

**Demolished His Idols.**  
 Though not very strict Hindu, the Gurkhas are very superstitious. It is on record that the beautiful wife of a certain rajah of Nepal contracted smallpox. The rajah vowed tons of milk and butter sweetmeats to the gods if they would cure her. She recovered, but when she saw her disfigurement she killed herself. The rajah fell into a passion, and had all his gods set up in a row outside his walls. Opposite them he ranged his artillery. Having abused the gods and reminded them of all the milk and sweets he had given them, he ordered the guns to open fire. Some of the senior officers, horrified at the sacrilege, rushed shrieking away, but after a few gunners had been cut down the guns opened fire and the gods were blown to bits.—London Graphic.

**Conking and Peyton.**  
 Henry E. Peyton was for a long time executive clerk of the United States senate, when that body was Democratic. One day in executive session Senator Conking was making a speech. Peyton thought he had an opportunity for correcting one of the statements made by the senator. He ventured to interrupt Mr. Conking, much to the latter's astonishment. Conking listened to what Peyton had to say, and when the executive clerk had finished, simply said: "If the gentleman from Virginia has concluded the senator from New York will proceed."—Argonaut.

**Its Only Meaning.**  
 Uncle Roger had been pol'y for some time and had tried with alacrity every sort of patent medicine he could secure.  
 An old acquaintance hailed him with: "Hello, uncle! How are you—all now—days?"  
 "How is it? W'y, bawws, fo' mos'ly six munts a meal's vittles ain't mean sum'n t' me, 'scusin' somepin tuh take medicine atter!"—Judge.

**Her Dilemma.**  
 Polly—Molly seems to realize very fully the seriousness of getting married. Dolly—Yes, the poor girl is just about worried to death. There are sixteen girls who want to be her bridesmaids, and she can't decide which eight she can best afford to make enemies of.—Puck.

**Boots and Spurs.**  
 During the reign of Charles I. almost everybody in England wore boots and spurs, whether he ever mounted a horse or not.

He is great who is what he is from nature and who never reminds us of others.—Emerson.

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 The Chicago Specialist  
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 The Regular and Reliable Specialist  
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 That I have been eminently successful in all chronic diseases is proven by the satisfactory results obtained in difficult and long standing cases which had baffled the skill of many other physicians.  
 Being a graduate of one of the best schools of regular practice in this country, having had vast hospital experience and many years of extensive practice, I have become so proficient that I can locate and explain your trouble in a few moments. It costs no more to be under the care of an experienced physician than an inexperienced one.  
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 Nerve, Blood and Skin Disorders.  
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 Goitre or Big Neck treated scientifically.  
**PILES, FISTULA AND FISSURE**  
 treated without the use of the knife or detention from business.  
**DISEASE OF MEN**  
 I have a special treatment which I would like to explain in person.  
 If you or your family have any of the above diseases call and see me at once, as a delay may be dangerous. Consultation costs you nothing and is confidential.  
 Having been bothered with piles and fistula for several years and getting no relief after many treatments I consulted and took Dr. Trimmer's treatment. I can now say I am entirely cured and will gladly recommend him.  
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**Crockford's Wife**  
 By SADIE OLCOTT

One day a man named Crockford went to his bank, drew \$500 and was about to go out when he stopped and said to the paying teller:  
 "Look right over my shoulder. You see that young Italian looking fellow with a striped waistcoat and felt hat with a fancy band? Well, when I got through counting the money you paid me I turned suddenly and caught the fellow looking at the bills with a covetous expression on his face. You know that there are a lot of robberies committed by persons seeing some one draw money from a bank."  
 "Why don't you call a policeman to see you home or wherever you are going?"  
 "Because I don't believe I shall die till my time comes, and when it does nothing can save me."  
 The disappearance of Stephen Crockford was one of the great mysteries of the close of the nineteenth century. The police had a very strong clue, but were unable to follow it. A bank clerk gave them the incident that has been told above, and they did not doubt that the Italian had murdered Crockford, but when or where or what had been done with the body they failed to discover. The only other clue in the matter was furnished by Mrs. Crockford. Her husband when coming home from the city often made a short cut over a path through a wood. She searched the wood and in a part so thick that few ever went into it she found the remains of a fire, and some wood corded near had visibly diminished. In the ashes she found some bits of bone and burned flesh. She picked up also an unburned piece of a man's cuff. This she took to a laundry where her husband was used to having his collars and cuffs laundered, and the mark on it was identified as having been put on a cuff belonging to the missing man. This, indicating that the body had been burned in the thicket, ended the information concerning the disposition of Mr. Crockford's body. The police, getting no further clue, gave up the case.  
 Crockford was financial man for Englehart & Co., importers of Japanese goods. Mrs. Crockford after her husband's disappearance went to the head of the firm and asked for a position by which she might support herself. She was taken into his private office, where she was informed that a sum was missing from the firm's cash and her husband was suspected of having taken it. He had been seen a day or two before his disappearance in company with a blond woman not his wife. Mr. Englehart believed that Crockford was not dead, but had fled with the blond woman.  
 On hearing this recital Mrs. Crockford fell on the floor in a faint. So great was the sympathy of Mr. Englehart that he agreed to employ her on the books, she having some knowledge of bookkeeping. She became the assistant of John Hardwick, who had been her husband's assistant. Since the latter's disappearance Hardwick had been promoted to be the financial man of the firm.  
 A year passed, during which nothing was heard of Crockford. Mrs. Crockford was complained of by Hardwick for inefficiency several times and at last notified the firm that she must leave or he would do so himself. She was informed of the fact and told that since Hardwick was an excellent accountant and willing to work for a mere tithe of what he was worth she had decided that she must go. She asked to be kept till the end of the month, and her request was granted.  
 One evening Mrs. Crockford telephoned Mr. Englehart that Hardwick was a defaulter and about to take to flight. She begged that Hardwick be arrested or kept in sight. Englehart discredited the information, but put a watch on Hardwick.  
 The next morning who should appear at Englehart & Co.'s office but Mr. and Mrs. Crockford. They begged to be admitted to the private room of the head of the firm, and there they let in on his brain a flood of information.  
 Shortly before Crockford disappeared he told his wife that Hardwick was a defaulter, but had trapped him (Crockford) into a position wherein there was excellent evidence that he was the thief. He was every day expecting arrest.  
 Mrs. Crockford arranged for her husband's disappearance. She dined with him at a public restaurant made up with a blond wig and enameled complexion. She was the Italian who had watched him at the bank. She had taken the wood that had disappeared and burned most of it in her fireplace. With the rest she burned some pieces of meat and bone. The cuff she had partly burned and rubbed the remainder in ashes. Her fainting when informed of her husband's villainy and infidelity was feigned. She had asked for a position with a view to destroying the evidence Hardwick had cooked up against her husband and getting evidence in turn against Hardwick.  
 The lady who had executed this delicate work was presented with a handsome sum by the firm, and her husband was put back in his position.  
 The police, who had been beaten in their own detective field by a woman, were incredulous of the explanation they received. As to the court, in which Crockford would have been convicted if trial—courts do not fail.

**SAVING THE PLAY**  
 Actors Are Often Called Upon to Exercise Quick Wit.  
 SOME CURIOUS EXPERIENCES.

Rose Eyttinge Once Extemporized the Entire Part of Lady Isabel in "East Lynne"—How John Brougham Made a Hit Without His Leading Lady.  
 Quick wit has saved many an embarrassing situation, turned many a seemingly disastrous failure into success. Politics, literature, courtesy, all are served by quick tongue and ready word.  
 Actors, as well as business men, have special use for quick wit, so often do they need help out of a difficulty during the play. A college performance was saved from wreckage by one of the young actors.  
 One of the cast, a boy easily upset, had just given his line, "All I need is an advertisement," when half of his stage mustache fell off.  
 "Oh, no," said the ready youth beside him, seeing his embarrassment; "what you need is a hair restorer."  
 And under cover of the laughter the victim had a chance to recover himself. It was surely the same readiness that enabled Rose Eyttinge to go through one of the most extraordinary experiences any actress ever had. In San Francisco she was once asked to fill Mary Anderson's place at short notice, appearing with the local stock company. The play was to be "East Lynne." By singular chance, no prompt book could be found, nor could they secure a copy of the novel. Miss Eyttinge protested that it would be impossible for her to play, as she had never so much as seen the piece. That fact they refused to believe. Moreover, to add to her difficulty, though all the company claimed to know the old drama backward, no one seemed to have an idea of the lines she, as Lady Isabel, would have to speak.  
 "Oh, that'll be all right," said John McCullough, the manager, to whom she appealed. "Just you sob and look sorry, and it will go."  
 So Miss Eyttinge, rather than cause the loss of closing the theater, went on totally unprepared to act in an absolutely unfamiliar play.  
 Tom Keene, the Archibald Carlsle, instructed her in the proper emotion from scene to scene. "Now she's a jealous cat, a jealous cat," he would whisper. "Now she's kitteny." "Now she's sorry she was such a fool." "Now she wants her young ones." "Now she up and dies."  
 The performance seemed to cause entire satisfaction to the audience, and McCullough, as he generously handed over half the receipts to the heroine of the hour, declared, "Well, you may have had to vamp that part, but I've often seen it played with less soul."  
 The story of an experience demanding similar readiness of wit is told of John Brougham, the early American comedian and playwright. On one occasion, when his own clever burlesque, "Pocahontas," had been billed and the house sold out in advance, the leading actress left without warning to take another position in Baltimore. The audience had assembled before her absence was discovered by the manager and star. As it was that play or nothing, Brougham, who was famed for his witty impromptu speeches, went before the curtain and suggested giving the piece without Pocahontas. He recalled the old story of the actor who played Hamlet so execrably that on the following night the tragedy was given with that character omitted by request.  
 "Now, if 'Hamlet' can be acted without the hero," he remarked, "why not 'Pocahontas' without the heroine? Of course you are all aware of the fact that 'Pocahontas' is a much greater play than 'Hamlet.' Even if you do not know that, I do, and I ought to, for I wrote it myself. Are you willing to try it?"  
 "Go ahead!" came the cries from the audience, who settled themselves back to see the result.  
 The burlesque proceeded as usual until the entrance music was played for Pocahontas; then, turning toward the audience, Brougham, as Powhatan, sadly began: "Ladies and gentlemen, that sweet strain is supposed to bring my daughter Pocahontas on the stage. You are already aware that she is in the city of Baltimore, and the stern law of the land will not permit a Christian, much less a savage, to be in two places at once. Thus does the law protect that most useful instrument, the alibi. However, if Poky were here she would hasten to say:—Whereupon the comedian gave her lines in exact imitation of the missing actress, keeping up the dialogue in two persons all through the play. The delighted people who were fortunate enough to be present declared that Brougham was avenged.  
 G. P. Huntley tells of an incident that took place at an east side theater in London. The "gods" were booing the piece and throwing chunks of bread at the performers.  
 At last the star came forward and said: "Now, look here! We're trying our best to amuse you. Throw bread, if you like; but," he added as he stopped and picked up a chunk, "thank heaven I'm not too proud to eat it."  
 The gods were vanquished.—Anna Bird Stewart in New York Tribune.

Why do folks enjoy writing illegally, for some of them surely do.  
 A traveling salesman selling cheap goods invariably looks cheap.

No man will admit that he likes booze so well he can't quit it.  
 If you have a Victrola you at least have accurate music.

You always hear about better workmen than those you employ.  
 Some speakers have nothing but a good voice.

**Just Received More Buggies and Wagons**

I have just received a car load of the famous Abingdon Wagons and the celebrated Rock Island Buggies and Spring Wagons. They are now on display on the floor of my store on West Commercial street, Leon. We are making very low prices on this line and you can depend on getting satisfactory service. Come in and look them over.

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