

# More Time for Other Things



## A Modern Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

### For Cash Down.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]  
One June day a tin peddler came alone to the farmhouse of Joe Pinchly and halted for a drink of water. He didn't stop because he had any idea that he could sell as much as a nutmeg grater. The house was a frame, unpainted, weather beaten and gloomy, while the barn and sheds were of logs, the fences gone to decay, the fields grown up to weeds, and the whole outfit spoke of poverty and shiftlessness. Years before the house had been built for a roadside inn, but travel had been diverted to another road, and its owner had abandoned the place. Shiftless Joe Pinchly had come along with his slatternly wife and "squatted" there and raised just enough corn and turnips to keep going. They were sitting on the rotting veranda smoking as the peddler drove up.

"If you had any gumption about you, you could make \$1,000 out of this place this summer," he said.

"I've broke my back here for four years and almost starved to death," replied Joe.

"But you lack gumption, you see. Gumption means knowing how to let up on farming and take hold of something better when it's right at your door. Lord, man, but what a chance you have missed!"

"I've allus told Joe there was money buried somewhere around here," observed Mrs. Pinchly as she removed her pipe from her mouth.

"Buried money be hanged! It's right on top of the ground. It's right before your eyes. It's in the house. It's lying around loose and waiting to be picked up. If you'd had gumption you'd be riding in your own carriage today. You didn't have it. You had to wait until I came along to show you where the money is."

"And you'll show us!" exclaimed husband and wife in chorus as they rose up and looked around.

"That's to be seen. First I want to look this old house over. I want to see every room in it. Then I want to have a square talk with you. You are sick of staying here, and I am sick of tin peddling—not but what it's a noble profession, but it doesn't furnish the opportunities for a hustling man."

There was a talk lasting for two hours. The peddler drew up a paper, and the three signed it. When he departed Joe Pinchly and wife were feeling quite balmy. They hadn't found any money, but they were nodding their heads at each other and grinning. There was a village five miles to the east of them and another six miles to the west, and in both of them weekly newspapers were published. Before night next day the peddler had interviewed the editors. The editors had a hair raising story of a haunted house. There were a score of other papers in the county. The peddler didn't stop until he had called upon half of them. He also stopped travelers on the highway and talked, and he talked to people in villages, and inside of two weeks 10,000 people had heard the news that Joe Pinchly's old farmhouse was haunted, and gruesome and hair raising.

People are never satisfied to simply talk about a haunted house if within reaching distance of it. The peddler had provided for their coming. He had sunk his cash capital in buying provisions. When the rush set in he was there to welcome it. All Pinchly and

his wife had to do was to shake their heads and look mysterious and sell pies and sandwiches to hungry sight-seers. Baked eggs and hot tea and coffee could also be had at a price. There were twenty different rooms and a cellar and garret to the old house, and the charge for taking a visitor through them all was 30 cents. They were taken in groups of six at a time. If they merely desired to see the family bedroom, where a score of mysterious noises had been heard at night, together with the room where the peddler had been hauled out of bed by a ghost, it was only 25 cents. The night noises, as the peddler stated and the Pinchlys affirmed by nods of the head, consisted of groans, sighs, footfalls, tapplings, whisperings and a large and well selected stock of other hair raisers.

In one week 200 people came in wagons. Some brought their food, and some bought it. They camped about the house and paid their money to be conducted over it and then drove away to send others. During the second week they began to come by rail and were driven over from the village. The fare was \$1 each. The peddler had seen to that; also to his divvy. Some of those who wished to remain all night and watch the outside of the house paid a quarter apiece for a bed on the hay in the barn and bought supper and breakfast. Those who wished to pass the night in rooms in groups of three sat on the floor in the darkness and paid 50 cents apiece for the privilege. They heard ghostly noises and got their money's worth. Next morning they paid a whooping big price for boiled eggs, coffee and sandwiches.

It is a matter of fact and history that the excitement was maintained for a long eight weeks and that scores of people came at least a hundred miles to see for themselves. Then there was a let-up, and the peddler and the Pinchlys showed their wisdom. They left the old house one night in a thunderstorm when the ghosts were playing tag through all the rooms and the sighers and groaners were sighing and groaning their loudest, and no one around there ever heard of them again. Some folks said they carried away \$2,000 in the long run. Even if they raked in half that sum it was better than peddling or farming among the dead stumps.

M. QUAD.

### The Elemental Feminine.

Arthur, aged four, and Louise, aged two and a half, were disputing over a string which Louise claimed. All threats and force on Arthur's part were useless; she would not give up. After a moment he used guile.

"Wees," he said, "will you be my little wife?"

"Ees," she coyly answered.

"Then give me the string," he commanded.

And she gave it without a murmur—Lippincott's.

Answered.

Borleigh—Ha, ha, old man! Nailing down a carpet, are you? Jones (who has just struck his thumb)—No, you fool! The carpet was here all the time. I'm just putting the floor under it—Chicago News.

An Appropriate Sign.

Mrs. Smith—I see the contractor has put the sign "Sold" on the new house next door. Mr. Smith—Yes, and the sign "Stung" should be put on the buyer—Kansas City Journal.

Don't trust the fellow who has a vacant look in a poker game. He generally has a full house.—Philadelphia Record.

### MAGAZINE REVIEW.

#### Tremendous Cost of Prairie Dogs.

In the state of Texas alone, prairie dogs cost annually enough grain to support 3,562,500 cows. Utterly useless, the little animal is a pest so dreaded that the forestry service has undertaken his extermination. Poison is killing him, wherever he now flourishes, and another recourse of the farmer is safeguarded.

Who would think that the prairie dog, the shy and amusing little rodent that we like to watch before the door of his burrow at the "Zoo," would ever become the subject of the government intervention or endanger the success of stockraising? Yet such is the fact. Out on the national forests which Uncle Sam is guarding for the use of the public, expert hunters have gone after the prairie dogs with zeal, ingenuity and poison, and literally exterminated them in great numbers, because some of the choicest bottom lands have had the grazing ruined for stock by the industrious burrowing of the "dogs."—From "To Exterminate the Prairie Dog," in March Technical World Magazine.

#### Origin of the Variety Stage.

It is not easy to trace the variety stage back to its earliest beginnings, for the scent begins to grow faint in antebellum days and the trail loses itself beyond recall in the early forties, about which period we encounter traces of what may be called the "Bill Valentine Myth." This I will relate as it was imparted to me by Mr. Valentine himself, in the small Coney Island pavilion that he conducted during his latter years.

Mr. Valentine's story is that many years before the Civil War, probably in the early forties, he opened a small place of amusement somewhere on the East Side. (It must have been small indeed, for there is no record of it in T. Alton Brown's "History of the New York Stage.") Uncertain what to call his place of entertainment, he applied to a friend for a fitting name.

"What sort of an entertainment are you going to give?" said the friend.

"Well, I'm going to give a variety of things," said Mr. Valentine.

"Then why not call it a variety show?" suggested the other.

And thereupon, according to this myth, the term "variety show" came into use.

#### Pure Milk and Our Babies.

If babies had a vote, the milk supply would be reformed. But babies are inarticulate, and the slaughter goes on.

Is there any reason why babies should die, asks Walter Weyl in Success Magazine—not occasionally, you know, now and then, and here and there, but wholesale, like flies? We are so cruelly accustomed to the little coffin and the white hearse that we never look at the facts or ask ourselves the question. But is there any reason why babies should die?

Suppose you enter the house of a poor family and see the new-born babe in a corner of the room, and there near the fire, dozing over his slumberous pipe, the babe's great-grandfather, a rheumatic, asthmatic old man of ninety. The babe was born to-day, this very day, endowed with all its heritage of thousands of generations—the great-great-grandfather was born in 1819, when Monroe was president and Napoleon was alive. Cradled age is frail, and yet the statistician will prove to you that slim as are the chances of it, every old, the babe is more likely to die than his great-great-grandfather to die in a year, and very much more likely to die within three months.

If the mother knew how great was the danger to her baby, she would hover even more anxiously over the cradle. If she knew how often babies are slain by the milk of the city—if she knew, there wouldn't be so many slain.

#### Penny Postage to France?

Reported Action on Part of the United States.

London, March 5.—While urging the association of the Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom to agitate penny postage with France, a member of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris said yesterday that he had the authority of John Henniker Heaton to say that he had learned from an important American source that France and America had successfully concluded negotiations to this same end that penny postage between these two countries was about to be established.

#### Pure Foods and Pure Medicines

mean better, healthier, happier people. It has been proved, however, that all medicines are not adulterated and worthless, any more than all all food products. The wheat has been sifted from the chaff, and such medicines as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs and complies with all the conditions of the pure food and drug law, will continue to hold its place as the standard American remedy for female ills.

## JAPAN'S FIGURES

### Those Returning From American Soil Exceed Emigrants

### AGREEMENT IS EFFECTIVE

Agreement Is Effective—Large Majority of Those Returning Traveled Third Class, Indicating Working Class.

Tokio, March 5.—Returns just completed by the foreign office show that between June and December, 1908, 1,354 Japanese left the empire bound for the United States, while 3,600 returned from the United States during the same period. Of these returning, 3,081 traveled third class across the Pacific, which indicates that they were of the laboring class—against which the emigration restrictions of the Japanese government are particularly directed.

The total number of Japanese sailing for Hawaii from Japan during the same period is shown to have been 1,151. While those returning from the islands numbered 2,951—of whom 2,889 were third class passengers.

During January, 1909, the foreign office figures show 152 Japanese sailed for the United States from Japan, while 295 returned from that country; 254 of the latter traveled third class. In the same month 145 Japanese sailed for Hawaii, while 60 returned—all the homeward bound coming third class.

The month embraced by these figures include the period in which the agreement relative to emigrants to the United States, which was concluded between Ambassador O'Brien and the Japanese foreign office in January, 1907, became actually operative.

The foreign office is particularly insistent in calling attention to the fact that on the figures given 4,000 more Japanese returned from American territory than sailed to America during the last eight months; and they state that this is extremely significant of the effective operation of the Japanese agreement with the United States.

### BILLINGS COMPLETES HIS WORK.

Boston Man Has Been Distributing Relief in Italy.

Rome, March 5.—Edmund Billings, accompanied by his wife, returned here yesterday from Sicily after covering the entire earthquake district in behalf of the state of Massachusetts, which he represented in distributing relief. Miss Katherine B. Davis of Mount Kisco, N. Y., who has been engaged in extensive work at Syracuse, Sicily, also has arrived. Mr. Billings will leave next week for the United States, going first to London. Miss Davis will leave Naples on March 24 for New York.

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## TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH

Mix two ounces of glycerine with a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and a half pint of straight whiskey. Shake well, and take in doses of a teaspoonful every four hours. This mixture possesses the healing, healthful properties of the pines, and will break a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable. In having this formula put up, be sure that your druggist uses the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed only by the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

### AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

George Westinghouse, Jr., Weds Miss Brocklebank.

London, March 5.—The marriage of George Westinghouse, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Westinghouse of Pittsburgh, and Evelyn Violet, daughter of Sir Thomas Brocklebank, was celebrated yesterday at the little village church of Irlon, Cumberland, where the Brocklebank family is located. As the church is small, only the relatives of the bride and bridegroom, including Sir Thomas and Lady Brocklebank, Mr. and Mrs. Westinghouse and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, at the conclusion of which there was a reception at Irlon Hall, after which the bride and bridegroom drove to the railroad station. They will spend their honeymoon on the continent.

Miss Brocklebank and George Westinghouse, Jr., have known each other from early childhood, through the friendship which has existed for a period of perhaps forty years between their parents. Mr. Westinghouse, father of the bridegroom, and the inventor of the air brake, became acquainted with Sir Thomas Brocklebank, who is an extensive shipbuilder near Liverpool, England, when both were young men. Since that time the families have from year to year exchange visits. It is understood that the young couple will live at "Solitude," the Westinghouse home in Pittsburgh, Pa.

### FORTUNE GOES TO DAUGHTER.

New Will Is Said to Have Been Made a Year Ago.

Newport, R. I., March 5.—It is reported here that the late Mrs. John Carter Brown, whose death after a long illness occurred last Sunday, and whose remains were taken to Providence, yesterday morning, for funeral services at her home on Benefit street, not much more than a year ago made a new will which leaves all her estate, outside of some minor bequests, to Mrs. William Watts Sherman, the only living child and consequently the nearest relative of the deceased.

Last August Mrs. Sherman was appointed guardian of her mother by the probate court of Newport on the ground that the elder woman was of unsound mind. The value of the estate is estimated at a figure in the neighborhood of \$30,000,000.

### WINS FREEDOM OF HUSBAND.

Sent There by Father Ten Minutes After the Wedding.

Worcester, Mass., March 5.—By legal proceedings, Mrs. William W. Sargent, whose husband was sent to an insane asylum the day after their marriage, on Feb. 19, has effected his release. Within ten minutes after Sargent's marriage, his father secured a warrant which resulted in the bridegroom's commitment to Waverly.

Before Judge William T. Forbes, a hearing was held yesterday which resulted in the appointment of a conservator for Mr. Sargent's estate. It was also agreed to release the bridegroom in a day or two. The bride was Miss Augusta M. Hanf.

### BILL AIMED AT ELOPERS.

Law Proposed in Rhode Island for Delay for Outsiders' Weddings.

Providence, R. I., March 5.—A bill designed to remove the city of Providence from the list of cities in which a conservator for Mr. Sargent's estate. It was also agreed to release the bridegroom in a day or two. The bride was Miss Augusta M. Hanf.

### PUT GIRL TO SLEEP.

Hypnotist Threatened With Lynching in New Mexico.

El Paso, Tex., March 5.—After a hypnotist traveling with a show had put a girl to sleep in a shop window at Putnam, N. M., Mayor Street ordered the girl awakened. The hypnotist was arrested and jailed and the girl was removed to a hotel. Now the hypnotist declares he will not awaken the girl for thirty days unless released, and the public is aroused against the prisoner. The citizens threaten to lynch the man and the jail has been surrounded. Extra guards are protecting the prisoner.

### GOING SLUMMING.

Plays that Give a "Personally-Conducted Tour" to a Well-Dressed, Comfortable Audience.

The chief reason for the popularity of such a play as "Salvation Nell," apart from the acting, lies probably in the almost universal passion of the well-to-do "go slumming." Few of us are free from it. Sometimes it expresses itself in what we are pleased to call "studying life as it is." Sometimes it is cloaked by a sincere desire to do sociological or religious work. Now and then we admit it is frank curiosity, "Salvation Nell" gives the illusion of a slumming excursion under the most comfortable and enjoyable conditions. The audience can wear their best clothes, occupy comfortable seats, and from their vantage ground of respectability and prosperity see and hear the life of the slum, knowing they are safe from any unpleasant personal experiences—"The Players" in the March Everybody's.

Would Emulate Roosevelt.

Itasca, March 5.—Having become imbued with a desire for adventure after reading Mr. Roosevelt's tales of life on a ranch in Montana, Edward Riker, 14, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Riker of this city, has run away. For months he has begged his mother to allow him to go to work on a farm or to travel, but she has insisted that he go to school.

## AMUSEMENT NOTES

"Call of The Wild" at Barre Opera House This Evening.

Actors are born, not made. Such is the case with Franklin Woodruff, who is being starred, this season, in James K. Hackett's New York success "Call of the Wild" in which he will be seen in the role of John Ermine, the scout. Not since the production of Augustus Thomas' virile play of American life "Arizona" has there been presented to the public the equal of the stirring drama of early days on the borders of civilization as are depicted in the above play. It deals with the story of the days when might was main, and when the red men of the forest and the steadily encroaching white heroes were battling for supremacy, in the great north-west.

The play is the crowning work of the dramatic writer which scored James K. Hackett's greatest success at the Manhattan theatre in New York. The story told of "Call of the Wild" is at once simple, yet strong with replete dramatic incident yet free from bombast and impossible situations. It contains a vast need of that quality known as "heart interest" for it deals with the love of John Ermine, the scout, simple-hearted and uneducated gentleman, for Katherine Seales, a daughter of the regiment, of a frontier post, Opera house tonight.

### Norway.

Norway is a wonderful country—this land of the Norsemen. The ocean roars along its rockbound coast, and during the long, dark winter the storms howl and rage, and spray the waves in white showers of spray against the sky. Great swarms of sea birds drift like snow over the waters and circle screaming around the lonely cliffs. The aurora borealis flashes like a huge shining fan over the northern heavens, and the stars glitter with a keen frosty splendor. But in the summer all this is changed. The sun shines warmly, even within the polar circle, wild flowers sprout forth, the swelling rivers dance singing to the sea, and the birches mingle their light green foliage with the darker needles of the pines. Norway, with a population of only 2,000,000, has played a great role upon the arena of the world, founding and destroying kingdoms, but she must now resign herself to the fate which her numerical weakness imposes upon her. All along the coast there are excellent harbors, which are free of ice both winter and summer—moreover, long arms of the ocean—the so-called fjords—penetrate far into the country—and being filled with water from the Gulf Stream, tend greatly to moderate the climate. Such is Norway—the home of the reindeer—"The Land of the Midnight Sun."

Take a tour of Europe with Edwin J. Hadley, who presents his magnificent travel views in the opera house Saturday, March 6, matinee and night.

### PULTIZER JURY FINDS TRUE BILLS

Several Named There in The Federal Indictments.

New York, March 5.—When the federal jury, which has been investigating the alleged libel case against the Press Publishing company and also the Atlantic Terra Cotta company, alleged to be a monopoly in the restraint of trade, appeared before Judge Holt in the United States circuit court yesterday afternoon shortly before 2 o'clock, several indictments were handed in.

It could not be learned at the time whom the indictments were found against.

### LABOR LEADER SENT TO JAIL.

State Supreme Court Affirms Sentence of Frank J. McGee.

New Haven, Conn., March 5.—By a decision of the supreme court of the state yesterday, Frank J. McGee of Worcester, Mass., a national officer of the Boilermakers' union, will have to serve one year in jail. McGee was arrested here in 1907 on a charge of intimidation in trying to prevent non-union men entering the employ of the McLagon Foundry company during a strike of its employees.

I can most truthfully recommend your S. R. & S. Ointment to all persons affected with erysipelas, knowing from personal experience, its worth.

Very truly yours,  
A. C. Diekey.

Words of praise such as will be seen in proof enough that our claims for Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment are just. Your druggist sells it for 25c. D. F. Davis.

### WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Salvador and Nicaragua May Fight.

Selma Cruz, Mex., March 5.—The steamer Hather arrived from Acapulco, bringing a report that was inevitable between Nicaragua and Salvador and that troops are being mobilized by both countries. The warship President, which comprises the entire navy of Salvador, has sailed, it is stated, under sealed orders and it is presumed it will bombard Nicaraguan ports.

### Dyspepsia Appendsicitis Kodol

PREVENTS DYSPEPSIA. A great many persons do not know this—that such diseases as appendicitis, cancer of the stomach, etc., result from chronic dyspepsia—which, in time is almost sure to follow close upon neglected indigestion. But there is little need of considering these facts, when Kodol will give such quick relief from the digestive disorder—and prevent all the serious consequences. Just as quickly as Kodol is taken into the stomach, it at once commences the perfect and natural digestion of all the food in the stomach.

Get a dollar bottle of Kodol. If you are not benefited—the druggist will at once return your money. Don't hesitate any drugist will give you Kodol on these terms. The dollar bottle contains 24 times as much as the six bottle. Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

### The Limit.

"What did the doctor say was the matter with you?"  
"He said he didn't know."  
"Well, what doctor are you going to next?"  
"None. When a doctor dares to make such an admission as that he must be about as high in his profession as he can get."—London Mail.

### Following Directions.

Mr. McRooney (algebraically indisposed)—  
"It's not enough at these pills yet got me, Norah," he says, begorry, "take from two 'four ivy night,' an' bad cess 't' them. Oh, 'twas took them all, an' 'tis only quarter past 3.—Puck.

## GROWING GIRLS

WHO ARE WEAK, PALE AND NERVOUS NEED A TONIC.

The Right Medicine May Save Them From Much Suffering in Later Life.

Growing girls who show weariness, want of strength, languor, are pale, nervous and short of breath, need a tonic.

No! all tonics are suited for their use at this critical time in their lives but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are.

Taken when the girl is developing into the woman they insure as far as medicine can, the full flower of womanhood, strong and robust.

Neglect of the health at this time often means years of suffering as is shown by the statement of Mrs. Arthur T. Shore, of R. F. D. No. 3, St. Albans, Vt. She found the right remedy at last and says: "When I was fourteen years of age I began to be pale and nervous. I was in this condition for several years. My digestion was poor and I had pains in my stomach after eating. My back ached and felt at times as though it would break. I was very weak and suffered so severely every month that I had to have a doctor. I had a great deal of trouble."

"I was under a doctor's care but at least half the time I was sick but didn't get much benefit. A cousin, who had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and been helped, urged me to try them. I felt some better after taking the pills a while and so kept on using them until I was completely cured. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a splendid medicine and do not hesitate to recommend them."

To women who suffer Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold. At special periods a woman needs medicine to regulate her blood—supply or her life will be a round of pain and suffering. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are of untold value to women at such times for they increase that portion of the blood which absorbs oxygen, the great supporter of organic life. In this way they may be said to make new blood. They are good for men too, but are adapted in a special way to the needs of women and growing girls.

Our pamphlet, "Plain Talks to Women," is mailed free to any address upon request.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

### HE GOT BIG PAY.

An African Salary That Commanded Respect and Obedience.

Makuba and Oblanga were two Africans, the one the captain of a boat crew and the other subordinate to him. Oblanga was an independent fellow, not in the least lazy, who rather resented "bossing." In a book entitled "The Jungle Folk of Africa" R. H. Milligan tells of an altercation between the two men. Makuba, the diplomatic, came out of it with flying colors.

The worst disputes between Makuba and Oblanga took place when they supposed that I was asleep. The native when he lies down anywhere sleeps immediately. Whenever I was lying in the bottom of the boat—say always thought I was unconscious and that no conceivable noise could awaken me.

Captain Makuba orders Oblanga to "haul away on the peak halyards," to which Oblanga promptly replies: "Do it yourself."

"I won't do it; you will do it!" says Makuba in a threatening tone.

"Are you my father?" says Oblanga.

"No," answers Makuba, with infinite scorn. "How could a Kombi man be the father of a creature like you?"

"Then stop giving me orders!" says Oblanga, with rising wrath. "It is not the first time you have tried it, and one of these days you will find out that it won't do."

"One of these days you will find out that I am captain of this boat and that you will have to obey me," says Makuba.

"Not as long as I carry a gun," answers Oblanga.

By this time they are standing up and looking hard at each other. But Makuba would not think of striking a man in a mission boat. He therefore becomes diplomatic. Suddenly in a tone altogether different he says:

"Oblanga, the trouble with you is that you are just a bushman. You don't know anything about civilization. On every big ocean steamer there is a captain, and every man on board, no matter what tribe he belongs to, obeys the captain."

Oblanga becomes instantly curious and asks, "Is he rich?"

"Yes," says Makuba; "he gets big pay, and so do I get big pay."

"How much do you get, Makuba?"

"How much do you think?"

Oblanga thinks as well as he knows how, his countenance distorted with the effort, and at length answers reflectively, "Two dollars a month." He himself gets a dollar and a half.

A broad smile engages Makuba's features as he slowly answers, "Five dollars a month."

Oblanga gives expression to his surprise in a long, low whistle. It is quite evident to him that no ordinary person could command such wages, and in a tone of utmost complacency he says: "What was it you told me to do, Makuba? I forget."

"I forget, too," says Makuba. "Oh, yes," he adds, "I told you to haul on the peak halyards."

# Your Neighbors Can Tell You

No doubt, if you yourself don't know, of many marvelous cures of Stomach, Liver, Blood and Skin affections that have been made by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for it has a most successful record of over 40 years.

These CURES embrace also many bad cases of Weak Lungs, lingering Coughs, Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections, some of which, no doubt, would have run into Consumption, had they been neglected or badly treated. We don't mean to say