

# THE AMADOR LEDGER.

Established November 1, 1855.

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1902.

Ten Cents Per Copy.

## LAWYERS.

**B. SPAGNOLI**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Practice in all the States and Federal courts  
Office: Spagnol building, opposite Hall of  
records.

**NEIL A. MACQUARRIE**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Office: Spagnol block, Courthouse square.

**W. CALDWELL**  
Attorney-at-Law  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Will practice in all courts of the State

**JOHN F. DAVIS**  
LAWYER  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Office on Summit Street, opposite Courthouse

**JACOB L. SARGENT**  
ATTORNEY  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Office: Marcella building, Court street. Mines  
and mining laws a specialty

**NOTARIES.**  
**HILDA CLOUGH**  
Stenographer and Notary Public  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Office, Judge Davis' law office, Summit Street

**DOCTORS.**  
**DR. CLEFFORD H. GIBBONS**  
Physician and Surgeon  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Office—Well and Reno Building. Telephone  
Main 2.

**DR. E. V. TIFFANY**  
Physician and Surgeon  
PLYMOUTH, CAL.  
Office—Parrot House. Hours—8 to 9 a. m.,  
and 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.

**DR. E. ENDICOTT, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Office: Webb building. All calls promptly  
attended to at all times.

**DR. L. E. PHILLIPS**  
Physician and Surgeon  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Late of the City and County Hospital of San  
Francisco.  
Office—Well and Reno Building. Residence,  
National Hotel.

**DR. COREY**  
Physician and Surgeon  
SACRAMENTO, CAL.  
Has moved his offices to 1004 1/2, Ninth Street,  
between J and K near J. Hours 10 to 12 a. m.,  
2 to 4, 7 to 8 p. m., or by appointment.

**DR. E. V. LONGO**  
Physician and Surgeon  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Office: Webb building, Main street. Resi-  
dence: Broadway, near Marre's Hotel.  
Telephone Main 468.

**DR. A. M. GALL**  
Physician and Surgeon  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Office in Well & Reno building, Main Street.

**DRS. LEWIS & THORNTON**  
140 Geary street, San Francisco.  
Practice Limited to Chronic and Complicated  
Diseases.  
Only Hot-Air Well on the Pacific Coast. •  
Hours—9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M. Evenings and  
Sundays by appointment.  
Consultation and Examination Free.  
Telephone: Red 1622.

**IDA E. MUSHETT, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
712 VIRGINIA ST.  
Vallejo, Solano County, Cal.  
Twenty-five years in practice. All calls  
promptly answered. Patients received at her  
home.

**DR. C. A. HERRICK**  
DENTIST  
JACKSON, CAL.  
Office in Kay building. Hours from 9 a. m. to  
5 p. m.

**DR. JOHN A. DELUCCHI**  
DENTIST  
SUTTER CREEK, CAL.  
OFFICE HOURS:—From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**GLOBE HOTEL**  
E. ANDERSON : : Proprietor

First-Class in Every Respect

ESPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO COM-  
mercial travelers. Sample rooms com-  
pactly with the house. The very best of ser-  
vice guaranteed to patrons.

Good Meals, 25 Cents  
Corner Main and Court Streets  
JACKSON, CAL.

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF AMADOR COUNTY.

State Senator..... Hon. John F. Davis  
Assemblyman..... Hon. Fred L. Stewart  
Superior Judge..... Hon. R. C. Rust  
County Judge..... J. M. Gregory  
Deputy Sheriff..... J. Potesta  
County Clerk and Auditor..... C. L. Culbert  
Deputy County Clerk..... B. R. Broese  
District Attorney..... C. P. Vielat  
Recorder..... S. G. Spagnoli  
Assessor..... John Marchant  
Deputy Assessor..... George F. Mack  
Superintendent of Schools..... Geo. A. Gordon  
Coroner and Administrator..... Geo. A. Gritton  
County Surveyor..... W. E. Downs  
County Physician..... Dr. A. M. Gall  
Steward of County Hospital..... A. C. Barrett

**SUPERVISORS.**  
Township One..... M. Newman  
Township Two..... W. M. Amick  
Township Three..... A. B. McLaughlin  
Township Four..... E. B. Moore  
Township Five..... Fred B. LeMoine

The regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors  
is held on the first Monday of each month.  
Fred B. LeMoine, Chairman

**TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.**  
**TOWNSHIP ONE.**  
Justice of the Peace..... H. Golden  
Constable..... H. E. Kay  
**TOWNSHIP TWO.**  
Justice of the Peace..... James McCanley  
Constable..... J. E. Kelley  
**TOWNSHIP THREE.**  
Justice of the Peace..... A. W. Robinson  
Constable..... James Lesley  
**TOWNSHIP FOUR.**  
Justice of the Peace..... D. E. Martin  
Constable..... O. F. Gray  
**TOWNSHIP FIVE.**  
Justice of the Peace..... J. Blower  
Constable..... William Scoble

## A BORN LAWYER.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants, all bright, and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then ranged them in a row, and said he would tell them a story; note their comments, and judge from whom he would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel, that got in through a hole in his barn, and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one noon, he took his shotgun and fired away. The first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.  
"The lawyer, without answer, continued: "And, seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran to put it out."  
"Did he put it out?" said another.  
"As he passed inside, the door shut, and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water."

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.  
"The lawyer went on without answer: "Then the lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."  
"Did anyone burn up?" said another.  
The lawyer said: "There, that will do; you have all shown your interest in the story." But, observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said: "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy, and stammered out: "I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know."  
"You'll do," said the lawyer; "you are my man. You have not been switched off by a confusion, and a barn burning, and the hired girls, and water-pails; you have kept your eye on the squirrel."

**A Gloomy Outlook.**  
She could not forbear asking him after the refusal if he were of the belief that he would never love again.  
"I dunno," he said sadly. "It is an even chance that I will have another attack next spring."—Indianapolis Journal.

**A Reminder.**  
"Yes," Mrs. Starvorn was saying at the breakfast table, "it's a splendid book. It certainly is strong and—"  
"Ah, that reminds me," remarked the absent-minded boarder. "Please pass the butter."—Philadelphia Press.

Health does not make a home. It takes thoughtful, sympathetic comrades to make a home.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Children's Fertilizer.**

That's a good name for Scott's Emulsion. Children are like young plants. Some will grow in ordinary soil. Others need fertilizers.

The nature of some children prevents them from thriving on ordinary food. Such children grow right if treated right. All they need is a little fertilizer—a little extra richness. Scott's Emulsion is the right treatment.

Fertilizers make things grow. That's just what Scott's Emulsion does. It makes children grow in flesh, grow in strength, grow rich blood, grow in mind, grow happy. That's what we make it for.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

## MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION.

**A Case of Well Developed Nerve, Coupled With Wit.**  
"There is absolute wit in some men's nerve," said a business man to a reporter. "My partner and I, with the intention of expanding our business, about a year ago decided to send a representative through the south. We looked over the field carefully and finally picked out a young man who had a number of good addresses and who, we felt sure, would do the work."

"He had been convivial in former days, but his deportment had been such for a year that it made us feel confident he would do the proper thing. He was given \$400 for expenses and was started out on the mission. It was the understanding that he was to make a daily report of his efforts."

"Two months passed by, and we never heard from him. We telegraphed repeatedly to different towns that were on his itinerary, but not a word could be learned regarding his whereabouts. Finally one day a hurried telegram, collect, came. It read:

"I am not selling many goods, but am making a fine impression. Wire \$100 quick."  
"The nerve of the fellow got our nerve, and, do you know, we wired him the \$100, and afterward he made good. We have never asked him what he did during the two months, and he has never broached the subject to us. It was the wit that pleased us."—Washington Star.

**Nature's Wonders.**  
The common flea leaps 200 times its own length. To show like agility a man six feet tall would have to leap a distance of 1,200 feet. The cheese mite is about one-quarter of an inch in length, yet it has been seen to take the tip of its tail in its mouth and then, letting go with a jerk, to leap out of a vessel six inches in depth. To equal this a man would have to jump out of a well from a depth of 144 feet.

And equally strange things are found among the plants and vegetables. A well known student of nature once tried the growing force of a squash. When it was eighteen days old and measured twenty-seven inches in circumference, he fixed a sort of harness around it, with a long lever attached. The power of the squash was measured by the weight it lifted, the weight being fixed to the lever. When it was twenty days old, two days after the harness was fixed on it, it lifted sixty pounds. On the nineteenth day it lifted 5,000 pounds.

**Much Ado About an "S."**  
The pronunciation of the Bible is the most strictly guarded work in existence, a subject which appears strange until we reflect on the mischief an inaccurate Bible might bring about. The king's printers and the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge give to the world all the Bibles printed in the United Kingdom except some printed by special license. A few years ago the question arose whether the word "spirit" in Matthew iv. 1, and Mark iv. 12, should have a capital "S," it having been previously printed with a small one, and although the word was obviously wrongly printed, it was not until after the ruling powers at the universities and the king's printers had met in solemn council that leave was given to use the capital letter.

Nothing sanctioned by authority in 1611 may be changed without creating something akin to revolution in the places where Bibles are printed.—Liverpool Post.

**Verdi and His Admirer.**  
Verdi was once traveling in the same railway carriage with General Tourneur, commander of the Ravenna district. They got into conversation, which soon turned on the subject of music, and the general, who did not know his companion, expressed a most enthusiastic preference for that of Italy. "I can hardly go so far with you," replied the other. "For me, art has no frontiers, and I give German music the preference over Italian."

"Indeed, sir," said the general testily. "For my part, I would give all the German operas in the world for one act of 'Rigoletto.'"  
"You really must excuse me from following you any further on this ground," replied the composer, blushing a little. "I am Verdi."

**The Chief Sense.**  
All the great families of living things have a dominant sense. We lead our life by sight and make artificial lights to render darkness tolerable. But the creature who next to ourselves we prefer, the dog, lives in a very different universe. His dominant sense, like that of many other quadrupeds, is the sense of smell. The dog will track his master, never lifting up his head to search the distance; often with hair falling over his eyes he follows on, not troubling himself to shake it aside.

**Goldfish.**  
It may not be generally known that there is cruelty in the keeping of goldfish. Half of such captives die from sheer want of rest. As fish have eyes so formed that they cannot endure the light, in a glass vessel they are in an entirely wrong place, as is evident from the way in which they dash about and go round and round until fairly worn out.

**Helping Him.**  
Cinder Charley—I told that lady I was merely tryin' to keep soul an' body together.  
Billy Trucks—What did she say?  
Cinder Charley—She gave me a safe ty pin.—Philadelphia Record.

Debt is, like any other trap, easy enough to get into, but hard enough to get out of.—H. W. Shaw.

**\$50** Forfeited for any case of Piles that Lenox Pile Cure fails to cure. Lenox Catharrh Cure cures catarrh or money refunded.

Something special? Sure thing. The Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean and this paper \$2.50 for one year. Ask us what it means.

## HUMAN ALARM CLOCKS.

**How Messenger Boys Are Utilized as Awakeners in New York.**  
At 1 o'clock the other morning a well dressed man strolled into one of the uptown messenger offices. He had been dining out and evidently, from the rakish tilt to his opera hat, the dinner had been a success.

"I want a messenger boy to come and awaken me in the morning."  
"What hour?" The clerk was not unfeeling, for the request was not unusual.  
"Seven o'clock. I've got to catch a train," he explained.

"All right, sir; 7 o'clock," assured the clerk.  
The man turned as he was going out of the door. "Have the boy hammer the door hard," he cautioned. "I'm a 'dead one' when I get to sleep, and I've got to catch that train." Then he went home and went to sleep with absolute confidence.

The whistles were blowing 7 o'clock. A small boy in uniform hammered with a club, his "awakener." Now the door of the man who had dined the night before. "Get up in there!" he cried. "Get up, you old sleepyhead!"  
"You go away from my door," comes in sleepy tones from the room. "It's a mistake. I don't want to get up."  
"Oh, yes, you do, my dodo bird," is the fresh reply. And the tattoo on the door goes on with redoubled strength.

"All right, boy; I'm awake now!" howls the man who has been sleeping. "You can go away now."  
"Not till you've signed this receipt," the boy insists.  
The man has to crawl out of bed and come to the door. The boy has a paper ready, and as he is a careful man, he reads before signing. It certifies that he has been thoroughly awakened by Messenger No. 432 and that he is not going back to bed again that day.

"Is this a joke?" he asks the boy.  
"Naw, 'tain't no joke," replied the messenger through his teeth. "If we wasn't make youse do this, you'd be down to office about noon 'a'fore we'd get to bed. We don't want youse, 'a'fore we get to bed. We don't want youse, 'a'fore we get to bed. We don't want youse, 'a'fore we get to bed."—New York Tribune.

## COOKING FISH IN ENGLAND.

**The Method Used There Renders the Flesh Flaky and Juicy.**  
John Bull certainly knows how to cook fish, to prove which fact one has only to notice the juiciness and good flavor of the first bit of fish, served perhaps at a little out of the way inn, that one tastes in England. We Americans have at command many fine varieties of fish, but often find it sent to table in a "woolly," tasteless condition.

An American cousin visiting in an English family made bold to ask what method of cooking "sea food" was prevalent in England and found that the importance of the thorough cooking of fish as a safeguard against ptomaines is as much regarded as with us. Our old country friends, however, assure us that there is not the slightest occasion to render fish dry and tasteless in order to insure thorough cooking if proper attention is given to basting. One cannot well imagine anything better than boiling fat, and lavishing plentifully with this to make use of the surest ammunition possible for the routing of deadly bacteria.

Instead of warning amateurs against underdone fish, let copious basting with sweet boiling fat be insisted on, and in place of a woolly, flavorless result there will be the opposite—flakiness and juiciness. Overboiling will produce woodiness as surely as overfrying or baking. To insure tender, solid roasts, for instance, boiled cod or halibut, and to avoid dissipating the flavor make sure the water boils when the fish is put in; keep at a gentle boil; allow only ten minutes to the pound and be careful in cheesecloth that has been washed and boiled before using. Cod well basted with hot olive oil or any good fat will be almost gamy in flavor, as will cod steaks cooked in deep fat.—Washington Star.

**Unpoetical Poets.**  
Poets are not always poetical. A tale is told in a contemporary of Aubrey de Vere growing ecstatic before Newman over the "sweet pealing of the Oxford chimes" and asked why they rang with so inviting an insistence. "Only young men keeping themselves warm," replied Newman.

Tennyson gave several unexpected answers of the same character. He asked a young lady who had shown herself more enthusiastic than intelligent over the beauties of "Maud" what birds she supposed they were which called "Maud, Maud, Maud!" "Nightingales," said the enthusiast. "No, no, no," said the poet. "The exact vocative is still a matter of discussion."—London Globe.

**Naming the Baby.**  
"Have you named the baby?" asked the admiring neighbor.  
"Not yet," said the proud young mother. "We're going to christen him Sunday."  
"Dear me! What an odd name! I'd almost as soon call him after Robinson Crusoe's man Friday and be done with it."—Chicago Tribune.

**An Untimely Call.**  
Minister—Is your father at home, Willie?  
William—Yes, but he's got the rheumatism so bad he ain't safe to talk to.—Indianapolis News.

Sometimes a man's neighbors consider him ungrateful because he insists on managing his own affairs.—Chicago News.

**Great Britain imports one-third of her food.**

**CHEAP BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE**  
Lots for sale in the Webb-Mason tract. Will be sold at bed-rock prices, for cash, or on instalment plan. Lots fronting on Stump and Center streets. Before purchasing a residence lot call at LEDGER office and get prices.

## A QUEER BUSINESS.

**Making Up Beggars So That They Will Excite Public Sympathy.**  
"How beggars are made" might be made the subject of a singularly interesting article. And it would refer not to unkind cuts of fortune, but to the appliances whereby a certain deaf and none too scrupulous manufacturer equips men and women who, for purposes of their own, wish to be considered lame, halt or blind. That it is easier to be crippled than to work in the maxims upon which this particular trade is established.

"I'm what is called a street 'sham fakir,'" said one of these dealers, in disguise recently. "I fake up most of the sham disabled mill operatives, cheaply salled, etc., and charge 'em a small fee. If it's a woman with a tale that her husband beats her, I paint her a black eye and put her arm in a sling. Say it's a man on a 'blind' lay. Well, I paint some scars on his face to imitate the marks of a lead explosion and give him a green eye shade and a 'blind' card."

"If a man's really maimed, it makes it easier. Suppose he's been run over and had his leg off. I paint a picture of a burning house and him jumping out of a top window with a child in his arms and a yam under his 'Kind friends, I lost my leg through rescuing my employer's child.' That's a sure take of a 'fiver' a day."

"I make all these rigs myself," he said, "and hire 'em out. It pays, but I have to keep dark, for the police are very down on my sort. This hollow wooden cap with an iron hook fits over your head, and here's a clubfoot boot and yonder a pair for both feet."

"A queer business? You'd say so if you knew the jobs I'm asked to do sometimes. Only yesterday a woman wanted vitriol scars made on her face and actually wanted me to use real vitriol. Didn't know what she was asking? Oh, yes! Why, bless you, some beggars'll maul themselves horribly to excite sympathy. In fact, they'd do anything rather than work."—New York World.

## SPRINKLING SINGAPORE.

**The Solemn Procession That Accompanies the Watering Cart.**  
Poulney Bigelow in his description of the marvelous progress made by the city of Singapore under English rule gave a quaint picture of the manner in which the streets are watered:

The watering cart was drawn by little white bullocks and driven by Malays with turbans. It seemed to take some hours to do this driving. One of the purposes of controlling the output of water. He seemed very proud of his appointment. Another native in a big turban roosted on the pole and controlled the little cattle.

Then there was a man in thin brown legs and much turban who walked solemnly behind enjoying a foothold. He was obviously a government functionary, although his exact sphere of usefulness I could not discover. He appeared to be something in the nature of a rear guard.

Then there was a "foreloper," or advance guard, for the purpose of clearing the way. There appeared to be an idea that the little bullocks might suddenly go mad and rush ahead. At any rate, he gave congenial employment to one more native, and that was something.

There was yet another, who bent down now and then to pick up a piece of stone or brush away some irregularity unseen by ordinary eyes.

This outfit was a treat to me. It was seldom that I saw of self-consciousness; it was magnificent order. I have seen men in sublime moments; I have seen the red capped station master of Germany strut up and down his platform when an imperial train was about to arrive, but even that impressed me less than the watering cart of Singapore, with its municipal hierarchy of Malay ministers, each earning perhaps 2 cents a day.

**Doves and Coronations.**  
At the ancient ceremonies of coronation of the French kings, after the anointing had been performed, some white doves were let loose in the church. This was supposed to symbolize the power of the Holy Ghost in directing the king's actions. A similar idea seems to have inspired all early kings, for among the English regalia is the rod of equity or the scepter with a dove. This is simply a golden rod with a mound at the top, which supports a cross. On this cross is a dove, fashioned of white enamel, with expanded wings. Some fine diamonds ornament the rod in various places.

**No Excuse This Time.**  
"It was a new gun, your honor," protested the prisoner, "and I did not know it was loaded."  
"But," replied the judge, "the dealer has just told us that you did not pay for the weapon."  
"What has that to do with it?"  
"Well, if you didn't pay for it the dealer must have charged it for you."  
And the judge tried to look as much like the pictures of Solomon as he could.—Baltimore American.

**Wrong Presumption.**  
Visitor—Am I right in presuming that it was your passion for strong drink that brought you here?  
Prisoner—Say, boss, I guess yer don't know dis joint. It's de last place an' eart' I'd come ter if I wuz lookin' fer booze.—Judge.

**Still Looking.**  
Aunt Hannah—When I was here two years ago, Hulda was looking for a husband. She is married now.  
Uncle George—Yes, but she is still looking for him—that is to say, a good deal of the time.—Boston Transcript.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland*  
Appetizers, sardellen rolls, Norway anchovies, Russian caviar, pate de foie gras, and etc., etc., at Caminetti's Mkt.

## DIAMOND BACK TERRAPIN.

**Formerly Despised, They Are Now Considered a Delicacy.**  
Half a century or so ago diamond back terrapin were fed to slaves and hogs. Today they are the rarest delicacy known to the epicurean world, and the Philadelphia North American.

Then they sold for \$1 a barrel, and laborers, when hiring out, specified that they must not be compelled to eat terrapin more than twice a week. Today a barrel is cheap at \$800, and millionaires travel hundreds of miles for a chance to feast on this most delicious of all meats.

Of course this means genuine diamond backs. There are many imitations.

Every first class restaurant in the country features "terrapin à la Maryland" on its menu, but in not one out of a hundred is the real terrapin served. The diner regales himself on what he believes to be Maryland's choicest dish. Instead he is merely eating fresh water turtles, "silders" or "North Carolina goldens."

The reason is simple. Restaurateurs don't serve real diamond backs because they can't get them. The world's total terrapin population does not exceed 25,000 of legal size, and these are confined to the shores of the Chesapeake bay, the only place that produces them.

Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York enjoy a monopoly. These three cities get practically the entire output, but few ever find their way across the Blue Ridge. The epicure unfortunate enough to be born in Chicago or St. Louis must either come east or forego the joys of terrapin.

To select a real diamond back among the better defined. The male can be distinguished by his toe nails, which are much longer than those of the female.

**PICKINGS FROM FICTION.**  
If you would have a noble son, be a noble father.—"144 New Epigrams."  
Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life.—"The Ruling Passion."  
In some matrimonial waters are the kind of fish that swallow the bait, but leave the hook untouched.—"By Bread Alone."  
Some people, like some shrubs, must be crushed in order to obtain the real value of their essence.—"By the Higher Law."

There are things which could never be imagined, but there is nothing which will not happen.—"China In Convulsion."  
Independence is not synonymous with liberty. They are often confounded, but they are quite distinct.—"The Rights of Man."  
Martyrdom, the apotheosis of resignation, comes more naturally to women than to men, more hardly to men than to women.—"Count Hannibal."  
True self control is to be got in the midst of struggle. It is not nullification in the midst of natural desires, but the subordination of each desire to the good of the whole man.—"Culture and Restraint."

**The Poor Little Fellow.**  
The street Arab lives by his wits, if he lives at all well. Two youngsters who peddle cough drops on Chestnut street have learned this thoroughly. One of these boys is much larger than the other, and a crowd was attracted to the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets the other day to see the big boy pummeling the little boy. At the proper time the big one disappeared, leaving the little one surrounded by sympathetic onlookers. Several petitions, pitying the "poor little fellow," gave him nickels and pennies.

The process showed that the "poor little fellow" was in league with his supposed tormentor. No sooner had the crowd dispersed than the big boy came along for his divy. The scene was repeated several times, always with the same result.—Philadelphia Times.

**Obliterating Smallpox Pittings.**  
Scientific treatment and much skill are required to remove smallpox pittings successfully. This treatment is given by a masseuse, but massage is not used, as it would never remove the pittings. The process requires a careful removing, little by little, of old particles. The new, which takes the place is smoother than its predecessor and requires about ten days for treatment. Thus, after a couple or more treatments and in a comparatively short time, the deepest scars are replaced by a perfectly smooth skin.

**Not to His Advantage.**  
"Tuh!" grumbled Mr. Skinnay, who was being uncomfortably crowded by the jolly looking fat man. "These cars should charge by weight."  
"Think so?" replied the fat man.  
"Why, they hardly think it worth while to stop for you."—Catholic Standard and Times.

But for money and the need of it there would not be half the friendship that there is in the world. It is powerful for good if divinely used.—George MacDonald.

Investigation will reveal that every successful man gets down to work early.—Atchison Globe.

**M. E. Church Services.**  
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.; Senior Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Midweek Prayer meetings, Thursday, 7:30 p. m.  
Rev. G. H. Van Vliet, pastor.

## THE MEXICAN EDITOR.

**It is Very Easy For Him to Get Into Serious Trouble.**  
The newspaper laws of Mexico are very stringent. If any person is offended about it, he can easily send the editor of the paper and the writer of the article to prison. The statements may have been far within the limits of truth and justice, but that makes no difference. The editor incommunicado has a chance to think about the law, and the aggrieved person smiles pleasantly. After awhile the law gets in its work, the case is investigated, and the editor is punished, for even the truth is libelous, and libel is one of the offenses most severely condemned.

According to the theory of the Mexican law, every person has a right to go about entirely free from annoyance by other persons. If the person violates the law, the newspaper has no right to say so. It can lay information before the courts if it wants to, but it must not say in its columns that it has done so. Then the law will step in and take charge of the offender, but the representatives of the paper will not be allowed to attend the trial, and only the bare result, after weeks of waiting, can be told to the public.

If the offense charged against the editor is regarded by the first magistrate to whom the complaint is made as being especially suppressed, the complaint has been received and passed upon. Then a squad of police descends upon the printing office. Sometimes all the employees are arrested, sometimes only the editor. Then the doors of the building are closed, official seals are placed upon them, and a guard is stationed to see that no one tries to enter. For three days the editor can do nothing. The laws under which he is arrested are modeled after those of the case Napoleon, and for three days he is held incommunicado, while the authorities hunt up evidence. Then he is given a hearing. In the meantime his paper has been suppressed, and in many cases it never comes to life again, even though the editor may eventually clear himself of all blame.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.**  
Gounod's mother was fond of painting and music.  
Chopin's mother, like himself, was very delicate.  
Schumann's mother was gifted with musical ability.  
Spohr's mother was an excellent judge of music, but no musician.  
Milton's letters often allude to his mother in the most affectionate terms.  
Raleigh believed that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother.  
Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother.  
Wordsworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son.  
Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at repartee.  
Haydn dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother.  
Gibbon's mother was passionately fond of reading and encouraged her son to follow her example.  
Charles Darwin's mother had a deep taste for all branches of natural history.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Skull Boreers.**  
A remarkable application of Biblical precept is still to be found among the Serbs, who do not all live in Serbia, but are also scattered over Turkey, Montenegro, Bosnia and southern Hungary.

They are very quarrelsome, and the vendetta flourishes among them. It follows that bullet holes in the skull are by no means uncommon.  
Now, according to the unwritten law a man who has made a hole in another's head must submit to having his own head perforated in like manner, unless he prefers to pay about \$100 damages, which is seldom the case. So there has arisen among the Serbs a peculiar profession, that of the "medico" or trepanners, who for a moderate fee will bore a hole in your skull and guarantee the wound to heal in two weeks.

**Somnambulism.**  
Farmer Jones was awakened by a suspicious noise in his barnyard, and, going out with a club and lantern, in an angle between the chicken coop and barn he saw a colored negro standing bolt upright, with his eyes closed. After receiving a sharp blow on his head the intruder opened his eyes.  
"Where is it?" he asked. "Is that you, Farmer Jones? I spect I've been walking in my sleep again. I often does walk in my sleep and jus' stand round and don't know where I is."—New York Herald.

**A Feminine Sherlock.**  
Mrs. A.—Why in the world do you leave that little puff of powder on your chin?  
Mrs. Z.—For my husband to blow off. You know he is such an obnoxious man.  
Mrs. A.—Is there any reason why you should wish him to blow it off?  
Mrs. Z.—Yes. I can detect his breath.—Chicago News.