

## Impossible to be Well

It is impossible to be well, simply impossible, if the bowels are constipated. You must pay attention to the laws of nature, or suffer the consequences. Undigested material, waste products, poisonous substances, must be removed from the body at least once each day, or there will be trouble. A sluggish liver is responsible for an immense amount of suffering and serious disease. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills. He knows why they act directly on the liver. Trust him. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

### TWO SKULLS AT M. S. U.

Time-Yellowed Memorials of a Long-Forgotten Period.

In a little basement room beneath the principal building of the University of Missouri at Columbia is a glass case containing, among queer-shaped stones and knives and pipes, two human skulls, imperfectly preserved. The curious freshmen who stroll into this room by accident during the hours that it is left open sometimes pause and gaze. Hamlet-like at the cracked and yellow craniums.

"I'll bet that one must be almost a thousand years old," they will remark. Then they will sigh, awe-struck, at the contemplation of so much antiquity, and pass along to something less depressing.

When they are told the true ages of these skulls, neither they nor anyone else can form any adequate idea of it. One of them is called the Neanderthal skull, and was found in a cave in Central Europe. The formation in which it was found led experts to declare that it was more than 100,000 years old. Its chief peculiarity is a heavy bony ridge above the eyebrows. The brain capacity is much less than that of the historical man.

An even older skull is that of the man of Java, which has almost no forehead. It was found underneath thirty feet of sandstone. The brain capacity is just half of that of a modern man. Ethnologists estimate the age of this skull at 300,000 years. The anthropological museum was started four years ago by Dr. Charles Ellwood, professor of sociology in the university. It is used as a laboratory for the students of ethnology.

Mrs. Frank Kenamore of Poplar Bluff gave birth to twin girls last week. This is the second pair of twin girls in the family, for three years ago the first pair arrived.

The Methodists of Sikeston are considering the building of a church to cost between \$20,000 and \$30,000.

### ELECTRIC CAR TIME TABLE.

Leaves Farmington for Flat River.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
5:52 a. m.	5:52 a. m.
7:23 " (to Federal)	
7:47 "	9:07 "
9:07 "	11:10 "
11:10 "	12:35 p. m.
12:32 p. m.	2:06 "
2:06 "	3:45 "
3:45 "	5:40 "
4:37 " (to Federal)	7:54 "
5:40 "	
7:54 "	

Leaves Flat River for Farmington.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
6:47 a. m.	7:20 a. m.
8:25 "	10:08 "
10:08 "	11:51 "
11:51 "	1:10 p. m.
1:10 p. m.	3:10 "
3:10 "	4:22 "
4:22 "	6:16 "
6:16 "	8:58 "

Between DeLassus and Farmington. LEAVE FARMINGTON.

At 5:26 a. m., 11:51 a. m., connecting with Iron Mountain train Southbound, and 1:25 p. m., connecting with Iron Mountain train Northbound.

Returning, leave DeLassus at 5:40 a. m., 12:24 and 1:54 p. m.

Federal Mill. Cars leaving Farmington at 7:23 a. m. and 4:37 p. m. run to Federal Hill only, and a car leaves Federal for Farmington week days except Saturday at 5:10 p. m. On Saturdays car leaves Federal at 12:05 p. m.

## Mr. Bryan in 1909.

The fight which Mr. Bryan has made through the Commoner and on the stump will be continued with unceasing energy during the year 1909.

Mr. Bryan has again assumed editorial charge of THE COMMONER and will give this department his personal attention.

All earnest, patriotic Americans are invited to join him in a SPECIAL CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION to be inaugurated through the Commoner and the Democratic press.

The governmental reforms for which Mr. Bryan is laboring are of vital importance to the welfare of the people.

He should have the active support of those who want to see the government administered in the interest of the many instead of the few.

Join the movement for aggressive action by accepting our special clubbing offer for one year.

The Farmington Times and Commoner, both for \$1.50.

All clubbing subscriptions should be made payable to

THE FARMINGTON TIMES PUBLISHING CO.,  
Farmington, Missouri.

### DENTAL FORCEPS IN ANTIQUITY.

Proof That They Existed, But No Specimens Are in Existence.

Dr. Sudhoff not long ago read a paper before the Leipzig Medical society on dental forceps in antiquity. He said that even before the time of Hippocrates reference to the use of such instruments are found, but no specimens are met with among the surgical implements belonging to classical times that have been discovered. This can only be due to the material of which they were made. Unlike the mass of other Graeco-Roman surgical instruments, which were nearly all of bronze, the dental forceps of antiquity must have been made of iron or steel, although no medical writer mentions the fact. In the Aristotelian "Mechanical Problems," however, there is a passage which, according to Dr. Sudhoff, has hitherto been overlooked. In which it is mentioned as a familiar fact that dental forceps were made of iron. In the museum at Homburg, where there is an almost unrivaled collection of iron implements, two steel-plated dental forceps, one for the upper, the other for the lower jaw, have been found. That dental forceps should have formed part of the armamentarium of a military surgeon in a remote outpost shows in what common use the instrument was—British Medical Journal.

### MADE MRS. CULLEN FEEL PROUD

Pat's Ailment a Grand Large Disease for a Small Man.

A Chicago physician says that he was once called to visit a sick man named Cullen, living in a tenement. Just before the doctor took his departure a number of the residents of the place dropped in to hear the verdict.

"Well, me friends," said Mrs. Cullen with an air of modest triumph, "the doctor here says Pat has an attack of plural pneumonia. 'Docter,' says I to him, 'ain't you exaggeratin' a troifle, for, to me way of thinkin' Pat is too small a man for that. Single pneumonia, I believe, is all there'd be room in him for."

"But the doctor stands by his decision. Sure, it's a grand, large disease for such a small man as Pat."

And the woman's attitude showed the conscious pride that she felt.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

### There is Full Proof of This One.

"We have lots of curious 'last requests' from patients who are about to have operations performed," said a nurse in the women's surgical ward of one of the New York hospitals, "but I thought about the last word had been said on this subject one day last week when one of my patients, before going to the operating room, called me to her and asked me to write two postal cards to her husband, so that she might sign them before the operation. One was to read: 'My dear husband: The operation was at ten this morning and I am getting along fine.' The other one was: 'My dear husband: The operation was at ten this morning and I am sorry to say I died. From your loving wife.'"

"One of the curious things about this revival of the puzzle craze," remarked the man who notices little things, "is the fact that I never have met a man or woman who plays with the cut-up pictures nowadays who knew them as a child. Whenever I have commented on the superior beauty and difficulty of the present-day puzzles over the ones I knew as a little boy the invariable response has been: 'It is curious, but I never saw any when I was a child.' I don't just know how my youthful social standing could have compared with theirs, but I do know the old-time picture puzzles were sold in the best shops in my city at that time."

### The Unreal World of Comfort.

The more plain and satisfying our state appears, the more we may know that we are living in an unreal world. For the real world is not satisfying. The real world is full of bracing bewilderments and brutal surprises. Comfort is the blessing and the curse of the English, and of Americans. With them it is a loud comfort, a wild comfort, a screaming and capering comfort; but comfort at bottom still. For there is but an inch of difference between the cushioned chamber and the padded cell.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

### An Admirable Profligate.

Hikealong Henry—Wot's happened to Measly Bill an' where did he git them new shoes? Plodding Pete—Didn't you hear of Bill's windfall? He's got a wife somewhere that's sendin' him a dollar a week. "Dollar a week. Hully smoke! Wot'll he do with it?" "Bill says he's goin' to spend every cent of it."

### The Parsian Child's Rag Doll.

Persian children play almost exclusively with rag dolls, the clothes of which are put on to stay. She misses the pleasure of the American girl who dresses and undresses her doll most of the time. A doll from the Sudan is cleverly described as a "rag and a bone and a bank of hair," and Sudanese dolls are characteristically greasy and dirty—would make cold shivers run up the kid backs of any French doll who saw them.—Bohemian Magazine.

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### LOOK FORWARD TO TO-MORROW.

Always There Will Be Time Absolutely to Give Up Hope.

There will be another night. You awake this morning still tired. Your work kept you going so late and your hours for sleep were so few. You were restless besides. You tossed till almost the dawn, and then lost yourself a short hour, and found yourself with a start, and collected your dazed wits. Then the inevitable snapped its whip, and you harnessed yourself and got in the shafts for another day. The day looked long and steep—too long for patience, and too steep for strength; but you strained at the collar, and now you are tugging along at the same old gait. You would change the gait—you would speed up if you could, but you are still tired! Never mind, old thill-horse, there will be another night. Maybe to-morrow you will step lighter, and make more miles on the ancient highway than to-day. You can still hope. They can never scale down hope, nor take it off the free list. Though everything else goes up, hope remains cheap. Do not give up, nor quit, nor fall down exhausted. Listen—there will be another night! You may rest, and to-morrow may be yours to do with as you like.

### WENT DELIBERATELY TO DEATH.

Circumstances of Case All Point to Suicide of Elephant.

An Agra (India) correspondent sends a remarkable story concerning what is declared to be the deliberate suicide of an elephant.

The great annual mela or fair at Baresar in the northwest provinces is held on the bank of the Jumna, which is there crossed by a bridge of boats. At the side of the river opposite the fair there is a slope down which the elephants bringing visitors to the bridge slide into the river and swim across. A young elephant, making the trip for the first time, trumpeted angrily when his trappings were stripped from him preparatory to his swim, but seeing other elephants crossing the stream ahead of him he plunged in and followed.

When he reached the opposite bank, however, he swerved around and swam back again. The mahout sought to force him around again, but without result, and when within a yard or two of the bank the elephant, after trumpeting again, plunged down into the river. Just in the nick of time the mahout was rescued by means of a long bamboo, but the elephant was drowned, to all appearance by his own deliberate act.

### That Special Seal.

It used to be that a special seal was reserved for private correspondence, or to secure packages among friends. Nowadays boxes come from the florist, wedding gifts of silver or glass come tied up in dainty ribboned boxes, with ends of ribbon sealed to the box with a wax to match, marked with the private seal of the dealer.

This sealing is more than a fad. It insures both dealer and buyer against loss.

If a package on being opened has not its full contents the discrepancy is up to the store that sent it out, with no possibility of shifting the blame to servants or messenger boys.

### An Indefinite Number.

Three-year-old Andrew was in a rather petulant mood, and in order to restore his customary good humor his mother promised him some preserved strawberries if he would be a good boy. Calling a servant, she said:

"Jennie, please give Andrew about four strawberries."

Jennie proceeded to fulfill the wish of her mistress, and counted out the berries: "One, two, three, four."

"I want five," protested the child.

"But your mother said four," said Jennie.

"Mamma said 'about four,'" replied Andrew.

And he got the fifth.

### A Geometrical Fallacy?

The somewhat intoxicated gentleman was making toward the door of his home with much difficulty. Over and over again he stopped, fixed his eye carefully on the door in question, ran his eye solemnly along the distance intervening between him and it, and started afresh, only to find himself once more tacking from side to side, like a ship adrift on the ocean.

At last he stopped, thoroughly disgusted.

"I'd like to know," he soliloquized, "wh-what old fool 'shuld a'braight line's shortes' distance between two—hic—points!"

### Sporting Talent.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman indignantly, "what are you doing round here again? I thought that delicate hint I gave you with my boot just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you—won't have you—coming here."

"It did," said the young man who was "after" the daughter, as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face; "but I thought I would come and ask you—"

"Ask what?"

"If you wouldn't like to join our football club."—Ideas.

### The Difficult Public.

"Your audiences seemed shocked by the show?"

"At first," answered the manager, "but we expurgated it."

"And then?"

"Then they seemed disappointed."