The Chronicle.

COLFAX, LOUISIANA

PRIVATE MONSON

By LYNN RODY MEEKINS.

(Copyrighted by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

IT WAS in the midst of the civil war Harner went out to take a last look at the field. A battle would certainly be fought the next day. His own inferences had been corroborated by a hint from the headquarters to which he was temporarily attached.

When he first appeared as a war correspondent, full of the romance that his work promised, he waited for the fights and then threw into his descriptions all the resources of his ready pen and prompt vocabulary, but it would not do. He soon found that by the time his copy was ready the other fellows held the wires and he was left to receive pleasant messages from the home office about his dispatches being quite good, but somewhat ancient, with an occasional reminder that the paper he represented was not a monthly publication.

So he learned to gather and arrange the preliminaries and then to dash in the details while the cannons were booming and the bullets were scoring their points with human lives in the great and glorious game of war. Even with the swiftness that experience had brought him his lot was far from happy. He did not mind hard work—that was a part of the business—but after he had run through one of the hottest and prettiest skirmishes he had ever seen, had witnessed wonderful deeds of valor and had taken his own life into his hands and made a bold dash across country to a telegraph station only to receive in acknowledgment of his superb description the message: "Adjectives are cheap and telegraph tolls are not," his feelings were honestly hurt. True it was that the skirmish was but an incident in the mighty conflict between the great sections of a great country and history has not found space to mention it, but Harner knew that it was more savage and picturesque than many of the battles to which pages were given, and he wrote as he saw.

Then, too, there was the restraint of his work. When a soldier is fired at he has the satisfaction of firing back, but it is never pleasant to have the other fellow do all the shooting. As a correspondent Harner was a noncombatant. He was shot at as much as any of the soldiers and a great deal more than some of them, and he simply had to stand it without the privilege of returning the compliment.

But he had become used to it all now and the battle of the morrow must be attended to. He knew the locations of the commands; he believed he had the plans of the fight, and he wanted to get the field of operations so clear in his mind that his account would be as accurate in its geography as in its other important particulars. He had permission to rove within the lines and he was on his way to the line.

As he turned into a path which would save him some of the distance a young soldier overtook him. He was handsome and young, with the rosy health of perfect physical manhood. Harner viewed him closely and into his mind came a pity that such hope should be used as food for gunpowder.

"My name is Monson, of company C, Eighth volunteers," he said, "and I want you to do me a favor."

"Very glad to do anything I can," replied Harner.

"Your paper goes to our town and anything that is printed about us will be read there," he went on. "What I ask may seem a little strange, but I know that you can do it without much trouble to yourself."

"Well, what is it?"

"In your dispatch about to-morrow's fight, I want you to report as dead William H. Monson, private in company C, who enlisted from Spring Falls."

Harner took a more careful look at the young man, but there was nothing in his countenance to indicate that he was either insane or insincere. But it seemed to be a jest, and Harner smiled.

"How would you like it put?" he asked.

"I don't understand."

"Of course, you want to die a hero's death. Shall I have you leading your company over the enemy's rampart; or dashing forth to grasp the flag from hostile hands; or picking up a burning bomb; or throwing yourself in front of your captain to save his precious uniform from an approaching bullet—or shall it be just a plain case of dead in the line of duty with only an empty knapsack and a visiting card to tell the story of a life cut down in the bloom of youth?"

"You can fix it as you please," said the young man, solemnly. "I suppose you newspaper fellows have to put things in to fill up and as I am going to die it won't make much difference how it happens. But I'll be satisfied with just a line—just say I'm dead. That's all I ask."

"I suppose," he said, "that you have never taken time to consider why my paper keeps me out here or why I stay. It isn't for the fun of the thing, I assure you. They are not paying me a salary and expenses merely to spend their surplus or to enable me to telegraph bogus news. If you had had four years of the work only to get complaints from alleged editors, who sit in easy chairs and think they rule in the country with a headline or a double-leaded screed and who know more than all the generals and correspondents in both armies you would understand things better. It's hard enough to persuade these omnipotents to recognize real news when they see it much less to send them statements which are not true."

Harner's sarcasm went for naught. The soldier did not comprehend it, and apparently did not care to. His only reply was vaguely put. "I suppose I would," he said, "but you'll do this for me, won't you?"

"Of course not."

"Why won't you?"

"Simply because I won't," said Harner, with emphasis.

The soldier stood as if undetermined what to do. Then he looked up and said: "Well, never mind, for you'll have to do it, anyhow."

"I hope not," replied Harner, and more seriously, "you're too young to die. Your country needs you even if your sweetheart doesn't."

Blushing deeply and stammering something which Harner did not understand the soldier turned and walked rapidly away.

The battle was fought. Throughout the conflict Harner was here, there and everywhere getting facts and names and details. There was no time in that awful slaughter to notice trifles. Human lives were as cheap as grass and were mowed down as mercilessly. So it happened that it was not until several days later when the papers containing the reports reached the moving army that Harner observed his own report:

"Monson, William H.—Private, company C. Enlisted from Spring Falls. Shot through shoulder while saving company's colors."

In the next issue was a dispatch from Spring Falls saying that Monson was one of the best young men of Spring Falls and that his death was universally deplored.

"Well, that beats me," said Harner, "I wonder if my memory served me a trick. I'll see." The command had moved many miles but the company was still with it and he immediately sought out the captain and asked him about Private Monson.

"Poor fellow!" was the reply. "He

"YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU."

was the bravest fool I ever saw. I suppose they buried him with the rest."

After the war Harner did not return to his paper. The editors who had mutilated his copy and against whom he had an accumulated antipathy equal to that which Gen. Sherman had expressed against the war correspondents, whose usefulness Harner could prove, was first pointed out by Gen. George Washington, was still in charge and he did not feel like coming directly under their orders. So he tried other things, but as the years went by and the other things did not make him rich he succumbed to the inevitable and entered journalism again. To him was given a roving commission to visit and write up the places where the conquests of industry were making the wealth that was to pay the debts of war.

In the course of time his duties took him to Spring Falls, a village which had become a city, with its splendid water power utilized, with great manufactories on every side. He saw it all, and finally he saw upon the side of a large mill: "William H. Monson." The name seemed strangely familiar, and yet he could not place it. It was gone amid all the thousands of forgotten things in the crowded years.

But the next morning it came like a flash.

And then the story. Col. Monson told it at his own fireside after Harner had been presented to his wife as the man who had refused to report him dead.

"But I did report you dead," insisted Harner.

"Yes, but it was all a mistake. They thought I was, but I wasn't. In fact, it was almost as untrue as the report which reached me the day before the battle that a certain young lady had thrown me over."

And after that came the experiences so interesting to hear in times of peace that were so hard to know in the days of war.

THE WISE MAN WHO FELL

There was a man that people said
Was wonderfully wise;
He knew the names of all the stars
That twinkle in the skies.

The telescope and spectroscope
He wisely used to give
Men knowledge of the smallness of
The sphere on which we live.

He know the number of the tons
That distant Neptune weighs,
He knew exactly to the dot
The length of Saturn's days.

This wise man made a map of Mars
And marked the seas up there;
He wrote on Martian density
And ehe on Martian air.

But when the wise man crossed the street
Two fools shot guns one day;
The wise man stayed to see, instead
Of hurrying away.

The fools shot all their weapons off,
And when they shot no more
Men gathered up his corpse that they
Had dropped as wise before.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

From an Author's Journal.

Following is an extract from the journal of an author who has not been fortunate enough to write a successful novel:

"Rose at five and thought out plot for a short story.

"At eight I rang the breakfast bell, moved the chairs around the table and rattled the knives to fool the neighbors.

"Wrote two poems on the world as a great place to fast in; also a short article to prove that appetite is a mere delusion.

"I then went to the post office to hear the clerk say there had been a wreck on the road and my check for a late manuscript wouldn't arrive until after Christmas.

"The clerk observing that it was 'a beautiful day,' I went out and dined sumptuously on the climate."—N. Y. Telegram.

THE EVOLUTION OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"Why, Edwin," "I am surprised." "You never came home" "Like this before."

COMMUNITY OF DIRT EATERS.

Strange Cult That Has Taken Hold of a Large Number of St. Louis People.

A community of 75 men and women in St. Louis, whose Moses is William Windsor, eat dirt. The dirt eaters each take every day a teaspoonful of dirt. Their leader, says a report from that city, believes that grit is necessary to every animal, and that because mankind will have no dirt in his food he is subject to many stomach troubles that no other animal has. So the dirt eater goes every day to his little sack of soil. He plunges a teaspoon in and brings it forth heaped with good old earth. He washes it down with a glass of water, smacking his lips and blinking his eyes as if no morsel ever tickled the palate of man so deliciously as dirt.

The dirt eater is particular what sort of dirt he eats. He would be no true epicurean if he were not. This article of singular diet is technically a sand. It comes from the river bottom and is made up of many little particles of granite, marble, quartz, and flint well rounded with age. The chief dirt eater has the sand collected and sterilized and he distributes it among his followers at 25 cents a sack. The sack is small, but it holds a good deal of sand. So that daily dirt eating after the St. Louis fashion costs about ten cents a week. Dirt eating in St. Louis it six months old and flourishes like a green bay tree. The chief dirt eater looks happy and prosperous. The lesser dirt eaters have every day a keen hunger for their diet, and they bring in their friends.

The dirt eaters have pretentious quarters. They are at Eighteenth and Olive streets in what was until recently the home of the Merchants' League club. Here the chief apostle of dirt eating, Mr. Windsor, has offices and a lecture hall. He receives visitors during the day and every night he lectures to his class. He has now 75 men and women who attend his lectures and eat dirt. This is an amusing sect, and it amuses no one more than its founder. He said the other night:

"I am not a doctor. I am not a theologian. I am simply an advocate of what I consider the best means to the art of proper living. I have combined all I teach into a single word, vitosophy, meaning the science of life. I come from Wisconsin, and was educated for the law. I was for years in the office of William F. Vilas.

"Dirt eating, or more properly sand eating is something I took up four years ago. I wondered why men were not as healthy as animals. I became satisfied that it was because they did not observe natural laws. I observed that almost every man had stomach trouble, and that the wild animals had good stomachs. I watched the animals, and became convinced that their good health was due to the fact that they took grit into their stomachs with their food. In other words they were dirt eaters. Dirt was necessary to them.

"It occurred to me that men ate no dirt. Consequently they had no grit in their stomachs. I determined to try it. I got a quantity of fine sand and began taking a small quantity every day. The experiment was attended by such success that I began teaching dirt eating."

SWAMP TERROR IS DEAD.

Strange Monster That Has Frequented Florida Everglades Over 100 Years Is Killed.

An enormous reptile, more like an extinct brontosaurus or fabled sea serpent than any living creature, was lately killed by a hunter in the lower Everglades. He means to send the skeleton to the Smithsonian institution at Washington, says a Jacksonville (Fla.) report in the Chicago American.

It has for 100 years not only been a tradition among the Seminole Indians, who inhabited the border of Lake Okeechobee, but it is stated as a fact within the knowledge of some of the Indians now living that an immense serpent made its home in the Everglades and has carried off at least two Indians.

The Indians reported the animal to be snakelike in appearance, with ears with a deer; that it had only been seen in the Everglades, and that when it traveled it frequently stopped, raised its head high above the sawgrass to take a view of its surroundings to discover its enemies or locate victims, a deer, bear, hog or some other animals. If frightened, the Indians asserted that it glided off at immense speed.

These stories have kept the venturesome hunter and trapper on his guard and in a state of more or less anxiety, notwithstanding they did not give credence to these Indian stories. Recently Buster Ferrel, one of the boldest and most noted of the hunters of Okeechobee, who for 20 years has made the border of the lake and the Everglades his home, on one of his periodical expeditions noted what he supposed to be the pathway of an immense alligator.

For several days he visited the locality with the hope of killing the saurian, but was unsuccessful in finding him. His pride as a hunter was piqued, and his desire to obtain the hide of what he felt sure to be one of the largest alligators ever seen in this section where alligators are noted for their immense size, grew daily. He studied some plan to outwit it. A large cypress stood near its pathway, and he concluded to climb the tree and take a stand for his game. He accordingly took up his position in the tree. For two days he stood on watch with his rifle ready. Nothing appeared. He was becoming discouraged, but determined to give one more day to the effort.

On the third day, before he had been on his perch an hour, he saw what looked to him like an immense serpent gliding along the supposed alligator track. He estimated it to be anywhere from 25 to 35 feet long and fully 10 to 12 inches in diameter where the head joined the body, and as large around as a barrel ten feet further back. The creature stopped within easy range of his gun and raised high its head. As it did Ferrel shot at its head. Taken by surprise the serpent dashed into the marsh at a tremendous speed, while Ferrel kept up firing until he had emptied the magazine of his rifle.

About four days afterward he ventured back into the neighborhood, and about a mile from where he first saw the monster he saw a large flock of buzzards, and went to see what they were after, and there he found the creature dead and its body so badly torn by the buzzards that it was impossible to save the skin.

He, however, secured the head, and has it now in his home on the Kissimmee river. It is truly a frightful looking object, fully ten inches from jaw to jaw, and ugly, razor-like teeth. He described the animal as dark colored on its back and dingy white beneath, with feelers around its mouth similar to a catfish.

He has gone back into the swamp with the intention of obtaining the skeleton and bringing it back, after which he will send it to the Smithsonian institution in Washington.

SMUGGLING CHINESE.

Part of the Game Is to Have Immigrants Arrested Upon Their Arrival.

Customs officers and secret service agents of the United States have learned that the Chinese who are being smuggled across the Niagara river from Canada are being brought into the country by an organized gang. The smugglers are said to have headquarters in several large cities of this country and Canada, including Montreal, Toronto, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Boston, reports the New York Times.

The Chinese that are brought across the line in that section make no effort to evade arrest; in fact, it is part of their programme to be arrested. If they get in without running into the arms of the officers they do not feel safe. They prefer to have themselves "jugged" as early as possible, as they are able to produce evidence that they have a legal right to stay here. When placed on trial they declare they were born in San Francisco, and they were taken back to China when they were babes. Then it is up to the government to prove that their stories are untrue. Smugglers at Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and New York find employment for the newcomers, and also find witnesses, when necessary, to prove that the clients are in the United States legally and not contrary to law. The fee charged is $200.

Public Art That Inspires.

The Grande Place of Brussels is the finest square in Europe, so that the most conscientious traveler can enjoy it to his heart's content, being sure that he is not worshiping false gods. The tapering towers, the beautiful open spire of the Hotel De Ville, with the colossal gilt metal St. Nicholas on its summit guarding the city, the enchanting Maison Du Roi, with its open arcaded gallery and Venetian loggia, have a breathless effect and one stands open-mouthed to gaze at them.—London Mail.

Army Impedimenta.

Armies are adding so many curious vehicles to their impedimenta that it is a grave question in some quarters whether their mobility will not be seriously impeded in future wars. There were the movable forge, the movable ermatorium, the hospital, the ice machine, and now comes the traveling disinfecting apparatus. The latter is a wagon so fitted that it can readily move from camp to camp to disinfect the clothing of the soldiers.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The Seattle assay office has handled $55,000,000 since its establishment.

Accidents in factories are said to be much more frequent in bad weather han in good.

A chief merit in acetylene lies in its true rendering of color shades at night, says the Acetylene Gas Journal.

The longest span of submarine cable in existence will be that between Vancouver and Fanning island, 3,600 miles apart.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review emphasizes the fact that dirt, bad air and unsanitary buildings are the chief causes of consumption, which is therefore easily preventable.

It is officially estimated that if the wafers in our western states now unused were utilized for irrigation purposes, a population of 80,000,000 more could be sustained in those states.

The authorities at Minden, Germany, have made a bacteriological examination of school inks. They have found that most of them contain bacteria which, if animals are inoculated with them, often prove fatal.

Rev. John M. Bacon, the English balloon expert, insists that lighthouses should have warning bells under as well as above water, because in a storm sound travels further under water than through the air.

MORE ILLINOIS TIMBER.

There Has Been an Increase in the Supply in the Last Fifty Years.

"Along in the '40s," said the old farmer, states the Chicago Inter Ocean, "the great fear of the people in Illinois was that the timber in the state would soon be exhausted and that the land would become uninhabitable. Our coal fields had not yet been discovered and a new country settling up as fast as ours was at that time needs a great deal of wood. Houses were to be built, farms to fence, and the consumption of fuel in the great fire-places of the day was enormous. Many farmers began tree planting, selecting as a rule the quick-growing varieties, such as locust and cottonwood poplar, and soft maple. Still the consumption was for a number of years greater than the increase and there really seemed a danger of a wood famine.

"After awhile, though, all thought of this danger vanished. The development of our coal fields lessened the demand for wood for fuel. The invention of wire fence produced another saving in wood, while the use of brick, stone and pine lumber for house building diminished the demand for native wood. Of course the increase in population created a large demand for lumber, but not sufficient to create any scare.

"To-day the farmer can, in many localities, buy his coal for what it would cost to cut his wood. He fences his farm with wire much more cheaply than he could with wood, and the network of railroads brings almost to his door the sawed product of the pine forests of the north ready for the construction of house and barn. The demand for native wood is so small that it is estimated that the supply of native timber in the state is greater than it was 50 years ago."

QUEER FRENCH FADS.

One Seems Altogether Without Reason While Another Is Just the Opposite.

The women of Paris are just now engaged in a rivalry in regard to who shall own the prettiest fox cub. Every society woman has one, with the result that the little creatures are valued at from $20 to $25. When they become too large to handle they are sent to the country and are there set free on the great estates of the rich. Fox cubs are very clever and very playful, but they never are quite tame, and hence are only temporarily safe house companions, says a London exchange.

When invited to spend the night at the house of a friend, it is now imperative to add to the night robe and the toilet auxiliaries a set of clean sheets. Really fastidious people do so. When the czar and czarina were invited to be guests of Paris, their couches were fitted by France with linen from the stock of royal napery accumulated during the emperorship of Napoleon III. The imperial guests calmly and quietly directed their attendants to remove the French linen and substitute for it the pieces wrought with the arms of the Romanoffs. This, it was explained to their perplexed entertainers, was the czar and czarina's invariable custom, and it seemed to them to be as imperative a piece of refinement as the owning of individual toothbrushes. Now all the smart set pretends to have been ever scrupulous in regard to individual bed linen, and drapers are happy because it increases the quantity and enhances the quality of their sales, since their patrons consider that only exquisitely fine, monogrammed or crested sheets, ingeniously hand-stitched, are goon enough for use when going a visiting.

China's Fleet for Sale.

Everything goes by contraries, of course, out here. The European of proverbial experience buys a grand piano, which being bought necessitates corresponding alterations and improvements in the drawing-room, and so to the house in general, the result being a removal from the villa to a mansion. China knows better. She buys an expensive fleet, and then, foreseeing the trouble and expense it is going to be to her in a thousand different ways, gets into a quarrel with Japan so that she may rid herself of a considerable portion. That done, the second step is taken. So that all temptation may be removed she gives away her naval ports. Now she puts up to auction the few remaining vessels. "Going, going"—not yet "gone," the troubles and anxieties of a fleet. "Hans in Luck" was nothing to it. Wonderful China!—Shanghai Mercury.

Disquieting.

A baby's voice comes out of the darkness.

"Dimme jinky!" it calls.

The Boston mother starts up affrightedly.

"Merciful heaven! Can it be that my child has forgotten the chemical formula for water?" she cries, and breaks into a cold perspiration.—Puck.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

One objection to straining at gnats is that it takes up time which might be devoted to swallowing camels.—Puck.

On Good Authority.—"So you're going to leave this studio?" "Leave? No. Who told you that?" "Your landlord."—Judy.

Unwelcome Knowledge.—Mother—"What is baby crying about now?" Bobby—"'Cos I took his cake an' showed 'im how to eat it."—Boston Globe.

"Slimson is in a fair way of making a fortune." "What at?" "He's invented a contrivance by which two people can make love while riding their wheels."—Town and Country.

"Is your new rector an agreeable man?" "Indeed he is—real nice; plays golf and squash, owns a naphtha launch and automobile, and, besides, he isn't a bit religious." — Glasgow Evening Times.

Exercise.—Book-Agent—"I suppose you don't get much exercise?" Adam Upp—"Well, I'm running up and down columns of figures all day, if that counts for anything." — Baltimore American.

Barnes—"So you are going upon the stage? Expect to become a great actor one of these days, I suppose?" Howes—"Expect nothing. I want to learn to write as they do upon the stage when they have a letter to write. Jimini! Stenography is nothing to it."—Boston Transcript.

Strategy. — Subbubs — "We've changed the name of our town to Bogdale." Citiman—"Why, it was only six months ago that you changed it to Swamphurst." Subbubs—"I know, but we have to change it frequently, so as to get servant girls to come out, thinking it a new place."—Philadelphia Press.

BUBONIC PLAGUE GERM.

Bacillus of the Devastating Epidemic Was Discovered Seven Years Ago.

The plague of to-day is the lineal descendant of that which was cleared away from London by the great fire. It represents one of many epidemics which history teaches us devastated Europe during the past ages—pests, these, abolished by the disappearance of dirt which forms their soil and breeding place. We know the germ of the plague. It was discovered by Kitasato in 1894, and independently in the same year by Yersin, whose protective serum is used as a preventive, says the London Chronicle.

The germ is a somewhat shortened and rounded bacillus, that flourishes at a temperature approaching that of the blood. Apparently the germ does not multiply by giving off "spores," or seedlike bodies, but by simple division of the parent germs into others. It is easily killed. A temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit destroys it quickly, and acids also act efficiently in this direction. Yersin found the plague germ living in the soil in affected places. In the earth it appears to be non-virulent, but placed in another environment, say the animal body, it speedily develops its disease-producing powers. Cows, sheep, pigs, cats, and, of course, rats, are affected by it, but the dog is said to enjoy an immunity from the attentions of this bacillus. Gaining access to the body, through the skin for the most part, and probably through some abrasion or wound, the bacilli make for the glands, and as these swell and enlarge, constituting what doctors call "buboes," the disease has become known as the "bubonic plague."

The fleas which infect the rat are also credited with a share in the diffusion of the ailment, for, charged with the microbes, these parasites will infect other rats, or may possibly inoculate man. Hence the crusade against rats which has been ordered and advised. It may be added that in one form of the plague the lungs are liable to be specially involved, and the coughed-up matter in that case is highly infectious.

LOG DRIVERS MAKE A RECORD.

Didn't Paint Bangor Red and Squander Their Wages as Usual the Last Year.

Something unprecedented happened to the Penobscot river log drivers this season, or at least to those who navigated the west branch drive to boom.

Usually this drive, the largest single lot of logs in Maine or in New England, gets into boom in August, and in years past it has been known to arrive as early as the Fourth of July, but last year, through a series of delays and misfortunes, the logs did not reach their destination until the middle of November, says the New York Sun.

The drive had, when it started from the head of the Chesuncook lake, about 80,000,000 feet of logs, and was navigated by 150 men. At Millinocket a good deal of time was lost in sorting out 50,000,000 feet that belonged to a pulp company. The water fell rapidly, it being a very dry summer, and when it began to look as if the big drive would be hung up still more men were added to the crew, making in all 300. This army of drivers managed to keep the logs moving, but ice was making in the river and there had been a big snowstorm when they were finally discharged and paid off.

In Bangor, in the course of two or three days, about $30,000 was handed out to the drivers and they had no sooner got their pay and begun to think about the usual celebration than along came agents for lumbermen and offered them high wages to go at once to the woods and cut more millions of logs.

This wa hard on the West Branchers. If they refused to go up they might not get another good offer, as the season was late, while if they accepted they would miss their usual good time in Bangor. Good sense prevailed in most cases, and away the drivers went, dropping cant dog and setting pole to take up the ax.

That is how it comes that there was no carnival of the drivers, and the saloon keepers and others were sad beyond words at what they call tough luck.

Force of Habit.

He had worked for many years in a dry goods store, but fate placed him behind the counter in a coal office, and that was the cause of his undoing. A lady entered the coal office one day and said she needed two tons of coal at once.

"All right," said the clerk, tipping the ashes from a cigarette in a dreamy fashion; "will you take it with you or have it sent, madam?"—Yonkers Statesman.

It Wasn't Smallpox.

One of the colored porters on the Hannibal & St. Joe who was quarantined in Kansas City because of the smallpox was telling his experience to some acquaintances: "Dey done kept me canteened for three weeks and it wasn't smallpox at all. It was nuffin but celluloid."—Chicago Chronicle.

In the Vernacular.

Customer—Give me a cup of chocolate with lots o' whipped cream.

Boston Waitress (shouting back to the kitchen)—Chocolate solitaire in a plenitudinous setting of chastised lacteal fluid!—Catholic Standard and Times.

LARGER SCHOOL BUILDINGS REQUIRED.

Owing to the recent large influx of population into Western Canada it has become absolutely necessary in many parts of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta to increase the school accommodation. In many places buildings have been erected that are only half-occupied. This is perhaps as good evidence as will be found not only of their satisfaction with their present school system and their confidence that it will remain as it is, but also of their firm belief in the future expansion of the country, in increased immigration, and it further indicates that they have little fear that the well established rate of births in civilized communities will not be maintained there.

The free homestead laws and the cheap railway lands offer great inducements, which are opening up the new settlements. Agents of the Government of Canada are actively at work in different portions of the States for the purpose of giving information to possible settlers, and advertisements are now appearing in a large number of papers, giving the names and locations of these Agents.

His Mistake.

He had worked for many years in a dry goods store, but fate placed him behind the counter in a coal office, and that was the cause of his undoing. A lady entered the coal office, one day, and said she needed two tons of coal at once.

"All right," said the clerk, tipping the ashes from a cigarette in a dreamy fashion; "will you take it with you or have it sent, madam?"—Yonkers Statesman.

She Breaks It.

Freeman—They say that Ketcham has an iron will.

Mohrman—Then his wife must be a blacksmith.—Puck.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy, natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Had Become a Habit.

"I've been looking for my husband for the last two hours," said an agitated woman to a calm one.

"Don't be excited, madam," replied the latter. "I've been looking for a husband for the last 25 years."—Tammany Times.

When You Order

Baker's Chocolate or Baker's Cocoa examine the package you receive and make sure that it bears the well-known trade-mark of the chocolate girl.

There are many imitations of these choice goods on the market.

A copy of Miss Parloa's choice recipes will be sent free to any housekeeper.

Address Walter Baker & Co., Limited, Dorchester, Mass.

When He Forgets.

When a young lover figures on whether he can support a wife, he counts in everything except the rent, butcher and grocer, clothes, and incidentals.—N. Y. Press.

The Handsomest Calendar

of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads (on six sheets, 10x12 inches), reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Hazarding a Guess.

Delia—Phwat is this copper company that the man o' the house does be talkin' about so much?

Bridget—Shure, Oi suppose 'tis a policeman's union, no less.—Philadelphia Press.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Very few people talk well; very few people are graceful. We wonder they do not cultivate these accomplishments instead of studying German and art.—Atchison Globe.

Sweat or fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by druggists, 10c. package.

Success, generally speaking, is the science of leaving as little as possible to chance.—Puck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Only a cowardly painter would desert his colors.—Chicago Daily News.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Toothache
All Bodily Aches
AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, ATLANTA, GA.

OKLAHOMA 320 ACRES FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS FOR SALE. SEND 6c. STAMP. W. H. MCNAB, ALBERT LEA, MINN.