

### THE HEART OF THE TREE.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants the friend of sun and sky;  
He plants the flag of freedom free;  
The shaft of beauty, towering high;  
He plants a home to Heaven's sigh;  
For song and brother-rooms of birds  
In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
The trouble of Heaven's harmony—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
And years that fade and flush again;  
He plants the glory of the plain;  
He plants the forest's heritage;  
The harvest of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants in sap, and leaf, and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty  
The far-east thought of et'nal good—  
His blessing on the neighborhood,  
When in the hollow of his hand  
Holds all the growth of all our land—  
A nation's growth from sea to sea,  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.  
—Century.

### LOSS OF THE TONQUIN.

The eighth day of September, 1810 marked an epoch in the mercantile history of the United States, for it was on that date that the ship Tonquin, Captain Jonathan Thorn, (who was Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy on leave of absence granted for the purpose of taking charge of the vessel on its present voyage) set sail from the port of New York bound round the Horn, to establish a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Pacific coast.

As the Tonquin spread her snowy sails and stood out to sea under the convoy of the frigate Constitution, which was detailed to see her safe on her way beyond the danger of molestation from British war-vessels, the wharves of the city were lined with spectators, but none were more interested than the projector of the scheme, John Jacob Astor, the founder of the wealthy family of that name.

Although an adopted citizen of the United States, Mr. Astor had done more to develop the resources of the country than perhaps any other man in America.

He, in company with some of our statesmen, had long looked with jealous eyes upon the Hudson Bay Fur Company, as that gigantic monopoly yearly encroached more and more on our territory in the great northwest, until the indefatigable merchant determined to put a rival corporation in the field and demanded that share of peltry which by right belonged to a citizen of the United States; consequently he applied for, and received a charter from the National Government, under the name of the Pacific Fur Company, which granted permission to said company and its representatives to trade with the Indians and capture fur-bearing animals anywhere within the limits of the United States and west of the Rocky Mountains.

Although the enterprise was supposed to be a stock company, yet every dollar advanced came from the coffers of Mr. Astor, who had, it must be known, accumulated his fortune in the fur trade, buying the skins through agents from individual trappers and Canadian hunters and selling the same in the Chinese market at an enormous profit.

Associated with Mr. Astor, however, were four gentlemen, practically experienced in traffic with the Indians and having knowledge of the fur business.

They were Mr. Alexander McKay, who had accompanied Sir Alexander Mackenzie on both his expeditions to the northwest coast of America, in 1789 and 1783, and Messrs. Duncan Macdonald and Donald McKenzie. These former, as their names imply, were Scotchmen, and the fourth member was Mr. William Price Hunt, of New Jersey.

To this quartet, Mr. Astor awarded one-half the stock of the company; they to contribute their proportionate share toward the running expenses of the enterprise after the business had become established.

Previous to the departure of the Tonquin, Mr. Astor despatched a land force to the mouth of the Columbia River in charge of Mr. Hunt, a gigantic undertaking for those days, but with this expedition we have nothing to do, although it was replete with startling incident which would be of great interest to lovers of adventure.

The foregoing introduction is necessary in order that the reader may understand why so much interest was centered in the departure of the first ship belonging to the Pacific Fur Company.

A beautiful morning in March, 1811, the Tonquin entered the Columbia River, but the spirits of her crew were dampened, and a feeling of sadness permeated the whole ship, for several lives had been sacrificed in attempting to discover the intricate channel that pierces the bar which guards the mouth of the stream.

Some of the sailors had launched away in a small boat to precede the vessel and pilot her in to an anchorage, but the rushing torrent capsized the little craft and the hardy adventurers were swept away to meet their doom.

Captain Thorn was a courageous and persistent man and he boldly stood in towards the land. As the ship neared the shore his practised eye revealed to him the place where he was to anchor, and he unhesitatingly pushed onward, and was soon safe within the bay, riding quietly a quarter of mile or so from land.

Several days were occupied in selecting a site for the establishment of a trading-post and the erection of a fort, and when the place was decided upon the founding of Astoria, now one of the most important seaports on the Pacific coast, was begun.

The new-comers were kindly received by the Indians, and their sojourn in the wilderness seemed to promise both pleasure and profit.

As soon as a house had been erected a portion of the goods for traffic were landed and stored away, and then the Tonquin, with the balance of her cargo and nearly half the force, sailed to the northward to trade with the Indians along the coast.

There were twenty-four souls on board, including Lamazee, an interpreter, and Mr. McKay in charge of the business department, and Capt. Thorn in command of the vessel.

Several days after leaving the mouth of the Columbia, Vancouver Island was sighted and the master prepared to enter the harbor of Neewetee.

"No go there!" exclaimed Lamazee in alarm, pointing toward the shore. "S'pose him do, Injuns kill all." "Indians kill all," laughed Capt. Thorn. "Why, you poor fool, what do you suppose we have got those 'barkers' with us for?" pointing to two small cannon lashed in the waist of the vessel. "They would blow the whole tribe into the Pacific."

But the interpreter shook his head and replied:

"Maybe yes, maybe no. Old Wicananish see white man thunder before. He no 'fraild'."

"Neither are we," and the determined captain pushed on into the harbor.

Scarcely was the anchor down when a canoe came alongside, which contained the two sons of the chief.

They held up to view several skins of the sea-otter, one of the most valuable pelts to be obtained in America.

These caused them to be cordially welcomed by the white men, and they were invited on board.

The young chiefs presented the furs to the new-comers as gifts of welcome, although they did not refuse to accept in return trinkets from the white men, which in their eyes were far more than an equivalent for the skins.

"We will not begin to trade today," remarked Mr. McKay to Captain Thorn. "These young savages will return to their people and display their treasures, which will whet the appetites of the others, and to-morrow you will see our decks piled up with peltry."

After the Indians had been shown about the ship, they besought Mr. McKay to come on shore and be presented to Wicananish. This invitation the Scotchman was pleased to accept, and in company with one of his clerks, prepared to land.

But as he was entering the cabin to attire himself for the trip, Lamazee, the interpreter, plucked him by the sleeve and whispered:

"S'pose the white man goes to the wigwam of Wicananish, let the sons of Wicananish stay in the big canoe that flies before the wind like a bird of the air."

The knowing look upon the interpreter's face, as well as his words, strongly impressed the trader, and approaching the young Indian he said in a haughty manner:

"If the rich white man, who has brought many presents to his red brothers, should visit the wigwam of his chief, the sons of the great Wicananish should be willing to remain on board his vessel, that his friends whom he leaves behind may not be lonesome."

The natives comprehended his meaning, and without vouchsafing a reply in words seated themselves upon the deck as though perfectly willing to act as hostages for the safety of their father's guests.

The ready acquiescence of the young savages was not without its effect on Mr. McKay, and he, with another member of the expedition, at once went on shore, where they were cordially received by the aborigines.

On board the Tonquin, the day and following night passed quietly and without special incident, but on the succeeding morning swarms of Indians put off to the vessel and clambered to the deck, each supplied with one or more skins of fur-bearing animals which were indigenous to that section of the country.

Mr. McKay had not yet returned, but Capt. Thorn determined to commence business, consequently he ordered the hatches opened and spread before his dusky visitors a tempting array of blankets, etc., expecting a prompt and profitable sale.

Now Capt. Thorn was more of a sailor than a trader. He was not proficient in the wily arts that are necessary for a man to possess if he would be successful in dealing with any uncivilized race of people.

He thought that it was only requisite to display his wares, and that the Indians would yield up the precious skins for whatever he saw fit to award them.

The Indians, however, were not so eager and simple as the mariner supposed he would find them, for they had learned the art of bargaining and the value of merchandise from the casual traders who had previously visited the coast.

They were guided also by a shrewd old sub-chief, named Nookamiss, who had grown gray in traffic with New England skippers, and prided himself on his acuteness. His opinion seemed to regulate the market.

When Capt. Thorn made what he considered a liberal offer for an otter skin, the Indian treated it with scorn and asked more than double.

His comrades took the cue from him and not a pelt was to be obtained at a reasonable rate. The cunning savage, however, had mistaken his man; the captain would not increase his bid so much as a single trinket.

The interpreter, who seemed to maintain peace and promote the interests of his employers, approached Nookamiss, and addressing him in his own language, said:

"My brother does not know the great white chief, who has brought the big canoe to these shores. He has but one heart and one tongue. What he has said, he has said. If he offers one knife for one skin he will

not give two. Let Nookamiss remember."

But the Indian turned with contempt upon the interpreter, and scornfully replied: "Lamazee has dwelt so long among the white men that he forgets he is an Indian. Soon his tongue will refuse to speak the language of his fathers. If the white chief has but one heart, so has Nookamiss, and the old savage left the would-be peace-maker in disgust."

Lamazee, of all the Tonquin's people, seemed to observe the cloud gathering upon the social horizon, and he felt great concern for the safety of his employers.

Again and again he besought Capt. Thorn to store away his goods and not attempt further trade at that time but to stand ready in case of an outbreak, but the sailor laughed at his red friend's fears and persisted in the mistake that many another, before and since, has made, of ignoring an unseen danger, and despising a sleeping enemy. Impetuously he paced the deck of his vessel, his footsteps followed by the persistent Indian Nookamiss, who at every turn held up another skin which he wished to barter at his own price.

At length finding that the captain was obdurate, the manner of the savage changed and he began to upbraid the white man for his peevishness and to ridicule him for his lack of knowledge of mercantile affairs. This was too much for the quick-tempered sailor. Driven frantic by the Indian's jibes, the doctory mariner seized the pelt from his tormentor's hand and vigorously rubbed it on the swarthy face of the owner, after which he unceremoniously kicked the offender over the rail of the vessel, throwing the otter-skin, source of the trouble, after him.

The Indians who were on board the ship stood aghast at the indignity and insult heaped upon their chief, and hurried to follow him on shore, while the interpreter in great alarm besought the captain to prepare for instant departure.

Meanwhile Mr. McKay and his companion, not knowing what had occurred, put off to the ship having been treated in the most friendly manner by old Wicananish.

Upon reaching the Tonquin these two men, although old Indian traders, and familiar with the disposition of the aborigines, seemed to feel no great alarm at the turn affairs had taken. They were encouraged in their belief of security by the two hostages who laughed at the matter and ridiculed the old chief's actions as heartily as anybody.

The day and night that followed passed serenely, but with the morning sun came several canoes whose occupants, appearing to be unarmed and supplied with a goodly array of skins, were allowed to come on board, until more than two hundred thronged the deck.

A grave error in the white men to allow so many savages a foothold upon their vessel at one time; but they seemed peaceful and anxious now to trade at the terms offered by Captain Thorn the day before, consequently a hurried barter commenced.

The savages in nearly every case demanded knives in return for pelts. This circumstance at last began to arouse the suspicions of Captain Thorn, and although late he accepted the advice of the interpreter and ordered the ship gotten underweigh.

The trade did not at once cease, but was carried on by Mr. McKay and the clerks. Seven of the sailors went aloft to loosen the sails, while the others manned the windlass.

When the anchor was nearly up, the captain in a loud and peremptory tone ordered the ship to be cleared.

At this a signal yell was given, which was echoed on every side, and in an instant knives and war-clubs were brandished, and the savages rushed upon their victims.

The first to receive the fury of the Indians was young Lewis, the ship's clerk. He was leaning with folded arms over a bale of blankets, engaged in bargaining, when he was stabbed in the back, and fell, seriously wounded, down the companion-way, into the cabin.

In the mean time Captain Thorn made a desperate fight against fearful odds. He was a powerful man, but he was caught without weapons. He was singled out by Shewish, a young chief, who rushed upon him at the first outbreak.

The mariner had but time to draw a clasp-knife, with which at a single blow, he laid the savage dead at his feet. But he was no match for the horde of exasperated demons around him, and he soon fell, covered with many wounds.

The deck of the Tonquin was now a scene of carnage. The seven sailors who had gone aloft to loosen the sails, looked upon the sight beneath them with horror.

Knowing that loaded muskets were kept in the cabin, they resolved to make an attempt to reach them. Reaching the deck three of their number were laid low, but four succeeded in joining the wounded clerk in his place of retreat.

Here they barricaded the cabin door, broke holes through the companion-way, and with the muskets opened a brisk fire which soon cleared the deck.

Thus far the Indian interpreter, from whom these particulars are derived, had been an eye-witness of the deadly conflict. He had taken no part in it, and had been spared by the natives as being of their race. In the confusion of the moment he took refuge with the rest, in the canoes.

The survivors of the crew now sallied forth, and discharged some of the deck guns, which did great execution among the canoes, and drove all the savages to the shore.

During the night, Lewis prevailed upon his four injured companions to seek safety in flight, refusing to accompany them himself, however,

saying that he could not live long, and would only be an encumbrance to them.

Consequently the sailors put water and provisions into a boat, and stole away, but it may be well here to state that they met with a fate worse than that of their companions, for adverse winds drove them on shore where they were captured by the Indians and put through the most excruciating tortures.

In the morning the savages on the land observed a single individual appear on the deck of the Tonquin and apparently signal them to approach. With some trepidation they put off and cautiously neared the vessel, but meeting with no opposition they clambered over the rail.

Not a soul was in sight, and feeling sure of their prize they quickly began the work of devastation.

The interpreter who had followed them was standing in the main-chains when he felt a sudden jar followed by a terrific explosion, and found himself hurled through the air to be plunged into the water of the harbor.

Rising to the surface, a scene of ruin and death awaited him. Of the 200 or more Indians who had clambered to the deck of the ship scarce one remained uninjured, while the noble craft itself had been rent to atoms, and her shattered and riven timbers floated about, all that was left of the once gallant vessel.

Lewis, the clerk, had effected a most terrible revenge. He had waited until the Indians had swarmed on board, and then, with torch in hand, had dragged his wounded body to the magazine and without hesitation dropped the flaming brand into a keg of powder, which exploding, hurled himself and his enemies to destruction.

Months afterward this sad story was brought to the trading-post at Astoria by the faithful interpreter Lamazee, and a shadow of gloom overspread the feelings of the company which was not dispelled until the arrival of Mr. Hunt with the land-party, when new life was enthused among the occupants of the fort, and members of the Pacific Fur Company began to feel that they had really established themselves upon the banks of the Columbia River, although the promoters of the enterprise long bemoaned the precious lives which had been sacrificed through the mistaken management of Mr. McKay and Captain Thorn, which resulted in the loss of the Tonquin and the massacre of her crew.—Yankee Blade.

### The Origin of the Ear.

When the fish came ashore, its water-breathing apparatus was no longer of any use to it, says McClure's Magazine. At first it had to keep it on, for it took a long time to perfect the air-breathing apparatus which was to replace it. But when this was ready the problem was, what to do with the earlier organ?

Nature is exceedingly economical, and could not throw all this mechanism away. In fact, nature almost never parts with any structure she has once made. What she does is to change it into something else. Conversely, nature seldom makes anything new; her method of creation is to adapt something old.

Now when nature started out to manufacture ears, she made them out of the old breathing apparatus. She saw that if water could pass through a hole in the neck, sound could pass likewise, and she set to work upon the highest up of the five gill-slits and slowly elaborated it into a hearing organ. There never had been an external ear in the world till this was done, or any good ear at all.

### Miners Don't Like It.

A resident in New York, who passed nearly twenty-five years in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania, says that few miners can easily shake off the horror that seizes a man upon finding himself alone at the bottom of a mine, with the knowledge that there is no other human being within call. It sometimes happens that a miner, absorbed in his work, suddenly realizes that all but himself have gone. The place is as safe from ordinary accidents then as at any time; and no other living creature more dangerous than a blind mule shares the miner's solitude; but he finds it impossible long to keep off the pressing terror, and, half-ashamed, but completely conquered, he picks up his dinner pail and grasps his way to the upper air.

### The Puzzle.

They thought more of the Legion of Honor in the time of the first Napoleon than they do now. The Emperor, it is said, one day met an old one-armed soldier and asked him where he lost his arm.

"Sire, at Austerlitz."

"And were you not decorated?"

"No, sire."

"Then here is my own cross for you; I make you chevalier."

"Your majesty names me chevalier because I have lost one arm. What would your Majesty have done if I had lost both?"

"Oh, in that case I should have made you officer of the Legion."

Whereupon the soldier immediately drew his sword and cut off his other arm. Now, there is no particular reason to doubt this story. The only question is, how did he do it?

### A New Midget.

Sarah Cross of Bristol, Ky., is more than 50 years old, but is only eighteen inches in height. Her face and head are fully developed, her features show no lack of intelligence, and she talks—of course—with as much freedom as if she was a well developed woman.

The people have the same feeling for a man when a very talkative woman gets hold of him that they have for a fly caught in a web.

### THE AMERICAN CONSUL.

What is Expected This Interesting and Useful Functionary.

A consul is expected to learn the language, laws, customs, and commerce of the country in which he resides. Having spent perhaps years in doing this, why should he be required on a change of administration to give way to a new officer who, after learning the consular duties and accomplishments, will himself be put out by another new beginner? The rotation system may be democratic, but it is injurious to our foreign service.

The duties of a consul are often important, requiring training and experience. If Americans die abroad, and away from their families, he must look after their property and estates, accounting for the same to the representative of the deceased person or to the United States Treasury.

It is his duty to be present at and certify to the department the legality of marriages of United States citizens, though the marriage ceremony itself must be solemnized by a civil or church official of the land where it occurs.

Passports are issued, or certified to, by the consul, and it is his duty to settle the disputes, which are endless, between American ship-masters and seamen. He must protect and advise citizens of his country who have been wrongfully arrested, or whose business rights or interests under any treaty have been interfered with.

If he is zealous and patriotic he will aid his countrymen in introducing United States manufactures into other lands. It is a part of his duties to make frequent reports to the department on all subjects except politics that he thinks may be of special value or interest to our people.

These communications are usually published by the State Department for distribution in monthly pamphlets under the title, "Consular Reports." They frequently contain information of great value.

The United States imports every year more than \$800,000,000 worth of goods from abroad. The duty collected on them, despite the fact that many are on the free list, amounts to nearly \$200,000,000.

All invoices of these immense shipments of goods must, first of all, be presented to the Consul for examination as to their cost and value. Without the Consul's official declaration that the facts have been stated in the invoice not one dollar's worth of the goods is permitted to enter at the American Custom House.

In the examination and legalization of the invoices the Consul becomes a close agent and aid of the Custom Houses and the Department of the Treasury, with both of which he is in constant communication. Unfitness for his duty, from neglect or lack of training, may cost the Treasury and the people large sums of money.

Every invoice legalized costs the shipper \$2.50, and the fees so collected more than support the whole consular system.

The United States have altogether some 250 consular posts scattered over the world. Many of these, however, are but subordinate consulates or agencies, under the control of the nearest consul. Some of them, even as consular posts, are owing to want of commerce, unimportant and not self-sustaining.

Usually at the capital of each foreign State a Consulate-General is established, whose chief officer, in addition to the duties of that post, has a certain limited control of the other Consulates in his district.

The line between the duties of diplomatic officers and Consuls is not precisely defined, but in general the diplomats are political, the Consuls commercial agents of their country.

The diplomatic posts are usually filled by Ministers and Envoys, who look especially after the political interests and treaties between nations. In some instances, as at Cairo, Athens, Lisbon, Teheran and elsewhere, the offices of United States Ministers resident and Consul-Generals are combined.—Youth's Companion.

### A Portable Electric Fan.

The electric fan has come to be such an indispensable element of comfort, if not of existence, during the summer months that new and improved forms are constantly making their appearance. One of these adds the very decided recommendation of economy to that of efficiency. Its first cost, with battery complete, is small, and the cost of operating it afterward is put at two and three-quarter cents an hour. It is claimed that the battery will last ten weeks without renewal at one hour's work daily, or ten days at a steady operation of seven and a half hours per diem. It is designed to be suitable for the parlor or dining table, being both ornamental and noiseless. It will not drop grease on the tablecloth or carpets, for its bearings are self-oiling and carry on their own lubrication without loss of the lubricant. The whole outfit packs up in a small box, and can be carried without inconvenience.

### "Cheeky."

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I M.—And now, blast your stupidity, that parcel of yours has left a grease spot on my brand new light trousers.

B S.—You'll find me a valuable man to know, sir. Let me show you my "Lightning Grease Extractor," 25 cents a bottle.

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