THE CHRONICLE

Published Weekly at

BEACH, N. DAK.

WEATHER PROPHETS AT WORK.

Predictions Reach Washington From All Over the Country.

The officials of Uncle Sam's weather bureau receive many copies of dire ful predictions made by long-range weather forecasters, as they are termed. The long-rangers have re cently been bobbing up in all sections of the country. There are four o them known to be in Pennsylvania two in Ohio, several in New York, New England, and quite a number ir the Dominion of Canada. It is the opinion of some of the weather of ficials that most of the long-range pre dictions are based upon the old-time signs, omens and superstitions tha folks used before the introduction o the science of meteorology to foretel the coming of storms, rain, sunshine and snow.

The flying of crows, wild ducks and other birds toward the south told o the coming of a storm; pigs carrying straws to their stys meant the ap proach of a cold wave. There are other long-time-ahead weather proph ets who predicate their forecasts o disaster on the recent earthquakes hurricanes and the like, and take it for granted that other similar dis asters will follow in the continuation of the freak weather in evidence throughout the year 1906.

One of the latest and most terrifying of the long-range forecasts that were made the other day pretends to foretell that the winter will be the most severe on record. "At best," said Prof. Edward B. Garriott, of Prof. Willis L. Moore's official staff of forecasters, "the so-called long-range forecasts are the merest guesswork If the men who make them could really foretell weather conditions correctly as far ahead as they profess they can, their names, fames and fortunes would be assured in a mighty short space of time.

SHOW GRATITUDE OF NATION.

Two Fine Monuments to Men Who Helped Cause of Liberty.

The love of the people of the United States for Marquis LaFayette, the Frenchman, who in time of our greatest need gave his purse and person to the service of this country, has continued throughout all the years that have passed since those dark days. When, 30 years after he had rendered such valuable and distinguished help to this country, LaFayettte decided to revisit it (in 1824), congress resolved that "Whenever the president shall be informed of the time when the marquis may be ready to embark, a national ship with suitable accommodations, be employed to bring him to the United States." But LaFayette's modesty forbade this and he took passage in a private vessel. When it became known that he was to revisit America, every citizen prepared to give him a hearty welcome, and before his arrival people were wearing LaFayette ribbons, LaFayette waistcoats, LaFayette feathers, hats, caps, gloves, etc., and even the ginger cakes were stamped with his name. He was given a continuous ovation in the 24 states and later congress erected a magnificent statue to him, in honor of the man and of "the services he rendered to America, to the world, and to liberty."

The statue stands in LaFayette square, the most beautiful of all the many charming parks in which the city of Washington abounds.

Another statue in LaFayette park is that of Count Rochambeau, who commanded 6,000 French soldiers sent to aid the Americans in 1789. The statue was presented to the United States by France.

LABORERS ARE IN DEMAND.

Work on Public Improvements Considerably Delayed.

Owing to the scarcity of labor the officials of the engineer department of the district say the vast amount of improvement work on streets and roads scheduled for this winter will be considerably delayed. There are at present about 600 men employed on the district improvment work, but Engineer of Highways Hunt, under whose supervision this class of work comes, wants about 200 more, and he has resorted to advertising for the workmen, but even after this he is not sanguine of any successful results, as the ordinary laborers can get better pay and hours and lighter work from the various contractors, and by working for the latter, he says, the men will get paid every week, whereas in the district the are paid only once every two weeks, which method is not acceptable to the average laborer, especially the colored men.

Mr. Hunt stated that this is the second time in 15 years that the district government has been forced to advertise for labor. As a general rule he says, there are more men lookin for improvement work than the district can employ. Mr. Hunt is paying this class of workmen two dollar a day, and if necessary to avert a labor famine it is possible he will raise the wage as an attraction.

Vice President's Blunder.

Vice President Fairbanks is tellin a joke which happened to him durin the summer. He attended a Methodi conference and in the course of his address had occasion to refer to the advancing "phalanx of Methodism." "Instead of saying Methodism," he explains, "I unthinkingly said 'republicanism.' Immediately there was a great roar of laughter and I at once sought absolution from the presiding bishop."

Lodge Bars House Telephone.

Senator Lodge is the one prominent political leader in Massachusetts who declines to be listed as a telephone subscriber. He considers it important to have some period of complete rest while away from Washington and, in spite of the grumbling of lesser political workers, the senator has never subscribed to the house phone.

The Siren

By Basil Tozer

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the coroner's decision. Deceased, they said, had clearly not taken poison. Neither had he died of apoplexy. Seemingly he had been in excellent health on the very day of his death. In the small hours of the morning, according to the evidence, his valet, who slept in a room adjoining, had heard deceased breathing unusually heavily. Becoming anxious, he had entered his master's room and there found the young man pale as death and quite unconscious, with wide-open eyes and pupils extraordinarily distended.

At once he had hastened in search of a doctor, but by the time the doctor had reached his master's room life had been quite extinct. Deceased, though pronounced by his friends a man about town, had not, they said, been addicted to violent dissipation. Neither had he been addicted to drugs or to alcohol. A rather remarkable feature in connection with the case was the statement that no less than four other young men of social standing had been found dead in their beds under circumstances almost exactly similar, and that within the last few months. As on the previous occasions the verdict returned this morning was that of "Death from natural causes."

Phoebe Vincent let the paper drop from her hands and smiled. A very beautiful woman in the prime of her life, and gowned to perfection, few knew whence she came or who she really was. Rumor had it that her husband had died under a cloud, also under circumstances said to have been "mysterious." But nobody much cared, least of all the men—men of position, all of them, and not a few of rank—who figured so largely among her visitors. Indeed it had come to this, among a certain set, that not to know Phoebe Vincent was to argue yourself out of date.

"Poor boy," she said at last. "I almost feel sorry at times, and yet—"

She looked steadfastly for some moments at a framed photograph on her silver table. Then her gaze rest-

"You Lie!" She Exclaimed.

ed on several portraits, framed and unframed, on the mantel. They were portraits of men, most of them, the majority portraits of men well under 40. Some were portraits of mere boys.

"Pah!" she exclaimed. "I shall do it again. I know I shall. It gives me pleasure, such intense pleasure. Perhaps it gratifies me even more than it gratifies them—while it lasts."

After a little while she rose and pressed the bell.

"I shall want the brougham tonight," she said, as the maid entered. "Tell John I am going to the opera."

"Tristan and Isolde" was over. In the portico of the opera house policemen and others bellowed down the line of carriages. Within the hall men and women mingled, awaiting their turn to depart.

Beside the inner entrance a tall and remarkably good-looking youth, exquisitely groomed, stood wrapped in admiration of an extraordinarily handsome woman waiting alone not many yards away. Seemingly the woman was ignorant of his presence, of his very existence. Yet presently she turned her head carelessly and at once her eyes met his. As they did so she smiled at him and almost bowed. Taken aback he instinctively raised his hat. A moment or two later he stood beside her.

"I believe I have had the pleasure—" he began rather awkwardly, but the woman set him at once at his ease.

"It is charming to meet you," she said, with another entrancing smile and extending a well-shaped hand from beneath her handsome opera cloak. "My brougham is so long coming, could you, I wonder—it would be so dear of you—find out where it is? I am quite alone."

She looked at him meaningly and he returned the glance. Then he disappeared in the chattering throng.

"How very bold you must think me," she said, as they drove together through the badly lighted thoroughfares. "I wonder, now, if you know my name."

He mentioned it at once and she gave a delightful little laugh.

As they passed swiftly down Broadway a gloved hand presently stole softly into his and the fingers very gently pressed his own. At the touch his whole soul seemed to thrill. A moment later he had succumbed to the temptation and was kissing her passionately on the mouth.

"How wicked of you," she said roguishly. "Really you quite hurt me. Do you often get like this?"

"I love you dreadfully," he half whispered, "dreadfully. I have seen you so often. I have so often longed to speak to you. But I never got introduced."

"So you thought to-night you would waive the introduction," she said lightly. "Do you kiss everybody like that you are introduced to? Perhaps, she went on presently, "I say only perhaps, I have sometimes noticed you before tonight.

Four months had passed. In the boudoir of a Fifth avenue flat a young man lay half recumbent on a settee. Over him bent a woman. The man looked rather wearied. His eyes sagged slightly. And the woman peered down at him attentively.

"Arthur."

"My darling?"

"Look at me—look right up into my eyes."

Rather reluctantly he turned his gaze up to hers.

"Arthur," she said, after a little while, during which she had seemed to him to peer into his very soul "tell me, Arthur, have you loved any woman but me since that night—since the night we met? Tell me the truth."

"Why, of course I have not," he replied with emphasis, which though exaggerated, carried no conviction.

"You lie!" she exclaimed, her whole attitude changing on the instant. "You lie! And yet you swore to me you wouldn't—you swore you would never more love anyone but me!"

Her eyes seemed to glitter. She was trembling strangely. A great wave of feeling appeared to control her. And yet at that moment she looked to the man more entrancing than ever.

"Really, Phoebe, my darling," he began, but she checked him.

"You should not lie to me," she said presently, more composedly and seemingly half in jest. "It is dangerous to lie to me."

He laughed at her a little as he flung aside his cigarette and made himself more comfortable.

"Phoebe," he said. "I love you dreadfully, as I told you the first night we met, and I always shall love you."

As he spoke he drew the beautiful face down to his and kissed it.

She offered no resistance. Somehow on this evening she appeared to him more seductive than ever. Presently—he wondered then he had not noticed it before—her breath seemed to fall quite heavily upon his brow. He could not quite tell why, but as it did a sense of intense gratification came over him, a feeling that was strangely soothing. And now he felt distinctly she was breathing purposely upon him and allowing, perhaps also purposely, her breath to fall across his face. It held him spell-bound. His very will was fast weakening. His mental faculties were dying.

"You like that?"

The voice sounded at a distance. He sighed heavily.

At once she bent over him still more. Now her eyes were riveted to his.

Then, of a sudden, all life was blotted out from him, his heart and brain throbbed painfully; reason and consciousness alike had fled, leaving him pulseless, stupefied, inert.

With a visible effort she recovered herself and rose. Her face was flushed. Her eyes glistened curiously. A strange, unnatural fever made her hot and restless. She crossed the room and rang twice. Her own maid answered the summons.

"Call a cab, Aphelie," she said quickly. "He is ill."

The cab arrived soon. As Phoebe heard it stop she turned.

"Come, Arthur," she cried rather loudly. "You must be going now. Come along."

He rose and looked stupidly about him. She helped him into his coat, then handed him his hat.

"Good night," she said, extending her hand.

"Good night—Phoebe—my darling."

His speech was slow. His voice sounded hollow. His eyes, widely distended, with enormous shining pupils, lacked all intelligence. Mechanically he took her hand. Mechanically he passed slowly down the flight of stairs. Mechanically he pulled himself into the cab and told the driver his address.

"It is extraordinary—most extraordinary."

The speaker was one of three members of the medical profession who chanced to be seated together in the otherwise empty smoking room of a rather well known club.

"To what do you yourself attribute death?" asked another member of the group.

"I can throw as much light on the problem as both of you can—which is none at all," he answered grimly.

"And you say this is the sixth case of the sort that has occurred in New York?"

"Yes, and that within a period of ten months."

"It is most interesting."

"Most perplexing."

"As I say, it is quite as extraordinary a case as its predecessors. Well," glancing at the clock, "my time is up."

"I must be off, too."

"And so must I. Good night to you."

"Good night."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

He—Miss Clifton, may I call you Maud?

She—You can if you like, of course but my Christian name is Mabel.

A SIMPLE FORMULA

PRESCRIPTION OF AN EMINENT SPECIALIST IS GIVEN.

Necessary Ingredients Cost Little and Can Be Secured at Any Good Drug Store—Will Break a Cold Quickly.

Mix half ounce of the Pure Virgin Oil of Pine with two ounces of glycerine and half a pint of good whisky; shake well and use in teaspoonful doses. A noted authority on diseases of the throat and lungs who established a camp for consumptives in the pine woods of Maine, declares that the above formula will heal the lungs and cure any cough that is curable. It will break up a cold in twenty-four hours. The ingredients can be secured from any good prescription druggist at small cost.

Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) is put up only in half-ounce vials for dispensing; each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case with engraved wrapper, showing the name—Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) prepared only by Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O. —plainly printed thereon. There are many rank imitations of Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), which are put out under various names, such as Concentrated Oil of Pine, Pine Balsam, etc. Never accept these as a substitute for the Pure Virgin Oil of Pine, as they will invariably produce nausea and never effect the desired result.

Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) is also said to be a perfect neutralizing agent for uric acid.

Firmly Established.

"Of course, you're going to Palm Beach this winter?

"No."

"No? I thought your position in society was such as to make it absolutely necessary for you to go."

"Our position in society now is such that we don't have to go anywhere."

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILROAD AND WESTERN CANADA.

Will Open Up Immense Area of Free Homestead Lands.

The railway facilities of Western Canada have been taxed to the uttermost in recent years to transfer the surplus grain crop to the eastern markets and the seaboard. The large influx of settlers and the additional area put under crop have added largely to the grain product, and notwithstanding the increased railway facilities that have been placed at the disposal of the public, the question of transportation has proved to be a serious one.

It will, therefore, be good news to everyone interested in Western Canada to know that an authoritative statement has been given out by C. M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, that that railway will do its share towards moving the crop of 1907 from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba to tide water, and thus assist in removing a serious obstacle which has faced the settlers during recent years. Mr. Hays, who has just completed a trip from Portage la Prairie to Edmonton in a prairie schooner, a distance of 735 miles, which was covered in eighteen days, is enthusiastic about the country.

This will be gratifying to settlers in the Canadian West, even if Mr. Hays declines to be bound to a time limit with the exactitude of a stop-watch. The Grand Trunk Pacific road will be in a position to take part in the transportation of the crop of 1907, and that will be satisfactory to the settlers in that country when the harvest is garnered.

The wheat crop of 1906 in Western Canada was about 90,000,000 bushels, and, with the increased acreage which is confidently expected to be put under crop next year, it is safely calculated that fully 125,000,000 bushels will be harvested in 1907. The necessity for increased transportation facilities are, therefore, apparent, and the statement made by Mr. Hays will bring encouragement to the farmers of the Canadian West, new and old. The opening up of additional thousands of free homesteads is thus assured by the agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere.

No More Rides.

"So you don't take any more rides with those two friends of yours that owned an airship. What is the matter?"

"The owners fell out."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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TOP PRICES FOR HIDES, FURS AND Pelts. Write for Circular No. 9. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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True friends seldom come in bunches.

GUARD WHITE HOUSE

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE ARE ELABORATE.

Fact That the Executive Mansion Is Not a Fireproof Structure Understood by the Men Responsible for Its Safety.

Although there has not been a fire of any particular consequence in the White House since it was set on fire by the British nearly 100 years ago, the Washington fire department has never lost sight of the fact that the structure is not fireproof. The building and all it contains is guarded with a care given no other public property, and orders have been issued to the firemen, and by them committed to memory, giving instructions down to the smallest possible detail as to the part each man shall take in case of an alarm from box 157, which is in the White House.

Four engines and two trucks are under orders to respond at the first call from that box. The full company is to respond if the call comes from box 157, and each engine has been given its exact route, so that none may cross the path of any other and each may make the best speed of which it is capable. Each engine has also orders to enter the grounds at a particular gate and to take water from a particular hydrant, additional hydrants having been ordered in recently at points on the grounds conveniently near the house. Even the spot at the hydrant upon which each engine shall stand has been designated.

The two truck companies have likewise had their routes marked out and their gate into the grounds designated, the plan being to have two engines and one truck on the south side of the house and the same number on the north side. Keys to the gates have been placed in the hands of the proper fire officers and rules made for their custody in a place where they may always be available for the fire fighters, but not for anyone else. If any of the companies designated to respond to the first call from the White House are called to another fire, they have designated substitutes to other engine houses that are required to hold themselves in readiness to jump for the president's home at the first clang of the gong, and also with their routes and gates selected in advance for them.

Deputy Chief Engineer Wagner has been named for the honor of having charge at the front, or north, side of the White House, and Second Battalion Chief Sullivan at the south, or rear. The department has never had a fire drill at the White House, but the subject has been considered and may be carried out some time when the president and his family are away.

Wealthy Senator Works Hard.

Perhaps no man of large means in the United States, certainly no member of the senate, looks after so much of the detail of his work as does Senator Clark of Montana. He does the work which most other men who have accumulated great business and political responsibilities hire clerks, secretaries and stenographers to do. When he is in Washington he usually goes to his committee room by nine o'clock every morning and insists upon opening with his own hands the huge mass of letters that litter his desk. Unlike most other senators, he dictates replies to every communication which he thinks deserves notice and will not permit any of his employes to do this. He does not even permit the use of a rubber stamp in signing his name. In his household affairs the Montana Croesus is just as watchful and energetic as in his business and political matters.

Morgan in Sarcastic Humor.

Senator Morgan walked into the senate lobby, deep in thought. A friend came up with him and walked along beside him. The senator said: "Good morning," and let it go at that, and the friend tried to make a little conversation.

"Senator," he said, "I hear the president is going to send in a message on Panama and the canal."

"Yes," said the senator.

"More than that," continued the friend, vivaciously, "he is going to establish a precedent and illustrate it."

"Illustrate it?" inquired the senator, roused to sudden interest.

"Yes, sir."

"Put pictures in it, you mean?"

"Yes, sir; exactly that."

"Well," growled the senator, "I know one picture that will be in it."

"What one is that, senator?"

"A picture of Roosevelt."

Got His Medicine.

Champ Clark told a story of a convention in Missouri where one of the candidates for sheriff was the patriarch of the county. He had always voted the Democratic ticket and boasted he had never been sick a day in his life.

There was considerable opposition to the old man, and the orator who presented his name was moved to his highest flights of eloquence.

"Gentlemen of the convention," he shouted, "it is my honor and my pleasure to present to you the name of a man, old in years, but young in spirit; one who, though approaching the span of life allotted by the psalmist, has never taken a dose of medicine; one who—"

"We'll give him a dose of medicine today, all right," broke in one of the delegates. And they did.

Have Fun with Congressman.

Largely because of his name and his unfailing good nature considerable fun has been had by the newspapers with James M. Griggs of Georgia, chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee. Some newspapers have dubbed him 'Grim Jiggs," though he is generally regarded as an able member of the house. He served his people on the district bench several years before coming to congress and is a lawyer of first clas ability.

THE DISCOVERER

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No other medicine has such a record of cures of female illnesses or such hosts of grateful friends as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

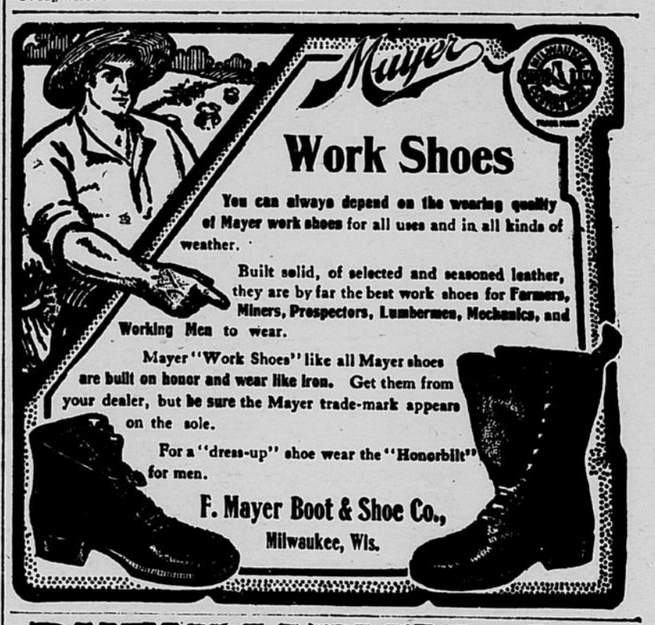
For more than 30 years it has been curing all forms of Female Complaints, Inflammation and Ulceration, and consequent Spinal Weakness.

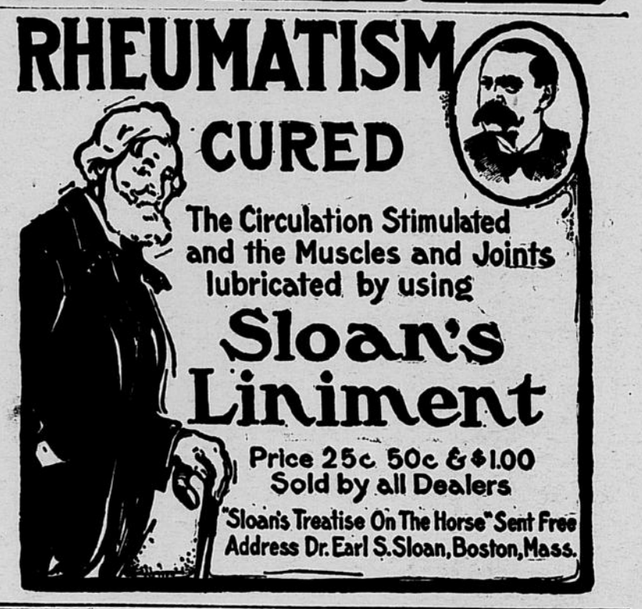
It has cured more cases of Backache and Local Weaknesses than any other one remedy. It dissolves and expels tumors in an early stage of development.

Irregularities and periodical pains, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility quickly yield to it; also deranged organs, causing pain, dragging sensations and backache. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the female system.

It removes that wearing feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, dizziness, faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues". These are indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the organs, which this medicine cures as well as Chronic Kidney Complaints and Backache, of either sex.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.





With an Eye to the Future.

Sheridan was about to start on his twenty-mile ride to Winchester.

"I could do it quicker in an automobile, of course," he said, "but that would knock the poem into the middle of the next war."

Pausing just long enough to permit the young man with the camera to take a snapshot of him, he dashed the rowels into his steed and was off like an arrow.

Revenge gives birth to remorse.

FARMS THAT GROW "NO. 1 HARD" WHEAT

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

(Sixty-three Pounds to the Bushel). Are situated in the Canadian West where Homesteads of 160 acres can be obtained free by every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of

New Wheat Growing Territory

HAS BEEN MADE ACCESSIBLE TO MARKETS BY THE RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION that has been pushed forward so vigorously by the three great railway companies.

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