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NOTES OF PARIS. WATCHERS OF THE SEA.

Celebration of the Jour de Toussaint, Exposition's Close.
[Special Correspondence.]
PARIS, Dec. 1.—It has been very gay here for the last month. The concluding fetes of the exposition have been given with great splendor, and there have been so many royalties and dukes that Parisians have laughingly referred to the month of November as "le mois des grands ducs." On the 2d of November I witnessed the celebration of the Jour de Toussaint. You people on the other side of the water can have no idea how impressive this day is to the French. It is a commemoration of



THE TOMB OF ABELARD AND HELOISE.
the illustrious dead, when all classes take the opportunity of making pilgrimages to the many renowned silent cities within easy reach of the metropolis. Moved by the spirit of the day, Maisie and I decided to go to Pere Lachaise and decorate the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. Within the limits of the cemetery there were thousands of pedestrians, visitors from all parts of the world. When we finally reached the tomb of Abelard, we found it, to our surprise, almost buried with flowers. It is wonderful how this romance of the eleventh century clings about the hearts of the people. The guardian of the cemetery informs me that it is a favorite pilgrimage for lovers and that each year unknown hands wreath it with beautiful flowers. We also visited the tombs of Alfred de Musset, Moliere, Lafontaine, Beaumarchais and Chopin. This Pere Lachaise is a wonderful place. It is probable that no cemetery in the world contains so many illustrious dead. The name of Pere Lachaise is that of the confessor of Louis XIV, to whom this land was given for religious purposes. Two portions are reserved for Protestants and Jews, and at the entrance of the latter stands the Greek funeral chapel of the great actress Rachel.

But now for something more cheerful. As perhaps you do not know, I was fortunate enough to be present at the grand ball given in the Palais de l'Elysee by M. and Mme. Loubet to the commissioners general of the exposition and to the foreign members of the jury. It was the most cosmopolitan affair I ever attended. Such a chatter and jabber in all the languages of the earth! Would you believe it, though out of all that babel one could particularly distinguish the Anglo-Saxon element. I couldn't help wondering whether it was because we were more numerous represented or because of the strident quality in our voices. I suppose you will want to know what Mme. Loubet wore. It was a toilet worthy of a queen. More's the pity that such a plain woman had it on. It was a wonderful princess robe of mauve and white brocaded satin and was covered with the finest embroidery. She wore a great many diamonds, principally around the décolletage. The daughter of our American commissioner, Mrs. Sims, looked particularly well. I thought, in her gown of black and silver, with here and there a touch of cerise taffetas.

There was quite a swell 5 o'clock tea affair at the Hotel Campbell. The Grand Duke Serge of Russia was the host, and among the royal guests present were the king of Greece, the Princess of Wales, Prince Nicholas of Greece and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir. By the way, the Princess of Wales has been visiting Paris incognito. She even omitted to take a minor title of nobility, as is her custom. This going about incognito is about the only amusement the unfortunate crowned heads can enjoy in these unromantic times.

Although my income is too limited to allow of my betting heavily, yet I will admit having been to the races several times lately. The last time was at Chantilly. I don't know when I enjoyed myself so much in all my life. There was a whole coachful of us, and we had four of the finest bays you would care to see. We preferred driving down in this way to going by train, although, as usual, the special accommodations were perfect. I saw any number of notables, the Princess Murat, the Vicomtesse Foy, and, oh, I almost forgot the best part of all! His majesty King Leopold of Belgium was there. He rode down in his automobile. I confess I had some curiosity to see the sporty old boy who has made himself the laughing stock of old Europe. He is an unprepossessing old man, with watery eyes and, yes, a somewhat red nose. If he were not a king, no one would look at him twice. I hear that he has placed his wealth and royal dignity at the feet of Anna Robinson, a little Yankee danseuse. Well, tomorrow it will be some one else.

A Parasite.
Towne—It seems Jenkins has just discovered that he has a family tree. Brown—Yes; it's an outgrowth of his successful business plant.—Philadelphia Press.

Uncle Sam's Lighthouses and How They Guard the Coast.
[Special Correspondence.]
COHASSET, Mass., Dec. 3.—Now is the storm season drawing near, and the time approaches when the lighthouse keeper in his lofty wind and wave swept refuge must needs be ever on the alert to warn the mariner of lurking rocks and treacherous shoals. The New England coast was ever the scene of the wildest and most violent of Old Neptune's assaults on human life and ill fated vessels, and it is but a natural consequence that many millions of dollars have been expended by the United States government in making the much trafficked waters as safe a thoroughfare as possible. Some of the best equipped lighthouses as well as lightships and life saving stations in the world are scattered along danger breeding shores from Point Judith to Grand Manan, and if the lives preserved could be accredited with monetary value and added to the worth of the property saved through their agencies the cost of the sustenance of this branch of signal service would appear insignificant in the extreme.

Just the running of the lighthouses and lightships of the United States and the maintenance of the buoys cost more than \$3,000,000 a year. The salaries of lighthouse keepers alone amounted last year to about \$800,000. The number of these keepers on duty through the whole United States is estimated at about 1,400. The winter months are usually looked forward to with somewhat of apprehension by the watchers of the deep, for no one then knows what a day may bring forth in the shape of hurricanes and roughened seas. The lighthouses, especially those situated at any appreciable distance from land, keep supplies stocked in for several weeks ahead, thus warding off the likelihood of privation during the time when the turbulent condition of the sea renders communication with the shore impossible.

One of the most famous lighthouses in the world is the Minot's Ledge Light in Massachusetts bay directly off Cohasset. This light is a marvel in construction and is conceded to be even superior to the well known Eddystone light in the English channel. Minot's



MINOT'S LIGHT IN A STORM.
is built on a sunken ledge in an open and exposed situation three miles from the rock strewn Cohasset beach. The first time I saw the massive brick and cement cylinder, truly described by Whittier as "a wide mouthed cannon gazing upward at the sky," a feeling of awe tinged with admiration stole over me. What a history that stalwart old sentinel of the sea could write were it but endowed with the power of narration! What scenes of chaotic splendor it had witnessed! What tales of horror and anguish it could unfold! The shriek of struggling seamen mingled with the cries of terrified women and children as the crumbling waves bore them onward and downward seemed almost to have left their imprint on the sullen, gloomy tower. Visions of stout ships straining and vanquished, pounding and grinding on the hungry ledges whose appetites could never be satiated, rose in my mind, and I could almost see the sheets of wind driven spray and foam as they swept over the very top of the structure. Other important lights I have seen and visited include the Highland light on Cape Cod, the Gay Head light on Martha's Vineyard, the Navesink light at Atlantic Highlands, N. J.; the Pumpkin Island light in Eggemoggin reach, Maine; the Green Island light in Blue Hill bay, Maine; also lights on Mount Desert island, but not one of these can hope to outrank Minot's Ledge beacon as an associate with tragical events.

The solid structure now standing on Minot's ledge is the second lighthouse that rock has borne. The first was made of iron pillars set a short distance apart so that the sea might break through them. The idea was that this sort of building would offer less resistance to the passage of powerful waves. One memorable night in the winter of 1856 a great storm arose. The waves twisted and tore the iron pillars and hurled the edifice into the tossing waters, drowning all the five keepers who were inside. The present lighthouse, however, bids fair to stand until the end of time.

The lighthouses along this section of the coast and including those in Boston harbor are in what is known as the Second Lighthouse district. Admiral George Dewey once served as inspector in this district, then was made naval secretary and finally became a member of the lighthouse board. Admiral Winfield S. Schley was twice inspector and afterward occupied Dewey's place as chairman of the board.

FREDERICK R. TOOMBS.

CUDAHY BOY IS SAFE.
He Is Returned to the Father for Ransom by Kidnappers,
\$25,000 IN GOLD PAID
The Money Was Taken by Mr. Cudahy Alone to a Designated Spot and the Boy Later Returns to His Father's Home.

Omaha, Dec. 31.—Twenty-five thousand dollars in gold was the price paid by Edward A. Cudahy, the millionaire packer, for the return of his son, Edward Cudahy, Jr., abducted by a gang of kidnapers last Tuesday night. On Wednesday about noon, and several hours after the letter had been left in the front yard at the Cudahy residence, another missive was delivered at the Cudahy residence. It came through the mails and contained a proposition to return the boy safe and unharmed provided the sum of \$25,000 was paid that night.

In the letter were full directions as to where the money was to be left and assurance given that the missing boy would be allowed to return home within a few hours time when the cash was received. A consultation was held at once and the matter gone over in detail. Plans were discussed for the capturing of the bandits when they should make their appearance at the rendezvous that had been designated, but they were dropped as being impracticable. Finally impelled by the strain under which the entire household was laboring, Mr. Cudahy decided to comply with the terms offered and ransom his son. The money was secured by a trusted messenger, sworn to secrecy and brought to the Cudahy residence.

Late Wednesday afternoon Cudahy had one of his horses harnessed to a light buggy and taking the money with him left for the designated place at which it has been stipulated the money was to be left. In the buggy he carried a red lantern and was alone. He drove five miles west of town on Sherman avenue, road until he came to a white lantern that was hanging on a short stick by the side of the road. This was the place where he was to leave the boy's ransom, and alighting from his buggy he deposited the sack close by the stick bearing the white lantern. Then, without seeing anyone, he returned home.

In the meantime the abductors of the boy had seen the red light coming up the road and as soon as the buggy had disappeared they took the money and prepared to keep faith with the father of the boy. The lad was bundled into a hack and set down close by his father's house about yesterday morning. Having been blindfolded all the time, the boy was unable to say where he had been, but as nearly as he could estimate by the few observations he was able to make he thought he had been taken five miles south of South Omaha.

The cunning of the gang who had the boy in keeping and their thorough knowledge of the geography of the city, are evidenced in the plans they laid. Close by the place where Cudahy was directed to leave the ransom for his son the river approached the road and it is supposed the men were on the watch for the millionaire and saw his red light from a boat. As soon as he had driven away and they had convinced themselves no other were lurking near, they probably anchored up the bank, obtained the boat that had been left for them, made their way to the boat again and escaped without leaving any telltale footprints.

There is absolutely no clue to the identity of the abductors, although the police have been working incessantly on the matter ever since it was first reported to them. Whether the boy will be able to furnish a clue that will lead to the capture of the outlaws who held him prisoner for over 24 hours, remains to be seen.

CAME HOME ALONE.
Young Cudahy Shows up at the Residence Early in the Morning.
Omaha, Dec. 31.—The 15-year-old son of Edwin Cudahy, who disappeared from his home in Omaha Tuesday evening and for whom the police have been searching since his disappearance, returned at 1:30 yesterday morning. At the time of his return two policemen were on guard at the house but did not know anything about the boy's reappearance until one of the family came out and told them that their services were dispensed with, that Eddie had returned. The officers at the time inquired for particulars but none of the family would make a statement except to say that a full statement would be made later in the day.

When it became known that the boy was safe at home a number of friends called up the residence by telephone. Mrs. Cudahy refused to answer all questions and would only say that her son was safe and well.

The most important light thrown on the Cudahy boy's disappearance after the anonymous note was found, was when W. S. Glynn who runs a livery stable stated that a man had come to his barn Wednesday forenoon and asked to use the telephone. Frank Glynn, a son of the proprietor, was in the office

at the time and readily gave his consent. The stranger, without taking the trouble to look up the number in the telephone book called for Edward Cudahy's house. The Cudahy telephone was busy at the time and he hung up the ear trumpet and stepped outside the door and looked up and down the street as if watching for some one. In a moment or two he returned and called up the Cudahy's house. This time he was successful and he said in a surly tone of voice: "Have you looked in the front yard for a letter?"

The answer evidently was "no" for he added: "Do so at once and you will find one."

He then hung up the phone and stepped outside, mounted a pony he had come on, and rode rapidly west on Leavenworth street.

As soon as the men had finished talking Officer Dempsey called up Glynn and asked that the man at the stable keep watch as to the direction the stranger had taken. Five minutes later Dempsey and Officer Jorgensen arrived at the barn, but the man who telephoned had disappeared. They were in the Cudahy house when the man telephoned about the letter.

Chief Police Donahue gave out the following statement regarding the Cudahy kidnaping:

"You may rest assured of this much, the boy was kidnapped and taken from the city." Further than that I can say but very little now, but expect Mr. Cudahy to call at my office and after talking with him I expect to be able to make a statement in the afternoon."

Being further pressed as to details about the return of the boy and the terms made by E. A. Cudahy, Sr., for return, if any offered, the chief said: "Any statement coming from me at this time might throw down the whole plan on which we intend to work. The boy is again safe at home. Police officers on duty at the house saw him come in. I was advised by telephone at the time and was informed the boy was safe and well. That was the principal thing. I am getting information now as to what more happened."

There is one New York landlady who has come up from the ranks of working girls herself, and knows and remembers how hard it is for such girls to obtain comfortable and respectable lodging houses for the small sum they are able to pay. When this blessed landlady finds a really worthy young working woman of small means, she gives her a room at about one-third below the current price. She does not lose anything through her benevolence, however. She says, "I make up the difference on men who are able to pay good prices."

Miss Mary H. Krout, who first became generally known through her political correspondence for the Chicago Inter Ocean during an exciting campaign, has returned from her journey to China and Japan. Miss Krout, in whom the wander blood is strong, has been in nearly all parts of the world—Europe, Asia, Australia and Hawaii. In each she accumulated material to be spun by her brain into delightful reading matter. She has removed to New York city and will make that her headquarters in future.

I have just seen a little book which may prove helpful to many women the country over. It is written by Mrs. M. V. Norry of Westfield, N. J., and is called "Easy Poultry Keeping For Invalids." Mrs. Norry tells us that she herself has had much experience both in invalidism and poultry keeping and that the two go well together, and the experimenter is able often to evolve out of the invalidism. Perhaps the best cure will be on the list of future specifics for the weak and ailing. Who knows? The little book contains photographs of some of Mrs. Norry's pets. She recommends as a help to beginners the state agricultural experiment station poultry bulletins.

The school board of New York city has a woman trustee officer who is shrewdly efficient. She is Mrs. Mary E. Alger, a young and decidedly healthy woman. She has proved especially valuable in running in and returning to home and school boys who have become fascinated with dime novel tramp life and attempt to join vagabond bands. Lately she performed a really daring and dramatic exploit. At the head of 20 policemen she raided a freight train on the New York Central road and captured nine truant schoolboys, as well as the tramps with whom they were running away. Mrs. Alger herself collared an 18-year-old boy and dragged him from his hiding place. The police remained in concealment till the woman unearthed the game. The game did not suspect her of being an officer and so was taken unawares.

The maxim "The only good Indian is a dead Indian" does not find favor with Miss Ida L. Palmer of Fort Hall, Ida. She is primary teacher in one of the largest and most successful Indian schools. She speaks highly of the intelligence of the little savages.

Preparing to Tint a Photograph.
To prepare a photograph for tinting wash over the photograph with clean water, using a large brush. If the water runs off unevenly, forming globules, as if greasy, wipe off the water and pass the tongue upward over the whole face of the picture. Repeat the process twice, and on again trying the water it should lie smoothly on every part. The photograph will then be ready to take the colors. If you do not like to use your tongue, there are preparations for sale that will produce the same result, says Art Amateur.