Skin-Tortured Babies AND TIRED MOTHERS Find Comfort in Cuticura

INSTANT RELIEF and refreshing sleep for Skin-tortured Babies and rest for Tired Mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single anointing with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, of infants and children.

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COMPLETE EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL TREATMENT FOR EVERY HUMOR $1.25.

Sold throughout the world. PRICE, THE SET, $1.25; or, SOAP, 25c.; OINTMENT, 50c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, MASS., U. S. A. "How to Cure Every Humor," free.

QUEER DOLLS OF INDIANS

LITTLE IDOLS WHICH THE ARIZONA MOKI GIVE CHILDREN FOR PLAYTHINGS

SOME ARE MOST ELABORATE

A Remarkable Collection Brought Together in the Peabody Museum Through the Efforts of an Indian Trader.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 17.—(Special.)—One of the most curious collections of dolls to be found in the world has been arranged in one of the cases in the Peabody museum at Harvard, comprising nearly 100 figures carved out of the root of the cottonwood by the Moki Indians of New Mexico. Nothing can be imagined more naively grotesque in form and coloring than these little figures, which symbolize indeed the katcinas, or Moki gods, but are none the less the genuine playthings of the little Moki girls. They belong to the Mary Hemenway collection of Tusayan objects which was brought together from the ruined pueblos of Arizona and the villages of the Moki Indians by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes and the late Frank A. Cushing, and deposited by the late Mrs. Hemenway's executors with the great ethnological collections of Harvard university in the Peabody museum. Most of them were abtained from the Moki by T. V. Keam, a well-known Indian trader of Keam's Canon, Arizona.

The great ce emon'a s of the M ki, f om which these dolls are derived, are among the most interesting in the world, and though the dolls are really dolls and not idols, they furnish the most complete commentary possible on the religious beliefs and customs of the Indians who make them. The Moki dances—the great snake dance in particular—are well known. In these dances the men of the tribe appear in masks representing, by a definite symbolism, the gods in whose honor they are held; and the dolls which are given out to the children—with the intention, probably, of thus instructing them in this symbolism—not only are made to suggest the dancers in their masks, but are themselves distributed at the "farewell dance," so called, or katcina—for the word means both the god and the ceremonial in his honer—which takes place the last of July or the first of August.

Moki mythology includes a great number and variety of gods. There are the great gods who dwell forever in the beautiful San Francisco mountains, the Moki Olympus, seventy-five or eighty miles westward from the Moki villages; and the lesser gods, who come among the Moki in December and leave them to return to the mountains in midsummer. The latter are the katcinas. The object of their sojourn in the villages is that they may learn the needs and wishes of the Moki and report them to the great gods.

While the katcinas are in the Moki villages, the inhabitants take every opportunity to please them and do them honor. In the course of the season half a dozen festivals take place, not every year to the same katcinas (except the first, or "return" festival is always in honor of the war katcina), but so arranged that in the course of a few years all may receive their fair amount of worship.

There is something like sixty or seventy of these katcinas, many of them the gods of rain and water, as is natural in so dry and torrid a country as Arizona, while others are called after the commoner wild animals, as the antelopes, katcina, the wolf katcina, or the mountain sheep katcina, or after the staple articles of food, as the maize katcina.

The farewell katcina may be given in honor of any one of these gods It lasts nine days and nine nights. There are both secret and public ceremonies connected with it, the former being carried on by the priests or chiefs in an underground chamber called a "kiva," and the latter consisting of a dance in the village, in which thirty or forty persons take part, each dressed to represent the katcina who has been chosen for worship.

While the priests are by themselves in the kiva celebrating the rites of the god, the body of men who are to perform the public dance retire into another kiva to prepare the paraphernalia which they must wear on the day of their appearance. If it is the lightning katchina, for instance, that has been selected for this occasion, each man is dressed to represent him and no other divinity. In 1896, when the members of the Hemenway expedition observed the farewell dance, the antelope katchina had been chosen. The forty dancers—more or less—who were to take part retired into the kiva allotted them and occupied several days in painting the masks, kilts, and implements which they were to wear or carry, with the symbols proper to the antelope god. There were to be thirty-three men and six women represented, but all the performers were men. Each fashioned for himself a helmet of such odd pieces of leather as he could procure, or more often refurnished an old one used before. The helmet amounted to no more than a rough mask, in the form of a cylinder, which should rest upon his shoulders so as completely to hid his head and neck. A couple of slits were cut for his eyes, and another for his mouth, and the whole was appropriately decorated with symbolical bands and spots of paint in honor of the antelope katcina. In addition, the dancer got ready a long kilt of cotton canvas, or, if he were to be a woman, a blanket.

The musical instruments required by each person consisted of a couple of rattles—one made of a dyed gourd containing small stones, and fastened to a handle; the other an arrangement made of a tortoise shell, to be tied to the calf of the left leg in such a way that it would rattle in the dance.

Besides making ready these paraphernalia, the performers in this farewell katcina must make a number of toys for the children, miniature bows and arrows for the boys, roasted ears of corn and cakes of meal, and, above all, the dolls for the little girls.

Some of the dolls are so elaborate that it is impossible for a man to make one of them in the few days that he spends in retirement in the kiva. As a matter of fact, therefore, he has been at work on his doll, very likely, for some time before he finally goes into the kiva; and if he only puts the finishing touches on his work while there, it is thought that he has satisfied all religious requirements.

On the morning of the dance, the performers issue from their kiva, and go to a recess in the rock called the "house of the katcinas," not far from the town. From this rock-room, which lies to the west, the dancers enter the village at daybreak, each bearing in his left hand a doll, or, it may be, two dolls, and a twig of spruce, typifying the mountains, to which the katchinas are to return; and in his right, his gourd rattle. During the morning they dance from time to time without attracting any special attention from the villagers. In the afternoon, however, the people, dressed in their best clothes, gather to watch the dancers, who appear bearing at this time not only the dolls, but the roasting ears, the bows and arrows, and the other things meant for the children. There is no special ceremony connected with the presentation. The children sit with their elders, and the bows and cakes and dolls are handed to them without any formality.

As has been said, the dolls are whittled out of the root of the cottonwood, which is chosen for several reasons. One is that there is very little but cottonwood growing near the Moqui. Another is that it is a sacred tree, since it grows along the water courses, the most precious possession of the Moqui. Moreover, it is very light, and so soft that it cuts with the greatest ease. The dolls are now whittled out with jack-knives, but in the old days, before the white man came, stone knives were used, and even now the smoothing and polishing of dolls is mainly done with a piece of sandstone.

Telephone 1401 for stove repairing—any make. American Stove Repair Works.

GREAT HOARDS OF GOLD

INDIA AND CHINA ARE GRAVEYARDS FOR THE PRECIOUS METALS

MUCH BURIED IN THE SOIL

Native Priests and Rulers Have Great Stocks of Gold—Streams Flow There.

Gold for various reasons disappears rapidly in all countries, but nowhere else does it pass out of sight so rapidly as in India and China. So rapidly does the precious metal vanish in these two Oriental lands that they have come to be known as gold graveyards. Speaking of this curious characteristic, Thomas Jefferson Hurley, of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, in his recent pamphlet on the gold production of the world, says:

"A yellow stream flows into both of these countries year by year. There is no end to this stream; it is always flowing. The money does not reappear in the Indian banks. The soil of India absorbs the golden flood just as the sands of the desert swallow the overflow of the great rivers. When it is remembered that this work of absorption has been going on without interruption for ten centuries, and still continues under our eyes, it is easy to form an idea of the immense treasures that are hidden in that country.

"All this gold remains sterile, and consequently is lost. It is absurd to say that it is brought into monetary circulation or that it passes through the hands of the native goldsmiths. It is disseminated in innumerable places, from which it never emerges.

"It is estimated that in the regency of Bombay alone there are 12,000,000 gold sovereigns hoarded. Hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars lie in the hiding places of the famine-stricken land. All classes are afflicted with the incurable habit of hoarding gold. The splendid maharajahs have became shrewd enough to use banks of deposit, but there is still barbaric display of jeweled idols in the strong rooms and of golden vessels in the princes' apartments.

HINDOO PRIESTS HOARD GOLD.

"'Even the gods of India,' remarked a writer in the Courrier des Etats Unis, 'are very fond of gold. They whistle for it through the lips of their priests. Obedient to the divine call, it comes ripping from all points, until it reaches the sacred parnis. It accumulates in the subterranean passages of the temples, to which the priests alone have access. Thence it overflows and takes its place like a proud conqueror upon the altars, where it shares with the gods the incense and the homage of the men it has bewitched.'

"It seems curious that while half the world is engaged in an eager search for gold the teeming populations of India and China devote most of their energies to keeping it out of use and circulation.

But India and China are not the only countries which absorb gold without ever giving it back again. As a matter of fact, in all countries there is a tendency on the part of coined gold to get out of sight and stay hidden. This is a subject which has occupied the students of finance in all lands, and there have been many analyses of the different causes for the disappearance of gold. Yet, with the most ingenious explanations, the problem always has remained a very interesting one. Our own treasury officials have given it a good deal of study.

HAD NURSED THEM.

"I hear that Marie is seriously thinking of going to the Philippines as a nurse."
"What experience has she had in that?"
"Her brothers are all enthusiastic football players."

A GRADUATED NURSE TELLS HOSPITAL SECRETS.

Mrs. Kate Taylor, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Kate Taylor, a graduated nurse of prominence, gives her experience with Peruna in an open letter. Her postion in society and professional standing combine to give special prominence to her utterances.

A Professional Nurse Comes Out Squarely In Favor of Peruna and Recites Its Merits in the Strongest Language.

CHICAGO, ILL., 427 W. Monroe st.—As far is I have observed Peruna is the finest tonic any man or woman can use who is weak from the after effects of any serious illness.

I have seen it used in a number of convalescent cases, and have seen several other tonics used, but I found that those who used Peruna had the quickest relief. It seems to restore vitality, increase bodily vigor and renew health and strength in a wonderfully short time.

MRS. KATE TAYLOR.

People recovering from the effects of typhoid fever, malarial fever, bilious fever, and other affections of the autumn will find Peruna exactly suited to the case.

Any one who takes Peruna is sure to have a good appetite and digestion. After all it is food and digestion that build any one up. No one can gain strength that is good for anything on medicine alone All that medicine can be made to do is to assist in the proper assimilation of nourishing food.

This is exactly what Peruna will do. Thousands of people testify to its merits in this particular. Old invalids of all sorts who are all run down for want of proper nutrition will also find Peruna a Godsend.

Mr. O. S. McQuillan Cured of Catarrh of the Head, Throat, Stomach and Kidneys by Peruna after all Hope was Gone.

Mr. O. S. McQuillan, of Spring Hill, Io., writes: "Four years ago last fall my stomach, without any previous warning, refused to perform its functions, and I soon lost strength; food was forced through my stomach by using cathartics.

"With flesh wasted away, strength exhausted so that it took all my energy to even get into a bath tub, hopes all gone, I saw Peruna advertised. I wrote to Dr. Hartman, who told me that catarrh had possession of my head, throat, stomach and kidneys.

"I began to take Peruna. In a short time I ate nourishing food, and the piles, kidney trouble, and constipation all disappeared. Flesh, strength, and a splendid appetite returned, and I went to work."

Mr. W. W. Strasler Cured by Peruna of Systemic Catarrh after Three Physicians had Given Him Up.

Mr. W. W. Strasler, Corry, Pa., writes: "I had tried three of the best physicians in Indiana county, and spent a great deal of money, all to no effect. My friends said I could not get well. I had about given up all earthly hopes. I weighed one hundred and thirty pounds. I accidentally saw the name Peruna. I immediately commenced taking it, and continued taking it until I had taken twelve bottles. I then weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, and never felt better in my life. I am a walking monument of the virtues of your Peruna."

Address the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a free book treating on catarrh in its different phases and stages.

Mr. Dooley on Cross-Examinations.

BY F. P. DUNNE.

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Mr. Dooley put down his newspaper with the remark: "They cudden't get me into coort as a witness; no, sir, not if 'twas to hang me best frind."

"'Tis hard enough," he said, "with newspapers an' cinsus officers an' th' mim'ry iv cab dhrivers to live down ye'er past without bein' foorced to dhrill it in a r-red coat an' with a brass band ahead befure th' eyes iv th' multitood. I did it wanst; I'll do it no more. Wanst I was summoned to appear in th' high temple iv justice where Timothy Duffy is th' presidin' janius, as Hogan says, to give me priceless tistymony as to whether th' plumbin' in Harrigan's house was fitted to hold wather. 'Twas me opinyon, havin' had a handful iv thrumps I held in Harrigan's parlor spiled be Lake Michigan dhroppin' through th' ceilin', that said plumbin' was conthrary to th' laws an' ordinances iv th' county iv Cook, State iv Illinois, S. S., made and provided, an' th' same I put on a high hat an' a long-tailed coat an' left a man in charge iv me business an' wint down to Halsted Street an' swore to, as solemnly as I cud, knowin' that Harrigan wudden't pay th' rent annyhow. An' what comes iv it? I was two minyits givin' me tistymony, an' two hours thryin' to convince th' hon'rable coort—a loafer be th' name iv Duffy—an' th' able jury that I hadn't stolen th' shirt on me back fr'm a laundhry wagon. Th' coort was goin' to confine me in jail f'r life f'r contimpt, th' lawyer f'r th' defense sthrongly intimated that I was in th' neighborhood whin Charlie Ross was kidnapped an' th' jury ast to be allowed to bring in a verdict iv manslaughter again me without exthra pay. As I wint out iv th' coort two or three women in large hats hissed me an' a man at th' dure threatened me with an umbrelly ontill I made a counther dimonsthration with me foot. Justice, says ye? I tell ye Hogan's r-right when he says: 'Justice is blind.' Blind she is, an' deef an' dumb an' has a wooden leg. Niver again will they dhraw me to a coort. I'll take th' rude justice iv a piece iv lead pipe without costs or th' r-right iv appeal.

"Here in th' pa-aper they'se a piece about a la-ad that had throuble with his vallay——"

"What's a vallay?" Mr. Hennessy interrupted.

"A vallay," Mr. Dooley explained, "Is a retired English gintleman hired by millyionaires who ar-re goin' into bankruptcy to wear their clothes. Naked a millyionaire comes into th' wurruld, an' naked his vallay laves him. Th' vallay's a kind iv he-chambermaid that sees that th' millyionaire doesn't go to wurruk in his night shirt an' r-reads his letters. I can't make out what all iv his jooties is. He rubs th' millyionaire's head an' rubbers on his love affairs, an' afther awhile laves him an' goes to wurruk f'r a society pa-aper. 'Tis an old sayin' iv Hogan's that no man is a hero to his vallay. That's thrue. Th' vallay's th' hero.

"Well, this millyionaire I've been r-readin' about, he had a vallay an' th' vallay lost his eye wondherin' who th' lady was, an' thin he dipped too sthrong into th' Floridy wather, an' th' millyionaire bounced him. He fired him out. 'Lord Roland,' he says, 'go,' he says. 'We've lived too long together,' he says. 'People can't tell us apart, we stagger so much alike,' he says. 'I'm gettin' so used to ye that I have no fear iv ye,' he says. 'It was bad enough whin ye give me blue suspinders with me r-red pantaloons,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'whin I asked f'r an orange an' ye brought in th' bootjack, I felt that we cud no longer assocyate on terms iv equality,' he says. 'Ye'll have to go back to th' house iv lords,' he says. An' he fired him out an' wudden't pay him a cit iv wages he owed him f'r th' rest iv his life. So Lord Roland sues him, an' has him in coort.

"Th' millyionaire thrips in thinkin' to himsilf: 'Tis on'y a question iv whether I shall pay this jook what I promised him or what he ought to ixpict fr'm a millyionaire. Do I or do I not owe Lord Ronald eighty-two dollars f'r curry-combin' me in th' nex' cinchry. I'll lave ito an intilligint jury iv honest Americans who have always buttoned their own shirts, an' r-right will conker an' I'll keep me money.'

"That's where he was wrong. He had th' same experience I had except mine was a case iv plumbin' an' his wan iv personal decoration. Afther he explained to th' jury that he didn't owe Lord Roland annything because his lordship got dhroopin' eye fr'm dhrink an' frequently give him th' same collar ivry week, he was tur-rned over to th' attorney f'r th' prosecution who cross-examined him.

"'We will pass over th' questino iv ye'er fynancial relations with me clint,' says th' distinguished barristher, an' come down to ye'er own private life. To begin with, ar-re ye or ar-re ye not a man iv th' most dissolute morals?' 'Answer yes or no,' says th' coort. 'He admits it,' says th' lawyer. 'You were dhrunk in 1892?' 'I can't raymimber,' says th' millyionaire. 'Put it down that he's always dhrunk,' says th' lawyer. 'Where did ye get ye'er money?' 'Ye don't know? Th' jury will take note iv th' fact that he prob'bly stole it. Ye'er father is dead. Did ye kill him?' 'I think so.' 'Now, that ye rayfuse to pay Lord Roland what's not comin' to him, how about ye'er wife?' 'My wife isn't in this case,' says th' prisoner. 'The divvl she isn't,' says th' coort. 'I want ye to know that ivrybody is in this case. We play no fay'rites. Whin th' clear sunlight iv American justice is tur-rned loose on a matthern iv this charackter nawthin' can be hid. Go on an' tell us about ye'er wife. Th' coort wishes to know. Th' coort is human,' says he. 'Isn't it thrue,' says th' lawyer, 'that ye'er spouse is pettish an' disagreeable be nature an' that th' colors iv her hair ar-re not fast, an' that Lord Roland frequently peeked through th' dure an' seen ye talkin' to her? Answer me, ye fiend in human form, don't that lovely golden sheen upon her locks come out in th' wash? Tell me, monsther, tell th' hon'rable coort that's now leanin' eagerly over th' bar to catch ivry pint, tell th' jury that wud like to carry home some s'ciety chit-chat to their own tired wives, tell this intelligint concoorse iv American citizens behind me an' th' gallant knights iv th' pen in fr-ront iv me waitin' to spread th' details to th' wurruld, tell me, ruffyian, is Hiven or Peroxide iv Hydhrogen th' author iv th' splendor? An' about her teeth—ar-re they her own? Will ye swear to it? Raymimber ye ar-re on oath. Will ye uplift ye'er hand an' swear that th' left bi-cuspid is not acquired? Is her complexion her own or fr'm day to day? Did ye iver see her befure ye were marrid, an' if so with whom? An' about th' other women Lord Roland saw ye with. Were they no betther thim they ought to be or not as good as they might have been? I can't recall their names, but ye might tell us who they ar-re. Give us their names. Dhrag th' wretched crathers fr'm their hidin' places in th' vowdyville theatres an' lave thim to sthand in th' clear sunlight iv American justice,' he says, 'an' be smirched,' he says.

"There was scarcely a dhry eye in th' coort whin th' larned counsel concluded. Th' ladies in th' audjeence applauded furyously as name afther name was brought forward. Th' judge said that he had th' time iv his life, an' th' jury afther securin' clippin's iv th' prisoner's wife's hair rayturned a verdict findin' Mrs. Hard Gold guilty iv peroxide in th' first degree, without extenuatin' circumstances, an' added a rider recommendin' the' ladies Lord Roland seen with Hard Gold be tur-rned out iv their lodgin's. It was a gr-reat triumph for th' r-right. It shows that th' coorts iv our fair land will put down with a stern hand th' growin' peroxide vice an' that justice will find out evil doers—whin they ar-re women—if it has to take th' bandages off its eyes an' nide in a clothes closet."

"It serves th' man r-right f'r havin' wan iv thim vallays ar-round th' house," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, it shows that," said Mr. Dooley. "An' it shows th' disadvantages iv wealth. No wan cares to hear what Hogan calls: 'Th' short an' simple scandals iv th' poor.' But I wasn't thinkin' about th' man in th' case.'

WILL IT BECOME POPULAR?

How Do You Like This New Fad?

Vegetarians, anti-coffee drinkers and food cranks of every descripition, must now take a back seat for a new fad has the floor.

A society has recently been formed, the members of which pledge themselves to eat no food whatever that has been cooked. They claim that uncooked food is the only rational healthful diet; that our remote ancestors ate no cooked food and therefore if we do the same, vigor and health will be our reward.

Raw meat, raw potatoes, raw wheat, raw eggs, ran everything, is the enticing bill of fare held out to the enthusiastic food crank of the future and the society proposes to establish restaurants in the larger cities where this delightful menu may be served daily.

Modern cooking is often a dyspepsia producer, because we fry so many foods which should be baked, roasted, broiled or boiled; fried food is indigestible because each particle of food is incased in hot grease which the digestive juices of the stomach cannot easily penetrate; but properly cooked food is more easily digested than the same food uncooked, and we predict for the new fad a very limited following.

The real cause of indigestion is the lack of Hydrochloric acid and peptones in the stomach so that no matter how well cooked the food, it cannot be well digested unless the gastric juice is abundant and contains the necessary amount of peptones to dissolve the food.

Therefore the most sensible cure for poor digestion is to take after each meal some safe and reliable digestive like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which supply peptones to digest the meat and eggs and diastase to digest the bread, potatoes and similar starchy foods.

Laxative medicines never cure indigestion because they have no digestive effect whatever upon the food; on the other hand if the food is properly digested there will be no need of laxatives; good digestion does away with constipation.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain pure aseptic pepsin (government test) diastase and the digestive elements which weak stomachs lack and they cure indigestion by assisting the over worked, rundown stomach in its hard work, until it is restored to its normal condition, when the tablets are no longer needed, but there are thousands of robust men and women who never eat a meal without taking one or two of Stuart's Tablets, because by so doing they can eat what they please and when they please and be free from any bad after effects.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

MR. DOOLEY'S PHILOSOPHY
By F. P. DUNNE.
THE BEST DOOLEY BOOK, BY FAR, AND THE HIT OF THE SEASON.
For sale by all newsdealers, or by the publisher,
R. H. RUSSELL, 3 W. 29th St., N. Y.

Budweiser on Der - - - - - - - - Phillipinochle Islants.

Dere has been such a muchness set during der lasdt campaign aboudt der Phlili Pinochle islants und der vay ve shouldt hendle dem, und I haf noticed der icknorance mit vich some beoples talk aboudt id ven dey neffer god any more nearness to dem dan Mendota, aindt id? Besites, half uf dem are unaple to location dese islants midoudt feerst looging id ub. For der benefit uf dose who are too bitzy mit previousness enkagemends, I vill explanation yust vere dey are. Der Phillipinochle islants are some bunches uf islants skituated in der Pacificum oceans und iss surronded nit yet vater on von side und salt vater on der onder side. Dey are yust off uf der coast uf der vild man uf Bornoe islant und iss also kevite a closeness to der Lulu islants vere der sultan uf Lulu is maging so mch troubles by marrying efery vomans vot comes along. He now belongs to dese clorios unideded stodes und he has der proud extinction uf being der only kaiser unter der staryy stripes und flags uf our country. Id gafe Vilhelm Pryan so much concernment dot he forgot to mage enough votes to elegtion himselluf to been der bresident. Vy he should not know who iss der reason unless maype he hat feelings dot too many goot dings vos gedding avay from him.

Dere are two or dree vays to reach der Phillinochle islants but von uf der best vays iss mit a steamer boat, as you are liability to mage your feets damp uf you valk ofer. Luzon is der brincipal islant uf der bunches und eferydings iss Luzon it too. Der brincipal city iss Vanilla, vich has been mate famous mit Atmiral Chorge Dewey's badle in Vanilla pay ven he vipped der Spinachers to a finish. Der islants are inhabitated by seferal different tribes uf Phillipinochlers who are brincipally occupationed in raising helll und peanuts. Der usual pastme iss blaying pinochle. Id iss a fact nod chenerally known to efery pody, yust to only a few uf der best players dot der islants are called der Phillipinochle islants by reason uf der national game King Phillip uf der Spinachers vos der real best blayers so in honor uf him und der game dey vere called Philli Pinochle islants. Id iss strange dot historians haf overlooked dot fact bud I can prove id by mein olt Kamrade Loule, dot vote I tell ou iss on der square. Id iss a fine country to live in uf you are nod obliged to lif dere. Uf you are a soldier man behind der guns you no not enchoy your visit so much as id iss nod so pleasantness to be layin down in der high crass listening to der vistling bullets as dey go fiewing py ofer mit your head.

Besites dose Cullets are nod ad all particular aboudt who dey hit. Id iss taging us a long time to subchugation der Islanters. Dey are yust lige a flea. Ackie Rinaldo chumps fon von villages to anonder mit surbrising rapidness. Ven der soldier poys come on a villages eferypody iss oudt behind der house blaying pinochle, yust so soon as dey leaf den der schooding bekins und eferypody iss to der high crass. Ad last der Bresident has tagen a tumbles to himselluf und iss organizationing some rechimends mate ub uf der Islanters. Dot iss yust der dings to do und ven dey ged each onder killed off yet maype ve can manach id to run dem ourselluf. Ad der bresent writings ve haf got der islants und are still holting on to dem as I have nod heard uf any uf dem floating arount recklessness in der oceans. Der inhabitanters ve are nod helting, dey are running round loose mit noddings on bud a pleasant smilings und von uf dose polo butcher knifes, aindt id? Dey also haf a few schooding guns in concealment und manach to pick off a brafe chenchal lige Lawton und a few onder goot men who haf been sacrificed.

Der islants also production a bountiful subbly uf python shnakes und boa extrictors und moonkeys. Und such a vetness. Vy id mages rainings venefer id dings aboudt id, und den id forgeds to stop. Id iss undoubtingly a great country und ve paid dwenty millionen tollars for id afder ve hat already skinned uer Spinachers oudt uf dem. Uf ve shouldt reservation Vanilla as a coal house stations I don't belief ve could ged fife millionen fer der whole rest uf der bunches, der Lulu Islants inclusioned, aindt id? Bud ve haf dem und if loogs life ve can't led go. Besites der dwenty millionen golt monies vot ve haf paid dey haf costet us more as ve vill efer ged oudt uf dem in forty years unless ve sended ofer a lod uf expert pinochle blayers mid marged cards, aindt id? who can mage a clean ub.

As yet dere has been noddings bud experimends rekarding der best vay to subjugation der followers uf Ackie Rinaldo. Now I haf me a few sugchestnuts to mage aboudt dot bitzness. Supposition der Bresident vould pick oudt aboudt dree tousand uf der brafest uf our skilping Indians off uf der reservation, gif each von uf dem von uf dose rifle guns vot shoodt six times midoudt unloading, und von uf dose sticking knifes, den led somepody delefone Ackie Rinaldo dot dey hat started already yet und I am villing to mage some bets dot der var vould be ofer pefore der Intians got as far as Sing Francisco aindt id?

Bud now dot McKinley und Prosperity haf been re-elegtioned somedings vill soon been did mid dose Islanters. Der Islants iss allright ve haf still got dem, bud as I set pefore der Philli Pinochle Islants iss a fine country to lif in uf you are not opliged to lif in id. Aindt id, Louie? Yes! No? —Budweiser.

Per E. Weisenburger.

Scannel Is Getting Better.

Robert Scannell, twenty-eight years old, a driver for the Standard laundry, was injured late Friday afternoon in a collision with a Selby avenue car at Fourth an Exchange streets. He was taken to the city hospital, where it was stated that his injuries, though painful, were not serious.

He is resting easily, but complains of severe pains in his side and back when he attempts to move himself.

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