

The Key West Advertiser.

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Don't Waste Your Time

By Beatrice Fairfax.

THE playtime of the year is over, girls, and now comes the time for doing good work and showing what you are made of. Make up your minds that during the coming winter you will do something to improve yourselves, mentally, physically, or both.

It is easier to work in the cool weather, one feels like achieving great things.

Brains and muscles are eager for exercise.

See if you can't find something in which to interest yourself during the winter, so that by spring you will be conscious that you have decidedly "grown" in some direction or other.

If you suffer the drawbacks of a limited education, pick out some line of study and work at it with all your heart and energy.

If you can afford it, join some social or athletic club and reap the benefits of mingling with your fellow beings or developing yourself physically.

Or get together a few of you and form clubs of your own.

A walking club of young men and women to meet once a week, will afford its members a great deal of pleasure.

Or you might start a reading club and take turns reading aloud one or two evenings each week. Spend one-half the evening reading some good history and the other half over an interesting novel.

Then you could have coffee and cake.

You could take turns meeting at each other's homes.

Make up your mind to succeed in your work as you never have before.

Put your very best efforts into it.

Say to yourself, "I am going to improve myself this winter, and at the end of it I intend to be more of a woman than I ever have been before."

Don't waste a minute. Time is more precious than diamonds and rubies.

All your endeavor won't bring back one lost moment; never forget that.

I would advise every girl to try and do a little bit of good reading during the long winter evenings.

The public libraries are open to all, and interesting books can be picked up at the second-hand book shops for almost nothing.

If you do not care for reading, find some other diversion that will keep your mind and interest stimulated.

Get a hobby of some kind. There is nothing like a hobby to keep one interested.

Don't let the winter pass without getting some good out of it.

Take "Self Improvement" for your motto, and keep the words bright and shining before you all winter.

In the spring you will be a happy girl if you feel you have lived up to your motto.—New York Journal.

Cheer Up

By The Optimist.

CHEER UP! The world is better than your photograph. Look at it. Or worse you have your troubles—troubles you cannot tell the policeman. A whole lot of things bother you, of course. Business worries, or domestic sorrows, it may be, or what not. You find life a rugged road, whose stones hurt your feet. Nevertheless, cheer up!

It may be your disease is selfishness—ingrown selfishness. Your life is too self-centered. You imagine your tribulations are worse than others bear. You feel sorry for yourself—the meanest sort of pity. It is a pathetic illusion. Rid yourself of that, and cheer up!

What right have you to carry a picture of your woes and face and funeral ways about among your fellows, who have troubles of their own? If you must whine, or sulk, or scowl, take a car, and go to the woods, or to the unfrequented lanes.

Cheer up! Your ills are largely imaginary. If you were really on the brink of bankruptcy, or if there were no thoroughfare through your sorrows, you would clear your brows, set your teeth, and make the best of it.

Cheer up! You are making a hypothetical case out of your troubles, and suffering from a self-inflicted verdict. You are borrowing trouble, and paying a high rate of interest.

Cheer up! Why, man alive, in a ten-minute walk you may see a score of people worse off than you. And here you are digging your own grave, and playing palbear into the bargain. Man alive, you must do your work! Smile, even though it be through your tears, which speedily dry. And cheer up!—Young Folks.

Old Things Forgotten in These Progressive Days

By Jacob Bromfield.

IT is surprising to an old man how many things of daily use the present generation seems to have forgotten.

Here are some instances.

1. To tell the points of the compass by a watch.—Point the hour hand at the sun. Then south is halfway between the hour hand and the figure twelve of the dial.
2. To measure an angle by a watch.—Lay two straight-edged pieces of paper on the angle, crossing at the apex. Holding them by where they overlap, lay them on the face of the watch with the apex at the centre. Read the angle by the minutes of the dial, each minute being six degrees of arc. It is easy to measure within two or three degrees in this way.
3. To start a tight screw.—Press the screw driver firmly in place with one hand, but do not turn it. Then take hold of it sideways with flat-jawed pliers as close to the head of the screw as possible, and turn it with them. A hand vise is better than pliers. Leave just enough of the tip of the screwdriver outside the vise to fill the slot of the screw, but no more. This reduces the danger of breaking or bending a badly-tempered screwdriver to a minimum.
4. To put a pin through starched linen, rub the pin with paraffine. To push a collar button through a starched buttonhole, rub paraffine on the back of the buttonhole.—Scientific American.

The Kaiser's Health Rules.

The German emperor endeavors to follow the "rules of life" laid down by his favorite physician, as follows: "Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for lunch. Avoid pastry and hot cakes. Only take potatoes once a day. Don't drink tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day, wet or fine. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every day in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night." The Kaiser also has his excellent physical condition to close attention to this advice.—London Tit-Bits.

The Real Thing.

"Ah, dearest," he sighed, "would these were the knightly days, that I might don mine armor and go forth to battle for you."

"Skido! George," interrupted the fair girl, "you can beat those old knights 40 blocks if you'll don a well-padded football suit and go in and wrestle with pa."

The ostrich feather trade in the Sudan seems doomed, owing to the success of the South African ostrich farms.

THE COMING CITY OF THE SOUTH

Where Frost and Snow are Unknown.

Connects with Atlantic Coast Line. Port Tampa thrice a week Summer and Winter, by Steamers of the Peninsula and Occidental Steamship Company, with Havana (90 p.m.) daily, except Saturday and Sunday, by same line with Florida East Coast Railway (Flagler System) at Miami twice a week with the same line. Has the finest and most equable climate in the United States; can live outdoors, bask in the sun, breathe pure air, without malaria, bathe in the clear green sea and enjoy life every day in the year. Will shortly be the greatest tourist resort winter and summer in the West-ern Hemisphere; now that the Panama canal is commenced the railway station is being extended to all points whether prejudiced politicians like it or not; nature so made it, and man must and will utilize it when he finds his interest demands it. There is no other city in the world like it and never will be. Come and see for yourself what it is like.



KEY WEST.

Key West, the county seat of Monroe county, is situated on an island sixty miles from the nearest point on the mainland of Florida, and only ninety miles from Havana, Cuba. The island embraces two thousand acres of coral formation. The city has a population of 25,000, and is one of the most important naval stations in the United States. Congress appropriated \$100,000 for the erection of a coal shed and wharf in this city, which have been completed. They built a large brick construction brick building; have made many alterations in Fort Taylor, have deepened the channels near here which have been allowed to fill up through neglect; will in the not far distant time see the folly of sending a dry dock to Algiers or Pensacola, 600 miles from Tampa (up a narrow river out of the way of commerce and 600 miles from where it OUGHT to be) and order the same to be located here, where, in case of necessity it can be used. The Custom House, the building for which cost over \$100,000, is second in importance in the south, and transacts a revenue business of \$1,000,000 per annum, requiring the services of fifty employees. The island contains sixteen square miles, and has eight miles of street railroad. It has two electric light plants; an electric railway, second to none in the country; a modern system of water works, a fine city hall and market, costing \$80,000, and all the conveniences of a modern city,

including live newspapers. The cigar industry, although somewhat crippled by the envy of a neighboring city, holds its own and is immense, there being, at the time of this writing, over ninety-five factories in operation in the city. (See list up-to-date in another column), giving employment to thousands of Cubans and Americans, and doing a business of \$3,000,000 per annum. The sponge industry alone gives employment to a large number of men.

The island presents many pleasing features to the tourist, and is well worth a visit; tropical trees and flowers of all kinds abound, and the people of the island are remarkably hospitable. A constant breeze from the Atlantic ocean and the proximity of the Gulf stream render the climate equable and delightful. Frost never reaches here. During the winter of 1895, when the northern and middle portions of the peninsula of Florida suffered from the frost, the lowest temperature at Key West was 54 degrees. Such a thing as artificial heat is unknown here, except for cooking purposes. The capacious wharves of the city are daily lined with vessels of every nation, and the commodities of the world find an exchange here. The importance of Key West, as one of the greatest commercial centers of the country, is assured by its geographical position, and with the completion of the Isthmian canal it will occupy a still more prominent position in the commercial world.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

It has a park.
It is a cosmopolitan city.
It has a public library.
It is the Key of the Gulf.
It has two opera houses.
It has a live Board of Trade.
It has a population of 25,000.
It has electric lights.
It has one street car.
It has several drives.
It has a naval fort and a fort.
It has fine hotel accommodations.
It has two miles of wharf frontage.
It has a number of wholesale houses.
Its average grade exceeds \$25,000,000.
It is the county seat of Monroe county.
It has the largest wireless telegraph station in the United States.
It has one daily and two weekly newspapers.
Its mortality is the lowest in the United States.
It has the only marine hospital in southern Florida.
It has an ice factory with a capacity of twenty-five tons a day.
It has a city hall and engine house which cost \$85,000.
It is the gateway to the island of Cuba, South and Central America.
It has two national banks.
It has one building and loan association.
It has forty churches of all denominations.
It has five public and fifteen private schools.
It will be the terminus of the Florida railway.
It has the most healthful climate in the world.
It has the finest and largest convent in the state.

It has the deepest harbor of any city in the south.

It is within 10 minutes by street car to the finest beach in Florida.

It has excellent facilities for boating, fishing, hunting and bathing.

It has the finest fire department in the state, with electric fire alarm.

It is located on the Gulf of Mexico, and is always cooled by the ocean breezes.

It has five miles of street railway, which is controlled by electricity.

Its mean temperature is 65 degrees, and it is the coolest place in Florida in the summer months.

It has a Masonic temple, an Odd Fellows' hall and numerous other benevolent societies.

It has a United States barracks, with part of a regiment.

It has a turtle canning factory.

It has 87 cigar factories, one of which has a capital of over one million dollars.

It has a cable service from Havana and direct telegraphic communication through the United States. It has a telephone exchange.

It has the Monroe county court house, which cost \$40,000, and the United States court house and post office, which cost \$200,000.

It has regular and direct steamship communication with New York, Galveston, Tampa and Havana. Direct rail communication with Central America.

Come to Florida. Come to Key West and enjoy the beautiful climate, the only city where frost and snow are unknown. The land of sunshine and flowers.

For list of cigar factories, lodges, state, county and city offices, etc., see next page.

For information relative to Key West or any other portion of the state

of Florida, address The Advertiser, Key West.

FACTS ABOUT FLORIDA.

Florida has an area of 59,268 square miles.

Florida's acreage is 37,931,520.

Florida has 1,058,688 acres of land in cultivation.

Florida produces a greater variety of fruit, vegetables and farm products than any other state in the Union.

Florida's average death rate per thousand is only 10.89.

Florida is the best hunting and fishing state east of the Mississippi river.

Florida has a greater extent of sea coast than any other state.

Florida has forty-five railroads, including the branch and lumber roads.

Florida is the only state in the Union producing sponges; harvest worth half a million dollars a year.

Florida is less subject to extremes of temperature than any other state in the Union.

Florida leads all other states as a resort for tourists and health seekers.

Florida has a greater variety of trees than any other state in the Union.

Florida produces cotton, corn, sugar cane, tobacco, rice, pineapples, oranges, grapefruit, guavas, peaches, plums, lemons, pecans, limes, figs, grapes, tomatoes—in fact a varied assortment of crops and fruits many of which can not be successfully grown farther north except in hot houses.

Florida also produces kaolin, which is produced superior to any other known. It is so abundant that it would pay to manufacture it into ornamental bricks.

Florida produces phosphate and

aluminum, and gypsum that will run

94 per cent of sulphate of lime. Also a superior quality of white cement, well adapted for ornamental tile brick.

Florida abounds in immense deposits of phosphate rock.

Adventure of a Ship's Cat.

The ship's cat of the mail steamer, Ortona had a remarkable experience on the last homeward voyage of that vessel.

Soon after the Ortona left Australia the cat was missing, and it was thought that it had been left behind; but when the vessel was thirty-two days out from Sydney one of the engineers heard a faint meowing in the refrigerating chamber. This chamber, which had not been opened since the vessel started, was promptly examined, and the unfortunate cat was found lying upon a box of butter in a very emaciated condition.

One of its ears and a portion of its nose had been bitten off by the cold, but its fur had grown to a great length during its imprisonment. The cat has since recovered.—Melbourne Argus.

Chick's Size Drew Query.

Miss Anna Barrows, lecturer in domestic science at Columbia university, tells the following little story:

"The first cooking class I ever had was a class of poor boys in Boston. Materials were rather scant, and one day the sole article provided for a lesson on poultry cooking was the smallest, skinniest chicken I ever saw."

"Right in front sat a little hunch-backed boy, a very good little boy, and very much interested in the lesson. After I had dressed the chicken and explained the anatomy of the poor little bird he suddenly raised his hands and said:

"If that had lived to grow up would it 'a been a turkey?'"

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JAS. T. BALL, Manager.

DR. C. F. KEMP,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Office over Otto's drug store, B. A. Moulton street, corner Eaton.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

STATE DIRECTORY.

Governor—N. B. Broward, Tallahassee.

President of the Senate—Frank Adams.

Secretary of State—H. Clay Crawford, Tallahassee.

Comptroller—A. C. Croom, Tallahassee.

Treasurer—W. V. Khott, Tallahassee.

Attorney General—W. H. Ellis, Tallahassee.

Commissioner of Agriculture—B. E. McLin, Tallahassee.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—J. M. Holloway.

Supreme Court.

Chief Justice—R. L. Taylor.

Associated Justices—Milton F. Mabry, B. F. Taylor.

Board of Trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund.

The Governor, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General and Commissioner of Agriculture.

Board of Education.

The Governor, Secretary of State, Attorney General, Treasurer and Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Board of State Institutions.

The Governor, Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General, Commissioner of Agriculture and Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Board of Pardons.

The Governor, Attorney General and Justices of the Supreme Court.

Bureau of Immigration.

The Governor, Secretary of State and Commissioner of Agriculture.

Bureau of Agriculture.

The Commissioner of Agriculture, Executive Officer.

State Chemist—R. E. Rose.

State Engineer—John Bradford.

County Commissioners—James C. M. R. W. Schmitz, R. J. Duffy, C. O. Forsberg, Domingo Milord.

Council meets first Thursday in the month at 8 p. m. at the court house.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Senator Twenty-fourth District—W. Hunt Harris, Key West.

Representatives from Monroe County—Charles L. Knowles and E. P. Roberts.

Judge Circuit Court—J. B. Wall; solicitor circuit court, W. S. Phillips; clerk, E. W. Russell.

Judge County Court—B. B. Whalen.

Sheriff—T. W. Knight.

Treasurer—W. B. Curry.

Collector of Revenue—T. A. Sweeting.

Assessor—J. H. Curtis.

Court of Criminal Record—L. W. Bethel; Judge J. Vining Harris, Prosecuting Attorney; Albert F. Schultz, Clerk. Meets every other month, or as occasion may require.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor—Geo. L. Eabcock.

Police Justice—George G. Brooks.

City Clerk—Mason S. Moreno.

Marshal—Whitmore T. Gardner.

Tax Assessor—Wm. M. Pinder.

Tax Collector—W. H. Warren.

Health Officer—Dr. J. W. V. F. Plummer.

Street Commissioner—H. G. Ford.

Sexton—Jas. N. Collins.

Meat Inspector—Frank Johnson.

Captain Night Police—Lem Baker.

Sergeant of Police—Sam Collins.

City Jailor—W. O. Kemp.

Janitor—W. O. Kemp.

Sanitary Inspector—J. W. V. R. Plummer, Jr.

Civil Engineer and Surveyor—Wm. A. Gwynn.

ALDERMEN.

First Ward—Robert Gabriel and Josh Curry.

Second Ward—William B. Curry and Allen E. Curry.

Third Ward—Peter T. Knight and Alfred Aitchinson.

Aldermen at Large—Alfred Gardner and Edgar Falk.

ELECTION COMMISSIONERS.

First Ward—D. Z. Filer.

Second Ward—W. W. Thompson.

Third Ward—W. V. Bethel.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

Chamber of Commerce—W. D. Cash, president; E. M. Martin, secretary.

Public Library Association—Mrs. W. J. Allen, President; Miss Carrie Messina, V. P.; Mrs. Lydia E. Moss, secretary; Mrs. Benjamin Curry, treasurer; Mrs. J. R. Hobson, Librarian.

Turtle Soup and Steak.

Canning Factory, A. Granday, Proprietor, Elizabeth Street. Pure and unadulterated real green turtle.

A CAGED MOCKING BIRD.

I passed a cobbler's shop upon the street,
And paused a moment at the doorstep,
Where,
In nature's melody, piping cool and sweet,
The songs that thrill the swamps when
spring is near
My over the fields at fullness of the year,
And twitter where the autumn hedges run,
Joined all the mouths of music into one.

I shut my eyes; the hermit thrush was there,
And all the leaves hung still to catch his spell;
Wrens cheeped among the bushes; from
somewhere
A blue-bird's twit fled faintly fell;
From rustling corn bob-white his name did tell;
I heard the oriole set his full heart free;
And barefoot boyhood rushed again to me.

The vision-bringer hung upon a nail
Before a dusty window, looking dim
On marts where trade waxed hot with box
and bale;
The sad-eyed passers had no time for him.

His captor sat, with beaded face and grim,
Plying a listless awl, as in a dream
Of pastures winding by a shady stream.

Gray bird, what spirit bides with thee
unseen?
For now, when every songster finds his
love,
And makes his nest where'er the woods are
green,
Free as the winds, thy song should mock
the dove.
Ah, were I thou, my grief in moans would
move,
At thinking—otherwise, by others' art
Charmed and forgetful—of mine own
sweetheart.

O many-souled, Shakespeare bird, who
knows,
Full well each feathered songster's pipe to
wind!
O captive Milton, in this dreary close
Singing in shame of fortune so unkind,
Holding wide, sunny stretches in thy mind!
I hush to offer sorrow unto thee,
Master of fate, seer of destiny!
—John Charles McNeill, in The Century.

: TESTING A LOVER :

By WALTER J. COWBRAY.

MY dear Dorothea, I see I must once more protest. Yet you must know already what my views are upon this matter. Your money is a subject in which I have little or no interest. Indeed, I heartily wish I could forget it altogether. It is an insult to love to discuss such sordid details.

Ashley Creet waved his hand as though to dismiss the topic for all time. Dorothea Spray regarded him admiringly.

"You are so different from the rest of men," she said tremulously. "Every one told me that I should find my money a great temptation to avaricious people. They said I should be courted for its sake alone, and be deceived. And—and I have found you."

She smiled complacently. Clearly her advisers were at fault in their judgment of men, and their motives. For here was a man who would not so much as allow her to tell him how much money she really had—who loved her for her own sake, and vigorously opposed the discussion of a topic which, as he himself affirmed, was an insult to love.

"I want nothing whatever to do with your money, Dorothea," he said finally. "I have my four hundred a year, and that is all which concerns me."

But the girl had not yet made her self understood. It was rather a delicate subject to broach. But she had already made up her mind as to the course she should pursue.

"I know—I know," she said. "But that is not quite all, dear Ashley. Other people are saying horrid things about you. They do not know you as I do. And—and I want to prove to them all that they are wrong. I want to triumph over them, and show them how unselfish and noble you are."

A look of interest came into Ashley's face.

"But such people are obstinate, and rather difficult to convince," he reminded her. "You had better much let them alone."

But Dorothea was not to be dissuaded from her purpose.

"No," she said, decidedly. "I have found a way to show them all how wrong and unjust they are. I want you to remain in this room during the interview I am about to have with my dear friend and lawyer, Mr. Lucien Orme. He is coming up the stairs at this moment."

There was no time to do anything else. So the man kept his seat. It could not make him any the less disinterested to be obliged to listen to the approaching discussion of legalities. And he was not altogether free from a feeling of curiosity. It showed itself in a little nervous uneasiness that now took possession of him. But this the girl did not see.

The door opened and Lucien Orme was announced. He was a man of close upon forty, with frank face, and gentlemanly bearing. His greeting with Dorothea was more than cordial. Indeed, one might even have suspected by the curious way in which his deep eyes rested upon her from time to time that he, too, was in love with this slender, graceful girl. She motioned him to a chair, and began her explanation. Ashley Creet feigned indifference, and looked out of the window.

"Mr. Orme," she said, deliberately, "I am going to ask you to do a strange thing. I am going to be married to Mr. Creet as soon as arrangements can be made. My friends are saying horrid things about it, and I am going to teach them a lesson. My tastes are, as you know, of the simplest. My money is never used, and the capital accumulates year by year. Mr. Creet is quite indifferent to it, and declares that he will not touch it. He has three thousand dollars a year of his own, which will be ample for our wants. So I am going to make a deed of gift in favor of my old nurse and companion, Margaret Swan. She shall live in ease and luxury for the remainder of her days. And people shall know of a truth that my husband is above their unworthy suspicions and insinuations."

She stopped. There was a glow on her face as she triumphantly proclaimed her plans. There was a slight movement in the direction of the window. But Ashley held his peace. Lucien Orme looked grave.

"This is rather a startling proposal," he said, slowly.

Dorothea had anticipated his objections, and was ready for them,

"It is not a proposal," she replied calmly. "It is the outline of my present instructions, Mr. Orme."

The man colored.

"Very well," he said, curtly. "I will have the deed drawn up at once. You will be able to sign it to-morrow afternoon."

Dorothea nodded. Then she went across to Ashley, and asked him to leave them for a little while.

"I don't want to trouble you with the rest of my business affairs," she said. "They are only trivial details. You have heard all that I wished you to hear. I hope you are content."

He got up quickly, and left the room. As soon as the door was shut, Dorothea drew her chair close to that of the lawyer.

"Now, listen," she said, in low tones. "All this is a mere pretense. I am not going to rob my husband of what he has a right to expect. But that must remain a secret between you and me for the present, Mr. Orme. I shall send my old nurse away to-morrow for a holiday. That will prevent her hearing the news, and so save a disappointment at the last. But the world will think that I am getting rid of my money, and will be reproved for its base suspicion. Mr. Creet also is not to know. But I shall tell him all on the day when we are married."

The lawyer nodded. He had heard a few Quixotic things in his life, and was beyond surprise. Moreover, he was beginning to see that the plan might have its advantages, after all. He stood up to take his leave.

"I wish you all happiness," he said quietly, the girl's slim hand clasped for a moment in his own. And then he left her.

Dorothea went to the door, and called her lover. He was conversing with old Margaret Swan in an adjoining room. But he came at her summons, and declined to discuss the plan to which she had given so much earnest and anxious consideration.

It was a fortnight later, and Lucien Orme sat alone in his private office. There was a tap at the door, and a clerk entered.

"Mr. Ashley Creet to see you, sir," he said.

The lawyer nodded.

"Show him in," he said, and the clerk withdrew.

Then he leaned back in his revolving chair, and a queer little inscrutable smile played for an instant upon his clear cut face. Then the door opened again, and Ashley Creet was formally announced. He took the chair which was proffered him, and came to the point at once.

"I called in reference to that little matter of Miss Spray's deed of gift to her nurse," he said airily. "I may as well intimate from the outset that the plan in question was carried out with my full and complete approval. It was the very best thing my affianced wife could have done to have established my true position."

Lucien bowed stiffly.

"And your wishes?" he asked curtly.

A faint tinge of color came into Ashley's face.

"Are not too easily expressed," he replied. "But I am desirous of knowing whether or not Miss Spray actually carried out her intention. She has never referred to the matter since the day when she gave you her instructions. You, with your experience of the world, Mr. Orme, must be aware that—er—ladies often revoke a decision within an hour of its formation. And, now that this matter has gone thus far, I am determined to see it through. My honor demands it. And, if you have not yet drawn up a deed of gift in favor of Margaret Swan I must put my aversion to such topics in the background, and insist on its immediate fulfillment."

The lawyer opened a drawer, and drew forth a large legal document. Glancing at it for a moment, he handed it to his visitor. The latter took it, and devoured its contents eagerly. Then he handed it back and rose to go.

"Thanks," he said, with a gulp. "I am delighted to see that this matter has been legally carried out. Good day, Mr. Orme."

He walked briskly to the door. Lucien Orme watched him. His step was jaunty, his head erect. There was no disguising the fact that he really was "delighted." Yet the smile

on the lawyer's face, when the door closed, boded no good for the man whose motives were so disinterested.

Five minutes later, Lucien Orme carefully put the legal looking document within the empty grate, and held a lighted match to its lower edges. The flame spread rapidly, till but a few blackened ashes remained.

"What a fool!" he soliloquized grimly. "He never even saw that deed lacked a seal!"

He walked back to his writing table and sat down. An hour passed, and he was once more immersed in work when a hurried knock sounded on his door. He seemed to recognize it, and rose hastily.

"At last!" he muttered. "Well, it was bound to come. Poor little girl! I wish I could save her."

He opened the door. A white face looked at him piteously from without, and two trembling hands were held out to him. He took them, and drew her into the room. Then he led her gently to a chair, and she sank into it with a little stifled sob.

"Oh, you can't think what has happened!" she cried piteously. "It is so—so dreadful! I never—never thought of it!"

Lucien Orme drew his chair a little nearer to her own.

Dorothea, he said gently, "we have been old friends for ever so long. All that concerns your welfare is of grave importance to me. Let us forget for a little while that I am your lawyer, and you my client. Let us remember only that we are friends. Can you do this?"

She looked at him tearfully. He had never seemed so strong before. She wondered how it came about that she had never before realized what a noble man he was. It seemed so natural to run to him whenever she was in trouble. She had done so from a child, and was only now beginning to realize what all this meant to her.

"I can't tell you!" she sobbed. "It's so—so humiliating to have to tell it to any one—even to you!"

He flushed.

"You need not," he said gently. "I know it already."

She dropped her lace handkerchief with a start.

"You know it?" she gasped. "Oh, but that is impossible!"

He smiled.

"Well," he admitted quietly, "I may not quite lay claim to positive knowledge. But I can guess. Mr. Ashley Creet and Miss Margaret Swan have decided to throw their lot together, and have been quietly married this morning. Am I not right?"

She nodded.

"How did you know it?" she asked tremulously.

The lawyer glanced at the ashes in the otherwise empty grate.

"He came to me a little more than an hour ago," he said dryly. "I think he was then on his way to the church. He wanted to see the deed of gift."

Dorothea looked up.

"But you hadn't one," she cried. "I don't understand."

The lawyer smiled again.

"I had one ready for him," he said. "Some instinct told me that he would come. So I prepared one, and scribbled a few names at the foot. Some people might call it forgery. But I was ready to risk that. He saw it, and was deceived. Then I burned it."

He pointed to the little heap of ashes, and was silent.

"He has not written to me," said the girl. "But that horrid old woman has. They were married half an hour ago. Oh, dear! what a miserable, heart-breaking world this is!"

The lawyer smiled.

"You should be thankful it is no worse," he reminded her. "You have had a narrow escape, Dorothea. Ashley Creet's motives were mercenary, after all, and I always knew it. I am only too glad to remember that he was discovered through your own plan. He will be amply punished when he learns the truth."

"And serve him right!" she commented. "I will never believe another man as long as I live!"

Lucien laughed.

"Isn't that rather premature—not to say rude?" he inquired.

She looked into his gray eyes, and held out her hand.

"Except you," she said shyly. "I know I can trust you."

"Thank you," he said simply. "I may put you to the test some day, Dorothea."

She blushed prettily. He had let her see his secret. Then she rose to go.

"Good-by," she said timidly.

He held her hand for an instant.

"Good-by," he said.

Then he opened the door for her to pass through.

"May I come and see you on Thursday?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, and left him standing there by the open door, a smile upon his face.

Presently he closed the door very softly, and went back to his seat. But he could not settle again to his work. For he knew now that the way lay clear before his feet, and that sooner or later he would reach the goal in which his dearest hopes were centered.

—New York Weekly.

Tense Truths.

Nowadays, a house is known by the bathtubs it keeps.

Some men would argue against babies, to the mother of one.

Manners are the debt we owe to others.

Our enemies hate us for faults, and our friends love us for virtues that we do not possess.

The cloud of every other man has a silver lining—Tom Mason, in Everydoby's Magazine.

Between Tonopah and Manhattan, Nev., fifty miles, there is an automobile service. Round trip, \$25.

UNCLE SAM'S UNIQUE CORD

The Peculiar Twine Always Used in the State Department.

"Though the State Department has been using a distinctive cord for tying up its official papers for over sixty years," explained an old official of that department, "known as 'official cord,' I have never seen a reference to it in any newspaper or other publication. The cord is about the usual size, and is made of silk, of three colors, inter-twined, red, white and blue. As is well known, the other departments of the Government use red tape, and many of them use considerable of it, in various ways. The State Department, as far as I can learn, has always used the 'official cord,' which is much more patriotic in appearance certainly, and is as strong for all purposes. The origin of the official cord is a matter of considerable conjecture, and as far as I have been able to discover, is somewhat misty. It is known for a certainty that it has been used since 1845, for there are bundles of the official papers in the State Department to-day which are tied up with the red, white and blue cord, and there are reasons for believing that it was used even before then. Every United States legation, consular office and consular agent has used it on all official papers which have been sent to Washington from all parts of the world, for the State Department has always supplied it to the legations for that purpose. Every now and then Presidents have used official cords in tying up their messages and reports which they have from time to time sent to Congress, and many of them have always kept a ball of it on their desks, though some have not. I personally know that Presidents Buchanan, Lincoln and Grant constantly used it. So did President Hayes, Arthur and Cleveland. I do not remember that General Garfield and Harrison used it, but President Cleveland did, and President Roosevelt very frequently uses it. I also know that every official paper that all of the Presidents since 1845 received from the State Department has been tied up with the official cord in preference to the red tape used in all of the other departments. The State Department has its own way of transacting business, and it has always used official cord. For similar reasons it has never taken kindly to typewritten papers, and has never used the typewriter on any communication ever sent to a foreign Government. It sticks to the old style of pen-written papers, and as closely as possible to the style in every way to those used by the fathers of our Government. Even the paper is the same size and shape, all communications to foreign Governments being on a paper about one inch wider and a couple of inches longer than the ordinary legal cap in general use. The State Department, however, uses the typewriter for all official papers, except those sent to foreign Governments.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Carries Bullet in His Heart.

John L. Pruden, carrying a .32-calibre bullet within the pericardium of his heart, has recovered from his wound. Pruden, who is eighteen years old, and George Williams were out shooting a cat. They had with them a revolver, which was thought to be empty, and Williams carelessly pointed it at Pruden while reloading. The weapon was discharged.

When probing for the ball the throbbing of the heart is said to have almost knocked the instrument from the surgeon's hands. The physicians were afraid to probe further and decided to let nature take its course. Many of the physicians attending were under the impression at the time that the bullet rested within the pericardium, and several of them are positive that the wall of the heart was penetrated.

At the time of the accident the youth lived in the country, but he is now clerking in a store. He suffers no inconvenience from the bullet. He was in bed just one month from the effects of it.—Baltimore Sun.

Ugly Deer in Vermont.

It is seriously affirmed that farmers in the northern part of Rutland County would like permission to kill a big, ugly deer that would weigh dressed 300 pounds and has immense horns.

This terror of the woods, they say, chases men to cover, will not yield the right of way when he meets teams in the road, and in devious ways makes himself decidedly unpleasant. He recently paid a visit to a Castleton farmer and, when ordered away, refused to leave, although seven other deer that were with him turned and fled when the farmer and his dog went out. The big deer, however, was in no humor for debate, and promptly chased the collie into the barn.—St. Albans Messenger.

Soulful Sigh.

A melodrama was presented at Le Roy, Kan., recently, and the Reporter declares that "when the blind heroine gave the letter to the villain, supposing it was her husband, some woman, overcome by the dramatic fulness of the movement, gave a most soulful-sounding sigh. It was a sigh that could easily melt the heart of the Egyptian Sphinx and turn Pike's Peak into a seething mass of lava."

Beginning of Iron Industry.

The first iron forge within the territory now the United States was erected in 1652 at Raynham, Mass. This was preceded by a bloomery erected in Virginia in 1619. The first blast furnace with a forced blast was built about 1714, also in Virginia.

Speaking of Others.

When speaking of other people, every word we think should pass through three sieves before it gets to our lips. Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary? —Detroit Free Press

Household Matters

Bedclothes Fasteners.
Bedclothes fasteners are a necessity with little children, who are apt to catch cold from their restlessness at night. Clips to hold the coverings over them are now made, and are said to answer their purpose perfectly.

Paring Fruit.
In paring fruit for preserving, use silver-plated knives, and drop each piece as soon as pared into a bowl of cold water, which has been made acid by the addition of lemon juice; it prevents the fruit from turning dark.

Bruised Wall Paper.
Wall paper that has become bruised or torn off in small patches may be repaired with ordinary children's paints. Mix the colors till you get as nearly as possible the desired shade, and lightly touch up the broken places, and at the distance of a foot or two the disfigurement will be quite unnoticed.

Cleaning Metal Handles.
The metal

THE AUTUMN OF LOVE.

When the awakening haws were green
When May-time's drift on the apple-trees
Hung white and sweet, and the pearly
sheen
Of the morning mist made drunk the
bees,
We learned the whisper and the kiss:
What deadlier whisper bringeth this?

The hand on mine was heaven won,
Thy voice and mine chimed into song,
Thy lips and mine were flower and sun—
The spring-time road was green and
long;

And now—no answering fervent fire
Lights in thy heart my heart's desire
Yet thou art perfect fair, it seems,
And I—a singer at the shrine;
The minstrels still must dream their
dreams.

Still love and lose, still kiss and pine;
Thy soul hath leaped to follow far
Another and more warlike star.

For those dear days of bloom and spring
Have withered in the ripening heat,
And lo! the autumn's burgeoning
Bringeth a sound of heavier feet—
And in the eyes that mirrored mine
Are pennon's flash and lance's shine.

So cometh autumn of the year,
So cometh twilight to the day,
And unto me the tune and tear,
And mailed hands my hope to slay;
False autumn with her shower of gold
Is still unsought and growth old.
—Thomas Wood Stevens, in Harper's
Magazine.

BEYOND
THE GREEN
BAIZE DOOR

By ANSON B. ARDWELL.

HERE was mystery behind the green baize door; tangible, or intangible, nobody knew, since no one but Mr. Blakely ever saw the inside of his private room at Messrs. Blakely & Stephens Bank.

Mr. Blakely was president of the bank, which was the only one in the town, and showed every semblance of a sound financial basis.

Mr. Blakely was a man strangely devoid of eccentricities. The chief fault the bank staff found with him was his indefatigability, and that, whenever there was business to be done in selling or buying stock, procuring loans, etc., he invariably attended to it himself.

I was seated at the desk of the chief cashier, who was away on a short holiday, one morning in September, when one of our depositors entered the bank.

"Mr. Boyton, look here," he said, slipping a half dollar coin upon the counter. "Where did you get it?"

"What's wrong with it?" I inquired, examining it closely, without noticing any defect. "Did I give it to you?"

"Yes. Look at the edge; it's quite smooth." I passed him another half dollar, and he went away, I showed the other two coins into my pocket, intending to keep it as a curiosity. But later in the day, when Mr. Blakely was in the office, I showed it to him.

"Curious," he murmured. "One of an experimental coinage, no doubt, for it's dated 1901. Do you think we've any others similar?"

"No; I have been through them." "Strange! Well I'll keep it. It's probably unique."

I was disappointed with his decision, as I wanted the coin myself. It was against my principles, however, to protest. I forgot it entirely until some weeks later, when Mrs. Blakely, to the utter astonishment of the bank's staff, turned up an hour or two before luncheon time.

Up to that time, although she had been married more than ten months, Mrs. Blakely had never been inside the bank. Now she drove up in her carriage, came in proudly, and asked for Mr. Blakely.

I replied that, if she would step into the waiting room, I would summon him in the usual way.

"No. Show me into his private room. I am Mrs. Blakely," she said hastily.

"I recognize you, madam," I replied. "But the rule is that all visitors, whoever they may be, are to be shown into the waiting room, where Mr. Blakely will interview them."

"Nonsense!" she ejaculated. "Such rules do not refer to Mr. Blakely's wife. The room is at the end of the passage, is it not?"

"You are putting me in an awkward position," I replied. "I am not allowed to let visitors approach the green baize door."

"Ah!" Her proud eyes flashed. "So there is a green baize door, which no one approaches?"

When Mr. Blakely came, he did so in his habitual leisurely manner, and he walked into the waiting room, leaving the door ajar.

"Mr. Blakely," she said haughtily, "I have been insulted by one of your clerks. Since when has your wife been denied the right to enter your private room?"

"Ever since she wronged," assumed that she had such a right, Mary. My clerks have their orders; they obey them. You cannot blame them for upholding rules I myself have framed. What do you want? I am busy this morning. The market is unsteady just now."

"Tell me, Richard; had you known I was coming, would you have allowed your clerk to deny me access to your private room?" Mrs. Blakely inquired.

"The rule is of many years' standing," he said deliberately. "If it were set aside for you, it would be the thin end of the wedge; my room would no longer be private."

"You endorse your clerk's insult?" "I uphold my clerk, who upholds the bank's rules."

I felt her flush just as she came

out of the room, and saw her walk round the desks, her lips tightly compressed, and her head high.

The following morning when I came to the bank, the porter met me with the inquiry, had I seen anything of Mr. Blakely? No one had seen him since the bank closed the night before. He was not in the bank—had not been home—indeed, it was Mrs. Blakely who had driven down early to inquire about him; and no one had seen him.

"Mr. Boyton," she asked, "have you seen my husband? You were the last to leave, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, but I have not seen Mr. Blakely since he put you into your carriage yesterday."

"That decides it," she muttered. "Something has happened to him in his room. The door must be forced. Porter, go for a carpenter!"

"You take the whole responsibility of forcing the green baize door?" I suggested.

"The whole responsibility," she replied.

When the carpenter arrived, Mrs. Blakely led him to the door, and ordered him to force it. He smiled grimly as he looked the door up and down.

"Iron!" he said, laconically. "Tisn't my job; you want a blacksmith."

The porter was hurried to fetch a smith. When the man arrived, he eyed the door critically, and looked dubious.

For five minutes he dealt a rapid-fire of blows, and then the door began to tremble, then to shake. Finally, after ten or twelve minutes, it gave a shudder, and fell outward, swinging on its hinges.

Mrs. Blakely darted forward, and stopped. Six feet farther down the narrow passage, another door obstructed the way. She signed impudently to the smith, who advanced, and shivered the lock of the second door, which was only light wood. All was darkness beyond the door.

I turned to Mrs. Blakely, who stood gazing in wonderment into chaos. "Porter," she said in a hushed voice, "get me a lantern. Then you can both leave us. Mr. Boyton's will be all the help I shall need."

We passed through the doorway, and into a small, dark room, poorly furnished, with three or four articles of office furniture, and littered with papers. There was no sign of Mr. Blakely.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Blakely. "A trap door!"

I saw a square had been cut out of the carpet, in the centre of which was a ring, by which I raised the trap.

Looking through we saw a ladder leading down to darkness.

Going carefully down four rungs of the ladder, I held the lantern out at arm's length, and surveyed the scene.

A stone-walled chamber stretched before me like a large vault. In one wall was a low, barred door; in a corner was a small furnace. A peculiar looking machine stood in the middle of the vault, and upon a ledge of its frame rested a row of silver half dollars.

I went down, and, stepping, as I thought to the ground, my foot encountered something soft. I sprang aside, avoiding it, and saw the body of Mr. Blakely huddled up in a heap.

"Ah, me! Ah, me!" she moaned, propping the head upon her knee with frenzied tenderness. "Richard, husband! You did not merely dream—you lived your crimes that night—and now! This is your secret! Tuesday and the night before he was restless in his sleep; he talked of coining—coining silver coins, and reaping profit—profit. Oh, Richard! Richard!"

Beyond the police, only Mrs. Blakely and myself know the true secret that hid beyond the green baize door.

—New York Weekly.

A Case of Non Compos.

There is a lawyer of Baltimore who tells a story of how he secured a verdict in favor of an Irishman charged with assault with intent to kill. The lawyer secured his client's acquittal on the ground of temporary insanity.

Counsel and client did not meet for several months after the release of the accused. When they did meet, the following conversation ensued:

"Well, Mike, isn't it about time you handed me that \$500?"

"What \$500?"

"Why, the fee of \$500 that you promised me I should have if I saved you from the penitentiary?"

"Shure an' did I promise ye that? I don't raymber."

"Don't remember! Why, you were so grateful that you promised me over and over again that I should have it within a week!"

Mike gave a sickly smile. "Shure I think the claim is not a good wan," said he; "ye know, I was crazy thin!"

—Harper's Weekly.

Fixing the Date.

An old minister in Weston, Mass., tells how implicitly the people of a generation ago trusted the weather predictions of the Farmer's almanac. One of his flock had died, and the pastor was consoling the widow. The subject of the funeral came up, and he asked when it was to be. "Wait, doctor," said she, "we must have it on a pleasant day." She hurriedly searched the almanac, and the day was set.

Kindness to Your Horses.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

Warn the bits before using.

To get horses from a burning barn or stable, when panic-stricken, put the harness on them and they can then be easily and safely removed. If no harness is at hand, one's coat or blanket thrown over their heads makes them tractable.—Our Dumb Animals.

THREE SAMURAI.

A Romantic Story of the Old and New Japan.



FTER Admiral Togo, the officer who achieved highest naval distinction in the war with Russia, was Admiral Kamimura, and bracketed with them both is the name of Admiral Baron Yamamoto. Kamimura commanded the armored cruiser squadron from first to last. He commanded it in the action with the Vladivostok squadron on August 10, 1901, when the Rurik was sunk and the Russia and the Gromoboi were driven back to port so shattered that they never again emerged to take a place in the fighting line. He commanded it in the Battle of the Sea of Japan, when it maneuvered sometimes in company with the battleship squadron and sometimes independently. Yamamoto has presided over the Naval Department during the whole life of the present Cabinet. On him devolved the duty of getting ready for the war, and the duty of keeping the ships prepared and equipped throughout the war. If a well-informed Japanese were asked to choose between Togo and Kamimura as naval captains he might hesitate, but no well-informed Japanese, were he asked to indicate the three men to whom primarily Japan owes the glory of her naval victories, would hesitate for a moment to name Togo, Kamimura and Yamamoto.

There is a curious bond of fellowship between these three men. It dates from a period over thirty years ago, when they were fellow-cadets at the Naval College in Tokyo. Saigo Takamori had chosen them from among the Satsuma clansmen and had sent them up to the capital to study the science of maritime warfare. Saigo died when the greatness of his country was still only a dream of the men who shaped her modern career. He perished by his own hand, a defeated insurgent. Yet the leading members of the Government against which he had rebelled erected a statue to his memory in the principal park of the metropolis, and his sovereign conferred on him the highest posthumous honors, so profoundly was he respected, so sincerely loved. The ultimate point of difference between him and the patriots whom he led to the overthrow of imperial administration was that he regarded the preservation of the samurai class as essential to Japan's security.

The samurai, in Saigo's eyes, seemed incomparable soldiers, the blood of generations of warriors running in their veins, the traditions of a thousand years inspiring their creed of patriotism and loyalty. This band of hereditary warriors he would have preserved amid the wreck of the nation's old institutions. But a gift of foresight wonderful in other directions erred here. His fellow-workers, wiser in their statecraft, saw that in the future their opening before the country her sons must all be armed, not merely a limited section of them. It was an irreconcilable divergence of views, and it made itself felt indirectly though powerfully in foreign politics, for when a plausible pretext offered for attacking Korea Saigo would have seized the occasion, hoping that the immediate use thus created for the samurai might revive their moribund title to continued existence, whereas his colleagues in the Government held that the Empire must not engage in any overseas war pending wholesale reorganization.

Rumors of these dissensions reached the three cadets in the Naval College. They appreciated that Saigo was drifting into a position which might mean civil war, and being the sons of samurai they understood that they must obey the samurai's canon, either to share their patron's fate or by their own deaths to atone him of his unwisdom. The question then arose how to reach Saigo. He was in Kagoshima; they were in Tokyo. Hundreds of miles separated the two places, and, moreover, there could be no prospect of obtaining official leave to undertake the journey. Only one plan offered, and they adopted it. Absconding from the Naval College at night, they made their way to Osaka. This was in 1875. At Osaka they found their funds completely exhausted. Anticipating that difficulty, they had determined to seek aid from Godai Tomotsu, a wealthy merchant of Osaka, who, having been himself a samurai and being also of the Satsuma extraction, would sympathize with them. But Godai refused peremptorily to lend any assistance. He dismissed the lads curtly, scarcely seeming to pay any attention to their story.

Thus they found themselves in a serious dilemma, unable either to prosecute their journey or to retrace their steps. That evening, seated in their room at a Japanese inn, they were despairingly debating some expedient when suddenly the paper sliding door was partly drawn back to admit a man's hand, which threw a packet on the matted floor, and disappeared. They opened the packet and found it filled with bank notes. This was Godai's method of furthering their aim without seeming to approve it. There were no railways in those days, and coastwise steamers were few and far between. But they fortunately obtained passage on a little vessel, the Hozumi Maru, which carried them direct to Kagoshima. In an outer room of Saigo's house they found Hemmi—one of his celebrated lieutenants, who afterward died at his side—in close consultation with six or seven Satsuma samurai. He heard their story, repeated it to Saigo, and then, without

any comment, introduced the youths to the latter's presence.

Almost before greetings had been exchanged Saigo began to reprimand them in strong and bitter terms. "I selected you," he said, "because I believed you to be promising students, and I sent you to the Naval College, not with any selfish purpose of mine nor yet for your own sakes, but because the day will inevitably come when Japan must measure her strength with Russia, and it is incumbent on every true Japanese to prepare vigorously for that crisis. In the Naval College you had only one duty to perform—the duty of applying yourselves earnestly to your tasks and equipping yourselves to serve your country in her time of need. You have absconded from the college in obedience to your own imaginations, thus betraying the trust I reposed in you and forgetting a pupil's obligation, obedience to his teacher. Return at once, and henceforward, whatever happens, though hills crumble and streams run backward, never turn your backs from the path of serving your country with all your might."

The three lads were dumfounded. They had supposed that they were obeying the strict canons of samurai faith when they decided to fight side by side with Saigo if his cause were just and to protest against it by suicide if it seemed unjust. Next day they set out on their return journey to Tokyo. It would have been impossible for them to seek readmittance to the Naval College after such an escapade, had not Saigo furnished them with letters to Admiral Kawamura entreating that their sin of insubordination might not terminate their career in Japan's service. Admiral—afterwards Count—Kawamura was himself one of Saigo's most devoted followers. He it was who a little more than a year later received and washed the head of the great Satsuma leader after the latter with his lieutenants had died by their own hands on the field of Kagoshima. Minister of the Navy at the time of the three students' escapade, Kawamura was able to secure their pardon.

This story has just become public for the first time. The narrator was Admiral Kamimura himself. He related the incidents when visiting the house of General Viscount Takashima en route to join the fleet a few weeks before the arrival of the Baltic squadron in Far Eastern waters. Takashima, in accordance with the traditional custom of Japan, had presented to him an heirloom sword blade, which gift, made on the eve of battle, has from ancient times borne the significance of an exhortation to triumph or to perish. It recalled to Admiral Kamimura that other crisis on the threshold of his career when he so nearly became involved in the one irremediable catastrophe of the Meiji era, and it reminds the nation to-day with what profound insight Saigo Takamori chose the men whose services he dedicated to his country, and how unerring was his prescience of the events lying in the lap of Japan's future. In the thirtieth year after the clandestine visit of these three youths to Kagoshima two of them earned undying fame by crushing Russia's naval might, and the third directed the Empire's naval administration throughout the life and death combat which the Satsuma leader had so clearly foreseen.—London Times.

New Petroleum Deposits in Asia.

Europe as well as America is interested in the discovery and exploitation of new petroleum deposits, and at present Mesopotamia is the country to which attention is being directed. There have been discovered in the province of Bagdad, near the Tigris and north of Samarra, a number of rich springs, while on the Euphrates near Hit similar springs also have been found.

On account of the brigands this district does not afford good opportunity for prospecting and development, but in the Kerkuk district the future for such activity is much more promising, and not only petroleum, but also coal, is found, the former being used for lighting by the natives, while the coal has been tried on the Tigris steamships, proving, however, too bituminous. There is every evidence that the petroleum deposits are extensive and will repay ample working, but it is believed that the completion of the Bagdad railway and increased shipping facilities on the Tigris must be provided before they can be turned to practical account.—Harper's Weekly.

Motoring Makes Fat.

Women who are afraid of growing fat and adding adipose tissue should not motor much. Nothing increases the appetite like rushing through fresh air, while the fact of sitting all day prevents the taking of ordinary exercise. Few people walk after they acquire a motor. Progression seems too slow and too tiresome, so that, like hens shut up in a coop, they only stir to eat. If it is desired to retain the figure, a woman should not motor every day, or at least not all day, and should take care to indulge in a brisk walk, a ride, or a bicycle run as well. In order to exercise the muscles and keep them supple and strong. It is extremely easy to get fat and shapeless in a very short time, and as difficult to return to one's normal condition of slenderness. The average motorist is fat and blessed with an admirable appetite.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

When heated to redness, palladium tarnishes with the formation of a blue film, but does not melt. At ordinary temperatures it remains untarnished like pure gold or platinum.

Over 100,000 people have died from sleeping sickness on Lake Victoria Nyanza in the last few years, and the report on Uganda states that the disease has begun to attack Europeans.

M. Raoul Pictet, the well-known Genevese inventor, states that he has discovered a new light by which photographs may be taken at night even better than during the day.

Professor Cerebotani, a Frenchman, has perfected an apparatus which will transmit the peculiarities of a man's handwriting or drawing, enabling him to sign checks 1000 miles away.

Silico-copper seems to possess a definite elastic limit. It is this property which produces a good spring metal and spring steel, which is the ideal spring metal, has an elastic limit very nearly approaching the ultimate strength.

An English company has been formed to furnish a new soap which makes laundry work with salt water possible. Now ocean steamships will not have to carry from 50,000 to 100,000 pieces of bed and table linen to last during the entire voyage. Washing can be done aboard.

Gaulejac shows by statistics that the forest regions are less affected by tuberculosis than others. The purity of the air, the rapidity with which the organic waste matters are destroyed by the multiple purifying functions of the trees, the properties of the essences exhaled by certain trees—all these, he states, supplement the more natural life lived in or near forests.

ANIMAL BEQUESTS.

How the Wealth of Many Deceased Persons is Left to Pets.

A free bed for cats is maintained in an animal hospital in Philadelphia.

It is a large cage of polished nickel, with a porcelain floor that slides out for cleaning, and with an outfit of porcelain feeding utensils, a pneumatic bed and an abundance of soft, clean blankets.

Standing beside this bed the hospital's superintendent said:

"It was bequeathed to us seven years ago by a rich woman. The income of \$1000 is set apart for its maintenance. It does a deal of good."

"Bequests to animals," he went on, "become more and more common as the various S. P. C. A.'s increase in number."

"A San Francisco woman left the income of \$5000 to be expended in keeping the streets free of broken glass, tin cans and all such rubbish as might cut the feet of horses."

"There is a hospital for birds in New York, and I know a woman whose will when she dies will make it richer by \$150 a year."

"A St. Louis millionaire left a good sum to be devoted to making easier the lives of aged and broken-down horses and mules."

"Animal bequests of this kind are wise. There is another kind of animal bequest, though, that is foolish. This is the setting aside of extravagant sums for the luxurious maintenance, after the master's or mistress' death, of pet animals. Such bequests cause swindling. The person who has \$200 or \$300 a year to keep a cat or dog on is profiting largely, and when the cat or dog dies substitutes another for it in order that the income may not cease. I know of bequests of this foolish sort to cats, dogs, birds and even goldfish. In each case there was cheating. As the real pet died another that resembled it was substituted."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Kingly Titles.

The King of the Aya is called "the king of kings, whom all other sovereigns obey; the cause of the preservation of all animals; the regulator of the seasons; the master of the sea's ebb and flow; brother to the sun; lord of the moon; king of the twenty-four umbrellas."

The King of the little principality of N'Sredu is addressed by his eleven courtiers on state occasions as "sovereign of the universe, whose body is as luminous as the sun; whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her full; whose eyes glitter like the North Star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round; he who when he rises shades all the people of the earth."

The Maharajah of Kapurthala is officially known as "emperor of the earth, possessor of the white elephant, owner of Pegu and Brahma, ruler of the twelve provinces of the world, master of the twelve kings, lord of all."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

French Working Classes.

A society has been formed in Paris to study the question of diet for the poorer classes, so that by rational feeding individuals will be able to preserve health, to maintain strength and to insure the highest working capacity at the minimum of expense. It is believed that this will prove one of the most effectual forces in arresting the spread of tuberculosis.

Pineapples are so plentiful in Natal at certain seasons that they are not worth carting to market, and are often given to pigs.

AN EX-HERO.

My boyhood's heroes!—ah, how grand were they!

I'll never look upon their likenesses again; Bob Simpson seemed to me, when I was ten.

To be a very Launcelot; I lay at night, considering how I some day would try to be as great as he was then, I longed to look like him; all other men I fancied had been made of baser clay.

He played the alto horn, and when the band marched down the street I trotted at his side;

How splendidly his breast seemed to expand, And how I envied him!—To-day he's dried.

And bent, and on a little patch of land He toils to keep the village mart supplied.

—Chicago Record-Herald.



Cremnitz White—"I'd do anything in the world for art." J. Caustic—"Well, why don't you quit painting?"—Judge.

Charley—"Rowell claims to be a self-made man." Jack—"I don't think much of the method of construction."

"There's room above," the wise man sighed, "Then reach it while you can!"

"I will, for I'm," the lad replied, "A second-story man!"

Miss Antique—"The man I marry must be a hero." Miss Pert—"There's no doubt about that."—Philadelphia Record.

"What is that old saying: 'Put a beggar on a horse and—'" "He'll kick because it isn't an automobile!"—Philadelphia Press.

There is one consolation in being a poor man nowadays, anyway: No one is sufficiently interested in him to ask: "Where did he get it?"

"And why have you never married, Mr. Priestley?" asked Miss Oldgirl. "Because," said the curate sternly, "I do not approve of games of chance."—Life.

Skrawler—"I've seen Snippen, the tailor, going up to your studio every day for a week. Is he sitting for you?" Dauber—"No, he's laying for me."—Cleveland Leader.

"Did you hear that the daughter of that rich man in the next block had been driven from home?" "No! When did it happen?" "Just after she got into the carriage."—Baltimore American.

English Motorist—"Is life held so cheaply in America?" American Motorist—"Really, I don't know. No true sportsman ever stops to ask if a thing is cheap or not, in America."—Puck.

He says his blood is blue—good luck! He's such a haughty fellow! His eyes are brown, his hair is black. His cheeks like apples mellow, But just the same, adown his back There runs a streak of yellow.

—Cleveland Leader.

Blobbs—"When I get up to make a speech I feel as though I had forgotten everything I ever knew." Blobbs—"What an ideal witness you would make in a Trust investigation."—Philadelphia Record.

"I have been misquoted," said the new congressman. "Well," answered the experienced statesman, "wait and see how it turns out. Sometimes a man is lucky to be misquoted."—Washington Star.

"I intend to pursue a literary career," said the ambitious youth. "How would you advise me to study and practice?" "I should advise you," said the man with the bulgy forehead and pointed whiskers, "to study economy and practice self-denial."—Washington Star.

Washington was crossing the Delaware. He stood. "Better sit down, sir," suggested an aide. "Sit down?" responded lustily the Father of his Country. "And, pray, what sort of a picture would that make?" Blushing under the rebuke, the aide resolved to monkey no more with art.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hens of Kansas.

Nightingales, larks, swans, and such poetic fowl have been hailed and hymned until the world is very weary of them. Where is the robust American bard who will write high with joyous pen the harmless, necessary hen? Why do our children read about those fabulous geese of the Roman capital? The hens of Kansas are worthier subjects. Here is one year's work of them: \$7,226,111 worth of eggs, which, as a Kansas economist does well to remind the world, is interest at five per cent, on \$144,522,220. To say nothing of the "broilers" and other by-products. Kansas hens make more money for Kansas than do her sheep, wool, barley, flax, sorghum, oats, potatoes. The hen should be the bird of Kansas as the eagle is the bird of freedom.—"With the Profession." Everybody's Magazine.

Russia's Petty Tyrant.

In "Russian Peasant Riots" in Everybody's Magazine, Ernest Poole thus describes the "Natchalnik."

"As you may know, this Natchalnik is the Czar's Inspector." He watches Zemstvos and peasants alike. He is the tyrant of the district. He forces the peasants to elect his creatures for judge and clerk and road-member. If any one opposes him, he simply calls this person a dangerous conspirator and throws him without trial into jail. The wise Russian law provides that the Natchalnik can imprison a peasant without trial for only three days at a time, but I have known cases where a troublesome 'honest government' peasant was put into jail for three days, then freed for three hours, then put into jail again, and so on for weeks."

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

A Cream of Tartar Powder, free from alum or phosphatic acid

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

NEWS OF A WEEK
IN BUSY KEY WESTU. S. MAILS.
ARRIVE

From the North via West Coast (Port Tampa) Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by 6:30 o'clock p.m.

From the North via East Coast (Miami) Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by 10:00 o'clock p.m.

From Cuba—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays by 8:30 o'clock p.m.

CLOSE

For the North via Port Tampa—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 o'clock p.m.

For the North via Miami—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 11:00 a.m.
For Cuba—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 o'clock

CHURCH SERVICES.

Services will be conducted tomorrow at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. at St. Paul's Episcopal Church by Captain Beeller, U.S.N., lay-reader.

Services at Memorial Church Sunday 11th inst.: Morning 10:30 o'clock; Sermon and Holy Communion by Rev. E. A. Harrison. Evening, 7:30, Sermon by Pastor, Subject:—Jacob and Esau or A Fool and his Beans. Good music and singing. You are welcome.
W. A. Myers, Pastor in charge.

First Church Christ Scientists—Services of this church held on Sundays, at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Wednesday evening at 7:30. The public are cordially invited to all services.

Tomorrow will be the Second Sunday Lent.
Quarantine goes on against the Island of Cuba, next Thursday.

Mrs. Frank Hanlon last evening presented her husband with a bouncing baby girl.

For fine choice, high-class Candies, go to FOGARTY'S (up-town) drug store.

Havana-American Co. received 12 bales tobacco this week from Havana.

O. Orhogast arrived from New York Wednesday by Mallory steamer San Jacinto.

If it is a bilious attack take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick cure is certain. Sold by all druggists.

J. E. Stamper arrived from New York Wednesday per Mallory steamer San Jacinto.

Gunby's Lavadura! Do you know what it is? If not, ask your neighbors; they all use it; sold by all grocers at 10 cents a package. Wash with it; bathe with it; shampoo with it; best thing on earth.

J. J. Mattingly was a passenger on the Mallory steamer San Jacinto from New York Wednesday.

J. D. Prentice and wife arrived from New York Wednesday by Mallory steamer San Jacinto and left same evening per P & O steamer Halifax for Havana.

PERSONAL.

Young lady of some means who would appreciate gentleman of high character, good family and strict integrity wanted as correspondent. Object: Matrimony. Letters confidential.
HEYWARD WALKER, Columbia, S. C.

A small fire occurred last night at the corner of Emma and Angela streets, but was quickly extinguished.

Rt. Rev. Wm. Crane Gray Bishop of Southern Florida will visit our city on 16th inst. He will hold confirmation in the different Episcopal churches, commencing with St. Peter's church on evening of arrival.

FOR AN IMPAIRED APPETITE.

Loss of appetite always results from faulty digestion. All that is needed is a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will invigorate the stomach, strengthen the digestion, and give you an appetite like a wolf. These tablets also act as a gentle laxative. For sale at all drug stores.

Juan Esperdy received this week from Havana 12 bales tobacco.

Miss N. B. Curry returned from Philadelphia via Tampa Wednesday per steamer Mascotte, on a visit to her parents Joshua Curry and wife at their residence on Elizabeth Street.

Mallory steamer Denver arrived from Galveston Saturday with 976 pkgs. chickens, grain, hay, etc. Left same day for New York with 1400 pkgs. cigars, sponge, fruit etc.

Q. Chas. Ball and wife, who arrived Friday of last week in response to telegram to attend the funeral of his father, returned to Tampa Thursday per steamer Mascotte. Mr. Ball has lately been appointed Superintendent of the Washington Life Insurance Co. for the States of Florida and Georgia with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga., in the English-American Building.

A cry of fire was heard yesterday morning at 4 o'clock which proved to be a small frame building on Angela street in the rear of Zion Church, belonging to the estate of Pat McEown. On account of the fire alarm system being out of order the alarm was not received by the fire department for some time. Our city fathers should see to it at once that this alarm system is put in good shape, because some fine evening a fire will get such head way that before the fire department hears of it our city will be in ashes.

Miss Pansy Baker has been engaged in a noble work the past few weeks, soliciting subscriptions for the erection and maintenance of an asylum or home for the destitute. We are glad to state that she is making very good progress, as we think that an institution of this kind is badly needed in our city and should be strongly supported by our citizens.

Col. M. J. O'Brien, the president of the Southern Express Co., E. M. Williams, his assistant, together with John B. Hockaday, the superintendent of the company at Savannah, Ga., passed through our city Wednesday evening en route to Miami on the ss Shinnecock.

TORTURE BY SAVAGES.

"Speaking of the torture to which some of the tribes in the Philippines subject their captives reminds me of the intense suffering I endured for three months from inflammation of the kidneys," says W. M. Sherman, of Oshing, Me. "Nothing helped me until I tried Electric Bitters, three bottles of which completely cured me." Cures Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Blood disorders and Malaria; and restores the weak and nervous to robust health. Guaranteed by all druggists. Price 50c.

Mrs. Chas. Fosberg and daughter are expected to return from Havana tomorrow evening, after a ten days visit.

R. T. Hicks, who has been on a visit to his brother in New Orleans for the past eight weeks, is expected to return next week, and will bring a candy making machine for his ice cream and candy parlors.

Bowls, jars, etc of the latest designs which are perfectly elegant and dirt cheap at Chas. B. Fogarty & Co's drug stores.

Mallory steamer Comal arrived yesterday morning from Mobile with a general cargo of western goods for our merchants and also brought 2000 railroad ties and 200 piles for the Key West Electric Railroad Extension to the Havana-American Company's factory several miles out on the county road which will be completed in a very short time, when this mammoth factory will remove from their present quarters on Greene St.

A LIVELY TUSSELE with that old enemy of the race, Constipation, often ends in Appendicitis. To avoid all serious trouble with Stomach, Liver and Bowels, take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They perfectly regulate these organs without pain or discomfort. 25 cents at all druggists.

Cortez Cigar Co. received 19 bales tobacco from Havana this week.

We are glad to note that the City Mission on Duval street is meeting with such good success. We believe that it was much needed in this city.

Capt. Phil Cosgrove is having erected two very pretty two story cottages on his lot on Fleming street, which will add to that part of the city.

Gunby's Lavadura! Do you know what it is? If not, ask your neighbors; they all use it; sold by all grocers at 10 cents a package. Wash with it; bathe with it; shampoo with it; best thing on earth.

G. L. Knowles left for New York this morning by Mallory steamer Concho.

Prof. Casio C. Brannan arrived in our city a few days ago from Porto Rico, where he has been for the past four years teaching the violin, which he is a past master. He also teaches all kinds of string instruments.

Ruy Lopez Ca. received from Havana this week 55 bales tobacco.

Miss Idell Cripe, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. E. Cripe of this city, who left here some three months ago for Manila, P. I., to marry J. L. Pierce of the Navy Department, was married in that city last Monday.

The Delgarin, Madison and Shields' Carnival Company arrived from Havana last night per ss Halifax and will open this evening at Jackson Square, Whitehead street, under the auspices of the Key West Guards. This carnival company is one of the strongest and best attractions that has ever visited our city.

E. H. Gato Cigar Co received 115 bales tobacco from Havana this week.

Mrs. Frank Delaney arrived from Philadelphia via Tampa Wednesday per steamer Mascotte, on a visit to her parents Joshua Curry and wife at their residence on Elizabeth Street.

Mallory steamer Denver arrived from Galveston Saturday with 976 pkgs. chickens, grain, hay, etc. Left same day for New York with 1400 pkgs. cigars, sponge, fruit etc.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the position of State Senator from the 24th Senatorial District, subject to the action of the next Democratic Primary.

If nominated and elected I shall devote my entire time and energies in getting for his District all that she is entitled to receive.

W. HUNT HARRIS.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election for Tax Collector of Monroe County subject to the will of the Democratic Primary. Having served in the above capacity for one term and having previously served as Assessor of this county, I feel that my experience in those positions is worth something to the public whom I have always endeavored to serve. If my services have been satisfactory and warrant my return to the position I will much appreciate your support at the Democratic Primary.

THEODORE A. SWEETING.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS OF THE 24th SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

I shall be a candidate for the position of State Senator from this District, subject to the action of the next Democratic Primary.

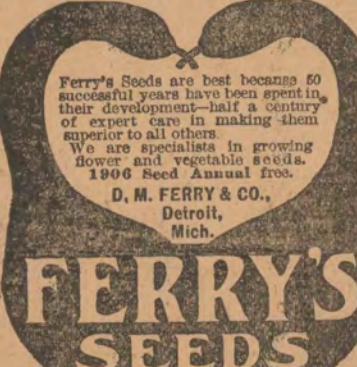
I pledge myself if nominated and elected, to exert every effort to secure for the people of this district such laws as will prevent the payment by them of tribute for the benefit of other sections; for the construction of roads and other advantages which belongs to us; by virtue of the tax imposed upon us; and to direct my every official act for preservation to this district of its rights and privileges.

E. M. SEMPLE.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I wish to announce to the voters that I am a candidate for re-election as County Treasurer. Your support at the Democratic Primary will be appreciated.

Respectfully,
WM. B. CURRY.



FERRY'S SEEDS

Ferry's Seeds are best because 50 successful years have been spent in their development—half a century of expert care in making them superior to all others.

We are specialists in growing flower and vegetable seeds.

1906 Seed Annual free.

O. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

We have just received a swell line of the most UP-TO-DATE

SHOES

for Men, Boys, Women and Children. We call your attention to the

"AMERICAN LADY" SHOES and to the

"AMERICAN GENTLEMEN" and to the Boys' and Misses

"SECURITY" School Shoes made by the best shoe houses in the world.

L. WOLFSON

DUVAL ST. Corner FLEMING

G. V. JOHNSON.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer In

Groceries, Vegetables and

Fresh Provisions,

Chicago Beef, Pork, Mutton,

Sausage, Corned Beef and

Creamery Butter and

Butterine.

A fresh Supply by Every Steamer

AT CITY MARKET.

TO FEEL NICE,

Clean, Decent and High-toned you should have your

Clothing Made to Order by

FRED MOSS

419 The Popular Tailor GREENE ST. 419

A choice assortment of

The Best Material

to select from.

The Light of Home

Sweet Home, is undeniably the incandescent Electric Lamp. Everybody is agreed on that point. A cheerful home is made more cheerful and the electric light tends to dispel gloom and other unharmonious conditions when such unbidden guests pretend to reign. The cost of lighting a home with electricity is a bagatelle compared with its results. Let us furnish you such light.

THE KEY WEST ELECTRIC CO.

phone 761.

SEASON 1905-6.

WINTER SCHEDULE NO. 27

HAVANA, NASSAU, PORT TAMPA, MIAMI, KEY WEST

Peninsular & Occidental Steamship Co.

United States Fast Mail Routes for

KEY WEST, CUBA and THE WEST INDIES. VIA PORT TAMPA and MIAMI, FLA.

Proposed Sailings in effect on dates shown below. Subject to Change and Individual Postponement Without Notice.

PORT TAMPA-HAVANA LINE, via KEY WEST.

Steamships OLIVETTE and MASCOTTE

Effective from PORT TAMPA, FLA., with Sailing December 14, 1905.

Lv. Port Tampa	Sundays,	Tuesdays,	Thursdays,	11:40 pm
Ar. Key West	Mondays,	Wednesdays,	Fridays,	6:30 pm
Lv. Key West	Tuesdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	8:30 pm
Ar. Havana	Wednesdays,	Thursdays,	Sundays,	6:30 am
Lv. Havana	Tuesdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	12:00 noon
Ar. Key West	Wednesdays,	Thursdays,	Sundays,	8:50 pm
Lv. Key West	Tuesdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	10:30 pm
Ar. Port Tampa	Wednesdays,	Fridays,	Sundays,	6:30 pm

MIAMI-HAVANA LINE via KEY WEST.

Steamships SHINNECOCK and HALIFAX

Effective from MIAMI, FLA., with sailing December 15, 1905.

Lv. Miami	Mondays,	Wednesdays,	Fridays,	9:00 a.m.
Ar. Key West	Tuesdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	10:00 p.m.
Lv. Key West	Wednesdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	1:00 a.m.
Ar. Havana	Thursdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	9:00 a.m.
Lv. Havana	Mondays,	Wednesdays,	Fridays,	11:00 a.m.
Ar. Key West	Tuesdays,	Wednesdays,	Fridays,	7:00 p.m.
Lv. Key West	Wednesdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	4:30 a.m.
Ar. Miami	Thursdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	5:30 p.m.

MIAMI-NASSAU LINE. SEASON 1906.

Steamship MIAMI

Effective from MIAMI, Fla., with sailing January 29, 1906.

Lv. Miami	Mondays,	Wednesdays,	Fridays,	3:00 p.m.
Ar. Nassau	Tuesdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	6:30 p.m.
Lv. Nassau	Wednesdays,	Thursdays,	Saturdays,	3:00 p.m.
Ar. Miami	Thursdays,	Fridays,	Sundays,	6:30 a.m.

The above hours based on 90th Meridian Standard time.

Information regarding freight and passenger rates to all points in the United States, Cuba, or the West Indies cheerfully furnished upon application.

F. M. JOLLY, CHAS. L. MYERS, P. J. SAUNDERS, T. F. & P. A. Manager, Traffic Agent.

A. C. ELGIN, JACKSONVILLE, FLA. J. C. MORRIS, Agent, Key West. Agent, Miami. Agent, Port Tampa.

This abrogates all previous notices.—Dec. 9, 1905.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF KEY WEST, No. 4872

CAPITAL - - \$100,000

SURPLUS - - 25,000

Conducts a General

Banking Business.

Safety Deposit Boxes

FOR RENT.

George W. Allen,

President.

G. Bowne Patterson

Vice-President.

Geo. L. Lowe,

Cashier.

Chas. A. Collins,

Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

John Lowe Jr., John F. Horr, Geo. L. Lowe, G. Bowne Patterson,

J. W. Allen, Geo. S. Waite, William R. Kerr, Geo. W. Allen,

Chas. A. Collins.

CHOICE STATIONERY.

We are

DISPLAYING

The Finest Line of Stationery

that has ever been brought to this city.

KEY WEST DRUG CO.

Cor. Simonton and Fleming Sts.

Just received an

up-to-date line of

Hamilton-Brown

SHOES

(The Largest in the World)

CLOTHING!

The man who

wants low-priced

goods—he who wants stylish goods, he

who demands the utmost durability—

all are satisfied from the same stock

here. We don't know of any other

that combine so desirable qualities as

The NEW YORK BAZAAR,

PHILIP G. BLANK, Prop. Cor. Division & Watson Sts.

REMEMBER

UNION TRADING STORE

F. A. BROST, Manager.

THAT'S ALL

Cor. Front and Whitehead Sts.

Near Naval Station.

If Money Grew On Trees

and everybody owned

AN ORCHARD

It would make no difference how it is spent.

Being as it is, however, it makes an "all-fired" difference whether you spend it WISELY or otherwise

You are interested in buying

The Best Goods

—FOR—

the least money

We believe we can sell you

Better Goods for Less

Money than any other house

in Key West.

All We Ask

is to have you look at our

CLOTHING

HATS, SHOES

and FURNISHING GOODS

GEO. S. WAITE

92 and 94 Duval st.

CHICAGO AND FLORIDA

BEEF,

VEAL, PORK

and MUTTON

Live and Fresh

Dressed Poultry.

Hams, Bacon, Sausage

Pigs Feet, Tripe, Celery

FRESH Fruits and Vegetables

Garden Seed

ALL of the BEST quality and

guaranteed FRESH.

FREE DELIVERY

S. O. JOHNSON

515 Eaton St., in front of

Episcopal Church.

G. A. LOESSNER

TAILOR

Ladies' and Gent's

518-520 DUVAL ST.

Over the BEEHIVE STORE of A.

Louis, next to San Carlos

Opera House.

Invites your attention to his

THE KEY WEST ADVERTISER

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EGBERT P. BALL, Publisher

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SATURDAY MARCH 10, 1906

SALUTATORY.

The recent and sad demise of our father, the editor of this paper, makes it necessary, proper and according to newspaper usage to announce the future course of this paper under a new management, as we have definitely determined to continue the publication of The Advertiser, it being our father's desire.

The policy of the paper shall be as far as possible upon its old established known lines. The Advertiser completed its 16th year a week ago Saturday, its volume 16 number 52—five days prior to its former editor's death. The new volume, No. 17, commenced March 3rd.

We desire to express our thanks to all of our old subscribers, patrons and friends, and will endeavor to the best of our humble ability to retain their appreciation and support. We will try so to conduct the paper, if possible to merit an addition of new subscribers, patrons and friends. We will try to maintain a broad, liberal, charitable and independent newspaper, and keep it current and up-to-date with the practical interests of the hour, day and time; and within the province of a weekly paper we will make it as far as we can, a newspaper and an exponent of the advanced views and moulder of opinions of present practices and theories. How far we shall fall short of these aims we cannot say, but if we do, it will not be from want of study and effort on our part.

To our brethren of the press we extend our fraternal hand, and will always endeavor to comport ourselves to the customs and ethics of the profession, and respectfully trust that they will extend a cordial welcome and sustain our feeble youthful efforts.

Finally, we have the aid of the people, the press and of the Lord.

EGBERT P. BALL,
Editor and Publisher.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

It is with pride and pleasure that we announce to the public, that we have added to our editorial staff, Hon. J. W. Y. R. Plummer, M. D., as Associate Editor.

Our Associate Editor is not of the firm of The Advertiser Publishing Co., and has nothing to do with the management. He is simply editorial writer; generally engaged as leading editorial writer, it is distinctly understood, that he is not legally responsible for anything that appears in the editorial or other columns of this paper, or for anything concerning the firm, or the financial management of The Advertiser Publishing Co.

The Doctor is a native of Baltimore, Md. He came to Key West during the Civil War, and married a Key West lady, and has lived here ever since. He is a regular Practitioner of Medicine. On the coming 17th of this month he will be 64 years old, nearly the same age as our father, the late Editor and Manager. They were great friends. The Doctor is a man of affairs, has held many positions of honor and trust—legislative, judicial and executive. He is a graphic, lucid and trenchant journalist, magazine and general writer, on practical current topics, and academic, scientific and literary subjects.

We introduce our Associate Editor, if he needs an introduction, to our patrons and subscribers, as on our editorial staff. We believe, if he is not already known, he will soon unmistakably make himself known.

EGBERT P. BALL,
Editor-in-Chief and Manager.

A RETURN TO CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

To the thoughtful observer of the present needs of the hour in all departments of the world's activities, there can be no doubt that changes in the aims, ambitions and actions of men are imperative, needed and demanded. This is demonstrated in the great rush for quick wealth; this amounts to insanity. Materially wealth in itself confers no happiness upon the human being. It cannot endow anyone with health, rather it has a tendency to injure body, mind and spirit. A man can make no more use for his own

personal happiness, of a million of dollars than he can, of a million of cobbles. The acquisitions and surroundings that can be procured by money are of the things that perish in their using. No man can carry his millions with him; and leaving them to his family and children are very apt to injure them in body, mind and spirit. It were far better to lay up your treasures in Heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

In the domain of politics—Politics used in its broadest sense, in its world sense—the wayfaring man, though blind and a fool, can see the absolute necessity of changes, or there will be a return to inevitable chaos. Every phase of feudalism must be swept away. The power of Might must be replaced by the power of Right. There must be perfect liberty, perfect equality, perfect fraternity, pure and perfect democracy pervading over all this earth. This is not the dream of a visionary, an academician or an abstract philosopher; but is the full and rounded-out consensus of the opinions of practical men of the world, and men of affairs. This is shown in the current history and literature of nearly all countries; not only in the so-called enlightened countries, but also in so-called benighted or savage, barbarous countries. This Kilkenny cat business, or dog eat dog squabble, competition and wars for aggrandizement, must and will stop. This inordinate passion, lust and greed, for selfish powers, places and position, exclusive privileges, opportunities, class-trappings, rank and title, with all the mummery and flummery, claptrap and tommyrot, will be swept away as the mist is swept away by the heat and light of the rising sun of the day.

In the full domain of religion, we say it most reverently, there must be great changes. Religion must adapt itself to the march of scientific teachings and the world's progress. There is no conflict between true religions and true science. There is a conflict between false religion and false science. Practically the religion of the present day, as shown both in the practices, forms and theories, belongs to the past, has no place in the van of the world's upward movement. It must shake off the dead shadows of the past and array itself in the living light of the present and future. It must become practical and useful, or else the utilitarian ideas will cast it aside, and will make for themselves a religion better adapted to the wants of humanity.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. ANN KEMP.

A Peaceful Death.

The writer witnessed a very peaceful death in that of Mrs. Ann Kemp, wife of our old, highly esteemed and respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Richard M. Kemp, who passed over to The Blessed Life Beyond this Vale of Suffering and Tears on the last day of last month.

Mrs. Kemp was 77 years of age on February 23rd, five days prior to her death. She was born in the Bahamas Islands. She was a woman of magnificent physique and great vitality. Her death was caused by collapse of the forces of her system, both physical and vital, due to the tremendous strain produced, first, by an impaction of the pyloric orifice, (lower opening) of the stomach into the smaller intestines and second, by an impaction of the ileocecal valve, or opening of the lower of the smaller into the upper of the larger intestines.

These impactions, stoppages or plugging up of the alimentary canal were finally removed, and her physician hoped that her great and immediate danger had passed, but it was not God's will; a gastro intestinal inflammation had been set up, which suddenly intensified in the lesser curvature of the stomach, producing sudden collapse and death. She was conscious, and recognized all around her, until a few seconds prior to her death.

Her physician, to cheer and rally her up, told her not to give way, that she would soon be better. With a placid face she shook her head. There was absolutely no trace nor shadow of fear on her countenance, or in her eyes. She was at peace with the world, and with her God; she knew that she was dying—it was the precedence preceding the death of the righteous. She calmly fell asleep in the arms of her Redeemer.

Her physician, who, in this particular case, was dealing mostly with the crass, the crude, the objective, the dynamical, mechanical phenomena of natural physics, was relying to a great extent upon her natural powers; notwithstanding her extreme age, for she had a grand old heart and a grand nervous system.

The writer, while a humble psychological student of the school of St. Paul and a stumbling, meek and lowly follower of the meek and lowly Christ, and lays some slight claim to be both, some little of a Christian and some little of a Scientist, yet he believes very little of so-called Theosophy; Spiritualism, Christian Science and so forth. However, he knows, and everyone knows who has ever been baptized with the Holy Ghost (not only believes but knows) when the righteous die in the Lord.

Oh! what a satisfaction to her husband, her children, her loving large family and vast and extensive circle of friends.

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

A FRIEND.

Crude Thoughts
As They Fall
From the Editorial Pen:
Pleasant Evening Reveries.

GROWING OLD.

A little more gray in the lessening hair.

Each day as the years go by;

A little more stooping of the form,

A little more dim the eye.

A little more faltering of the step

As we tread life's pathway o'er,

But a little nearer every day

To the ones that have gone before.

A little more halting of the gait,

And a dullness of the ear;

A growing weariness of the frame

With each swift passing year.

A fading of hopes, and ambitions, too,

A faltering in life's quest;

But a little nearer every day

To a sweet and peaceful rest.

A little more loneliness in life

As the dear ones pass away;

A bigger claim of the heavenly land

With every passing day.

A little further from toil and care,

A little less way to roam;

A drawing nearer to a peaceful voyage

And a happy welcome home.

Do not shun the Cross; it is the road to Heaven.

The thought of Christ's passion and fervent prayer will console and comfort you in every trial, pain and disappointment. Here is the remedy for every ill.

No man has ever degraded human nature more than the unbeliever—with God, man is only a little lower than the angels; without God, man is just nothing at all—a mere animal, crawling to annihilation.

Be noble-minded. Have a strong will to do right. Injure no man. Serve God with faith, and love; and when the last summons comes, be brave; obey the call with perfect resignation, and trust in God's mercy. In that hour, more than all others, God will be with you.

A little thinking shows us that the deeds of kindness we do are effective in proportion to the love we put into them. More depends upon the motive than upon the gift. If the thought be selfish, if we expect compensation or are guilty of close calculation, the result will be like the motive prompting.

Gumbo's Lavadura! Do you know what it is? It not, ask your neighbors; they all use it; sold by all grocers at 10 cents a package. Wash with it; bathe with it; shampoo with it; best thing on earth.

DO.

Do let the children feel that they are mother's most cherished possession, and that home is a place for them to be happy in.

Do learn to hold your tongue when vexed or angry. A muzzle applied at the right moment would prevent many a family discord and heal many a wounded heart.

Do remember that a very little thing may work a marvel. A kiss has changed the destiny of men and women.

Do beware of scolding the silent man. A man who can hold his tongue under provocation is worthy of admiration, veneration and devotion.

Do cultivate a sense of humor, that peace and justification may dwell in thy home, and the little annoyances that darken the day will disappear as the morning mist before the sun.

Do not feel offended if he who asks advice fails to follow it. What is wisdom in us may prove folly to another.

Do see a little of your neighbors and the outside world. A house-bound woman is generally a dull woman, and often a cross one.

Do be generous in your criticisms. It is a form of magnanimity that leaves no stings to regret.

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NEWS OF A WEEK

IN BUSY KEY WEST

CANINE FIDELITY.

Thursday of last week, the day on which our manager was called to rest, an incident occurred which is worthy of record: About 10:30 a. m. or a few minutes later, the late manager's little dog "Lady", as he named her, ran into the office apparently excited, howled and immediately started out again on a run. The one workman in the office at the time (the other employees being at breakfast) started quickly to follow the dog, but had not proceeded many steps when met by the startling cry: "Mr. Ball has dropped dead round the corner." (Note—Mr. Ball was always kind and very much attached to his "Little Doggie",—no doubt he was just returning from procuring meat for her breakfast on that fatal morning, and this was poor "Lady's" way of expressing sorrow and at the same time telling the sad tale. That little dog is now the idol of everyone conversant with this fact.

A CHICAGO ALDERMAN OWES HIS ELECTION TO CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

"I can heartily and conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for affections of the throat and lungs," says Hon. John Shenick, 220 So. La Salle St., Chicago. "Two years ago, during a political campaign, I caught cold after being overworked, which irritated my throat and I was finally compelled to stop, as I could not speak aloud. In my extremity a friend advised me to use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I took two doses that afternoon and could not believe my senses when I found the next morning the inflammation had largely subsided. I took several doses that day, kept right on talking through the campaign, and I thank this medicine that I won my seat in the Council." This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Joseph Castillo left for New York via Miami Monday per ss Shinnecock.

Mrs. W. T. Russell returned to Miami Monday per steamer Shinnecock.

Mrs. J. T. Carey and family left for Tuesday per ss Olivette.

Gumbo's Lavadura! Do you know what it is? It not, ask your neighbors; they all use it; sold by all grocers at 10 cents a package. Wash with it; bathe with it; shampoo with it; best thing on earth.

A DEFINITION.

Tom—"What do you understand to be meant by the word 'man'?"

Ed—"I understand that one does nothing and is too tired to stop."—Woman's Home Companion for March.

Newly furnished rooms for rent.—Nice, large and comfortable. From \$2 a week and up, or by the day, week or month, at the DUVAL HOUSE, 1305 Duval Street.

Capt. E. H. Shultz left Wednesday per ss Shinnecock for Miami.

Julius Otto, U. S. Immigration Inspector at this port, left for Havana per steamer Mascotte Wednesday.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

The cures that stand to its credit make Bucklen's Arnica Salve a scientific wonder. It cured E. R. Mulford, lecturer for the Patrons' of husbandry, Waynesboro, Pa., of a distressing case of Piles. It heals the worst Burns, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Cuts, Coughs and Salt Rheum. Only 25 cents at all drug stores.

Mrs. J. S. Hampton left Monday per ss Shinnecock for Miami.

Miss Irene Watkins left for Miami Wednesday per steamer Shinnecock.

Mrs. John N. Cruso, accompanied by Mrs. Howard Cruso, left via Tampa Saturday per ss Olivette for Chicago.

AN AUTOMOBILE STORY.

Leroy Scott, the author of "The Walking Delegate," who wrote "The Heart of the Automobile," in the February American Magazine, has a rating short story in the March American Magazine dealing with a great automobile race. The whole thing is so realistically told that you can actually feel the excitement of the spectators as the great machine shoots around the corner.

To My Friends and Patrons:

We have and always will have on hand any number of the Kinwood Gasoline Stoves and Ranges, and invite the public to call and learn prices.

Phone 129, or call and see me, corner Ann and Greene sts.

M. R. COSTAR.

A SERIES of articles on "Arts and Crafts Industries" is begun in the March New Idea Woman's Magazine with an account of the making of jewelry and designing in metal, in which work it appears many women are now not only engaged but successful. Some charming pieces are shown as the work of Miss Jane Carson of Cleveland and others, including brooches, watch fobs, jewelry boxes etc. They say that there was a time when a strong prejudice was felt against women craft-workers and that American women preferred to buy their jewelry in Paris instead of patronizing the artists of their own country, but that is no longer the case. American women want artistic and able work and because these workers possess the talent and perseverance needed, they have won recognition and are enjoying the fruits of their efforts.

Mrs. Templeton, wife of Rev. R. B. Templeton of Richhill, Mo., who has been on a two months' visit to her mother Mrs. Harry Davis in this city, returned to her home in Miami Monday per ss Shinnecock.

A. G. Mayer arrived from New York by Mallory steamer San Jacinto Wednesday.

A SAFE COUGH MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.

In buying a cough medicine for children never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is sure to follow. It is especially valuable for colds, croup and whooping cough. For sale by all druggists.

CONVERT WHO COULDN'T PRAY

The following anecdote occurs in Eugene Wood's picturesque article on "The Old-Time Revival," in the March Everybodies:

"They tell the story of a man who went out forward night after night, through the meetings. The last night found him still seeking. 'No one could make much out of him, but, at this last meeting, some one put his arms around him and pityingly said: 'What's the matter, my dear brother? Why is it you can't come through?'"

"The consciousness that the harvest was past and the summer ended, the kindly sympathy—something anyway—broke the man's heart. 'Oh, I'm converted all right, all right, I guess,' he sniffled, and then he broke into a regular, square-mouthed bawling-spell. 'But—but... ah-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! I just can't make a prayer fit for a dawn-aw-aw.'"

DOCTORS ARE PUZZLED.

The remarkable recovery of Kenneth McIver, of Vanceboro, Me., is the subject of much interest to the medical fraternity and a wide circle of friends.

He says of his case: "Owing to severe inflammation of the Throat and congestion of the Lungs, three doctors gave me up to die when, as a last resort, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery and I am happy to say it saved my life." Cures the worst Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, Weak Lungs, Hoarseness and La Grippe. Guaranteed at all druggists. 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Mrs. M. S. Miles arrived Wednesday by Mallory steamer San Jacinto from New York.

849 Americans and 176 aliens arrived from Havana per P. & O. steamers and str Gussie since last issue.

1062 bales tobacco were brought from Havana per P. & O. steamers and str Gussie since our last issue.

SITUATION WANTED.—Practical

Tinsmith and Sheet-Iron Worker.—Chip of the Old Block. Plumber's, Clerking, Watchman four months—delights in his work. Chance for some one to get a good man at moderate wages.—CHARLES B. GARRISON, Fort Pierce, Florida. For Reference, Ad. Press, Fee, Steward & Co., Fort Pierce, Florida.

A LITTLE LEARNING.

Johnny (after first day at school)—"I learned something today, mamma."

Mamma (much interested)—"What was it?"

Johnny—"I learned to say 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am.'"

Mother—"You did!"

Johnny—"Yes."—Woman's Home Companion for March.

Gumbo's Lavadura! Do you know what it is? It not, ask your neighbors; they all use it; sold by all grocers at 10 cents a package. Wash with it; bathe with it; shampoo with it; best thing on earth.

Mrs. H. H. Kopang, wife of Mr. Kopang, paymaster's clerk at the U. S. naval station, arrived from New York Wednesday by Mallory steamer San Jacinto, after spending several months with her parents in the north.

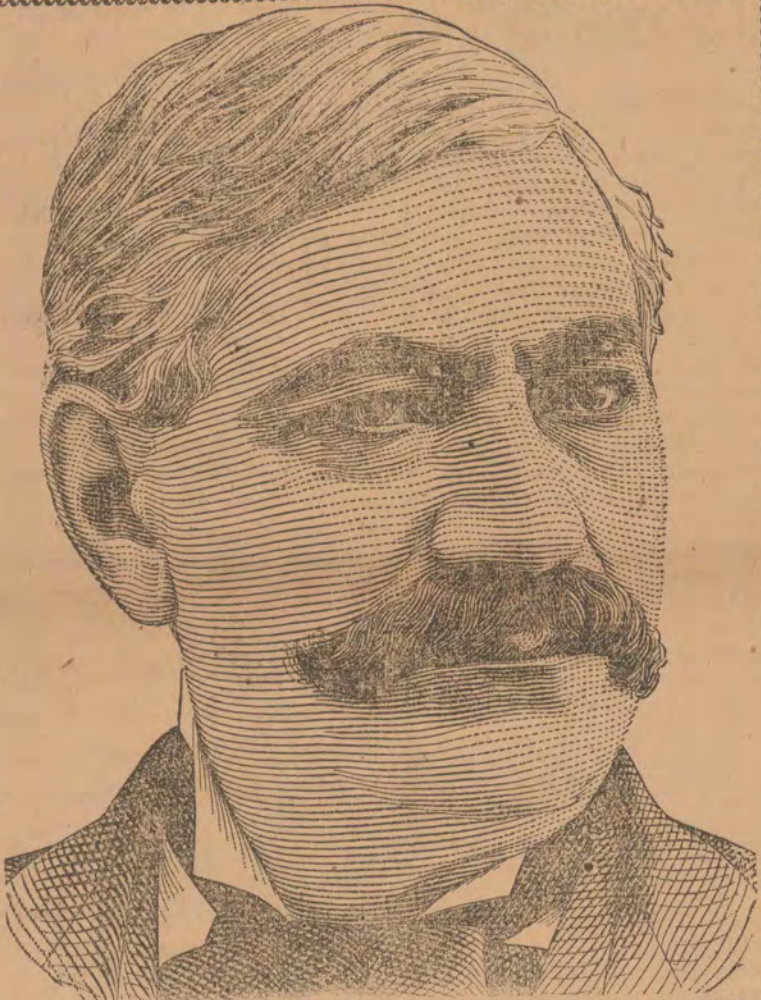
Visit our stores, and you will be surprised at the great variety of fancy goods, choice perfumery, platedware and bric-a-brac we have that are just the things you want for presents. Stop trying to think of something to give father, mother, brother and sister and examine our stock; you will find something at once for everybody. Our prices are not "drug store prices," but the very lowest in town.

Chas. B. Fogarty & Co., 201, Eaton and Elizabeth and Fleming and Margaret sts.

Wm. Hickley and wife arrived from New York Wednesday by Mallory steamer San Jacinto en route to West Palm Beach, for which city they left Saturday evening via Miami per steamer Shinnecock.

HAD CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.

Congressman Meekison Gives Praise to Pe-ru-na For His Recovery.



CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON PRAISES PE-RU-NA.

Hon. David Meekison, Napoleon, Ohio, ex-member of Congress, Fifty-fifth District, writes:

"I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."—David Meekison.

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL CURE: Mr. Jacob L. Davis, Galena, Stone County, Mo., writes: "I have been in bad health for thirty-seven years, and after taking twelve bottles of your Pe-ru-na I am cured."—Jacob L. Davis. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address: Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanatorium, Columbus, O.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

For Your Family and Your Horse
The Best Antiseptic Known.

TRY IT FOR
Rheumatism, Strains, Sprains, Swellings and Enlargements.
Price, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.
Dr. EARL S. SLOAN,
615 Albany St., Boston, Mass.

In twelve marriages out of every hundred one of the parties has been married before.

HIS ONE WEAK SPOT.

Prominent Minnesota Merchant Cured to Stay Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

O. C. Hayden, of O. C. Hayden & Co., dry goods merchants, of Albert Lea, Minn., says: "I was so lame that I could hardly walk."

There was an unaccountable weakness of the back, and constant pain and aching. I could find no rest and was very uncomfortable at night. As my health was good in every other way I could not understand this trouble. It was just as if all the strength had gone from my back after suffering for some time I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The remedy acted at once upon the kidneys, and when normal action was restored, the trouble with my back disappeared. I have not had any return of it."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

In Switzerland males between twenty and sixty-five are obliged to vote.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

There were no silver dollars coined in 1905.

The increase of Christians in Japan during the year 1904 was about 10 per cent.

NOZLEY'S LEMON ELIXIR.

Is not a new and untried remedy. More than 1/2 of a Century attests its wonderful curative and health-giving properties, and serves to show that it has no equal as a cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick-Headache, and all other ills arising from a

TORPID LIVER.

Being strictly a vegetable compound, it has no harmful or even unpleasant effects. Its action is gentle but none the less thorough—cleansing the stomach and bowels of all impurities, and toning up the entire system to a healthy condition—leaving the person feeling good, because every organ is made to perform its part perfectly.

60c. and \$1.00 a BOTTLE. ALL DRUG STORES.

"One Dose Convinces."

The Telemobiloskop.

United States Consul Bardel, of Bamberg, Germany, reports the invention of the telemobiloskop by a resident of Dusseldorf, an apparatus which merits the attention of all seafarers, and which is said to have gained the special attention of German maritime circles. Describing the telemobiloskop, Consul Bardel writes:

The telemobiloskop is to enable the pilot of a ship, in foggy weather, to discover the nearness of another vessel, even if the pilot of the other vessel neglects to give signals by which he could make himself heard. The apparatus works automatically, so that after it is once adjusted nothing whatever has to be done until a ship is discovered by it, when, by an unimportant manual action, the nearness of the other ship can be disclosed. The invention is based on the principle that electric waves, such as are used by wireless telegraphy, are reflected the moment they strike metallic objects in their course, while otherwise they continue on their journey.

The Boy and the Dog.

In Jersey City it costs \$2 a week to board a dog in good health at the Veterinary Home for Dogs; it costs \$1.25 a week to keep a six-year-old boy at the Home of the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Now let us be frank: The man who pays the expenses of the dog owns the dog loves him, trusts him, wouldn't sell him for a fortune. He who pays the expenses of the child doesn't want him and wouldn't have him.—New York Press.

Heroines Old and New.

Most modern heroines are married women, whereas the nice ones in Shakespeare and in novels before 1890 were almost always unwedded maids. You like Beatrice and Portia, and above all things, Rosalind. You do not lose your heart in Lady Macbeth (though a fine figure of a woman), and you do not desire to compete with Othello in the affections of Desdemona. This may be a too nice morality, but to Victorian tastes even widows, in novels at least, come under the ban of the elder Mr. Weller. Nobody but Col. Esmond ever cared for Lady Castlewood and Dobbin is alone in his passion for Amelia.—Andrew Lang, in London Post.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

High-born Siamese walk with the elbow joint turned inward and the thumbs out.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen is Nature's great remedy—Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Consumption, and all throat and lung troubles. At druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

All sizes and quantities of diamonds seem to be in demand.

PAINS

AMERICAN WOMEN FIND RELIEF

The Case of Miss Irene Crosby Is One of Thousands of Cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many women realize that it is not the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely.



Miss Irene Crosby

Thousands of American women, however, have found relief from all monthly suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It cures the condition which causes so much discomfort and robs these periods of their terrors.

Miss Irene Crosby, of 313 Charlton Street, East Savannah, Ga., writes:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a true friend to woman. It has been of great benefit to me, curing me of irregular and painful periods when everything else had failed, and I gladly recommend it to other suffering women."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacement of organs, inflammation or ulceration, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising women free of charge. Thousands have been cured by so doing.



Epigrams on Women.

Emil Reich in a recent London lecture said:

"Nations differ in nothing more than in their women."

"You will never know what a woman is unless you suffer very much."

"Women do not love Napoleons; they love mere middle-class mediocrities."

"Men who want to found empires do not want the higher development of woman."

"You will in vain search history for a great man who has not been influenced by a great woman."

"In America the woman governs the man absolutely. In a certain sense the last man that came to America was Christopher Columbus."

Co-Operative Housekeeping.

Three young couples who live in the same apartment house on Washington Heights have had so much trouble with the servant problem, and the female members of the families had all got into such a state of "nerves" over the inefficiency and general "cussedness" of the help they were able to afford, that finally the men folk got together a month ago, and decided to take matters into their own hands.

None of their wives objected to cooking or making beds, but all needed help when it came to washing and ironing, sweeping and scrubbing, and particularly washing dishes and kitchen utensils, so the men decided on a co-operative scheme that so far has worked very well during the month it has been in operation.

Instead of each family paying \$4 a week for an incompetent maid of all work, each subscribes \$3 a week toward the wage of a strong, capable and active German woman, who feels that for the \$9 a week she is sure of getting she can afford to do a day's work every day. On Monday she does Mrs. A's washing and ironing, on Tuesday Mrs. B's washing and ironing, on Wednesday Mrs. C's. On the other three work days each apartment in turn receives a thorough scrubbing and cleaning. All the dishes that are dirtied in each apartment are piled by the mistress into a big pan, and in the evening are sent via the dumbwaiter to the apartment where Lena happens to be principally engaged on that day. She washes and polishes them all, and distributes them back to their owners before leaving for the night.

All concerned are delighted with the plan thus far, and declare they would not go back to the old way for anything.—New York Globe.

The Baby Daughter.

When the baby girl arrives, let it be remembered that there are new things to be considered in her reception. Once the hope of the mother was in having a daughter who would be nearer to her than any son could possibly be. And the fond papa's delight was in the picture of some day having attached to himself something which would be the envy of other men and which he could take pride in living up to financially like any other table luxury.

But the baby girl of now comes with the right of being considered an investment. For each of those families where the son is pointed out as a model and considered the best and most deserving young man in town because he takes care of his mother and sisters, who does not know another in which the girl is doing the same thing?

Who doesn't remember the daughter who is the burden bearer when reverses come when the brother is going galli off after things matrimonial? And who does not know the father with whom things went backward instead of forward who has the pretty, protecting good-fellowship of the daughter, who is helping out at home with a little salary of her own?

When it comes to the little embryo that she is, for brilliant possibilities the baby girl is the one who will thrill most the heart of the man who has the gambler's instinct for chances. However, the boy must be counted on not to go any higher than the level that has been reached by his progenitors, even allowing for new combinations. But the father whom you see in the car with the four-year-old, of peachy skin and brilliant orbs and penciled eyebrows and eyelashes, sitting with grave dignity under the Greenaway hat, has that beside him whose power no man can measure. Practically endless are the tricks of combination which good charm with which it is her role to attach good things to herself. And today's baby girl whose future opens up to her with independence and brains as well as a chance of making double pair royals in getting there, which are debared her small brother.

Don't mistake the possibilities. There is no need to make excuses for her not being a boy.

Gloves Tell Characters.

The girl near the exchange desk carefully folded a pair of dogskin gloves.

"I sometimes think," she said, "that all fortune tellers must have served an apprenticeship as glove saleswomen before going into the prophesying business. It is generally conceded that the chief stock in trade of the professional seer is a wide knowledge of human nature, and surely there is no better school for gaining that particular kind of education than the glove counter of

a big store. I think I could give up my job here now and go out and coin money by telling people what I have found out about them, with their hands for a text-book. I would not proceed on the principles of palmistry, either. The lines of the hand mean nothing to me. I would judge character solely by the way my patrons hold their hands when having their gloves fitted.

"Now, look at that woman down at the lower end of the counter. She holds her hand out, palm upward, as stiff as a ramrod, and no matter how much the clerk may turn or twist that unruly member and caution its owner to loosen the tension a bit, it is bound to straighten out into just that position.

"I am glad that woman is not a customer of mine. I'd be sure to have a row with her before she got away. I always have trouble with those stiff-handed women. They are very hard to suit. Their wills are just as inflexible as their hands, and if I have trouble in getting their gloves to set well the first time they put all the blame on me, whereas their own stubbornness lies at the root of the difficulty.

"In contrast to this type is the limp-handed woman. Honestly, we meet some hands that flop around just like jelly fish. They seem to be entirely destitute of bone or muscle. The palm is thick and pear-shaped and soft as putty. It gives me the horrors to touch that kind of a hand. I never yet waited on one of those inert creatures who did not wear a soiled collar or neck ribbon and a frayed skirt binding.

"If I had to choose between the strenuous-handed woman and the doughy palm I'd take the former every time.

"Then there are the customers of the grab-all type. They plant their elbows on the counter and spread their fingers out at the very widest angle. Naturally, this digital performance is not at all conducive to ease in fitting a pair of gloves or to neatness of appearance once that feat is accomplished. Experience has taught me to fight shy of one of these animated glove stretchers as a neighbor. Their bump of inquisitiveness is abnormally developed and the people across the mall will be in luck if the broad-fingered folk do not borrow the very clothes off their backs.

"There are other customers who persist in doubling their fingers into regular grappling hooks while undergoing the fitting operation. I have my suspicions about them, too. They are sure to have equally crooked tempers, and they take a special delight in raising a row at meal time.

"Of course, I serve hundreds of customers who have reduced the fitting of gloves to a fine art. They submit to the necessary manipulations with the utmost grace and put me to no inconvenience. Nature has made them a gift of glove-counter etiquette, along with sincerity and thoughtfulness, and a lot of other admirable qualities, and it is no hardship to sell gloves to them day in and day out. You see, what is born in the bone will come out in the fingers, and if there is any place on earth where kinks in character are bound to come to the surface it is at the glove counter."—New York Press.



Overskirts are growing in importance.

Women are again wearing jeweled cuff links.

The bird of paradise is worn as a coiffure decoration.

A big necklace of handsome ostrich plumes is much desired.

Light suitings in two-toned effects are being shown for early spring wear and the South.

The prettiest pink cloth costumes are of a deep shade; really an old rose or rather bright tone.

The draped fur stole lined with a second fur is one of the great successes of the season.

The new embroidered blouses have Valenciennes medallions inserted among the needlework.

The handsomest hats are seen of lace. Lace trims any number of crin and fine Neapolitan straws.

The girl just home from Paris wears a round drop watch that hangs like a bangle from her bracelet.

Embroidered in dark and light shades of the same color little pink bolero jackets are most attractive.

Pale pink and the delicate shell pink are pretty for young girls, but have scarcely sufficient character to satisfy the present desire for brilliancy and effect.

The one shade of pink that is so fashionable at the moment is only to be found in cloth and chiffon. There are three tones of pink—those bordering on salmon and the flame color—that are more popular for evening wear.

Variety in color is a particular feature of the new straws and hair weaves. All the leading series of shades adapted for the season are represented, but particular prominence is given to the new moss and spring greens, and to the lower toned pinks, to the orchid mauves, sky and pale hyacinth colors, to the bright light wood browns, and the lightest of the terra

FAMILIES SUPPLIED.

Auntie (to her young niece).—Guess what I know, Mary—there's a little baby brother upstairs! He came this morning when you were asleep.

Mary.—Did he? When I know who brought him—it was the milkman. Auntie.—What do you mean, Mary? Mary.—Why, I looked at the sign on his cart yesterday, and it said "Families Supplied Daily."—Harper's Weekly.

Tommy's Acts of Kindness.

Governor Folk of Missouri, was talking about reform.

"We all believe in it," he said, "but we want to see it brought about at other folks' expense. We are like, too like, a certain Kansas City boy."

"This boy's mother said to him on her return from a long day's shopping in the Thanksgiving season:

"Now, I hope my little Tommy has taken to heart mamma's talk of last night about charity and unselfishness. Since he has few troubles of his own, I hope he has thought of others' troubles all day long. Since he has many causes for thanksgiving himself, I hope he has tried to give cause for thanksgiving to others. What is my Tommy's report for the day? How many acts of kindness has he done? How much woe has he lightened? How many hearts has my Tommy made grateful and glad?"

"In this way spoke the good young mother. And her Tommy replied:

"I've done a whole lot of good, ma. I gave your new hat to a beggar woman, and I gave the cook's shoes to a little girl in busted rubbers what I seen on the street, and I gave a poor lame shoeshorn seller pa's evening suit—the open front one that he hardly ever wears."

The Other One.

A story is told of a police magistrate in Cincinnati who having an extraordinary amount of business one morning, was disposing of his cases at the rate of some two or three a minute, with great exactness and dignity, being, as is usual in police courts, judge, jury, and lawyer all in one.

To one rather refractory witness his Honor said, "I am to understand that you readily recognize this handkerchief as the one stolen from you?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"How do you know it is yours?" peremptorily demanded his Honor.

"I recognize it at once because of its peculiar design."

"You must be aware, sir," declared the magistrate, oracularly, as he drew a similar handkerchief from his own pocket, "that there are others like it."

"True enough," was the unexpected reply. "I had two stolen!"—Harper's Weekly.

Ornithology vs. High Finance.

A certain Philadelphia millionaire who had been a Philadelphia for long ago, and his business leading him to the Philadelphia Academy of the Natural Sciences, he found himself walking in and out among the cases of stuffed birds. There are thousands of lifelike feathered creatures gathered there, and the collection is considered one of the finest in America. The custodian could not help praising it all with excusable warmth.

"I've never figured it out," said he, at last, "but it is safe to say, at a guess, that these stuffed birds are worth not less than \$200,000."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the man of money, "is it possible? What are they stuffed with?"—Harper's Weekly.

THE SPEED LIMIT.

The Judge.—But if you tooted your horn, how is it that the plaintiff did not hear you in time to get out of the way?

The Defendant.—I am convinced, your honor, that the accident was due entirely to the inferior velocity of sound.—Brooklyn Life.

FOOD AND STUDY

A College Man's Experience.

"All through my high school course and first year in college," writes an ambitious young man, "I struggled with my studies on a diet of greasy, pasty foods, being especially fond of cakes and fried things. My system got into a state of general disorder and it was difficult for me to apply myself to school work with any degree of satisfaction. I tried different medicines and food preparations but did not seem able to correct the difficulty.

"Then my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food and I sampled it. I had to do something, so I just tucked down to a rigid observance of the directions on the package, and in less than no time began to feel better. In a few weeks my strength was restored, my weight had increased, I had a clearer head and felt better in every particular. My work was simply sport to what it was formerly.

"My sister's health was badly run down and she had become so nervous that she could not attend to her music. She went on Grape-Nuts and had the same remarkable experience that I had. Then my brother, Frank, who is in the Postoffice Department at Washington city and had been trying to do brain work on greasy foods, cakes and all that, joined the Grape-Nuts army. I showed him what it was and could do and from a broken-down condition he has developed into a hearty and efficient man.

"Besides these I could give account of numbers of my fellow-students who have made visible improvement mentally and physically by the use of this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in drug

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY
BISHOP BURGESS.

Subject: Church Music.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Bishop Burgess preached Sunday morning in the Church of the Redeemer. The occasion was the dedication of the beautiful memorial organ, a gift to the church. The bishop spoke on "Church Music." The text was from Psalm xlviii: "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Bishop Burgess said during his sermon:

This organ, which we dedicate today, to the glory of God, has been placed here in memory of one who was a faithful and devoted worshiper in this church, George Parker. There is a peculiar appropriateness in the gift, for church music appealed to him with an especial power. To make this part of our worship worthy of our church's traditions, to make its ritual, when ritual of some kind was necessary, sacred and historic, he was willing to sacrifice his time, his money, his strength. It has seemed to me that it would not be out of place for me to speak to you today of church music and to trace its history so that we may be better able to estimate the value of what must always be an adjunct to the service, the hand-maid, not the mistress, of worship.

The Bible never seeks to prove the existence of God. The prophets, poets, philosophers, historians of the Old Testament, as well as the Apostles and Evangelists of the new, everywhere assume the Being and Personality of God. They do not argue for this position. They simply claim it as their right. Only the fool, and he only under his breath, can deny the existence of God. But if any argument is hinted at, it is rather this argument from design, which is to-day, after all, the advance of modern science, considered the most cogent of them all and which is struck off at white heat, as it were, in this glowing sentence of the Psalmist: "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" The writer may not have known, perhaps, as much of human anatomy and of the physiology of the brain as Professor James, he may not have been as cognizant of the delicate structure of the eye and ear as one of our modern specialists, but the marvels and the beauty were before his mind in all their power when he wrote those words. It is an argument which the fool alone can set aside, that such things do not come by chance and that in the Supreme Being something corresponding to hearing and seeing exists, that the music which delights the ear of man is known to God, and the glow of the sunset, the sweet unfathomable beauty of the world, of the stars and of the flowers have their existence primarily for God. The horrified philosopher may call out "anthropomorphism," but for my part I do not fear that as much as the immortality of pantheism or materialism. If it is true, as Professor Sholer says, that the naturalist has a right to conclude that the universe is under the control of power in ways like unto the mind of man then surely we have a right to believe that all our art, our music, our architecture, our paintings and sculpture are heard or seen by God and are pleasing or displeasing to Him according as they are or are not founded upon the principles of truth. Let us not argue about this. Let us assume it now as we speak of church music.

We can watch their ways with our microscope, but we dare not assert that they do not hear commands and live in a world of the source of which we know nothing. So with the universe. We can plow the heavens with the telescope, but we know not that what we call the music of the spheres has no existence and that it is only a poet's fancy which asserts that the heavens, the stars and the planets accompany the sons of God in their praise of the Father in Heaven.

In all civilized nations I believe music has always had some connection with religion. The Greeks had no doubt carried it, as they did every art they touched, to a high grade of excellence. In Plato we find music is a constant source of illustration. In those days, as in these, they had the mere musician, who prided himself on his ear and lost the poetry and the meaning of the art. "The musician," one of the characters says bitterly, "but their ears in the place of their minds." "Yes," replied Glaucon, "I like to see them laying their ears alongside of their neighbors' faces, some saying, 'That's a new note,' others declaring that the two notes are the same." But for Plato music had a deeper significance and in one single sentence he brings out its connection with morals. "Simplicity in music," he says, "was the parent of temperance in the soul," a truth which we need to remember to-day as never before.

But to the Hebrews the art was sacred. Miriam with her timbals and her dances accompanied her song of victory. The majestic rhythm of the Psalms were blended, no doubt, with an equally majestic music. When the people were carried away into captivity their conquerors wanted to hear them sing their beautiful national airs. But the young voices refused to answer. "How can we sing the Lord's songs in a strange land?" Browning has dramatized the scene, but the people must have been naturally musical when the shepherd lad could come with his harp and drive away the worst melancholy from the heart of the troubled monarch.

I doubt not that our Lord loved the music of the Temple and that one happy moment in Holy Week was when the children of the Temple, presumably the boys who sang this daily service, cried out in homage to their prophet, Hosanna to the Son of David! The history of early church service is obscure, but at the beginning of the seventh century Gregory the Great, the Bishop of Rome, created a new era and probably a reform in the art by introducing what was known as the Gregorian tones or modes. I have not technical knowledge enough to assert whether this was original with him or whether he revived an older method, but certain it is that the Gregorian style, if I may use such a term, has become the model of all the best and strongest ecclesiastical music, whether Roman or Anglican.

But during the Middle Ages corruption had set in of so serious a nature that we find the Scottish Puritans and the Popes of Rome alike condemning music. The Puritans abolished all musical instruments from their churches and adopted the natural tone of voice for the services and prayers and the plainest of psalm tunes, which, however, had all the grandeur of Gregorian chants. But it is not as well known that the Council of Trent censured for centuries the prevalent style of church music with extraordinary severity and was on the eve of forbidding any kind of music in the church, when it was saved from this extreme action almost by a miracle.

Now why, in such different quarters, do we find such violent and virulent antagonism to church music? Let us first answer that question, and then see what it was that softened that antagonism. The reason why music was condemned was because it had become a traitor in the camp. During the Middle Ages the troubadours had invented many beautiful melodies, some of them soft and pathetic, some warlike and some gay. This kind of music has developed along with the sacred, and the church composers and preceptors have adopted the secular tunes and incorporated them into the masses so that the people even sang the profane words instead of those of the Latin liturgy. It is as if to-day we should have the airs of "Annie Laurie" or "Way Down in the Swanee River" used as a theme for the communion office or played on the organ at the time of partaking of the Bread and Wine of the Body and Blood of our Lord. This abuse of music became a scandal in the church. Apparently choirs and organists had not learned that obedience to the clergy while on trust has now been acquired, and the only way which seemed possible to stop the profanity was to silence the voice of organ and choir alike. You may rest assured that while there is some obscurity as to the real state of affairs, yet the desecration must have been very great when Scotch Puritans and Roman prelates united in their condemnation of the art.

What saved it, then? In the Protestant world it was Luther. His love of music was intense. He used to play on the lute, and said that the devil fled from its sound when he played. He wrote some of the stately and noblest of the German hymns. And if he did not compose the music as well, he certainly superintended its composition. This best of hymn music is really founded on the old method of plain song which Gregory the Great advocated.

In these revelations which are going on all the time now in the social, the financial and political world, we find that the standard of ethics is practically that of men who have no faith in the hearing and seeing God. It is the morality for the world. Sin is not sin unless it is found out. Provided the scandal is kept out of sight it is of no consequence. Large sums will be paid for the most disreputable papers under the guise of subscriptions to keep names out of the scurrilous sheets. Accounts are tampered with and entries changed or omitted, so that no one may learn the facts. And all is done because in the eyes of such men the only shame is the shame of the police courts and the cropped hair and striped garments of the prisons. But if the rapid machinery of modern life would stop long enough for men to think, maybe they would hear the psalmist's question ringing in their ears, "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that made the eye, shall He not see?"

Morality and music are thus seen to have the same ideal. And the church which will teach the truth of Christ in this world of sin, will have her organs tuned with the heavenly, and her music will not be made to please the ear of man, but to delight the ear of God. No more sublime language exists than the passage in the communion office. "Therefore, with angels and archangels and with all the company of heaven we laud and magnify Thy glorious name." The church that speaks these words is speaking only unto God, and the music which must accord with such thought and language must be the music of a mind and heart which belong unto the Lord God Almighty.

Songs in the Night.

God * * * giveth songs in the night. Any man can sing in the day. When the cup is full, man draws inspiration from it. When wealth rolls in abundance around him, any man can praise the God who gives a plentiful harvest, or sends home a loaded ark.

It is easy to sing when we can read notes by daylight; but he is skilful who sings when there is not a ray of light to read by—who sings from his heart. No man can make a song in the night of himself; he may attempt it, but he will find that a song in the night must be divinely inspired. * * * No, it is not in man's power to sing when all is adverse, unless an altar-call shall touch his lip. * * * Then, since our Maker gives "songs in the night," let us wait upon Him for the music.

O Thou Chief Musician, let us not remain songless because affliction is upon us, but tune Thou our lips to the melody of thanksgiving.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Modern Miracles.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has been experimenting for some years in an effort to produce an orange which will grow in northern climates, and has recently met with success. Tangelo is the name of the new orange. How was it produced? By plant marriage. The wiry, tough, sour little orange of Japan was married to the luscious Florida orange. This is only one of the many miracles wrought to-day by scientists. Surely, it is feasible to think of a miracle wrought in the spiritual realm by the union of God and man. Every day spiritual miracles are being performed, man becomes a new creature as he becomes united through faith to his Saviour.

First evangelize the young men, and then make them an evangelizing force, for if these nations are going to be evangelized it is going to be by the sons and daughters of the soil. See that this present generation does not perish from the earth without the young men knowing that Jesus Christ died and rose again, and that He is a living Christ.—John R. Mott.

A UNIQUE DISCOVERY

Unearthing of a Treasure That Has Set the World Ago.

In his article on the recent excavations at Moundville, Ala., in Harper's Magazine for January H. N. Wardle tells of the unearthing of a treasure which has set the archaeological world agog:

"In the northern end of the heavily wooded ridge which overlooks the river bluff to the north, and the deep gully on the east which separates it from the last resting place of the chief of Mound C, some clan of ancient Moundville buried its dead for untold generations, cutting through the dry bones of the old and forgotten to make room for the new and all too sorrowfully remembered. In such an aboriginal disturbance the beautiful head was struck from the vase and a portion of the crest shivered to fragments. It was a day long to live in the memory when a sharp edge of stone, projecting near an effigy pipe, was revealed to the excavators as a portion of a vessel's rim, with surmounting bird's head. Excitement ran high. The entire digging force of twenty-three men was put to work in a circle, throwing the dirt behind and keeping a sharp lookout for further fragments. At last, in the newer grave, some feet away, the remainder of the stone vase was found intact, but the bits of the broken crest were irrecoverable in the sticky clay soil.

"This is the find which has set the archaeological world agog—an absolutely unique piece, beautiful in its workmanship and in the symmetry of its form. It is the chief-d'œuvre of an ancient artist, who probably spent in its creation the greater part of his manhood, drilling with flinty reed and fine ground quartz, carving with hard stone tools, polishing with stone and moistened sand, finishing with leather, slowly, slowly, here a little and there a little, sitting in the sun and stopping now and then to admire, to chat, to discuss its beauties and its betterment with the other stone-age craftsmen who came to marvel and advise; then, when finished, used perhaps in the great tribal councils, to hold the brew of bitter herbs, the potent 'black drink.' From it in such case drank each venerable councillor in turn, lifting the carved shell cup and drinking to the dregs."

Thought Means Revolution.

In describing a Russian village in his article on "Russian Peasant Riots," in Everybody's, Ernest Poole says:

"For an hour we wandered through the hummocky, slushy, steaming streets; watching crowds of peasant men and women who had come into town to market. The faces of these peasants were broad and dull and coarse. They were clothed in rags; the handkerchiefs on the women's heads were old and spotted with mud; the sheepskin coats were torn and foul. We saw hunger—always hunger—in the weak, shuffling steps of men, in the weary faces of women, in hollow, anemic cheeks of little children. They stood about by hundreds and by thousands in the mud, scowls and gloomy silence. Only here and there groups would suddenly collect. In an instant hands would wave and voices rise in wild anger. Then the soldiers with their bayonets, or the Cossacks with their whips, would rush in shouting abuse, and the peasants would scatter, scowling, shivering—thinking. Such thinking is the Russian Revolution."

Looked Like One.

A sleepy passenger in the smoking car of a train coming into town yesterday morning was startled to observe protruding above the back of the seat in front of him the head of what appeared to be a reptile of some sort. He gazed through the smoke-dimmed atmosphere fascinated and observed that the man on the seat ahead turned and contemplated the thing without emotion or surprise. When the head had raised about three yards, more or less—probably less—and gave a loud and distinct hiss the horrified observer rose and made a dash for the door, yelling "Snakes!" as he ran. When he encountered the conductor that official made light of the story, and when the man was coaxed back to his seat he found that the "snake" was only a large fat goose which, being confined in a basket on the seat, had stuck its head and neck out to get the air. Several other observers agreed with the sleepy man that it "certainly did look like a snake."—Philadelphia Record.

The Left Handed Barber.

Being a sympathetic man the boss barber hated to discharge the latest addition to his working force, but he had to do it.

"It's no use, John," he said, "you've got to go."

"Why so?" asked John. "Don't I give the customers a clean shave. Don't I give 'em a straight, even haircut?"

"You do," said the boss barber, "but you do it with the wrong hand. That means the left one. Men don't like to be shaved by a left handed barber. It makes them feel every minute as if they were about to get their throats cut. Every fellow who has submitted to the manipulations of your razor has told me so. They begin to say their prayers when you make your first dash at them, and they keep it up till you get through."—New York Post.

Germany's Naval Officers.

The young sea officer in Germany has little or nothing behind him. He looks to make the naval history of his country, and with this purpose in view he exhibits a keenness in acquiring the secrets of the seaman's art which may be equalled but is not excelled by the naval aspirants of any other nation.—Illustrated London News.

HIGH CLASS DRUGGISTS
AND — OTHERS.

The better class of druggists, everywhere, are men of scientific attainments and high integrity, who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow men in supplying the best of remedies and purest medicinal agents of known value, in accordance with physicians' prescriptions and scientific formula. Druggists of the better class manufacture many excellent remedies, but always under original or official names and they never sell false brands, or imitation medicines. They are the men to deal with when in need of anything in their line, which usually includes all standard remedies and corresponding adjuncts of a first-class pharmacy and the finest and best of toilet articles and preparations and many useful accessories and remedial appliances. The earning of a fair living, with the satisfaction which arises from a knowledge of the benefits conferred upon their patrons and assistance to the medical profession, is usually their greatest reward for long years of study and many hours of daily toil. They all know that Syrup of Figs is an excellent laxative remedy and that it gives universal satisfaction, and therefore they are selling many millions of bottles annually to the well informed purchasers of the choicest remedies, and they always take pleasure in handing out the genuine article bearing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package. They know that in cases of colds and headaches attended by biliousness and constipation and of weakness or torpidity of the liver and bowels, arising from irregular habits, indigestion, or over-eating, that there is no other remedy so pleasant, prompt and beneficial in its effects as Syrup of Figs, and they are glad to sell it because it gives universal satisfaction.

Owing to the excellence of Syrup of Figs, the universal satisfaction which it gives and the immense demand for it, imitations have been made, tried and condemned, but there are individual druggists to be found, here and there, who do not maintain the dignity and principles of the profession and whose greed gets the better of their judgment, and who do not hesitate to recommend and try to sell the imitations in order to make a larger profit. Such preparations sometimes have the name—"Syrup of Figs"—or "Fig Syrup"—and of some piratical concern, or fictitious fig syrup company, printed on the package, but they never have the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of the package. The imitations should be rejected because they are injurious to the system. In order to sell the imitations they find it necessary to resort to misrepresentation or deception, and whenever a dealer passes off on a customer a preparation under the name of "Syrup of Figs" or "Fig Syrup," which does not bear the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of the package, he is attempting to deceive and mislead the patron who has been so unfortunate as to enter his establishment, whether it be large or small, for if the dealer resorts to misrepresentation and deception in one case he will do so with other medicinal agents, and in the filling of physicians' prescriptions, and should be avoided by every one who values health and happiness. Knowing that the great majority of druggists are reliable, we supply the immense demand for our excellent remedy entirely through the druggists, of whom it may be purchased everywhere, in original packages only, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, but as exceptions exist it is necessary to inform the public of the facts, in order that all may decline or return any imitation which may be sold to them. If it does not bear the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, do not hesitate to return the article and to demand the return of your money, and in future go to one of the better class of druggists who will sell you what you wish and the best of everything in his line at reasonable prices.

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