

# The Williston Graphic

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## BEYOND.

The cries and moans of the fallen  
From the stricken field I hear,  
And my soul is stirred to answer;  
To shout them a word of cheer:  
For I see how the Lord of Battle  
Fights on with a guiding hand  
To where beyond the failure  
There is still a happy land.

Look up, look forth to the future,  
Though your eyes are dim and weak,  
Through the storms that beat about you  
Hide the light of the hope you seek:  
Arise 'neath the beat of the tempest,  
To the height of your manhood stand,  
And you'll see that beyond the failure  
There is still a happy land.

Through the battle ye win to conquest,  
By the pain and the wee ye are blest;  
For only the children of sorrow  
Can win to the gates of rest.  
Long since by the Lord of Battle  
The strife was nobly planned—  
For the brave beyond the failure  
There is still a happy land.  
—P. McArthur, in N. Y. Independent.

## WHAT AILED MAHALY.

BY ELEANOR ROOT.

"What ailed Mahaly?" That was the question the neighbors all asked each other. Every day that it rained—and it was a wet spring—they had to look out the window to see her fringing along, umbrellaless, oftentimes somnolent—her face turned upward.

"Pears if she'd got religion this winter; I'd feel to think she'd gone daft over it, the way't she gazes up at the sky," said old Mrs. Mosely.

"I jes' think it's flyin' in the face o' Providence!" cried her hearer: "her gallivantin' round that a-way in ev'ry thunderstorm. She'll be brought home some day, see if she hain't. Why, my Uncle Cy jes' stepped to the door one day, and the lightnin' went clean through him. He died right away. He made a beautiful-lookin' corpse, jes' as nat'ral—the blackened part was all in his side and arm—but it was dretful sad! He was buried on a Sunday," sighing.

"I b'lieve she's a little empty in the upper story," said a third, tapping her head. And so the talk went on. Whether Mahala knew of the various surmises of the village folk, or whether, knowing, she did not care, was almost as fruitful a theme for conjecture as the cause of her rambles.

At last, two of the Dorcas band took it upon themselves to stand by each other in an attempt to find out something about it. They were to take a whole day to it and report their success or non-success at the next meeting.

Mrs. Brown said that she would take over some of her crabapple jelly, and her coadjutor said she guessed she'd take over some fruit cake and elderberry wine; the thought in both far-reaching and diplomatic minds being that their hostess could hardly withstand such delicate bribery. She would surely feel that something was due them in return.

It happened that the day they set upon dawned dark and lowering. It looked as though a thunderstorm was imminent.

"Oh, Mis' Simpson," puffed Mrs. Brown, running without ceremony into her neighbor's back door, "don't you think we'd better let ev'rything go and git right over there? I didn't think about pickin' on a rainy day, but, don't you see—it's jes' the thing! We can git started on the subject better. Hurry up and git on your bunnet and let the fishes go. Here, put your things right in my basket. We want to git there before she starts—and she'll be startin' out-to-day, sure! Look at them clouds."

A little later, flushed and dusty, the two stood at Mahala's front door. Mrs. Brown, who usually took the initiative in everything, knocked vigorously. She felt a drop of rain and knocked again. The door swung slowly open and she began, volubly:

"Howdy, Mahaly; we jes' thought—Mis' Simpson and I—how we'd come over and spend the day with you. You hev'n't looked a bit well lately—kind o' peaked lookin'—and you must be so lonesome, here all alone. How air you now, anyhow?"

"I hain't no call to complain of my health," answered Mahala, a little stiffly. She glanced up at the sky.

"But come in. It was real thoughtful of you to think of me," Mrs. Simpson's conscience gave a little prick.

"Looks like rain, don't it?" pursued Mrs. Brown, glancing up. "But nebbey you was goin' out-to-day"—bravely following up the charge. "I should think you'd ketch your death o' cold goin' out in all these cold spring rains—so nebbey it's a good thing we come, anyway." She trod on Mrs. Simpson's toes.

"Yes, you're gittin' real peaked lookin'," hastily ejaculated that worthy woman, taking up the cue so inimitably thrown out by her companion. Mahala flushed slightly.

"Why, I feel real well," she faltered.

"Be it peaked? I'm goin' to try to eat more. But when a person's all alone they don't feel no great appetite." She ushered her visitors into the little parlor and took their things. "I can't hardly bring myself to cook now," she added.

"Well, now, hain't it fortunate! I brought over some o' my elderberry wine, for I thought you needed chirkin' up since your mother hain't here to see to you. Poor woman! How long's she been dead?"

"Three years," said Mahala, choking.

"There, there, poor dear, we're jes' a-goin' to come over real often—and I'm a-goin' to see you don't go out in the rain no more without a bonnet!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "What do you do it for anyway?" she persisted. "You'll excuse me for sayin' it—you know I'm sayin' it for your own good—but ev'rybody's wonderin' 'bout it. They say't

if they didn't know better, they'd jes' think you was a crazy woman."

Mahala straightened up her meager, stooping form. "Mis' Brown," she said tremulously, but with dignity, "I like to feel the rain." She hesitated. "It comes from where my mother is. She always liked it too, and I don't think people have any call to talk 'bout me for that!" She turned away her face and looked out of the window at the big drops pattering down on the expanding foliage. The rain came down more heavily. There was a perfect deluge. Mahala looked uneasy and restless, and once made an involuntary movement as though to go out. She checked herself and brought out her work basket.

"I'm piecin' a Risin' Sun quilt for Rose," she said, quietly. "She's goin' to be married this fall."

"Now this'll be real cozy," exclaimed Mrs. Simpson. "We've got piecin', too. I'm helpin' Mis' Brown piece her Jerusalem Cherries." She opened the basket. "Here's the elderberry wine, and this is some fruit cake I've had mellerin' for nigh about a year. I brought it over for you to eat with the wine. I thought it might tempt your appetite. It's real strength'nin, I've heard." She took out the things and laid them on the table. "And this is Mis' Brown's crab jell," she added.

"It's not as good as your mother used to make," interposed Mrs. Brown, depreciatingly, "but I know't your tree had died, and I thought I'd bring it over."

"Thank you," said Mahala, simply. Such delicacies as cake and jelly and elderberry wine were as far removed from her in these days as Victoria's crown jewels, but she would not let her manner or her profuse thanks put her to shame before her visitors, she thought. They should not know but it was a common thing for her to have such luxuries in the house—at least when she wanted them. She told them she didn't have any appetite, and didn't feel like cooking—so they wouldn't think it strange that she hadn't any cake baked. Yes, she could manage about the dinner all right—so her mind ran on. She had three eggs and some potatoes, and she would toast some bread. Then she was sure that enough of the pie-plant was up—she had looked at it only yesterday—to stew for sauce. And they would have the fruit cake. How fortunate there was butter in the house. She was glad she had gone without it all winter, or there might not have been any now. Yes, everything would be her own but the cake. She heaved a great sigh of relief, as her visitors chatted and cut and seved, and she soon found herself able to talk too.

"You should hev seen her chirkin' up after we'd been there a little bit of a while," said Mrs. Simpson afterward.

At dark the visitors departed. They told Mahala, they had had a "real good time," and urged her to come over and spend the day with them soon.

"To think that's the reason she goes out in the rain!" Mrs. Brown ejaculated, as they vended their way homeward. "Well, I'm beat! Poor thing, poor thing!"

And so the village curiosity was satisfied to some extent, although many of the good folk still wondered whether Mahala wasn't crazy after all; and they still looked at her curiously from behind blinds and curtains whenever she appeared in the drenching showers.

It was noticed, however, that she did not now, as of yore, go out every time there was a storm; moreover, that she always wore her bonnet; and, instead of gazing upward, walked along as other people did. But a new and peculiar phase soon developed itself which more than counterbalanced this return to the ordinary and accepted.

Several, driving along the country road, had seen her with her sun bonnet thrown back, violently shaking the trees and bushes, looking up the while fixedly as she went from clump to clump, apparently tireless. People began to warn their children to keep away from her, and said to each other that something must be done.

One day, the word went round that Mahala was sick. The minister had gone there to call, and had found her hardly able to crawl to the door. The people flocked in. They sent for her half sister, Rose, who was a trained nurse in New Haven, and to an adjoining town for a doctor. He shook his head gravely, and said that exposure in her weakened condition had done the work, and that it was a chance if she ever got any better.

As she lay on the bed, pale and weak, she called again and again for the looking glass. When it was given her, she only groaned and turned her face to the wall.

"Another phase of the insanity, the doctor says," people repeated to one another; but one who was there went home, and going to the garret, hunted up an old mirror that had belonged to her grandfather. He had been a sailor and had brought it home from some foreign port. It had the property of making almost anyone look fair and well favored, if not positively handsome. At first, the family had exhibited it to everyone who came in, but in the course of years, it had been laid away and almost forgotten. Now it was brought forth and laid by Mahala's bed. It was the next afternoon that Rose came.

"O, sister, sister!" cried Mahala, throwing her arms about her. "I want to tell you everything. I haven't had no one I could tell—no one!"

And then, after Rose had taken off her things and seated herself on the bed by her side, Mahala told her how Reuben Davis had said to her, when he went away ten years before: "Wait for me, Mahala, I'll be back one of these days, and we'll get married! Where else could I find such a good girl—and such a complexion!" he had added, laughingly.

She had been so happy, she murmured, flushing, and had cared then for her looks because he had. But as the years went on, and especially after her

mother's long illness and death, she was getting old and wrinkled and yellow. It was then she had read a recipe for changing all this.

"If you went out in the rains, it said, it would take away the wrinkles and bring back rosy cheeks!" she cried piteously. "And then when folks got to talkin' about me not wearin' my bunnet, and lookin' up to the sky all the time—more rain beats down on your face that way"—she added simply—"I used to go way out in the country so's I could take it off and nobody wouldn't know. And then when it didn't rain hard," she went on after a pause, "I shook the branches. It was just like rain. But it wa'n't no use—it wa'n't no use!" she moaned. "And now Reuben's comin' back in a little while—his aunt told me so, and I'm so old and ugly he won't want me!" She buried her face in the pillow.

Presently she reached out a thin hand to the little table that always stood by her bed. She picked up the mirror, not noticing it was a strange one, and gazed in it. She started up excitedly.

"It's true! It's true!" she cried, her poor wan features lighting up. "I was afraid it wouldn't be—ever! But it said it would take time. Oh, Rose, I'm so glad I kept it! Do you s'pose," she whispered, tremulously, "he'll think I'm much changed?"

The next day an unusual ripple of excitement pervaded the little village. Mahala was dead, and it was reported that her last words were about Reuben Davis. Mrs. Brown had heard what she said, and the minister's wife, too. They had run over that morning to see how she was getting along. It was just as Rose was supporting her in the death struggle. "Tell him," she had murmured, painfully, in great gasps, "tell him that I never forgot him—never! And that—I—always—believed—he—would—come—back—to—me."

All this the town knew, with perhaps some necessary additions and enlargements—for it had passed through several hands before making the rounds—but what it didn't know was how faithfully the two neighbors had pledged to each other inviolable secrecy concerning it. It didn't know how they had tiptoed out of the kitchen—the bedroom was just adjoining and Rose hadn't seen them—their hearts filled with a dim sense of the pathos and sacredness of it all, and had declared to each other that they would never tell anyone—never. No one should ever know the truth but themselves. They would wait outside a few minutes, and then go in as though they had just come.

Of all this, the town knew nothing, nor of the struggle there had been between the sense of what was right, on the one side—and the habits of a lifetime on the other—joined, it may be, to the inherited proclivities of generations.

A week later, Reuben Davis and his young bride stood above Mahala's grave. The painted board with her name and age:

Mahala Goodenow  
Aet. 39 Years, 3 Months, 4 Days

the few withered flowers, the unbroken clouds, the one little tree set out by some friendly hand, but dyin'—its leaves yellow and curled—gave an air of unutterable dreariness to the scene. A chipmunk had already made a hole at the foot of the grave, and the earth had caved in around it.

"Poor Mahala! She was a schoolmate of mine," he said, gently. "I had not thought of her for years, and yet I believe I was in love with her once." He smiled a little. "I wonder why mother was so anxious for us to walk over here to-night." They were silent, and gazed with a forced solemnity, as people will, at the lonely mound.

"Let us go now," he said, after a little. "It looks like rain, and you are shivering." He tenderly wrapped a shawl around her, and stooping, kissed the pigmy face—blooming with the clear pink and white which the one under the earth by their side had so striven for and longed for—for his sake. But they did not know. They only walked quickly away without a backward glance.

And the rain beat down on Mahala's grave, and the thunders burst over it.

—New Bohemian.

## AMERICAN ENERGY WINS.

Minister White's Story of a Chance Meeting with a Former New Yorker.

The American can always be trusted to make his way, no matter what may be his environments. A story told by Andrew D. White, ex-minister to Germany and Russia, illustrates this fact. Mr. White stated that once when he was at Berlin, after all the diplomatic corps had been duly presented to his wife, the Chinese minister, in pursuance to custom, brought round his principal secretaries and presented them to his colleagues. Among these was a tall, fine-looking man, evidently a European, dressed in a superb court costume and covered with gold lace. As his Chinese colleague introduced him to Mr. White in German, the conversation was continued in that language, when suddenly this splendidly dressed personage said in English: "Mr. White, I do not see why we should be talking in German. I come from Waterloo, in western New York, and I was educated at Rochester university under your friend, Dr. Anderson." Mr. White said that had the gentleman dropped through the ceiling it would not have seemed more surprising, and that it was hard to believe that tale pretty little village of Waterloo, or even Rochester, with all the added power of this noble university, should have been able to develop a creature so gorgeous. It turned out that the gentleman concerned, after graduating at the University of Rochester, had gone to China with certain missionaries, had then been taken into the Chinese service and had proved to be a thoroughly intelligent, patriotic man, faithful to his duties to China, as well as to the United States.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Both Oxford and Cambridge now have university hockey teams.

—Lord Rothschild is said to have bought the Trinity almshouses in the Mile End road in London, with the intention of substituting a synagogue for the chapel.

—An anti-cigarette league has been established in all of the 95 grammar schools of New York city. The league now numbers 40,000 public school boys.

—Miss Melvina M. Bennett, a graduate of Boston university, has been appointed to the chair of public speaking and vocal interpretation in that institution. Miss Bennett is the first woman to gain a professorship in the university.

—Women in Hungary will henceforth be allowed to enter the Budapest university and become doctors and apothecaries, or study in the philosophical faculty. They must pass the same high school examinations as the men, however, and for that purpose the government will provide them with opportunities to study Latin and Greek.

—Rev. Father F. A. William Manifold, a young Episcopal clergyman of New York who has been conspicuous as a Ritualist, has gone over to Rome again. This is the third time Mr. Manifold has espoused the Roman faith since he was graduated from the New York General Theological Episcopal seminary about seven years ago. He has been sent to the College of Paulist Fathers in Washington, D. C., to study for holy orders on probation.

—The bishop of Chester advocates the Gothenburg system or some modification of it. The bishop of Durham's favorite panacea for lessening drunkenness is pure liquor, and especially pure beer. The bishop of Peterborough's proposals are moderate and practical to a degree. They are two: First, grant no special licenses in connection with fairs and public festivals; second, close all public houses and beer houses at ten o'clock.

—The young women students at Lawrence university, Appleton, Wis., have decided to wear a uniform dress. They were stirred to the decision, it is said, by the smart appearance of the young men in the military school connected with the university, who recently donned new uniforms of gray and black. The girls first proposed to wear a uniform of the same color as that worn by the boys, but finally decided on navy blue. They are to wear blue blouses, laced up the front with black braid, and skirts of blue trimmed with black. In the gymnasium blue bloomers will be substituted for the skirts.

## ARE WE CIVILIZED?

One Who Analyzes Fashions Says We Are Still Half Savage.

The prevailing motive, not to appear singular, accounts for the continuance of certain fashions, many being the results of superstition, religious observances and the desire to be "up to date."

We are acquainted with what facility hair may be fashioned into various fantastic shapes for personal adornment and when a part through the middle is decreed it is worn without regard to contour, and whether it may add to or detract from one's intellectual appearance, no thought is given.

If fashion says crimp, we crimp; if curl and wave, we obey. And the custom of keeping the head closely shaved prevails, as among the Fijian women, while the men cultivate long hair, thus reversing the conditions met with among highly civilized nations.

The lips, ears and nose offer a variety of possible alterations and are a means of ornamental display, and says Capt. Cook, over 100 years ago, in describing the naked savages on the east coast of Australia, their principal form of ornamentation was a bone, which they thrust through the cartilage which divides the nostrils from each other. The lip ornamentations by the Bolocudo Indians and the Thinket Bella are disgusting in the extreme, and in the heart of Africa among the Dongo women a clamp or clasp is worn at the corners of the mouth, as if they wanted to contract the orifice and literally put a curb on its possibilities.

The teeth cannot escape, and the Malays view in disgust the natural tint, and stain theirs a jet black.

One views in horror the Chinese method of foot binding, but which is much mitigated when considering by degrees the fashionable toe used in the last century.

Thus we can see that fashion's fetters torture and harass equally civilized men and savage vanity. Are we not the same in kind but differing only in degree from the savages?—Albany Argus.

## An Interesting Trophy.

She was visiting at the house of the eminent politician.

"I hear," she said, "that you have had a valuable addition to your art collection."

"My art collection?" he repeated.

"Yes. I take it for granted that you must have one."

"I have ever striven, madam, to entertain an appreciation of the beautiful."

"And wasn't it beautiful in the voters to remember you as they did?"

"I—I don't quite follow you, ma'am," said the eminent politician, growing red in the face.

"Why, I was told that they gave you a beautiful marble heart, and I am just dying to see it."—Washington Star.

## A Woven Silk Book.

A wonderful volume, in which the text is neither written nor printed, has been "published" as a curiosity by a firm of silk weavers at Lyons, France. It is made of pure silk and was published in 25 parts. Each part consisted of only two leaves, so that the entire volume contains but 100 pages. The leaves of this unique volume are inscribed with the mass service and several prayers. Both the letters and the border are in black silk on a white background.—St. Louis Republic.

## RESCUED FROM CHINA PIRATES.

Hardships of a Frenchman Whom the Celestials Held for Ransom.

Victor Carrere was recently rescued by a company of French soldiers from a band of Chinese pirates who had kept him captive for 14 months, says the New York World. Soon after he was taken captive by the Chinese he was placed in a cave in the mountainside, and there lay for two months, so loaded with chains that even crawling about was difficult and escape was impossible. To add to the horrors of his imprisonment the cave was totally dark.

The pirates were unable to secure the ransom which they demanded, and so they took him with them, always as a captive, on some of their forays by land and sea in southern China. His chains were taken off, but he was always carefully guarded. His captors treated him kindly, but he had to undergo many great hardships. His only garment was a pair of thin silk trousers and his head and feet were bare. One forced march which he made lasted 27 days, and the rest of the band traveling night and day, with only the briefest intervals for sleep. The weather was cold, but their journey was made without tents or blankets.

The robbers were proceeding toward a small town, which they intended to pillage, when they were fired upon from ambush and those who were uninjured ran away. The attacking party proved to be a small body of French soldiers who had long been searching for their lost compatriot.

## VICTORIA BATHING.

Machines to Bathe in and Sailors to Man the Life Boat.

During the recent sojourn of the court at Osborne sea bathing was a regular item in the daily programme. On the private beach, near the queen's jetty, there is a barge with a hollow center, which can be quickly run along a rail into the sea. The bottom of this barge is so arranged that the water comes in at once, and the center becomes a tank, which makes a first-rate bathing place for children.

This, says London Sketch, was daily used by the families of the duke and duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Off this beach there is also a floating bath, which consists of a well, 30 feet by ten feet, with a wooden grating at the bottom, which can be adjusted so as to afford the requisite depth of water. There is a dressing-room and the whole structure is inclosed by a screen.

A small lifeboat, manned by two sailors from the royal yacht, is always in attendance in Osborne bay during bathing hours. The queen has a bath of warm sea water at Osborne every morning.

## LOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

Instructors Sometimes Find Their Pupils Apt in Taking Advice.

A good joke is told on one of the staff of the Ohio medical college, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. In a lecture to the students he advised them when they came to practice to always carry in their buggies a standard text-book, which they could consult when in doubt as to the proper course of treatment. He said they could excuse themselves from a patient on the pretext that they wished to see if their horse was standing or that they had left some particular medicine in the buggy. The students were very attentive. A few days later one of them could not answer some pretty tough questions, and when the doctor expressed surprise he grabbed a text-book and said in a measured tone: "Excuse me, doctor, I fear my horse is not standing. I hitched him in a hurry to get by your side." He then retreated to the hallway, found the answers to the hardest questions, and returning, answered them all correctly. The doctor appreciated the situation and was relieved when the student's ruse did not become contagious.

## EARLIEST RADISHES AND PEAS.

The editor urges all readers to grow the earliest vegetables. They pay. Well, Salzer's Seeds are bred to earliness, they grow and produce every time. None so early, so fine as Salzer's. Try his radishes, cabbages, peas, beets, cucumbers, lettuce, corn, etc! Money in it for you. Salzer is the largest grower of vegetables, farm seeds, grasses, clovers, potatoes, etc.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO THE JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalog. Catalog alone 5c postage. (K)

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—N. Y. Recorder.

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fine tonic, which also overcomes constipa-  
tion, biliousness, malarial, kidney and  
rheumatic ailments and nervousness.

He (feeling his way to a knowledge of  
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stockings, Arabella?" She (with distant  
friggity)—"I don't expect to marry a man  
who needs to wear darned stockings."  
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