

A SCHOOL FOR ROOTERS

Course For Football Lovers at Missouri University

SYSTEMATIC YELLS TAUGHT

Club Organized by Students in Columbia, Mo., to Direct the Cheers on the Side Lines—Leaders Carry Huge Megaphones.

"Rooting," the ability to make a loud and continuous noise, is now taught regularly in the University of Missouri, says a dispatch from Columbia, Mo., to the Kansas City Star. The rooters' classes are by far the largest in school. Nearly every student in the university is enrolled in the course. This course of study is not found in the regular catalogue and is not honored with a place in the university curriculum, but is maintained by the Rooters' club, an organization composed of forty classmates. The members are elected because of lung capacity.

Harry Lyon of Kansas City, a senior, is the president of the club. His ability to make noise is unexcelled among the rooters. The chief yell leader is Wray Dudley, promoted from the rank and file at a recent student mass meeting that stung him out from a number of other aspirants for honors. He takes the place of "Hot Air" Nelson, who led the rooters' brigade at the last Kansas-Missouri football game.

Under the command of the rooter general are three subrooters, each of whom has charge of a section of the bleachers at football games. These are Charles W. Martin, "Deacon" Barnes and Charles Walker. These leaders are expected to keep the noise going in their respective territories, and failure to bring out a proper volume of sound means disgrace and relegation to the ranks.

The leaders carry huge megaphones and are decorated with long flowing streamers of the old gold and black. Whether Missouri is winning or losing these students perform mad gyrations on the track in front of the bleachers and endeavor to impart their enthusiasm to the spectators. A yell started in one section is taken up by each of the others in turn, making a continuous roll of noise from one end to the other.

SEEING THE FAIR IN DETAIL

Missouri Shines Brilliantly in the Corn Display

UNCLE SAM'S OUTDOOR MAP

Made of Cereals and Other Living Plants The School Gardens and Demonstrations for Teachers—Missouri Wild Animals.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MARK HENNETT.) One must keep noticing all the time at the world's fair or he will miss many a good thing that he would have wished to see. But the brain becomes dull with much seeing, and often the eyes refuse to "look."

"What's a that?" asked a lank farmer, looking at a huge wall decoration in the great pagoda of corn erected by Missouri.

"W' that's a hawg—been afeedin' 'em for thirty years an' don't know a hawg?" replied his wife banteringly.

It was a corn "hawg"—if not a corned hog, in all the colors of corn from white to black.

Wherever Missouri shines she shines brilliantly. She sets the pace for nearly all the states in nearly all the great buildings of the big exposition. The corn pagoda is but one, and here the visitor may sit and study corn in all its varieties as well as in all its decorative possibilities. Missouri has just taken first place as a corn state, and this pagoda may be regarded as a temple erected to celebrate that achievement.

I may add that in taking first place as a corn producing state the distinction belongs almost entirely to the northern half of the state where most of the corn is produced. The magnificent corn exhibit is thoroughly representative, too, as the selections were made from local corn exhibits and prize contests held last fall in every corn county of the state.

I'm sorry you missed the outdoor map of the United States in July. It was prettier then, but the lesson is just as vivid today, so don't overlook its teachings even if you come late. The purpose of the map is to enable each sightseer to visit his particular state and its neighbors and note the proportionate plantings of the great staple crops. Then he is invited to look at the surrounding gardens, showing plants that he has heard about, but has never seen. Each state is labeled so that one may get at a glance the salient facts. For example, we read that Idaho has 54,600,000 acres, but not quite a million and a half are under cultivation. Wheat is her principal crop and alfalfa next, the other grasses and grains following. Idaho is developing her rich lands by means of irrigation from the great Snake river and its tributaries, so that these figures are fast changing. The entire map is made to scale, gravel walks forming the boundaries. Upon these paths we may journey over the country from ocean to ocean and from Canada to Mexico leisurely in a few minutes. We may observe the great cotton belt, the corn belt and the wheat belt in a general way, and then in each state learn the other crops for which it is noted.

Thirty school children of St. Louis have thirty gardens in the northeastern part of the map garden. They are outside the states, about where Labrador should be. Five of these children come each day to tend their gardens and to give a demonstration for the benefit of schoolteachers upon the management of school gardens. These demonstrations are conducted by Professor Charles F. Wheeler of the United States bureau of plant industry, for it was under this bureau that the map garden and all its adjuncts were brought into existence. Obstinate soil and excessive and violent rains have kept all hands busy, but the triumph is worth the effort. The garden is on the hill above the southwest corner of the Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game. That huge spiderlike contrivance of steel beams, a twentieth century wonder, the solar engine, stands at the corner of the map. Professor Wheeler's office is in the school tent, and there is nothing he enjoys more than answering questions.

Ninety per cent of the hemp grown in the United States is raised within twenty miles of Lexington, Ky. You may see not only the Kentucky hemp, but all other kinds of hemp and many fiber plants in the fiber section of the government garden. You may see the different leguminous plants upon whose roots live the bacteria whose function it is to fix the nitrogen of the air and

make it available in the soil for plant life. In the northern part of the plot, the western Canada section, any farmer may learn how to create new varieties of corn, cotton and other plants. He may see the original corn known as pod corn, each kernel having a husk or pod of its own. Professor Wheeler will teach any seed buyer still another lesson in the matter of seed. Several plots were sowed with several grades of seed. The first plot, on which the cheapest seed was sown, appears to be all weeds. Only the highest priced seed gave what may be regarded as a satisfactory or profitable result. Other beds show the importance of a careful selection and curing of corn for seed.

Let us thank the government, too, for the grass gardens. The science of making a lawn or a meadow or a pasture is here taught with kindergarten blocks of grass. All the kinds of useful grasses are here in the life, side by side for comparison—the blue grass and redtop, the lawn mixtures and sand grasses. The farmer with much poor land who might raise sheep if the pasture held out will be interested in the sheep's fence, a fine, luxuriant grass that the woolly herd finds palatable and that grows on otherwise hopeless land.

Somebody has been robbing birds' nests in Pennsylvania, and here is the loot, but since it was done in the interest of education the offense is somewhat mitigated. Nests, eggs and all have been brought to the world's fair, and in the Pennsylvania section of the Palace of Agriculture you may see them. Bird lovers will find here a chance to improve their acquaintance with the songsters of the fields and groves, the hills and shady glens. Here is the huge white egg of the big bald eagle, and here, too, are the wee white eggs, almost transparent, of the humming bird. If you have a bit of curiosity about the eggs of the wild birds and fowls or the nests they build you will fly at once to these interesting cases on entering the Agriculture building. Tobacco is exploited as one of the great money making crops of the state, but a pretty show is made of all the common wild animals, the trees and nuts, the wool and other familiar things of rural Pennsylvania. A great number of farm scenes in revolving racks enable one to make a sightseeing tour of the state in a few moments.

A study of the common wild animals of Missouri may be made from a safe distance in the hunters' park, just west of the Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game. The wild fowl of the state and some of the larger birds are on the right as you enter. At the far end is a hunter's lodge with a display of fowling pieces and stuffed game birds. The gray wolf, coyote, beaver, raccoon, skunk, woodchuck, deer and other animals are in roomy cages and generally in fine condition. Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

The Fall Comes on And the leaves turn and come down, Feel like throwing up my job— Feel like getting out of town.

Want to ramble in the woods, Want to hear the north wind blow, Want to hear the chopper's ax, Want to hear the cattle low.

Want to trudge across the field When the night is drawing nigh, To the home from which the smoke Rises to the yellowing sky.

Want to sit down by the fire In the evening in the fall, While the blazes from the logs Throw their shadows on the wall.

Want to be down in the night, Want to feel that rest of brain That comes only when one hears On the roof the fall of rain.

Want to go to sleep and rest To the patter that comes down On the shingles in the fall Of the old house out of town. Of the old house out of town. Of the old house out of town. Of the old house out of town.

IT'S A WONDERFUL REMEDY

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY

Local Druggists Guarantee Its Efficacy or Make No Charge

We want everybody suffering from any disorder of the stomach, bowels or liver to call at our store and get a full size bottle of "Seven Barks"—the great German stomach and liver regulator. As an evidence of good faith, we ask a deposit of 50 cents—but if after taking according to directions, the remedy does not accomplish all that is claimed, return the empty or partly used bottle and your money will be cheerfully handed back.

We could not afford to make a guarantee of this kind, were we not positive of our position. "Seven Barks" is not an untried remedy. It has been on the market for 35 years with astonishing success.

There is no remedy on earth that keeps its friends longer than "Seven Barks." There are thousands of American families never without a bottle, nor have they been without for 20 years. Grandmothers, mothers and children are all enthusiastic in their praise. Don't postpone calling for a bottle. You will not regret it.

Red Cross Pharmacy, 160 North Main St., Barre, Vermont.

make it available in the soil for plant life. In the northern part of the plot, the western Canada section, any farmer may learn how to create new varieties of corn, cotton and other plants. He may see the original corn known as pod corn, each kernel having a husk or pod of its own. Professor Wheeler will teach any seed buyer still another lesson in the matter of seed. Several plots were sowed with several grades of seed. The first plot, on which the cheapest seed was sown, appears to be all weeds. Only the highest priced seed gave what may be regarded as a satisfactory or profitable result. Other beds show the importance of a careful selection and curing of corn for seed.

Let us thank the government, too, for the grass gardens. The science of making a lawn or a meadow or a pasture is here taught with kindergarten blocks of grass. All the kinds of useful grasses are here in the life, side by side for comparison—the blue grass and redtop, the lawn mixtures and sand grasses. The farmer with much poor land who might raise sheep if the pasture held out will be interested in the sheep's fence, a fine, luxuriant grass that the woolly herd finds palatable and that grows on otherwise hopeless land.

Somebody has been robbing birds' nests in Pennsylvania, and here is the loot, but since it was done in the interest of education the offense is somewhat mitigated. Nests, eggs and all have been brought to the world's fair, and in the Pennsylvania section of the Palace of Agriculture you may see them. Bird lovers will find here a chance to improve their acquaintance with the songsters of the fields and groves, the hills and shady glens. Here is the huge white egg of the big bald eagle, and here, too, are the wee white eggs, almost transparent, of the humming bird. If you have a bit of curiosity about the eggs of the wild birds and fowls or the nests they build you will fly at once to these interesting cases on entering the Agriculture building. Tobacco is exploited as one of the great money making crops of the state, but a pretty show is made of all the common wild animals, the trees and nuts, the wool and other familiar things of rural Pennsylvania. A great number of farm scenes in revolving racks enable one to make a sightseeing tour of the state in a few moments.

A study of the common wild animals of Missouri may be made from a safe distance in the hunters' park, just west of the Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game. The wild fowl of the state and some of the larger birds are on the right as you enter. At the far end is a hunter's lodge with a display of fowling pieces and stuffed game birds. The gray wolf, coyote, beaver, raccoon, skunk, woodchuck, deer and other animals are in roomy cages and generally in fine condition. Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

The Fall Comes on And the leaves turn and come down, Feel like throwing up my job— Feel like getting out of town.

Want to ramble in the woods, Want to hear the north wind blow, Want to hear the chopper's ax, Want to hear the cattle low.

Want to trudge across the field When the night is drawing nigh, To the home from which the smoke Rises to the yellowing sky.

Want to sit down by the fire In the evening in the fall, While the blazes from the logs Throw their shadows on the wall.

Want to be down in the night, Want to feel that rest of brain That comes only when one hears On the roof the fall of rain.

Want to go to sleep and rest To the patter that comes down On the shingles in the fall Of the old house out of town. Of the old house out of town. Of the old house out of town. Of the old house out of town.

DEMOCRACY IN JAPAN

How It Has Prevailed Over Feudalism

EDUCATION IS A FACTOR

A Japanese Writer Tells How the Heimin, or Commons, Are Beating the Knightly Samurai in Peace and War.

It is curious to note how the democratic people of America admire the aristocratic element of the Japanese people. While they detest aristocracy, they seem to admire the samurai, or knights of Japan, excessively at the expense of the heimin (the commons), says Jihel Hashiguchi in the New York World.

It is not unreasonable that they should form their ready-made opinion of the Japanese from the information the globe trotters give them. The samurai are elaborately painted by these globe trotters in books and magazine articles, while seldom, if ever, are the heimin even mentioned.

The samurai were privileged to be representative of the Japanese in times past, yet even then the economic Japan, the mainstay of the nation, was dependent upon the heimin. There are many cases in which the samurai borrowed money from the heimin and never returned it on the ground that it was used for the country.

I want to see the ledgers of heimin merchants in which are old accounts of loans made to the samurai more than fifty years ago which have never been paid.

Since the mikado proclaimed in 1870 the edict of five articles, one of which states that the country shall be governed by the popular will, the heimin awoke to see the light of day. They could not at first realize the benefit of suffrage and social equality. It was only after men like Inagaki Taisuke, who organized the Liberal party of Japan about thirty years ago, in spite of the fact that he was of the samurai class, advocated democracy that the heimin began to rise to the situation.

Popular education under a public school system modeled on that of Massachusetts was introduced more than twenty years ago by that martyr, Mori Arinori, then minister of education, who had been in this country as the first envoy and who is said to have been converted to Christianity. He was assassinated by an anarchistic samurai because he lifted the curtain in front of the Shinto temple at Ise with his cane, which act was considered an insult to the imperial ancestors to whom the temple was dedicated. Education has promoted democracy and made men out of the heimin. Since the adoption of constitutional government the educated heimin have come to the front in the national diet. Today the majority of members of both houses are heimin.

Only in the executive department do we see a preponderance of the samurai, due to the fact that the samurai are by inherited characteristics fit to be the officials upon fixed salary.

But this preponderance of the samurai in the executive department will not last, for the rising generation of the heimin are fast acquiring the knowledge of official duties. The heimin young men are far superior to the samurai in mathematics and economic sciences. Mathematics, the essential part of the studies of mechanical, civil and electrical engineering, is in favor of the heimin. So when civil service examinations are instituted the heimin have the advantage.

In the army the most important factors are the heimin. We need not go back to the Chinese war to hunt for evidence. The present war with Rus-

sia affords abundant proofs that the heimin have done services which the samurai could never have done.

Do you, my readers, think that the men who refused to surrender to the Russians off the coast of Gensan and submerged themselves into the water together with the Kinshu Maru were the samurai? You are mistaken; they were heimin soldiers from the Fourth division of Osaka.

Do you think that the men who fought fearlessly against the brave defenders of Nanshan hill in spite of the showering shells from the batteries overhead were the samurai? You are mistaken; they were the sons of the shopkeepers, the restaurant keepers, the grocers, the mechanics, the geta (Japanese shoe makers of Tokyo and the farmers of the neighborhood.

Do you think that the men who, in spite of the heat and the rain in June, July and August in Manchuria, transported the provisions, the ammunition and at times the guns through the trackless hills and valleys were the samurai? You are mistaken; they were heimin from all parts of Japan.

It is the heimin that are fighting, and without the heimin Japan could never have won victory.

JAPANESE IN U. S. ARMY.

Little Brown Men in Sandwich Islands to be Enrolled as Soldiers.

It may not be generally known that the United States army of the future will include a command of Japanese soldiers, but this is a fact, says the New York Herald. They will not come from the armies which are fighting in the far east, but will be enrolled from our Japanese citizens in the Sandwich Islands. It is needless to say that a very large portion of the population of the islands and especially of Honolulu is composed of this nation. They are found among the bankers, merchants and professional men and are included among the wealthiest residents of the city.

One of the principal schools of Honolulu is attended exclusively by Japanese children, and there has been enrolled a command of cadets which is to be mustered into the United States militia as soon as its members are old enough. It is drilled by a former Japanese army officer, and, although organized by a few years ago, this battalion has already attained a high standard of efficiency. It is frequently seen on parade in Honolulu and attracts much attention.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.

AT ALL DEALERS—25 CENTS. A CURE AT THE PEOPLES PRICE.

There are Thousands of Persons Afflicted This Way. Ninety-Nine Times Out of One Hundred It is Caused by Either the Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Digestive Organs.

In no part of the body are the effects of constipation more quickly noticed than in the condition of the eyes. They quickly respond to the poisonous elements which are absorbed into the blood in chronic cases of liver torpidity and sluggish bowel action. When you see a yellowish tinge in the whites of the eyes it shows quickly the biliousness which pervades the whole system, but it is the specks and flitting objects in the vision itself that are even more quickly apparent. Thousands of people see things in the distance; their vision is blurred, spots come between them and other objects which seem quite intangible, almost imaginary, and as they turn their heads they vanish as with a flash. Such conditions can always be traced to a torpid liver and a congested condition of the bowels, yet can always be cured by the well-advised use of Smith's Pileopile and Butternut Pills, which cure constipation as if by magic. They regulate the functions of the liver, cleanse the poisons from the blood, remove the bilious elements from the circulation and strengthen the nerves. If your eyes are clouded, without an appreciable cause, if you have specks and flitting objects before your vision, use Smith's Pileopile and Butternut Pills and get the poisonous elements out of your blood. Remember they always cure sick headaches, constipation and biliousness in one night. 25 cents, all dealers.

All genuine signed by W. F. Smith.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS. AT ALL DEALERS—25 CENTS. A CURE AT THE PEOPLES PRICE.

sta affords abundant proofs that the heimin have done services which the samurai could never have done.

Do you, my readers, think that the men who refused to surrender to the Russians off the coast of Gensan and submerged themselves into the water together with the Kinshu Maru were the samurai? You are mistaken; they were heimin soldiers from the Fourth division of Osaka.

Do you think that the men who fought fearlessly against the brave defenders of Nanshan hill in spite of the showering shells from the batteries overhead were the samurai? You are mistaken; they were the sons of the shopkeepers, the restaurant keepers, the grocers, the mechanics, the geta (Japanese shoe makers of Tokyo and the farmers of the neighborhood.

Do you think that the men who, in spite of the heat and the rain in June, July and August in Manchuria, transported the provisions, the ammunition and at times the guns through the trackless hills and valleys were the samurai? You are mistaken; they were heimin from all parts of Japan.

It is the heimin that are fighting, and without the heimin Japan could never have won victory.

JAPANESE IN U. S. ARMY.

Little Brown Men in Sandwich Islands to be Enrolled as Soldiers.

It may not be generally known that the United States army of the future will include a command of Japanese soldiers, but this is a fact, says the New York Herald. They will not come from the armies which are fighting in the far east, but will be enrolled from our Japanese citizens in the Sandwich Islands. It is needless to say that a very large portion of the population of the islands and especially of Honolulu is composed of this nation. They are found among the bankers, merchants and professional men and are included among the wealthiest residents of the city.

One of the principal schools of Honolulu is attended exclusively by Japanese children, and there has been enrolled a command of cadets which is to be mustered into the United States militia as soon as its members are old enough. It is drilled by a former Japanese army officer, and, although organized by a few years ago, this battalion has already attained a high standard of efficiency. It is frequently seen on parade in Honolulu and attracts much attention.

JAPANESE IN U. S. ARMY.

Little Brown Men in Sandwich Islands to be Enrolled as Soldiers.

It may not be generally known that the United States army of the future will include a command of Japanese soldiers, but this is a fact, says the New York Herald. They will not come from the armies which are fighting in the far east, but will be enrolled from our Japanese citizens in the Sandwich Islands. It is needless to say that a very large portion of the population of the islands and especially of Honolulu is composed of this nation. They are found among the bankers, merchants and professional men and are included among the wealthiest residents of the city.

One of the principal schools of Honolulu is attended exclusively by Japanese children, and there has been enrolled a command of cadets which is to be mustered into the United States militia as soon as its members are old enough. It is drilled by a former Japanese army officer, and, although organized by a few years ago, this battalion has already attained a high standard of efficiency. It is frequently seen on parade in Honolulu and attracts much attention.

JAPANESE IN U. S. ARMY.

Little Brown Men in Sandwich Islands to be Enrolled as Soldiers.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

THE LITTLE GRAVE

(Original.)

Two negroes, a man and a woman, emerge from the main house of a plantation in the south. The woman carries under her arm an oblong metal box long enough to contain an infant, the man a spade. Not far from the house is a plot of ground in which the bones of the Ashley for generations lie buried. The two go to this spot; the man digs a grave, the coffin is lowered and the earth thrown back. In due time a small headstone is erected bearing the name Alexander Ashley, aged eight months and seven days.

Twenty years pass. Leonard Hunt, a man of thirty, is in possession of the Ashley estate. He is the son of Camilla Hunt, nee Ashley, and the plantation passed into his hands, his uncle Charles Ashley dying childless. Leonard Hunt has inherited whatever is had in the Ashley. They are a high strung race, made domineering by the possession of slaves, and in Leonard this feature is abnormally exaggerated. He is feared by the planters in his neighborhood because he will brook no will but his own and enforce his arrogant demands at the mouth of the pistol.

One afternoon a rear door of the Ashley manor opened, and Leonard Hunt, followed by three others, stepped out on to the veranda and walked hastily toward a bit of ground surrounded by trees. There was a hard look on his face, for he was bent on putting out of his way the man next behind him, young Harry Beckwith, who had come between him and the woman he would make his wife. The men had met for social enjoyment at Ashley Manor, and Hunt had deliberately insulted his guest. The two principals were going to settle their affair; the two other men, Gridley and Stone, to act as seconds. Gridley carried a small box containing pistols, and as soon as the ground was reached he and Stone paced off the distance. Then the combatants were placed in position and the signal given. Beckwith fired into the branches of a tree above his antagonist's head and received a bullet in his breast.

The party were bending over him, stanching the blood, when an old negro woman came out of the manor house and made her way hurriedly to the grove. When she saw Beckwith lying on the ground in a pool of blood she began to wring her hands and wail.

"Whin' d' missy make me swar I'd never tell till he was twenty-one? And to think he'd 'a' been twenty-one nex' month! I heard yo', Mars Hunt; I heard yo' callin' him names no gentleman would bear to bear. And he yo' guest! Whin' all the Ashley's think to know one 'em killed a guest, and they the most hospitable men in the s'uth!"

"What's the matter with you, Lis-

zle?" growled Hunt. "I couldn't help it that the quarrel arose in my house."

"Yo' killed him because Missy Agnes loved him, and yo' know it."

"You infernal nigger, shut up!"

"Yo'll have a hard time shuttin' me up, Mars Hunt, and now if it is too late I'm goin' to speak. D' yo' see that grave over there? Yo' think little Alex Ashley lies there? He don't; no such thing. He lies there—pointing to Beckwith. "I put the coffin in the ground myself. I was Missy Ashley's maid. Colonel Ashley got a divorce and married again. Missy was afraid his new wife would get rid of little Alex to make sure of the estate for her own son. I told her 'twasn't any use, fo' little Tommy was sickly and died soon after. But she would have it. I and my man put some stones in a child's coffin and buried it, givin' out that Alex was dead, while his mother carried him off at night, and he was brought up by her uncle, Mars Harvey Beckwith, as his own son."

"You lying hag!" yelled Hunt. "Have you gone mad?"

"If yo' want to find out yo' go dig up the coffin and see."

"There's nothing but dirt there after so long a burial," said Hunt, terror-stricken lest the woman's story was true.

"Missy thought of that, and she had it put in a metal box."

Meanwhile the two seconds, unmindful of the woman's talk, had been consulting and, taking up the form from the ground, had carried it to the house. The men had been too hot to wait for a surgeon, but now one was sent for and soon came galloping up on horseback. After examining the wounded man he pronounced the chances all against him. Then came Agnes Barr, passing Hunt in the hall without raising her eyes to him, and going to Beckwith's room, she implored him to live for her sake.

Hunt for awhile ignored the negro's story, but the two seconds had heard enough of it to wish to have it confirmed or disproved, and when Hunt at last yielded to the pressure of circumstances and opened the grave it was done in presence of witnesses.

While the party were at the grave Agnes Barr was with her lover. Old Lizzie stationed herself at the window where she could overlook the disinterment.

"They're pullin' it up, Mars Alex," she said. "There it comes. Gracious, how moldy it is! They're rubbin' the dirt off and feelin' for the place where it's been soldered. Old Solomon's comin'—fo' tools, I reckon. There he goes with the hatchet and a chisel. They're takin' off the lid. See Mars Hunt stagger. Nothin' in it but stones. Reckon I ought to know, 'cause I put 'em there. Now, Mars Alex, yo' in yo' own house."

And so it was proved. On his recovery he found himself in undisputed possession.

HARRIET CAWLEY.

PARLOR PRIDE STOVE POLISH

LIQUID—READY FOR INSTANT USE. A few drops of Parlor Pride Stove Polish gives the stove a brilliant lustre shine, making the stove fit for the parlor. No soiled hands—easy to apply—always ready. No water used. Water in paste polishes rusts the stove. No dried-up paste remains after using a while. Parlor Pride good to the last drop. Sold by all dealers. In Barre by Smith Bros., Chesser & Bird, Merchant & Fraser, B. D. Tomad, Eastman Bros., Mrs. G. H. Griffin, W. H. Conner, Sowden & Lyon, F. D. Ladd, Reynolds and Son and Prindle & Averill.

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE" NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

In 2-Pie 10c Packages with List of Valuable Premiums. HENRIEL-SPULLS CO. SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Fancy Creamery Butter.

The Ice Cream season is over except on orders, but we are still making that Fancy Creamery Butter which pleases so many people. Have you tried it?

Granite City Creamery, Worthen Block, Keith Avenue. L. B. DODGE, Proprietor.

We Please Our Customers

With good, honest goods and low prices. Come in and see how we do it.

M. J. MCGOWAN, Telephone 113-2. South Main Street, Barre, Vt.