



1903 1904

Ring soft and low ye brazen bells!
Each mournful note the end foretells
Of dying year -
Reverberating, sweet, sublime,
Your solemn voices lift their chime,
And as the last tones die away,
The year is but a memory.

Ring loud and clear, ye silvery bells!
Each joyful note the birth foretells
Of glad New Year!
Herald a true and lasting peace,
Proclaim that strife and wrong
shall cease,
Ring in a deeper, truer sense
Of God's benign omnipotence.

n.c.

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Who Struck James Whitcomb Riley?

With an Account of His Abandonment of the Watermelon "Habit" More or Less Truthfully Told by THE REVEREND EZEKIL LOUDMOUTH

In order that the reader may understand fully the events leading up to the misadventures herein set forth, a brief sketch of the author is necessary.

The Reverend Ezekil Loudmouth had been the pastor of a colored church in Indianapolis but owing to his inability to recognize the difference between the debit and credit side of the church's collection accounts was deposed; and drifting to Chicago had so effectually "back-slided" that the sole remains of his ministerial life appeared in his costume and the uncouth use of large and inappropriate words. His every day dress consisted of the regulation ministerial garb; top hat, frock; or as he termed it "Jim Swigger" coat, black trousers and white choker.

The Reverend Ezekil spent most of his waking hours in the various resorts where the gentlemen or his

mirror painted boxes, his beautifully, from the down to the cheapie I'm at it, I bettah tell you how are beauties, 7.00, 2.50

Handkerchief, Gl. big, square house made out of tick—stan's on Lockerby Street. right whab it is—bin dah

75c, 1.25 and 1.50c. bell, an' sen's in see Riley on

Collar and Cuff Boxes in cell, loid, nicely lined, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50

Toy Ranges, large, strong ones, bargains at 50 cents.

the value of peaches as both a luscious and nutritious diet, whereat the Rev. Ezekil took the floor.

"I don't keer how high a dahkey gits up in de worl', ner how much lak white folks he tries to ack, he'll come right back to his natch'ul sef, ef you shet 'im up in a room alone wid a watah millun. An' de white folks laks watah millun, too! bid you know it? 'Deed dey does! Dey ain't no 'niggah problem' when it comes to watah millun! W'y, when I wuz pastah uv a little chu'ch in Injunap'lis, me 'n Jeems Whitcomb Riley eat many a good ole millun together! An' Riley sho' kin eat! W'y, ef you wuz to set 'im down 'mungeat a passel o' dahkies, an' put 'em all to eatin' millun, you couldn't tell 'om 'zaminin' de rines which wuz Rileys an' which wuz de cullud folks! Fine man, dat Riley is. I made ma sef 'quainted wid 'im in Injunap'lis, an' used to go up an' tetch 'im almose any time—for ma chu'ch—dat wuz ma ole racket. (Co'se I spent de money as I pleased.) An' when I'd git broke, I go tetch Riley ag'in. He wuz dead easy to wo'k—gib 'im any ole song! Oh! I wuz strickly in it, 'tel I went, lak a fool, sp'ilt ma sef wid 'im. I speck I'm at it, I bettah tell you how are beauties, 7.00, 2.50

ent to his house one day, I did lick—stan's on Lockerby Street. right whab it is—bin dah

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The Reverend Loudmouth Takes the Floor.

step, an' I wuz a-doin' de Mobile buck. 'Cah'd me out, he did, about fo' miles f'm town, an' stopped right in front uv a big ole fahm whab you could hyeah de milluns jes' a-laughin' an' a-talkin' an' a-sniggin' in dey sle'bes, lak dey wuz goin' to buss open. "Now," sez Riley, 'dis ole feller here raises de bes' milluns in de state; but he keeps a mean dog, an' dey say he wathes his patch o' nights wid a shotgun. I don't know how true 't is.

"S'I: 'We'll go whah dey's de bes' milluns, an' take de chances!' S'I: 'I'm done walked too fur to back watah now!' S'I: 'I'm a ole han' at dis business—foller me, an' you'll wa'h diamond's.' An' S'I: 'L'es' keep close together; so's we won't take one nother fur de man.' S'e: 'Greed!'

"Well, arter we'd bin in dah a while, an' didn't see ner hyeah nothin', we got bol'; an' raised up an' went to walkin' 'roun' dah, lak we owned de place ('ca'se me wanted de bes' milluns in de patch)—an' I swah we got los' f'om one 'nother. But we wuz dast to holler. Made up ma mine to tase a piece o' millun, den fine Riley 'n' go home—already had a sackful hid down 'side de railroad track to tote home wid me. Went up to a stump, I did, an' I brought a millun down 'cross it—bam! An' de stump jumped up an' tuck arter me! An' I thought I hyeah'd a gun go off—'bud-du-ee!' S'I: 'Dah! bress God, de fahmah's comin' arter me!' An' I spread ma wings an' flew! S'I: 'Br'er Riley, do de bes' you kin foh yo' sef! De Bible say: "Flee f'om de wraff to come!"' An' by dat time I had done gone a mile, an' had los' coat, shoes, an' hat. I made foh one o' ma membah's houses, on de outskirts o' de town, an' I fell in de do', an' s'I: 'Come an' git me!' An' I fainted plum' away.

"Ma membah tuck me in an' put me to bed, an' nex' mo'nin' he lent me a suit o' his clothes to go home in—I'd done fixed up a ghose story, an' tole 'm. On my way home, I stopped at Riley's house—see how he come out. An' dey tole me he wuz sick in bed. W'y, ain't you hyern it? sez dey. An' dey showed me whab de papahs said he'd bin hit in de head an' he'd robbed! S'I: 'Ain't dat a shame!—nice a man as he is!' An' I went in whab he wuz, an' s'I: 'Fr'en' Riley, whut's de mattah?' S'e: 'Matah?—mattah? W'y, Rev'unt, I didn't think you'd do me that a-way!' S'I: 'Whut'd I do? 'Do?' sez he, 'do? W'y, you broke a watahmillun ovah ma head! 'At's whut you done!' S'e: 'Ma head hu't me so I could hardly git to town. Don't speck I kin write none foh a week.' S'e: 'I wouldn't mine it so; but de millun wuz green!' An' he allus acted col' to'ahds me arter dat. But I ain't got nothin' 'g'in' watahmillun, all de same."

J. D. CORROTHERS.

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Mrs. Weisslitz, president of the German Womans' Club of Buffalo, N. Y., after doctoring for two years, was finally cured of her kidney trouble by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives. Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women.

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel very thankful to you for the good your medicine has done me. I had doctor for years and was steadily growing worse. I had trouble with my kidneys, and two doctors told me I had Bright's disease; also had falling of the womb, and could not walk a block at a time. My back and head ached all the time, and I was so nervous I could not sleep; had hysteria and fainting spells, was tired all the time, had such a pain in my left side that I could hardly stand at times without putting my foot on something.

"I doctor with several good doctors, but they did not help me any. I took, in all, twelve bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of Liver Pills, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and feel like a new woman, can eat and sleep well, do all my own work, and can walk two miles without feeling over tired. The doctors tell me that my kidneys are all right now. I am so happy to be well, and I feel that I owe it all to your medicine."—Mrs. OPAL STRONG, Dalton, Mass.

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