Columbus Journal

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COLUMBUS, - - NEBRASKA.

Good Blood.

Without good blood we cannot be healthy, or live long. Plain, healthy food, moderate exercise, and fresh air make good blood; pastry, candy, and the rich and dainty dishes which are considered the masterpieces of the cook's art, cause numerous ailments as well as bad blood. It naturally follows that to eat nutritious, wholesome food and breathe pure air would insure pure blood. There is another thing to be considered, however, says New York Weekly, and that is the casting out of waste material that renders the blood impure. This is usually performed by the bowels, the kidneys, the skin and the lungs. If, then, we would have pure blood, we must see that these organs are kept active. Breathe pure air night and day, being careful to wear no clothing which in the least interferes with deep breathing. Eat plain but substantial food, use a moderate quantity at regular times, and absolutely nothing between meals. Keep the skin active by bathing often, the kidneys active by drinking freely of pure water, and the bowels active by right food and exercise. Keep a clean conscience and a serene mind, and you will have pure blood, and the ruddy tint of health will glow in your cheeks.

Good Manners Dying Out?

Hurry and bridge have killed the art of polite conversation; hurry has robbed correspondence of its grace; hurry is fast transforming the once sedate city of London into a pandemonium of whirring noises, whirling wheels and evil fumes. Dignity, grace, repose are banished from our midst, and we are—as yet—only at the beginning of this breakneck race through life. Perhaps some dusty memoirs of our period will cause the men and women of the future to say: "Those people were very punctilious, very slow, very sedate." That, says Adolphus Vane Tempest, in Nineteenth Century, may be the opinion held in the not very far distant days when contending areoplanes crash into one another without an apology, and myriads of motor cars sweep over the prostrate bodies of pedestrians without inquiring if they are hurt. But there will be less difference between the people of that day and the people of ours than there is between us and the powdered, courteous gallants and dames who worthily upheld the traditions of good manners when the first gentleman in Europe was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Most of the tortoise shell of commerce is obtained from the hawks-bill turtle, which is taken chiefly in the Caribbean sea. Turtles caught in these waters vary in size from one to four and one-half feet long, with a maximum weight of 150 pounds, and the average weight of shell obtained from each is from six to seven pounds. The commercial value of tortoise shell depends upon the thickness and size of the plates rather than upon the brilliancy of the colors. The price of shell in this market fluctuates from three to six dollars in gold per pound. As the best prices are obtained in England, the largest amount of the shell shipped from these parts goes to that country. The San Blas Indians, however, trade a large amount of shell to coasting schooners, which is partly carried to the States and partly to Colon.

There's a Pittsburger in New York looking for a site for a Fifth avenue home, and he thinks he has a grievance because he cannot find any vacant land for less than $100,000 a lot. Between Fifty-ninth street and Lenox library, at Seventy-second street, he found no available land at all, and from Seventy-second to One Hundred and First street he found only 14 lots offered, at prices running up to $300,000, and that is too rich even for a Pittsburger who has the price.

It has been announced that the Keil canal is to be widened at a cost of many millions in order to enable it to admit vessels of the Dreadnaught type. The Kaiser Wilhelm canal was opened in 1895 by the German emperor. It is 64 miles long and has locks only at its extremities at Holtenau and Brunsbuttel. The width is 197 feet. Its naval value to Germany is said to be equal to 15 men of war.

A German article describes a locomotive equipped with feed-water heaters which has recently been put into service on the Egyptian state railways, and effects a saving in coal consumed of 21.4 per cent., or over $1,000 per year per engine.

The German scientist who predicts that in 300 years water will be worth 15 cents a drink surely expects bath tubs to go entirely out of fashion. At the very best they will be found only in the homes of billionaires.

Routes of commerce are generally also highways to amity. The announcement that France and Spain have agreed upon three new railroad lines across the Pyrenees to connect the neighboring countries promises not only an increase of trade and travel but stronger friendship.

Prof. Matteucci denies having said the earth will soon be bumped by a comet, and the people who were afraid of being jarred out of fat political jobs can breathe easier.

THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.

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XXXII.

"MY RIGHT EYE OFFENDS ME."

Next day Langdon's stocks wavered, going up a little, going down a little, closing at practically the same figures at which they had opened. Then I sprang my sensation—that Langdon and his particular clique, though they controlled the Textile Trust, did not own so much as one-fiftieth of its voting stock. True "captains of industry" that they were, they made their profits not out of dividends, but out of side schemes that absorbed about two-thirds of the earnings of the Trust, and out of gambling in its bonds and stocks. I said in conclusion:

"The largest owner of the stock is Walter G. Edmunds, of Chicago—an honest man. Send your voting proxies to him, and he can take the Textile company away from those now plundering it."

As the annual election of the Trust was only six weeks away, Langdon and his clique were in a panic. They rushed into the market and bought frantically, the public bidding against them. Langdon himself went to Chicago to reason with Edmunds—that is, to try to find out at what figure he could be bought. And so on, day after day, I faithfully reporting to the public the main occurrences behind the scenes. The Langdon attempt to regain control by purchases of stock failed. He and his allies made what must have been to them appalling sacrifices; but even at the high prices they offered, comparatively little of the stock appeared.

"I've caught them," said I to Joe—the first time, and the last, during that campaign that I indulged in a boast.

"If Edmunds sticks to you," replied cautious Joe.

But Edmunds did not. I do not know at what price he sold himself. Probably it was pitifully small; cupidity usually snatches the instant bait tickles its nose. But I do know that my faith in human nature got its severest shock.

Fortunately, Edmunds had held out, or, rather, Langdon had delayed approaching him, long enough for me to gain my main point. The uproar over the Textile Trust had become so great that the national department of commerce dared not refuse an investigation; and I straightway began to spread out in my daily letters the facts of the trust's enormous earnings and of the shameful sources of those earnings.

In the midst of the adulation, of the blares upon the trumpets of fame that saluted my waking and were wafted to me as I fell asleep at night—in the midst of all the turmoil, I was often in a great and brooding silence, longing for her, now with the imperious energy of passion, and now with the sad ache of love. What was she doing? What was she thinking? Now that Langdon had again played her false for the old price, with what eyes was she looking into the future?

Alva, settled in a West Side apartment not far from the ancestral white elephant, telephoned, asking me to come. I went, because she could and would give me news of Anita. But as I entered her little drawing-room, I said: "It was curiosity that brought me. I wished to see how you were installed."

"Isn't it nice and small?" cried she. "Billy and I haven't the slightest difficulty in finding each other—as people so often have in the big houses." And it was Billy this and Billy that, and what Billy said and thought and felt—and before they were married, she had called him William, and had declared "Billy" to be the most offensive combination of letters that ever fell from human lips.

"I needn't ask if you are happy," said I presently, with a dismal failure at looking cheerful. "I can't stay but a moment," I added, and if I had obeyed my feelings, I'd have risen up and taken myself and my pain away from surroundings as hateful to me as a summer sunrise in a death-chamber.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in some confusion. "Then excuse me." And she hastened from the room.

I thought she had gone to order, or perhaps to bring, the tea. The long minutes dragged away until ten had passed. Hearing a rustling in the hall, I rose, intending to take leave the instant she appeared. The rustling stopped just outside. I waited a few seconds, cried: "Well, I'm off. Next time I want to be alone, I'll know where to come," and advanced to the door. It was not Alva hesitating there; it was Anita.

"I beg your pardon," said I, coldly.

If there had been room to pass I should have gone. What devil possessed me? Certainly in all our relations I had found her direct and frank, if anything, too frank. Doubtless it was the influence of my associations down town, where for so many months I had been dealing with the "short-card" crowd of high finance, who would hardly play the game straight even when that was the easy way to win. My long, steady stretch in that stealthy and sinuous company had put me in the state of mind in which it is impossible to credit any human being with a motive that is decent or an action that is not a dead-fall. Thus the obvious transformation in her made no impression on me. Her haughtiness, her coldness, were gone, and with them had gone all that had been least like her natural self, most like the repellent conventional pattern to which her mother and her associates had molded her. But I was saying to myself: "A trap! Langdon has gone back to his wife. She turns to me." And I loved her and hated her. "Never," thought I, "has she shown so poor an opinion of me as now."

"My uncle told me day before yesterday that it was not he but you," she said, lifting her eyes to mine. It is inconceivable to me now that I could have misread their honest story; yet I did.

"I had no idea your uncle's notion of honor was also eccentric," said I, with a satirical smile that made the blood rush to her face.

"That is unjust to him," she replied, earnestly.

"He says he made you no promise of secrecy. And he confessed to me only because he wished to convince me that he had good reason for his high opinion of you."

"Really!" said I, ironically. "And no doubt he found you open wide to conviction—now." This a subtlety to let her know that I understood why she was seeking me.

"No," she answered, lowering her eyes. "I knew—better than he."

For an instant this, spoken in a voice I had long given up hope of ever hearing from her, staggered my cynical conviction. But—"Possibly she thinks she is sincere," reasoned my head with my heart; "even the sincerest women, brought up as was she, always have the calculator underneath; they deny it, they don't know it often, but there it is; with them, calculation is as involuntary and automatic as their pulse." So, I said to her, mockingly: "Doubtless your opinion of me has been improving steadily ever since you heard that Mrs. Langdon had recovered her husband."

"'YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME?' SHE ASKED."

She winced, as if I had struck her. "Oh!" she murmured. If she had been the ordinary woman, who in every crisis with man instinctively resorts to weakness' strongest weakness, tears, I might have a different story to tell. But she fought back the tears in which her eyes were swimming and gathered herself together. "That is brutal," she said, with not a touch of haughtiness, but not humbly, either. "But I deserve it."

"There was a time," I went on, swept in a swift current of cold rage, "there was a time when I would have taken you on almost any terms. A man never makes a complete fool of himself about a woman but once in his life, they say. I have done my stretch—and it is over."

She sighed wearily. "Langdon came to see me soon after I left your house, and went to my uncle," she said. "I will tell you what happened."

"I do not wish to hear," replied I, adding pointedly, "I have been waiting ever since you left for news of your plans."

She grew white, and my heart smote me. She came into the room and seated herself. "Won't you stop, please, for a moment longer?" she said. "I hope that, at, least, we can part without bitterness. I understand now that everything is over between us. A woman's vanity makes her believe that a man cares for her die hard. I am convinced now—I assure you, I am. I shall trouble you no more about the past. But I have the right to ask you to hear me when I say that Langdon came, and that I myself sent him away; sent him back to his wife."

"Touching self-sacrifice," said I, ironically.

"No," she replied. "I cannot claim any credit. I sent him away only because you and Alva had taught me how to judge him better. I do not despise him as do you; I know too well what has made him what he is. But I had to send him away."

My comment was an incredulous look and shrug. "I must be going," I said.

"You do not believe me?" she asked.

"In my place, would you believe?" replied I. "You say I have taught you. Well, you have taught me, too—for instance, that the years you've spent on your knees in the musty temple of conventionality before false gods have made you—fit only for the Langdon sort of thing. You can't learn how to stand erect, and your eyes cannot bear the light."

"I am sorry," she said, slowly, hesitatingly, "that your faith in me died just when I might, perhaps, have justified it. Ours has been a pitiful series of misunderstandings."

"A trap! A trap!" I was warning myself. "You've been a fool long enough, Blacklock." And aloud I said: "Well, Anita, the series is ended now. There's no longer any occasion for our lying or posing to each other. Any arrangements your uncle's lawyers suggest will be made."

I was bowing, to leave without shaking hands with her. But she would not have it so. "Please!" she said, stretching out her long, slender arm and offering me her hand.

What a devil possessed me that day! With every atom of me longing for her, I yet was able to take her hand and say, with a smile, that was, I doubt not, as mocking as my tone: "By all means let us be friends. And I trust you will not think me discourteous if I say that I shall feel safer in our friendship when we are both on neutral ground."

As I was turning away, her look, my own heart, made me turn again. I caught her by the shoulders. I gazed into her eyes. "If I could only trust you, could only believe you!" I cried.

"You cared for me when I wasn't worth it," she said. "Now that I am more like what you once imagined me, you do not care."

Up between us rose Langdon's face—cynical, mocking, contemptuous. "Your heart is his! You told me so! Don't lie to me!" I exclaimed. And before she could reply, I was gone.

Out from under the spell of her presence, back among the tricksters and assassins, the traps and ambushes of Wall street, I believed again; believed firmly the promptings of the devil that possessed me. "She would have given you a brief fool's paradise," said that devil. "Then what a hideous awakening!" And I cursed the day when New York's insidious snobbishness had tempted my vanity into starting me on that degrading chase after "respectability."

"If she does not move to free herself soon," said I to myself, "I will put my own lawyer to work. My right eye offends me. I will pluck it out."

CHAPTER XXXIII.
"WILD WEEK."

"The Seven" made their fatal move on Updegraff's advice, I suspect. But they would not have adopted his suggestion had it not been so exactly congenial to their own temper of arrogance and tyranny and contempt for the people who meekly, year after year, presented themselves for the the shearing with fatuous bleats of enthusiasm.

"The Seven," of course, controlled directly, or indirectly, all but a few of the newspapers with which I had advertising contracts. They also controlled the main sources through which the press was supplied with news—and often and well they had used this control, and surprisingly cautious had they been not so to abuse it that the editors and the public would become suspicious. When my war was at its height, when I was beginning to congratulate myself that the huge magazines of "The Seven" were empty almost to the point at which they must sue for peace on my own terms, all in four days 43 of my 67 newspapers—and they the most important—notified me that they would no longer carry out their contracts to publish my daily letter. They gave as their reason, not the real one, fear of "The Seven," but fear that I would involve them in ruinous libel suits. I who had legal proof for every statement I made; I who was always careful to understate!. Next, one press association after another ceased to send out my letter as news, though they had been doing so regularly for months. The public had grown tired of the "sensation," they said.

I countered with a telegram to one or more newspapers in every city and large town in the United States:

"'The Seven' are trying to cut the wires between the truth and the public. If you wish my daily letter, telegraph me direct and I will send it at my expense."

The response should have warned "The Seven." But it did not. Under their orders the telegraph companies refused to transmit the letter. I got an injunction. It was obeyed in typical, corrupt corporation fashion—they sent my matter, but so garbled that it was unintelligible. I appealed to the courts. In vain.

To me, it was clear as sun in cloudless noonday sky that there could be but one result of this insolent and despotic denial of my rights and the rights of the people, this public confession of the truth of my charges. I turned everything salable or mortgageable into cash, locked the cash up in my private vaults, and waited for the cataclysm.

Thursday—Friday—Saturday. Apparently all was tranquil; apparently the people accepted the Wall street theory that I was an "exploded sensation." "The Seven" began to preen themselves; the strain upon them to maintain prices, if no less than for three months past, was not notably greater; the crisis would pass, I and my exposures would be forgotten, the routine of reaping the harvests and leaving only the gleanings for the sowers would soon be placidly resumed.

Sunday. Roebuck, taken ill as he was passing the basket in the church of which he was the shining light, died at midnight—a beautiful, peaceful death, they say, with his daughter reading the Bible aloud, and his lips moving in prayer. Some hold that, had he lived, the tranquillity would have continued; but this is the view of those who cannot realize that the tide of affairs is no more controlled by the "great men" than is the river led down to the sea by its surface flotsam, by which we measure the speed and direction of its current. Under that terrific tension, which to the shallow seemed a calm, something had to give way. If the dam had not yielded where Roebuck stood guard, it must have yielded somewhere else, or might have gone all in one grand crash.

Monday. You know the story of the artist and his Statue of Grief—how he molded the features a hundred times, always failing, always getting an anticlimax, until at last in despair he gave up the impossible and finished the statue with a veil over the face. I have tried again and again to assemble words that would give some not too inadequate impression of that tremendous week in which, with a succession of explosions, each like the crack of doom, the financial structure that housed 80,000,000 of people burst, collapsed, was engulfed. I cannot. I must leave it to your memory or your imagination.

For years the financial leaders, crazed by the excess of power which the people had in ignorance and over confidence and slovenly good-nature permitted them to acquire, had been tearing out the honest foundations on which alone so vast a structure can hope to rest solid and secure. They had been substituting rotten beams painted to look like stone and iron. The crash had to come! the sooner, the better—when a thing is wrong, each day's delay compounds the cost of righting it. So, with all the horrors of "Wild Week" in mind, all its physical and mental suffering, all its ruin and rioting and bloodshel, I still can insist that I am justly proud of my share in bringing it about. The blame and the shame are wholly upon those who made "Wild Week" necessary and inevitable.

In catastrophes, the cry is "Each for himself!" But in a cataclysm, the obvious wise selfishness is generosity, and the cry is: "Stand together, for, singly, we perish." This was a cataclysm. No one could save himself, except the few who, taking my oft-urged advice and following my example, had entered the ark of ready money. Farmer and artisan and professional man and laborer owed merchant; merchant owed banker; banker owed depositor. No one could pay because no one could get what was due him or could realize upon his property. The endless chain of credit that binds together the whole of modern society had snapped in a thousand places. It must be repaired, instantly and securely. But how—and by whom?

(To be Continued.)

The Ears of Criminals.

Said to Differ Widely from Those of Normal Persons.

Before the annual congress of German anthropologists at Gorlitz, Prof. Blau, a well known authority on diseases of the ear, read an interesting paper on the formation of the ears of criminals and lunatics. Prof. Blau has taken accurate measurements of 1,061 ears. Of these 255 are the ears of lunatics and 343 those of male criminals. The examination, moreover, was confined to men of one race and one country.

The professor comes to the conclusion that in the vast majority of cases the various parts of the auricle, or external ear, are larger in the case of criminals and lunatics than in the case of normal persons. This is especially noticeable in the helix, or incurved outer border of the ear, and also in the lobe. According to Prof. Blau, the larger the helix is the lower the state of mental development. The hearing faculty, on the other hand, is keener, and Prof. Blau illustrates his theory by reference to the auricle of apes, who are all in possession of this extended outer border. Prof. Blau added the curious remark that an abnormal development of the outer border was more noticeable among criminals charged with sexual crime than among other classes of criminals.

First Use of Ice Cream.

Though the ancient Greeks and Romans used ice for table purposes to get through the hot months of summer, they knew nothing of "ices." These were introduced into France from Italy about 1660 and were known at first as "fromages glaces," iced cheeses, although they were made of strawberries and apricots, and contained not a drop of cream. From 1762 the use of "glaces" in the plural was sanctioned by the French academy, but not before 1825 did "une glace" force its way into recognized acceptance. "Ices" are referred to from time to time in the eighteenth century in English people's letters from abroad. "Iced creams," however were known as early as 1689, and by the middle of the eighteenth century "ice cream" figured in cookery books.

CARE OF THE SICK ROOM.

Above All Things the Walls Should Be Kept Dry.

When the bedroom becomes a sick room there is an added reason why extreme precautions should be used to keep the room in a thoroughly sanitary condition.

Above all things, the bedroom should never be damp. It should be nice and dry, always warm and comfortable in winter, cool and airy in summer, and bright and sunny some parts of the day.

If there is any suspicion of dampness in a bedroom it is probably due, if there is wallpaper on the wall, to the absorption of water by the paper which frequently acts as a blotting paper and holds quantities of water in it.

The use of wallpaper on walls is to be deplored; it means disease, ill health and unhappiness. It is frequently the cause of lung trouble, not only because of its dampness but also because of its power to retain infection of many kinds.

The desired method of treating a bedroom wall is to tint it for the alabastined wall is a perfect wall. It never flakes off, chips or peels. It absorbs moisture and expels it, it opens the pores of the plaster and makes a room livable and breathable.

The floor in the bedroom should have light, cleanable, dainty rugs that can be easily shaken and a floor that is thoroughly oiled or varnished, that will not absorb moisture. The cracks in the floor should be thoroughly filled and covered. Woodwork in the bedroom should be attended to carefully, window sills should be thoroughly varnished or waxed, and the window casings kept in perfect order. The doors should be wiped off frequently as also should be all the standing woodwork in the bedroom, as the presence of dust on woodwork is a menace to health as well as an evidence of poor housekeeping.

WOMEN IN NEW FIELDS.

British Smart Society Takes to "Hopping"—Woman Veterinary.

Work in the hop fields is the latest "rest cure" fad for London's smart set, and the luxurious society "hoppers" claim that a week's hopping is far better and more pleasant than a rest at any well-known health resort.

The tents of these well-to-do pickers are expensively furnished, and easy chairs, soft beds and up-to-date camping outfits are among their hopping appliances.

In Berlin there is a woman veterinary surgeon who is an official inspector of animals. She rides through the streets on the lookout for animals suffering from any disablement, and before reporting a horse as unfit for work, she examines its injuries and whenever possible applies remedies to alleviate its pain. She carries a leather case filled with bandages and other surgical appliances.

Refuges on Mont Blanc.

Losing one's self on Mont Blanc will soon be counted among the vanished industries. In recent years a number of fine refuges have been built in various parts of the mountain by the Alpine clubs of England, France and other countries and by private individuals. These have made it almost impossible for a man having a bump of locality of average size to be lost, in spite of heavy mists and blinding snowstorms caused by sudden changes of temperature.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

New York Births and Deaths.

There is a birth in New York city each five minutes in the day and a death each seven minutes.

HONEST MEDICINE

TRY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR STOMACH TROUBLE.

Convincing Evidence Supported by a Guarantee That Must Convince The Most Skeptical.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a doctor's prescription, used by an eminent practitioner, and for nearly a generation known as a reliable household remedy throughout the United States. Needless to say, no advertised medicine could retain popular favor for so long a period without having great merit and it is the invaluable curative properties of the pills that have made them a standard remedy in every civilized country in the world. Added to this is the absolute guarantee that the pills contain no harmful drug, opiate, narcotic or stimulant. A recent evidence of their efficacy is found in the statement of Mrs. N. B. Whitley, of Boxley, Ark., who says:

"I had suffered for a good many years from stomach trouble. For a long time I was subject to bad spells of faintness and lack of breath accompanied by an indescribable feeling that seemed to start in my stomach. Whenever I was a little run-down or over-tired, these spells would come on. They occurred frequently but did not last very long.

"I was confined to my bed for ten weeks one time and the doctor pronounced my trouble chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels. Since that time I have been subject to the fainting spells and at other times to fluttering of the heart and a feeling as though I was smothering. My general health was very bad and I was weak and trembling.

"I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills mentioned in the newspapers and decided to try them. When I began taking the pills I was so run-down in strength that I could hardly do any housework. Now I could walk ten miles if necessary. Both my husband and myself think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine made and we always recommend the pills to our friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and give strength and tone to every part of the body. They have cured serious disorders of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, sciatica, anæmia, nervousness, headaches, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance and many forms of weakness in either sex. They are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

WOMAN HAS FINE RECORD.

Keeper of Lighthouse, She Has Saven Eighteen Lives.

Ida Lewis recently celebrated her fiftieth year as keeper of the Lime island lighthouse in the harbor of Newport, R. I. As a girl and woman Ida Lewis has lived a remarkable life. Her bravery and skill in handling a boat are well known and her fame is secure as the great woman life saver in the world, for she has the credit of having saved no less than 18 lives, most of her rescues having been effected in the face of extreme danger and in winter. As keeper of the Lime island lighthouse, to which post she was appointed in recognition of her bravery and record as a life saver on the death of her father, Miss Lewis has shown herself as careful and efficient as a man could be. She is one of the few women in such a position.

SLEEP BROKEN BY ITCHING.

Eczema Covered Whole Body for a Year—No Relief Until Cuticura Remedies Prove a Success.

"For a year I have had what they call eczema. I had an itching all over my body, and when I would retire for the night it would keep me awake half the night, and the more I would scratch, the more it would itch. I tried all kinds of remedies, but could get no relief.

"I used one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura, and two vials of Cuticura Resolvent Pills, which cost me a dollar and twenty-five cents in all, and am very glad I tried them, for I was completely cured. Walter W. Paglusch, 207 N. Robey St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 8 and 16, 1906."

Fanny Crosby Now 87.

Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday in Bridgeport, Conn. Miss Crosby received many presents and congratulatory messages from all parts of the country. She says that the way to keep young is to be cheerful, keep working and love mankind. She declares that she does not feel much above 40 and that she has not missed her dinner in a year.

Painting for Profit

No one will question the superior appearance of well-painted property. The question that the property-owner asks is: "Is the appearance worth the cost?"

Poor paint is for temporary appearance only.

Paint made from Pure Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead is for lasting appearance and for protection. It saves repairs and replacements costing many times the paint investment.

The Dutch Boy trade mark is found only on kegs containing Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the subject. Sent free upon request.

All lead packed in new heavy kegs bearing this mark.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

(In whichever of the following cities is nearest you.)

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.), Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

MICA Axle Grease

takes miles off the road, and weight from the load. Helps the team and pays the teamster. Practically destroys friction. Saves half the wear that comes from jolting over rough roads, and lengthens the life of a heavy vehicle more than any other one thing. Ask the dealer for Mica Axle Grease.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SECURITY GALL SALVE

POSITIVELY HEALS SORE SHOULDERS

ALSO HEALS ON HORSES AND MULES

IT HEALS THESE ANYWAY

FREE

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

Security Remedy Co.