Peter Tomlinson. It is whispered about that he slipped up whar Tim Barnett had been splittin' fence rails an' stole Tim's new ax."

"Then you ain't heard any other news over your way?"

"Nothin' else, Ab. An' if I was in your place I believe I'd not mention Peter's name no more!"

"No, I'll keep that out. In fact, I won't mention the darn thing at all. Well, I'm much obliged, Bill."

"Sold! Sold!" Abner said under his breath as he walked away. "Some skunk over at Elktown is laughin' good at us. By gum! He tuck me in; he sure did."

Continued in next week's Banner.

Plimsoll's Mark.

Any sailor will tell you that the plimsoll is a conspicuous mark on the hull of a vessel, usually an oval or ellipse of white paint with an arrow drawn through it to indicate the extreme water line when the ship has been loaded. As long as the plimsoll mark shows above the water the burden of freight in the ship's hold is not too great for her carrying capacity. The curious word is the badge of immortality of a philanthropist, Samuel Plimsoll, who was born in Bristol, England, in 1824. When he went into the coal business he learned of the horrible conditions under which the men of the British merchant marine had to work. Owners figured that it was cheaper to lose an occasional ship with all on board than to restrict the load and make the voyage reasonably safe. In order to thwart this capacity Plimsoll entered parliament in 1858. His persistent work resulted in the passage of the "merchant shipping act" in 1876 to prevent ships from going to sea in an unsafe condition.

Hetty Green's Firmness.

Hetty Green nearly brought Collis P. Huntington to ruin once. She had \$1,000,000 deposited in one of his banks and found that he was using the bank's money in investments that she regarded as ticklish. Besides, there had been deals in which she thought she had cause to make Huntington sit up and take particular notice of her. She appeared before an officer of the bank, a Mr. Stewart, and said:

"I'd like my money right away—not in checks; in cash, please."

"Is there no other way, Mrs. Green?" he asked, beginning to perspire.

"None," said she. "Cash, please."

She got it—after a scurrying of many bank messengers on all kinds of money and in such bulk that four messengers had to carry it for her, the while the rumor got out that Huntington was going to smash. As a matter of fact he did have a narrow escape.—New York World.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

- Acute Rheumatism.
- The remedies of most avail in acute muscular rheumatism, according to Dr. William Fitch Cheney of Stanford University in an address reported in the New York Medical Journal, are: First.—Rest. Nature usually enforces this method of management if the attack is sufficiently acute.
- Second.—Heat. Heat is always grateful and gives relief. It may be applied in a variety of ways.
- Third.—Purgation. It may be admitted that there is no scientific reason why purgation should aid, but the fact remains that it does.
- Fourth.—Salkyates. They do mitigate the pain, and they are trustworthy agents to use after the initial purgation.
- Fifth.—Opiates. Ordinarily all opiates are out of place because they have in general bad effects on that outworn the good. Externally the old established lead and opium wash, applied hot, is a most valuable aid in removing pain.
- Massage, vibratory treatment, hydrotherapy and counterirritation also have some value.