Red River Prospector

RED RIVER, - NEW MEXICO.

There are 843 drinks in the United States, but the drinkers are far more numerous.

The Connecticut legislature rejects woman suffrage by a vote of 111 to 29. How ungallant!

A 13-year-old boy in California has written a melodrama. This is painful in one so young.

A paragon is a woman who always tells the truth about her love affairs. There aren't any paragons.

As King Peter is unable to negotiate a loan, he will probably have to stand off the landlady a few weeks longer.

Yawning is reported to be a healthful exercise, but people who depend upon it alone are not likely to get very far.

Edison says an inventor is a bulldog with a poetic temperament. This is quite a tribute to the poetic temperament.

The case of a Pennsylvania man who drank water and died will inspire a great many individuals to cultivate crimson beaks.

Boston leads the country in the consumption of tea. Had the most famous tea party on record once, you may remember.

Canadians claim the north pole as their property. There is no evidence to show that they can claim it by right of discovery.

The newly discovered elixir of strength will be a godsend to the man who wants to make a garden and to the father of twins.

The eastern tourist who reported that he shaved with a razorback hog every morning he was in Georgia was probably exaggerating.

It is said that a California man has invented an aeroplane that travels at the rate of 200 miles an hour—coming down, we presume.

A Virginia clergyman declares that a country preacher can live on $300 a year, but fails to mention how long. —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Harry Lehr's lawyers have instructed him not to talk for publication. It will be impossible, perhaps, to prevent his doing things for publication.

Regardless of the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun the Atlantic devotes a good deal of space to an article about new forms of sin.

The Washington Post says "Wall street men must live." A diet of lamb is held to be absolutely essential to existence in that New York jungle.

The man who has successfully crossed a potato and a tomato and called it a pomato should now try to cross corn and beans and grow succotash.

Pobiedonostseff has been dethroned. We hope, since he has nothing else to do, that he will look up the records now and try to find out how to spell his name.

The Minneapolis Journal sees signs of an impending revolution. It is against the boiled shirt and starched collar. The signs are in the air and on the heir.

A Philadelphia girl risked burning to death in her home recently while making her toilette until the last ribbon was tied. Talk about heroism on the battlefield!

Paris medical men warn women not to use perfumes, as they are made up mostly from injurious chemicals, nowadays. Sorry to say it, but musk is still the real thing.

If the Panama mosquitoes are all they are reported to be the government is making a mistake in not breaking them to harness and employing them in the work of excavation.

Frogs legs are chicken, dead rabbits are venison, the Treasury department says, chicken salad is veal salad. French scientists have made artificial eggs. Pass us the real potatoes, please.

The authorities down at Newport are preparing to tax the rich people who have for the purpose of escaping taxation given up their legal residences in New York. Oh, but this is a heartless world.

Why doesn't somebody suggest to that horticultural wizard, Mr. Luther Burbank, who shows such wonderful ability in producing new fruits and vegetables by combination, the idea of grafting the strawberry on the prune?

Bravely a Pennsylvania tramp stopped a pretty girl's runaway horse. Lightly he quoted Byron on hair and eyes feminine. Gallantly he begged that a kiss be his sole reward. The true Don Juan is born—not made by clothes nor marred by rags.

WORK FOR THE PARSON

Street Car Conductor Was Altogether Too Busy to Preach.

An open car in the Sixth avenue shopping district was well filled with passengers. One row of seats was occupied by three women and a clergyman, who manfully maintained the outside seat. A small boy with a large bundle pushed his way past them with much inconvenience to the sitters and established himself at the inside end. When the conductor came around the boy pushed out a transfer. The conductor looked at it and asked:

"When did you get this?"

"Just a minute ago," was the prompt reply.

The conductor scowled. "That'll do for you," he said.

In a minute or so the man at the end asked: "What was the matter with that transfer?"

"Six hours old," was the conductor's laconic reply.

"Then, my man, you should put him off the car. Why didn't you?"

"Didn't want to annoy these ladies," snapped the conductor, moving along the footboard. When he came back he was assailed again.

"You are teaching that lad to be dishonest. You are robbing his employer and yours. You—"

"See here, ain't you a parson?"

"I am," was the dignified reply.

"Then invite that lad to your Sunday school and tell him what you've got to say about dishonesty. I ain't got no time for preachin'," said the conductor. —New York Times.

Why She Preferred Virginia.

William Waugh Smith, Chancellor of the Randolph-Macon system of educational institutions through the Virginias, tells an amusing happening which befell him in earlies days when he was one of the engineering party which ran through the new State line between Virginia and South Carolina. They had reached a place where the division would evidently cross a little form presided over by a not unattractive widow, but when they took luncheon at her hospitable table they had not yet decided whether the house itself would be in the one State or the other—and that was a question in which their hostess showed the keenest interest.

But at supper time, when again the surveyors and their assistants were the lady's guests, Dr. Smith was able to say: "Madame, very little of your place is in South Carolina. The home itself is well into Virginia."

With a glad cry she caught his hand, and as she shook it again and again, she exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad! I've always hearn tell it was so onhealthy daown in Carolina."

Fools All the Doctors.

"There is a hale and hearty looking old chap walking about town," remarked a New York physician lately, "who for years has had a complication of diseases which make him most interesting to the profession. The ailments of which he shows undeniable symptoms are rarely seen in combination and the state of his inner workings is a matter for speculation among the doctors who have examined him.

"The old fellow himself loves to tell that when he first asked medical advice, some twenty years ago, the physician, a famous practitioner in those days, wrote across the diagnosis he had put down on paper: 'This man cannot live thirty days. I should like to be present at the autopsy.' That great doctor has been dead these many years and the dying patient still smiles cheerfully and seeks a cure for his malady. Queer, isn't it?"

A Sovereign Remedy.

Sing ho, the smart suburbanite—
He is a knowing man!
No aches or pains can him affright
Because he has a plan
To send such things to right about.
Whenever he feels ill
He straightway gets the bottle out
And takes a quinine pill.

No fever e'er can make him fret,
The grip alarms him not;
He takes a pill when he is wet
And one when he is hot.
And when he's troubled with the gout
Or has a sudden chill
He simply brings the bottle out
And takes a quinine pill.

In farming should he hurt his toe,
His back or ankle sprain—
A pill is just the thing, you know,
To chase away the pain;
The surgeon he may safely flout,
He pays no doctor's bill—
Just gets his faithful bottle out
And takes a quinine pill.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fritz Wanted to Know.

Fritz was the meekest looking office boy that ever put glue on a bookkeepper's stool. He worked for a lawyer, and one day the lawyer had a woman client, whose brute of a husband had beaten her and for whom he filed suit for divorce.

A week later the husband, 6 feet tall and broad in proportion, came into the office drunk, announcing his intention of whipping every one there. Every one was too busy, to see him and he was left to Fritz.

Fritz held conversation with the man and listened to his troubles. Finally the man declared loudly: "I've buried three wives, two of them in this county."

"What county buried the other one," inquired Fritz.

Successor to Louise Michel.

The great strike at Limoges, France, has developed a successor to the famous historic maiden leaders of revolution and revolt. She calls herself "Le Citoyenne Sorgue," and is a dark-eyed, comely young woman of 25, gifted with a magnificent voice and a certain measure of eloquence. She proclaims herself the new "Red Virgin," in succession to the late Louise Michel, and preaches reprisals and sanguine vengeance.

GAS AND WATER

IS ONE AS NECESSARY AS THE OTHER?

Citizens of Large Cities Say It Is.

New York, June 13.—In the recent agitation here about the price of gas, the demand for lower rates was supported by the argument that every resident is as dependent upon a supply of gas as upon a supply of good water.

It has come to pass that the day laborer uses gas as his only fuel for cooking, because of economy, and the rich man uses gas on account of its convenience. Gas for lighting, with modern improvements in burners, is cheaper, better and more satisfactory than any other kind of light. Gas sells at $1.00 per thousand cubic feet in large cities and from that to as high as $3.00 in smaller towns.

The consumer of gas in the country uses Acetylene (pronounced a-set-a-lene), and each user makes his own gas and is independent of Gas and Electric Companies. Acetylene is a more perfect illuminant than the gas sold by the big gas companies in the cities, and the cost to the smallest user is about the equivalent of city gas at 85 cents per thousand.

Acetylene is the modern artificial light, the latest addition to the many inventions that have become daily necessities.

The light from an acetylene flame is soft, steady and brilliant, and in quality is only rivaled by the sun's rays. If water and a solid material known as Calcium Carbide are brought into contact, the immediate result is the making of this wonderful gas. The generation of acetylene is so simple that experience or even apparatus is not necessary to make it. If it is desired to make it for practical lighting, and to keep it for immediate use, then a small machine called an "Acetylene Generator" is employed. There are many responsible concerns making acetylene generators. In practice, this gas is distributed in small pipes throughout buildings, grounds, or entire cities and towns, in the same manner as ordinary city gas. Acetylene is the only satisfactory means of lighting isolated buildings located in the country or suburbs at a distance from city gas or electric plants.

Untasted sweets are sweetest. There is a doubt, however, about this applying to kissing.

AN AWFUL SKIN HUMOR.

Covered Head, Neck and Shoulders—Suffered Agony for Twenty-five Years Until Cured by Cuticura.

"For twenty-five years I suffered agony from a terrible humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulders, discharging matter of such offensiveness to sight and smell that I became an object of dread. I consulted the most able doctors far and near, to no avail. Then I got Cuticura, and in a surprisingly short time I was completely cured. For this I thank Cuticura, and advise all those suffering from skin humors to get it and end their misery at once. S. P. Keyes, 149 Congress Street, Boston, Mass."

The more front we put up the more inquisitive people are to know what's behind it.

RAILROAD RATE LEGISLATION.

Testifying before the Senate Committee at Washington, Inter-State Commerce Commissioner Prouty said in discussing the proposition to give to that Commission the power to regulate railway rates:

"I think the railways should make their own rates. I think they should be allowed to develop their own business. I have never advocated any law, and I am not now in favor of any law, which would put the rate making power into the hands of any commision or any court. While it may be necessary to do that some time, while that is done in some states at the present time, while it is done in some countries, I am opposed to it. * * * The railway rate is property. It is all the property that the railway has got. The rest of its property is not good for anything unless it can charge a rate. Now it has always seemed to me that when a rate was fixed, if that rate was an unreasonable rate, it deprives the railroad company of its property pro tanto. It is not necessary that you should confiscate the property of a railroad; it is not necessary that you should say that it shall not earn three per cent or four per cent. When you put in a rate that is inherently unreasonable, you have deprived that company of its rights, of its property, and the Circuit Court of the United States has jurisdiction under the fourteenth amendment to restrain that. * * * I have looked at these cases a great many times, and I can only come to the conclusion that a railroad company is entitled to charge a fair and reasonable rate, and if any order of a commission, if any statute of a state legislature takes away that rate, the fourteenth amendment protects the railway company."

A girl can be so pretty as to make you think she doesn't need any sense.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Lawyer—So you married in haste and repented at leisure? Lady Client—No, sir! I married at leisure and repented in haste.

HUNT FOXES WITH EAGLES.

Strange Sport That Is Enjoyed by Natives of Siberia.

A Siberian correspondent of London Sphere sends some photographs relating to a form of fox hunting which is probably unique. The hunting of foxes with eagles takes place among the Kirghese, in the southwest district of Siberia, known as the general government of the steppes. It is a favorite sport with the Kirghese and takes place in the autumn and early winter, when the foxes' coats are ruddy and perfect, though hunting is not always confined to this period. The eagles selected for the purpose are powerful birds, of such weight that a small wooden support is carried by the eagle bearer. A well grown bird of more than usually fierce temperament will occasionally kill a wolf. Directly any game is seen the birds make their flight and swoop down with great precision. "One of these birds has, to my knowledge," writes our correspondent, "killed seventeen foxes in the last six weeks. I can vouch for this killing of foxes by eagles, for I personally took all these photographs and saw the whole sport from beginning to end. Years ago I wrote a letter to the Field, telling how foxes swarm up small pine trees in Florida when a 'kill' appears imminent. I have frequently seen them do so, but I was politely told what an Ananias I must be. So I fear that possibly you may desire to tell me the same thing. I can only assure you that it is a fact, which arouses no astonishment out here."

The Best of Life.

Not till life's heat is cooled,
The headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace,
And every purblind passion that has ruled
Our noisier years, at last
Spurs us in vain, and, weary of the race,
We care no more who loses or who wins—
Ah, not till all the best of life seems past
The best of life begins.

To tell for only fame,
Handicappings, and the fickle gusts of praise,
For place or power or gold to gild a name
Above the grave whereto
All paths will bring us, were to lose our days;
We, on whose ears youth's passing bell has tolled
In blowing bubbles, even as children do,
Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when
Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies
Broken among our childhood's toys, for then
We win to self-control!
And mail ourselves in manhood, and there rise
Upon us from the vast and windless height
Those cleaner thoughts that are unto the soul
What stars are to the night.
—The Spectator.

Whale Flesh or Beef?

Whale meat at from three to six cents a pound is to be the solution of the meat trust question, according to some Newfoundland speculators who are seeking to make a market for whale meat.

It is declared that the flesh is finer flavored than beef, more nearly suggesting venison, and is capable of being prepared in a variety of ways.

Whales are not to be found in this part of the globe in sufficient numbers to make a serious inroad into the sale of beef, but it is declared by the promoters that they have already built up a successful trade in whale meat with the West Indies, and that they shortly intend placing it upon the London market.

It is to be shipped in special steamers, and even at a price of six cents a pound will return a handsome profit, while the cheaper cuts may be retailed for half that sum.

Reckoned by Years.

There is a representative in Congress from the West whose special pride it is to recount the quaint observations of his 9-year-old daughter.

Not long ago, according to the proud father, little Ethel came to him one afternoon and informed him that she had just seen the President's wife walking with one of the ladies of the cabinet circle. "And, papa," said Ethel, "she isn't anything like as old as grandma!"

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed the congressman, "of course she isn't! Mrs. Roosevelt is a young woman! How in the world did you get any other idea?"

"Well, papa,' replied the youngster, "you yourself once told me that she was the first lady in the land!"—New York Times.

Joke That Was On Depew.

Senator Depew had to deny himself the pleasure of being present at a recent dinner where he was an invited guest, and so he missed a joke at his expense, which he enjoyed as much as any one, however, when it was told to him several days later. Bishop Potter was the perpetrator. Senator Depew's regrets had just been read.

"I need not tell you," said the Bishop, "how we will miss the senator, he who has for so many years charmed us with the humor of his eloquence and the logic of his anecdotes,"—New York Times.

Chinese in New York.

There were 6,080 Chinese inhabitants of New York, according to the last census, but the popular estimate is that the actual number of Chinamen is twice as large. Though there is a rigid federal exclusion law and few births occur in the Chinese quarters, the Chinese population seems to increase.

Thibet Poor in Minerals.

The geologist who accompanied the British mission to Thibet reports that the country is strikingly poor in valuable minerals. The largest yield of gold was .28 grain a ton of gravel, and there was no trace of coal or indigenous gems.

WORDS OF MRS. EDDY

ANSWERS A LIST OF QUESTIONS.

Announced as Her Last Address to the Public—Discusses Spiritual Science and Hygiene.

Boston, June 12.—The Boston Herald to-day publishes under its copyrights a series of questions and answers, the latter by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, in which she sets forth her principles regarding poverty, disease, the use of surgery, etc. Mrs. Eddy speaks of these as her last public utterance and expressed to your correspondent the desire that she now be permitted uninterrupted opportunity "to assimilate myself to God."

The questions and answers follow:

"Is Christian Science a new religion?"

"Yes, a new old religion and Christianity."

"Does it stand in relation to Christianity as Christianity did to Judaism?"

"Somewhat."

"Are you, Mrs. Eddy, an interpreter of Jesus' teaching, or have you presented that which is new to His teaching?"

"An interpreter thereof."

"Is Christian Science in antagonism to natural science?"

"No, not to natural spiritual science. There is no material science."

"Does Christian Science discourage the study of anatomy, physiology and hygiene?"

"Not of spiritual hygiene."

"Does Christian Science deny the existence of disease germs, or merely assert man's superiority over such forces?"

"Denies the existence thereof."

"Does Christian Science expect its followers to live immediately as though entirely spiritualized beings?"

"No."

"Is it proper for the Christian Scientist to disregard the laws of hygiene, or merely to disregard them if circumstances make it necessary?"

"To disregard all that denies the Allness of God, spirit and His laws."

"Under any conceivable circumstances would the Christian Scientist make use of surgery?"

"Yes and no."

"In case of infectious disease would the Christian Scientist yield himself to the customary treatment of isolation and disinfection?"

"If the law demands it, yes."

"Does Christian Science regard property as a manifestation of disease?"

"No."

"Is poverty a disease of society or the individual?"

"Of both."

"Can the individual, by use of Christian Science, overcome worldly defeat?"

"Yes."

"Has an evil mind power against a spiritual life?"

"Evil works against good, if it works at all."

"Do you regard death as the great world fear which the human race wills against itself?"

"Yes."

"If the world would abandon the study of disease and crime and devote itself to the study of wealth, health and love, would criminals, cripples and poverty cease to exist?"

"They would."

"Could society exist without jails and almshouses?"

"Not at present."

Reprieve Has Expired.

Canon City, Colo., June 12.—The time of the reprieve granted Frederick Arnold and Newton Andrews, the Youngblood murderers, having expired to-day, the men will to-morrow be returned to their former cells in the execution house in the State Penitentiary, from which they were taken ten days ago.

FEED YOUNG GIRLS.

Must Have Right Food While Growing.

Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the diet shall contain all that is upbuilding and nothing harmful.

At that age the structure is being formed and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervene which, if not checked, may ripen into a chronic disease and cause life-long suffering.

A young lady says:

"Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago, that I was compelled to quit using it. It brought on headaches, pains in my muscles and nervousness.

"I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Then for a long time I drank milk alone at my meals, but it never helped me physically, and at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum Coffee.

"I did so, only to find at first, that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it brewed right found it grateful in flavor and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum Food Coffee!

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than I ever was before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch is fast taking place of all other brands. Others say they cannot sell any other starch.

Nearly every one has some accomplishments. Some there are who do nothing but accomplish mistakes.

TEA

Tea is almost nothing; how much weight do you think there is in the taste of it?

Weight is no measure for tea!

Don't judge cigars and women by their wrappers.

TWO OPEN LETTERS

IMPORTANT TO MARRIED WOMEN

Mrs. Mary Dimmick of Washington tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well.

It is with great pleasure we publish the following letters, as they convincingly prove the claim we have so many times made in our columns that Mrs.

Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., is fully qualified to give helpful advice to sick women. Read Mrs. Dimmick's letters.

Her first letter:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I have been a sufferer for the past eight years with a trouble which first originated from painful menstruation—the pains were excruciating, with inflammation and ulceration of the womb. The doctor says I must have an operation or I cannot live. I do not want to submit to an operation if I can possibly avoid it. Please help me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, Washington, D. C.

Her second letter:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"You will remember my condition when I last wrote you, and that the doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I received your kind letter and followed your advice very carefully and am now entirely well. As my case was so serious it seems a miracle that I am cured. I know that I owe not only my health but my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to your advice. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I wish every suffering woman would read this letter and realize what you can do for them."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and East Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C.

How easy it was for Mrs. Dimmick to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and how little it cost her—a two-cent stamp. Yet how valuable was the reply! As Mrs. Dimmick says—it saved her life.

Mrs. Pinkham has on file thousands of just such letters as the above, and offers ailing women helpful advice.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF TO-DAY

The opportunity for the man with little means is probably better to-day in the prairie states of the Southwest than ever before in the history of the nation. To be sure, there is not the vast open choice of land for the homesteads that existed in the '70s. The lands then taken up under Government laws are now prosperous farms and ranches. There is need of more hands to develop the country. In the Southwest, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas, are vast areas of unimproved land not yet producing the crops of which it is capable. Practically the same thing is true of the towns. Few lines of business are adequately represented. There are openings of all sorts for wide-awake men. Are you one?

If you are interested, tell us what you want, how much you have to invest, and we will gladly furnish the information. Write for a copy of of our paper, "The Coming Country." It's free. Address

MKT

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BOX 911, ST. LOUIS, MO.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

FOR WOMEN

troubled with ills peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is marvelously successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local soreness, cures leucorrhœa and nasal catarrh.

Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal and economical than liquid antiseptics for all

TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES

For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.

Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free.

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