



IN MEDICAL CIRCLES.

Austrian and German physicians have fixed on coffee as one of the causes of epilepsy.

Many cases of deafness now under treatment by London physicians are attributable to them.

Apparently healthy persons frequently carry diphtheria germs in the mouth, thereby infecting eating and drinking utensils, and in this way they may be instrumental in spreading the disease.

Dr. Koch, the famous German scientist, is to take charge of an expedition to investigate the sleeping sickness in German East Africa.

When the floor of the operating theater of the old hospital at Canterbury, England, was torn up the other day the rings were discovered through which were passed the cords for tying patients down on the operating table prior to the discovery of anesthetics.

An application has been made by the Japanese government to the British General Medical Council, asking it to recognize the degrees of Japanese medical practitioners in various parts of the British empire.

A member of the British Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons says: "The growth of quack doctors and bogus medicines during the last few years has been simply appalling. These 'dog specialists,' as they call themselves, are usually dog dealers with good knowledge of canine habits but absolute ignorance of medicine."

A Japanese scientist named Matsura has been studying the effects of diseases and the varying physical state of the body upon the growth and thickness of the hair. He finds that hair, especially in the case of persons whose hair is of coarse structure, is so sensitive to bodily condition that it contains a veritable history of the state of the individual to whom it belongs, for the period covered by its growth.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

The dog known as a Manchester black-and-tan is the latest London canine fashion. Good specimens are quoted at \$500.

Living under the same roof at Kokomo, Ind., there are a 16-year-old mother, a 22-year-old grandmother and a 62-year-old great-grandmother.

According to La Tribuna di Roma, one of the gaiters worn by Garibaldi when he was wounded in the battle of Aspromonte August 28, 1862, has been presented to the mayor of Rome.

The area devoted to corn in Kansas in 1905 was 6,799,755 acres, an increase over that of 1904 of 305,597 acres, or 4.7 per cent. The average yield to the acre for the entire state was 28 bushels.

Referring to the transition stage of the orient, Bishop Hamilton said to the Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, in San Francisco, the other day: "We are to see the future history of the world through the Golden Gate."

Baseball has found a foothold in the City of Mexico, and is to gain further interest from the opening of grounds devoted to this sport at Chapultepec. There is the famous castle where President Diaz is at home, as well as the military academy of Mexico. On holidays and Sundays very large crowds resort thither to hear the band concerts. Finance Minister Llanos is ready to give a concession on grounds there for 20 years, provided \$20,000 is expended in improvements.

A BOY'S BREAKFAST.

There's a Natural Food That Makes Its Own Way.

There's a boy up in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is growing into sturdy manhood on Grape-Nuts breakfasts. It might have been different with him, as his mother explains:

"My 11-year-old boy is large, well developed and active, and has been made so by his fondness for Grape-Nuts food. At five years he was a very nervous child and was subject to frequent attacks of indigestion which used to rob him of his strength and were very troublesome to deal with. He never seemed to care for anything for his breakfast until I tried Grape-Nuts, and I have never had to change from that. He makes his entire breakfast of Grape-Nuts food. It is always relished by him and he says that it satisfies him better than the ordinary kind of a meal.

"Better than all, he is no longer troubled with indigestion or nervousness, and has got to be a splendidly developed fellow since he began to use Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs

ALL OVER THE STATE.

Missouri—schools.

Jefferson City—The fifty-fifth report of public schools, now in the hands of the state printer, will show there are 555 public high schools in the state. Supt. Carrington classified 350 of them, as follows: (1) There are 61 first-class high schools, each doing full four years of approved work, 4 in St. Louis (Central, McKinley, Yearman and Sumner), and 4 in Kansas City (Central, Manual, Westport and Lincoln); the 27 others are in as many different cities and towns. (2) There are 72 second-class high schools, each doing three years of approved work, but not four years. Many of them do four years' work, some of which can not be approved—some on account of lack of equipment or school room, others because of short terms or insufficiency of teaching force in number or preparation. (3) There are 193 third-class high schools, each doing two years of approved work. Many of these fall below second class for one or more of the reasons stated above. (4) There are 115 other high schools that may easily get into the third class by making greater efforts. The difficulty with many of these schools is lack of funds and principals with managing ability and well-natured plans. While they can not be classified under the law, Supt. Carrington puts them in a fourth list to distinguish them from another list of 294 that do some high school work, but are not near to standards set for third-class schools. The following shows the high school situation in Missouri: Number of first-class high schools, 61; second class, 72; third class, 193; fourth list, 115; fifth list, 294; total, 555.

Jury Disagrees in Convict Case.

Jefferson City—The jury in the case of Convicts Vachin, Raymond and Ryan, on trial for the murder of Guard John Clay in the recent penitentiary outbreak, announced disagreement, after 44 hours' deliberation, and was discharged by Judge Martin, who censured the twelve men, and then instructed Sheriff Smith to summon a special venire of 50 men, besides the regular panel, from which to select a jury for the second trial of the convicts, March 5. It is reported the jury stood nine for conviction and three for acquittal.

Hunted Wolves in Veto.

Marshall—Over 400 farmers, business men and others gathered at the little village of Shackleford, five miles west of this city, determined to rid that portion of Saline county of the destructive array of wolves which had lately visited the homes of the different farmers, destroying their pigs, lambs, chickens and calves. Though they hunted diligently, they did not get sight of a wolf. Plans have already been made for another meeting at an early date, which will be followed by a barbecue.

Plans for New Electric Lines.

Tipton—Over 200 farmers, business men and others held a meeting at Prairie Home, Cooper county, to consider plans for an electric road from Selalia to Lupton, on the Missouri river in Montevideo county, and from Booneville to California. Either or both of these lines will pass through the very best part of Cooper county. Committees were appointed to meet with representative people and make report.

Big Fire at Independence.

Independence—At an early hour the three-story brick building on the north side of the city square, occupied by the Mize Hardware Co., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$150,000. The entire business district of the city was threatened for a time, and three hose companies and an engine from Kansas City assisted in getting the fire under control.

Kansas City Merchant Dead.

Kansas City—George C. Smith, one of the most prominent merchants in this city, died at his residence here, after an illness of five months, aged 58.

Student, in Rescuing, Drowns.

Kansas City—L. H. Wagoner, a Park college student, was drowned while rescuing other students who had broken through the ice while skating.

Cholera Declining Hogs.

Rich Hill—Farmers in the Carbon Center neighborhood, southeast of here, have been losing a great many hogs during the past month by cholera.

St. Francois County Assessment.

Farmington—The assessment lists filed with the county court total \$6,561,238, an increase of \$667,581 over the lists of the previous year.

Death of Contractor McArdle.

Kansas City—Peter McArdle, of Dover, N. H., a civil engineer and general railroad contractor, known all over the United States, died here.

Deficiency in Criminal Costs.

Jefferson City—There will evidently be a deficiency of \$100,000 in criminal costs in Missouri for the biennial period to expire December 3, 1906.

Mr. Cockrell's Sister Dead.

Warrensburg—Mrs. Mary Anna Tapscott, aged 77, died at her home here. Mrs. Tapscott was a sister of former Senator F. M. Cockrell.

State Secretary of I. O. O. F. Dead.

St. Louis—Ewing M. Sloan, for 30 years grand secretary of the I. O. O. F. of Missouri, died suddenly at his home, 6037 Washington avenue.

Fire Fatal to Second in Family.

Kansas City—Miss Katherine Brinkman died, the result of inhaling smoke from a fire in which her mother, Mrs. Alice Brinkman, perished.

Must Sign Name in English.

St. Louis—Under a new ruling in the circuit clerk's office, all applicants for naturalization must be able to sign their names in English.

WeeMacgregor on the Pier

By J. J. BELL

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"Heeh! Macgregor, ye're goin' too quick fur me," gasped Mr. Purdie, as the youngster whose hand he held hurried along the Rothesay Esplanade in the early afternoon sunshine.

"I could go quicker, granpaw."

"Deed, ay! Ye're young an' supple! But the boat 'll not be in for more than half an hour. So we'll just take a seat for a wee. I'm gettin' old, Macgregor, I'm gettin' old."

"Ay, ye're very old," said Macgregor, agreeably.

"But I'm not that old," said Mr. Purdie, hastily.

They took a seat facing the bay. Macgregor proceeded to haul in a tin steambot which he had been dragging after him since they started on their walk, while his grandfather drew from its case a well-seasoned meerschaum.

"I see a boat comin'," exclaimed Macgregor, ere they had been seated for five minutes.

"Where? Oh, ay. But that's not the right boat. Wait till ye see a boat w' two yellow funnels."

"I like red funnels better than yellow ones. Why is may comin' in a boat w' yellow funnels?"

"Ye may s'pise like the water, an' the boat w' yellow funnels don't come so far as the boat w' red funnels. Here! Put this in your mouth."

"I like peppermint lozengers," observed Macgregor, drawing in his breath to get the full effect. "I like lemonade also," he added, presently.

"Are ye dry?"

"Well, ye'll maybe get a bottle before we go to the pier. What ha'e ye been doin' to yer steambot? It's all smashed—see!"

"A liddle stepped on it," said Macgregor, holding up his toy. "But the string went round his leg an' cut him an' he went away weepin'. Why is there not a land?" he inquired, looking round at the bandstand.

"It's not the season yet."

"Why isn't it the season? I like a hand w' a big drum. Will there be a hand in the morning, granpaw?"

"No, no. Not till the summer. If my cough's no better I'll maybe hide in Rothesay till the summer, and then ye'll come back an' stay with yer gran' an' me, an' hear the hand."

"Is yer cough bad now?"

"Ay; it's very bad at night, Macgregor."

"I once had an awful bad cough," said Macgregor, thoughtfully. "I took oil. If ye was takin' oil ye might be better before the summer, granpaw."

Mr. Purdie smiled. "Would ye like my cough to be better before the summer, Macgregor?"

"Ay, I—I would like to hide in Rothesay, too."

"I'm thinkin' I'll try the oil, Macgregor."

"It's real nasty to take. But it might make yer cough better before the summer. . . . Rothesay's a nice place, isn't it? . . . I'm goin' over to look at the water." Macgregor slipped off the seat, and dragging his steambot behind him, went over to the railings of the esplanade.

"Ye're not to climb up," cried Mr. Purdie, rising in alarm. "If ye was fallin' in there ye would be drowned."

"There's an awful lot of water to-day," remarked the boy, as his grandfather put an arm around him.

"Ay, ye see, the tide's in."

"I'm going to sail my boat now."

"Ye cannot sail it there."

"Ay, can I see?" Macgregor lowered his toy with the string till it touched the water a yard beneath them. After several partial swappings it was induced to float on a comparatively even keel. "It's swimmin'," he exclaimed in triumph, as he jerked it about. And then the string slipped from his fingers. He turned to his grandfather in dire dismay.

"Poor laddie," said Mr. Purdie, looking about for help in the shape of a rowing craft.

"My boat, my boat!" wailed Macgregor, softly.

Old Mr. Purdie went down on his knees, suppressing a groan as he did so, and his pipe on the ground, and, leaning over the edge, endeavored to secure the string with his walking stick. For several minutes he wrought, but all in vain, and then Macgregor cried out that his boat was sinking. It was too true! Damaged, doubtless, by many a stormy passage over dry land, and also by being tramped upon, the luckless vessel had gradually filled and now it was being slowly but surely submerged. Mr. Purdie, in great distress, endeavored to save it with his stick by getting a hold of the metal ring, but his sight was poor and his hand shaky, and he only succeeded in giving it a prod amidships, which precipitated the disaster. Down, down, in ten feet of clear water it quietly sank, while his owner could do naught but watch and wail: "My boat, my boat!"

Mr. Purdie rose, rubbing his knees and coughing. "I'm real vexed, Macgregor," he began.

"Crunch!"

"My pipe, my pipe!"

"Ains' troubles never come singly, Macgregor had lost his beloved boat; Mr. Purdie had trod upon and reduced his dear old pipe to atoms.

"My boat, my boat!"

"My pipe, my pipe!"

The boy raved despairingly into the depths; his grandfather stared gloomily at the ground.

"Dinna cry, laddie," said Mr. Purdie, at last.

"I'm not cryin'," returned Macgregor, rubbing his eyes with his sleeve and sniffing violently. Then he perceived the trouble which had befallen his companion.

"Why—" he began, and stopped stricken dumb by the distress in the old face.

"Macgregor," said Mr. Purdie, taking out a shabby purse, "ye'll maybe get yer boat when the tide goes out I'll tell the man over yonder to keep his eye on it. An'—an' ye're no't to cry."

"I'm no't cryin', granpaw."

"Well, I'm real vexed fur ye. An' I would not like ye to be meetin' yer maw with such a long face. There's a sixpence, Macgregor. Just run over to the shops an' buy anythin' ye ha'e a fancy for, an' I'll wait for ye here. Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Purdie heaved a big sigh and looked once more at the wreckage at his feet. The meerschaum had been a presentation, and he had valued it exceedingly. "It was gettin' old like hissel," but a wassa near done for yet," had been the substance of a frequent remark of his friends to him during the last five or six years. And now—now it was done for.

"Are ye not goin' to the shops?" he asked his grandson, who was still looking at the sixpence.

"Ay, I'm goin'," said Macgregor. "Thank ye, granpaw," he added, remembering for once his mother's good instructions. And, his small visage wreathed in smiles of joyful anticipation, he ran off.

Mr. Purdie saw him disappear into a fancy goods emporium, and then stopped down and gathered the fragments of his pipe into a large red handkerchief, which he carefully deposited in a side pocket of his coat. After that he marked the place where Macgregor's toy had sunk, and toddled along to tell the nearest boat-hirer to look out for the wreck at low water. He was beginning to get anxious when Macgregor reappeared, jubilant, dragging behind him a clattering object.

"It's not a boat," said Macgregor, smiling. "It's a boat."

"A boat?"

"Ay, granpaw. A agglator."

"A what?"

"Agglator! That's what the wife in the shop said it was. Look at its toes! It can swim, but I'm not goin' to put it in the sea."

Mr. Purdie examined the new purchase. "Oh, I see," he said, at last. "It's what they call a—a—a crocodile, Macgregor."

"Naw, it's not a crocodile, granpaw, it's a agglator."

"Well, well, it's a queer-like thing to buy anyway; but if ye're pleased with it, that's all there is about it. Now, it's time we was goin' to meet yer maw."

Macgregor gave his disengaged hand to his grandfather, and they proceeded



"DINNA CRY, LADDIE"

plowward. Silently they went for a minute, at the end of which Macgregor remarked: "I didn't spend all my sixpence on my agglator, granpaw."

"Did ye not? What did ye pay for it?"

"Fourpence. I bought some striped balls."

"That ye?"

"Ay, but I didn't spend all the tipence on them."

"Ye would keep a penny for yer pooch, like a wise laddie."

"Naw, I bought ye a pipe, granpaw," said Macgregor, grinning. He released his hand and dived into his pocket.

"Well, I never!" said Mr. Purdie, receiving a small paper parcel from his grandson. "To think the child mindin' me!" he murmured to himself. He patted Macgregor on the head and rapped the paper.

"It's an awful nice kind o' pipe, granpaw," said Macgregor. "Ye put water in it, an' then ye blow, an' it whistles like a birdie!"

Mr. Purdie fairly gasped at the instrument of torture in his hand. For a moment he seemed to be stunned. Then he exclaimed: "It beats everything," and went into a fit of chuckling, which was only stopped by the advent of a cough.

"Do ye like it, granpaw?" asked Macgregor.

"Fine, laddie, fine!" said Mr. Purdie, when he had recovered his breath. "Dod, ye're paw'll have a good laugh when he sees my new pipe. Ye'll ha'e to learn me to play on 't, though."

"Ay, I'll learn ye," said Macgregor, graciously. "Granpaw, I'm very dry."

"Well! I near forgot yer lemonade. But we'll soon put that right, Macgregor."

Advertisement for CASTORIA, featuring a large logo and text: 'For Infants and Children', 'Bears The Signature Of', 'Use For Over Thirty Years', 'The Kind You Have Always Bought'.

Advertisement for ANTI-GRIPINE, featuring a box illustration and text: 'TO CURE THE GRIP IN ONE DAY', 'ANTI-GRIPINE', 'IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLDS, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA'.

PERT AND POINTED. OLD-WORLD NOTABLES. Some strokes of good luck are almost as bad as strokes of lightning. Do not judge the ability of a woman's tongue by the size of her mouth. When an honorable man steals a kiss he is never satisfied until he returns it. An old bachelor is fortunate in not having to pose as a model for his sister's children. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it always frowns on the furniture installment collector. Some good advice: Before calling a man a liar be sure you are right—then use a telephone. EPIGRAMS ESTRAY. Determination never shakes hands with doubt. What a man's wife thinks of him is not far from the truth. It's the lucky man who tells you there is no such thing as luck. There is a remedy for ignorance but none for knowing too much. If bachelors should be taxed then bigamists should receive a pension. A man's greatest inspiration is the knowledge that he needs the money. For every man who achieves greatness there are millions who fail to have it thrust upon them. Joseph Nix, the Wesleyan reformer, took 3,845 signatures to the pledge in a nine days' gospel temperance meeting in Bradford, England.

Advertisement for 31 Boxes of Gold and 300 Boxes of Greenbacks, with text: 'For the most words made up from these letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts', '331 people will earn these prizes.'

Around the fireside or about the well-lighted family reading table during the winter evenings the children and grown-ups can play with their wits and see how many words can be made. 20 people making the greatest number of words will each receive a little box containing a \$10.00 gold piece. 15 people will each win one box containing a \$5.00 gold piece. 300 people will each win a box containing \$1.00 in paper money and one person who makes the highest number of words over all contestants will receive a box containing \$100.00 in gold. It is really a most fascinating bit of fun to take up the list evening after evening and see how many words can be added. A few rules are necessary for absolute fair play. Any word authorized by Webster's dictionary will be counted, but no name of person. Both the singular and plural can be used, as for instance "grape" and "grapes." The letters in "Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts" may be repeated in the same word. Geographical names authorized by Webster will be counted. Arrange the words in alphabetical classes, all those beginning with A together and those beginning with E to come under E, etc. When you are writing down the words leave some space, in the A, E, and other columns to fill in later as new words come to you, for they will spring into mind every evening. It is almost certain that some contestants will tie with others. In such cases a prize identical in value and character with that offered in that class shall be awarded to each. Each one will be requested to send with the list of words a plainly written letter describing the advantages of Grape-Nuts, but the contestant is not required to purchase a pkg. These letters are not to contain poetry, or fancy flourishes, but simple, truthful statements of fact. For illustration: A person may have experienced some incident or chronic ailment traceable to unwise selection of food that failed to give the body and brain the energy, health and power desired. Seeking better conditions a change in food is made and Grape-Nuts and cream used in place of the former diet. Suppose one quits the meat, fried potatoes, starchy, sticky messes of half-cooked oats or wheat and cuts out the coffee. Try, say, for breakfast, a bit of fruit, a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft-boiled eggs, a slice of hard toast and a cup of Postum Food Coffee. Some amateur says: "A man would faint away on that," but my dear friend we will put dollars to your pennies that the noon hour will find a man on our breakfast bunkier and with a stronger heart-beat and clearer working brain than he ever had on the old diet. Suppose, if you have never really made a move for absolutely clean health that pushes you along each day with a spring in your step and a reserve vigor in muscle and brain that makes the doing of things a pleasure, you join the army of "plain old common sense" and start in now. Then after you have been 2 or 3 weeks on the Grape-Nuts training you write a statement of how you used to be and how you are now. The simple facts will interest others and surprise yourself. We never publish names except on permission, but we often tell the facts in the newspapers and when requested give the names by private letter. There is plenty of time to get personal experience with Grape-Nuts and write a sensible, truthful letter; to be sent in with the list of words, as the contest does not close until April 30th, 1906. So start in as soon as you like to building words, and start in using Grape-Nuts. Cut this statement out and keep the letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts before you and when you write your letter you will have some reason to write on the subject "Why I Owe Grape-Nuts." Remember 331 persons will win prizes, which will be awarded in an exact and just manner as soon as the list can be counted after April 30th, 1906. Every contestant will be sent a printed list of names and addresses of winners on application, in order to have proof that the prizes are sent as agreed. The company is well known all over the world for absolute fidelity to its agreements and every single one of the 331 winners may depend on receiving the prize won. Many persons might feel it useless to contest, but when one remembers the great number of prizes—(331)—the curiosity of seeing how many words can really be made up evening after evening and the good, natural fun and education in the competition, it seems worth the trial; there is no cost, nothing to lose and a fine opportunity to win one of the many boxes of gold or greenbacks. We make the prediction that some who win a prize of gold or greenbacks, will also win back health and strength worth more to them than a wagon full of money prizes. There are no preliminaries, cut out this statement and go to it, and send in the list and letter before April 30th, 1906, to Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., and let your name and address be plainly written.