

DOWN WITH ROBBERY

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE TERM "PROTECTION."

Its Whole Significance Is Class Legislation—Contradictory Claims Made by Its Worshipers—Some Plain Facts Concerning Wages and the Tariff.

Protection Is Un-American.
In a labored attempt to convince an advocate of Government bounties on farm products that the protection fraud benefits the farmer, the New York Press opposes the bounty system on the ground that it would be paternalism. Such a policy, it declares, "would simply be taxing American citizens to enable American farmers to undersell English farmers in England." This is quite true, yet the Press does not seem to see that its logic condemns the taxation of American citizens in order to enable American manufacturers to charge higher prices to American consumers. That this is the object and effect of a protective tariff is an established fact. The declarations of such eminent Republicans as McKinley and Harrison against cheapness proves that protectionists want to have goods dear. And the range of prices under various tariffs shows that increased protection always results in higher prices.

If taxing the whole people to benefit the farmers would be paternalism, the Press would probably call the policy of taxing everybody to benefit a small class of manufacturers paternalism. That paper has for years supported a system by which the farmers were robbed through high taxation and high prices due to tariff monopoly. Now that the farmers have discovered the swindle which was steadily impoverishing them, and are demanding a share of Government favors, the protection organs shout "paternalism," and say the demand is preposterous. It is true that the proposition to take money from one set of citizens to give it to another class is paternalism, and that for that reason Democrats oppose the bounty system. On the same ground they condemn protection, which is the assumption by the Government of the right to regulate production by compelling the whole people to pay more for the goods of certain manufacturers. If that is not paternalism of the rankiest kind, there is no meaning in words.

The Press knows well that the spirit of free American institutions is opposed to paternalistic schemes. Hence, its desire to show that bounties on farm products would be paternalism. But in so doing it furnishes the best of reasons for rejecting the unjust meddling system of protection which it daily advocates.

Some Protection Benefits.
Believing that in the discussion of such important issues as the tariff question both sides should be given a hearing, the following brief arguments in favor of protection are published:

1. Protection shuts out foreign goods and thereby prevents competition and benefits manufacturers by raising the price of their goods.
2. A high tariff stimulates competition and thus cuts down prices of manufactured goods.
3. Under protection the burden of taxation falls on the foreigner who sells his products in our markets.
4. The tariff tax being always added to the price which consumers must pay for imported goods, the domestic manufacturer is enabled to pay his employees higher wages if he wishes to do so.
5. As a protective tariff does not interfere with the free importation of labor, manufacturers can guard against excessive wages by employing foreign workmen.
6. The protective duties levied on raw materials serve as a check on the too rapid growth of domestic industries.
7. Such raw materials as hides, which are largely produced by the American farmer, should be exempted from protective taxes and allowed to come in free.
8. Protection encourages manufacturers by cutting down the prices of goods and increasing the wages of their employees.
9. A high tariff benefits workmen by increasing the cost of all kinds of goods they buy, and by attracting to this country the unemployed labor of the rest of the world.
10. The protective doctrine, if adopted by all the commercial nations of the world, would enable each country to produce its own goods, and thus do away with all international commerce.
11. By its stimulation of home industry a high tariff will enable the American manufacturer to sell his products in all the markets of the world.

For these reasons and numerous others equally logical, protection should be favored by all who are incapable of studying the question for themselves.

Did Not Condemn the Administration.
For the past six months the small-fry Republican organs have been shrieking against the iniquity of the bond sales by which this country was prevented from going onto the silver standard, and plunging again into panic and business depression. In the bitterness of their assaults on the integrity of the administration the Pennsylvania papers were especially prominent, surpassing even the Western Populists in their diatribes against "the men who issued bonds in a time of peace."

When the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania met at Harrisburg it was expected that the alleged public indignation against the Democratic policy of maintaining the gold reserve would find vent in resolutions condemning the bond issues. But while the usual McKinley protest was made against the Wilson tariff, and the Democrats blamed for all the evil results of protection, the convention said not a word about the sale of bonds.

The natural inference is that the Republican leaders who controlled the convention realize that the action of the administration is not unpopular, else they would have sought to gain votes by declaring against it. When Republican conventions do not find it wise to disapprove of Democratic action in avoiding a disastrous panic, it is safe to assume that there is nothing to apologize for in connection with the recent issue of bonds.

Down, Calamity Howler.
Increase in wages is one of the most reliable signs of a reviving business, and judging from that standpoint there can be little doubt that we have reached the dawn of prosperity.

Since the latter part of March, according to the New York Times, 230 employers of labor, whether as individuals or forming firms or corporations, have increased the wages of their employees and these employees reach the very respectable total of 128,000.

To substantiate its assertion or rather to afford an opportunity to all to prove its accuracy, the Times publishes a list of the individuals, firms and companies which have increased wages, and a great variety of industries these represent. Among those benefited by these increases in wages we note those who work in silk, woolen, cotton, linen, paper, flannel and knit goods mills; those engaged in coke, iron and steel industries; employees in tube mills and boiler works rolling mills, foundries, tanneries, puddlers, coat-makers, garment workers and those following the oil well business in Pennsylvania. Employees in the cotton mills of Fall River, Mass., to the number of 25,000, have received an increase of 12½ per cent; 25,000 cotton textile workers in New Bedford have got an increase of 5 per cent; 15,000 men in the Western Pennsylvania coke district are benefited 15 per cent; 5,000 employees in the National Tube Works and Rolling Mills at McKeesport, Pa., 10 per cent; 2,200 employees of the Riverside Iron Company, Wheeling, W. Va., 10 per cent; 5,000 garment workers in Philadelphia; and during last week 10,000 workers in the vicinity of Pittsburgh received an advance in wages. This is only a partial list, but it lays low the calamity howler.

Still Trying to Deceive.
With the undeniable facts of business prosperity and higher wages under the Wilson tariff making Democratic votes daily, the despairing New York Tribune resorts to the device of deliberate falsehoods about the condition of trade. Looking tearfully through blue rain glasses at the country's industries, that paper whines that perhaps things are not so very prosperous after all, and as proof of the sad state of affairs it refers to "the great strikes in woolen and carpet mills which have failed."

The Tribune does not give the names of the woolen and carpet mills where great strikes have failed. And for the very good reason that there were no such mills. Since the Wilson bill went in force there is not one single instance of a strike in any important woolen or carpet mill which has failed to win substantial concession from employers. Many of the leading woolen mills voluntarily advanced wages from 5 to 25 per cent, a noticeable instance being the woolen and worsted factories of Rhode Island, which increased the wages of all their employees 7½ per cent on Aug. 1. In some parts of the country there have been strikes, but they have practically all been successful. The great strike in the carpet industry of Philadelphia, where 8,000 operatives demanded higher wages, was won by the strikers, the last of the mills signing the increased wage scale last week.

These facts were, of course, well known to the Tribune, but it would not have suited its partisan objects to have told the truth. But if that paper had any fair-minded readers they must be ashamed of its wilful refusal to publish the truth when it hurts the Republicans.

Every Housewife Knows the Truth.
There is not a housewife in the land who has not felt by experience the advantages of the Wilson law in the reduced cost of 25 per cent on woolen goods alone, and the Republican Congress that attempts to restore the McKinley duties of 33 per cent on raw wool and 97 per cent on woolen fabrics will only evoke ridicule and disgust. The Wilson law removed the tax one-half on woolen goods and altogether on raw wool. The compensatory balance in favor of the wool growers has been so remarkable in better prices and demand as to make even the flockmasters advocates of the new tariff. Reduced prices to purchasers who use about \$800,000,000 worth of woolen goods a year, an average of \$12 per capita for the whole country, cannot be restored to the McKinley figures, and the party that advocates it simply flirts with dissolution.—Philadelphia Times.

Yet McKinley's Star Has Set.
Recent reports from Fall River, Mass., show that 26 corporations, operating 64 mills and representing an aggregate of \$21,000,000 of capital, have paid out \$532,875 in dividends for the last quarter, this being an average of more than 2½ per cent. Also it is stated that these dividends do not represent the phenomenal prosperity of those and other mills at the present time. "Nearly every corporation in town is so far freed from debt that its paper has an A1 rating in financial circles," and a new record is being made in the erection of cotton mills while several important additions are made or in process of being made to mills already in operation.

It is reported that the Calumet blast furnace at South Chicago which suspended three years ago has resumed operations. This is in spite of the fact that Mr. McKinley is demanding the Republican nomination as the champion of the law under which the suspension took place.—New York World.

AN INSECT DUEL.

Fight to Death Between a Wasp and a Spider.

"I saw a wonderful exhibition of the bravery of insects while I was on my vacation this summer," said the professor, after the coffee had been brought on and the cigars had been lighted. "I spent my holiday camping out," he continued, "and the sight to which I refer was a fight to the death between a wasp and a spider. "Soon after my tent was pitched I awoke one morning and heard a buzzing sound in the peak of my canvas house. Looking up while still lying on my improvised bed, I saw a wasp building his mud house on the tent pole. Several times he went out and returned a few minutes later with his load of clay, which very soon formed another section of his abode.

"The next morning at just about sunrise, I heard the buzzing again, but it seemed to have increased in volume. Glancing up again I soon saw the reason. A big spider had spun a web completely across the corner of the tent, shutting the half-finished home of the wasp off, so that it could not be reached except by passing through the web. The spider was an ugly-looking black fellow, and he stood on guard watching the movements of the wasp. The latter flew backward and forward looking for an opening to his domicile. Then he remained still in the air for a second or two, as if taking a general view of the situation. Finally he alighted on the tent pole within an inch or so of the edge of the web, and seemed to be making up his mind what to do next.

"By this time I had become interested and wondered what his plan of action would be. While I was still contemplating the two foes, the wasp flew off the pole and directly toward the spider, which had been keenly watching him, and was evidently ready for the fray, if there was to be one. As the wasp flew past his enemy he curled the under part of his body up so that the part containing the stinger would come in close proximity to the spider.

"The latter was evidently accustomed to such warfare, however, because he got out of the way in a twinkling. Maddened at his defeat, the wasp took a turn and went back again. Once more the spider eluded his venomous stinger, but at the same time he appeared to be trying to bite the wasp. The spider might have retreated so far away from his web fort that his enemy could not have touched him until the obstruction was broken down, but he evidently did not intend to have his carefully constructed flytrap destroyed without a struggle.

"There were several skirmishes of the kind already described, and then the wasp again alighted on the tent pole, as though reconnoitering and getting breath for a grand onslaught. That this was exactly what he was doing was proved by what followed. After remaining on the pole for a few seconds, he flew off and poised himself in the air a foot or so below the web. Then he darted directly for the spider and went completely through the web at the exact spot which had been occupied by the spider a second before.

"For an instant both combatants were lost to view and I heard the battle raging in the peak of the tent. Before I had scarcely had a chance to wonder which was getting the better of it, both insects dropped to the ground close to me. The spider was holding fast to the wasp's head with his small but effective mouth, and the wasp was running his stinger in and out of the spider's body with lightning-like rapidity. There was a short struggle on the ground, when both insects began to grow weak, and their movements were less rapid. Finally they fell apart, but neither moved. I examined them both after watching them for a few seconds. The poison of each had done the work for the other, and both were dead."

Raising Prize Cats.

A new word and a new industry have been created by a clever young Chicago girl, Miss Nellie Wheatley. It is the breeding of prize Angora cats. These beautiful animals are extremely rare the world over, and for many years have commanded from \$50 to \$200 apiece according to their beauty and the other mysterious points with which only cat fanciers are familiar. Miss Wheatley, with characteristic Chicago thrift, started Angora cat raising.

It was very difficult to get the start. She found Angora cats here and there, but they were few in number and were always household pets, which their owners would not dispose of under any circumstances. From these she turned to animal dealers and animal brokers, and finally managed to get a pair of prize Angoras after more than six months waiting, for the low price of \$150 for the pair. This was her start several years ago. The business prospered from the first, and from the time that her industry became known she has been behind her orders.

A few of her stock in trade are domestic favorites which are permitted the run of the house. The rest, however, are kept on the top floor of the house, where every arrangement has been made for their comfort and ease, including cat baths, where they are washed; cat plates, from which they are fed; cat combs and cat brushes, with which their coats are treated every day; a cat gymnasium, where they can disport themselves; cat medicine when they are ill, and cat beds where they rest at night. This part of her house she calls her cattery, which word has been approved and adopted by her friends and acquaintances. At present she runs toward yellow and white Angora, but in the future proposes to cultivate darker colored types. She raises them on scientific diet, and thus far has been exceedingly successful in her undertaking. She claims that she has the only Angora cattery in the world.

Periwinkles Good to Eat.

"Most people know what periwinkles are," said an oysterman the other day. "Some remember the old conch shell that used to call them to dinner, and know that it was made by a periwinkle; but few know them as an article of food. Some people eat them, and we always save all we can get, especially if they are young. You know, they are enemies of the

oyster. One of them will seize an oyster with his broad, flat foot and crush the shell and then eat the meat. Oystermen declare that one 'winkle' will devour a bushel of oysters in an hour. When we are going over the grounds we pick them up, sell some on the beach and bring the rest down here to Fulton market. We sell them off the boat; get \$1 a hundred, or for a few a cent and a half apiece. Italians and French buy all they can get. Some Germans and English also purchase them.

"You never ate any? Well, now, you take these home and boil or roast or stew them and you will think they are a great deal better than clams. These young ones have a finer flavor, and are not so tough as the old ones. Perhaps you don't know that there are people along-shore who eat 'winkle' eggs—those long strings of what look like flat white beads strung together which you find on the beach in the spring. I know a good many people who like them.

Speed of the Bicycle.

The great distance covered by bicyclists with ease shows conclusively that the human walking apparatus, although it may be the best possible contrivance for all the uses for which it was designed, is not to be compared with wheels for the one purpose of getting over the ground.

A single observation of a wheelman going at a moderate speed shows that, with an effort which in walking would result in two steps, of say two feet each, or a total advance movement of four feet, with the wheel the advance movement would be two bicycle steps, or downward pressures of the feet, each resulting in a forward movement of seven and one-half feet, or fifteen feet for one entire revolution of the pedal shaft, and this with less exertion than is required to take two steps.

In fact, it would be easier for the cyclist to make the fifteen feet on a level with one pressure of the foot than to take two steps. Now, in view of these magnified steps made by the bicyclist, it would be interesting to know what the stature of the man must be to make in walking the same distance made by the bicyclist, with the same number of movements of the feet.

In a Trance Seven Days.

A strange story comes from Brayo, Allegan County, Mich. A week ago Friday a Mr. Condon, of Brayo, went to work on the State road ditch between that place and Fennville. After working all day he started home, going across the fields. After going about 100 rods he became so weak from what he supposed was heart disease that he fell in the weeds and brush, where he lay for seven days unconscious.

He states that he came to himself once, but was unable to cry for help or help himself. On the seventh day a party started to hunt for the missing man, but on that morning he came to and got home and was somewhat surprised when he was informed that he had lain there for seven days, he supposing that he had been there just over night.

The parties that were hunting for him found where he had lain, and they said that he had dug a hole, they supposed for water, as deep as he could reach with his arm. It is said that men working on the ditch knew all the time that Condon was there somewhere, but did not try to find him.

Arrested the Whole Audience.

A good theatrical story is told of Herr Woltersdorf, the German manager and actor. One Sunday, in the winter, he left the Stadt theater and drove to his little playhouse, "Auf den Hausen," outside the town. The play announced on the bills was "Kabale und Liebe." The audience consisted of one solitary person. Nevertheless Woltersdorf insisted on beginning the play, to the chagrin of his company, who expected that the empty playhouse meant a holiday for the actors. They took the wildest liberty with the text, and scarcely a word reached the audience. Hereupon the solitary audience stood up and demanded that the play should be duly rendered according to the playbill. "Arrest the public!" said the grim manager to a policeman who lurked behind one of the pillars. The officer seized the audience, saying, "I arrest you for disturbing the course of a public entertainment." To the great relief of the actors, the whole "public" was then marched off to the watch-house, and the play came to an end.

A Miniature World.

Four leading French scientists—Villard, Cotard, Seyrig and Tissandier—have succeeded in making a wonderful model of the earth. It is a huge sphere, forty-two feet in diameter, and has painted upon its outside all details of the earth's geography. At Paris, where the pigmy world is being exhibited, an iron and glass dome has been erected over the globe. The building is eight sided, and is well provided with elevators and stairways, which make it an easy task for the visitor to examine "all parts of the world." The globe weighs eighteen tons, but is so nicely balanced that it can be easily rotated by a small hand wheel. The entire surface area is 325 feet, which is sufficient to exhibit all the mountains, rivers, islands and cities, even to the principal thoroughfares of the latter.

The Doctor's Bear.

Dr. J. A. Gelsendorfer, of Arlington, recently made an excursion into the mountains for health and recreation and expected to have a rattling good time. He was accompanied by a friend, and for several days both enjoyed themselves in fishing for the speckled mountain trout. The Doctor likes to fish, but he is fonder of shooting at game, so he suggested to his friend that they go forth to destroy bear and other wild animals.

One bright morning, well heeled, they started out. After rambling through woods and over high mountains, they were about to return to camp utterly disgusted and tired out with their fruitless search. Suddenly, however, they discovered a good-sized brown bear, sitting on his haunches under a huckleberry bush, gorging himself with the luscious fruit.

Both hunters fired, the bear gave an ugly growl and disappeared. The hunters followed, determined on securing the prize, but were unable to overhail the animal.

After following his trail for about a half mile they suddenly came to a farm house. The bear was sitting on the front porch with one of his forelegs in a sling. The doctor and his friend were surprised, of course, but were more so when they discovered a man coming toward them with a gun. They turned and ran, the man after them, but they soon got out of harm's way. They afterward learned that the bear was a household pet, which had been trained to play with the children. They say they are through with bear hunting.

A Murderer's Fortune.

If Parker Pearsons Valentine will come forward and be hanged, or take his chances of it he can have \$300,000. Valentine is wanted in Minnesota for murder, and they want to give him his big estate, bequeathed to him in the will of his mother, Mrs. Lucy A. Valentine. Mrs. Valentine died in Columbia County, Wisconsin, two years ago. She had considerable property of her own and she inherited about \$35,000 from the estate of her half-brother, Hiram A. Pearsons, the capitalist, who was drowned in Lake Michigan. A portion of the property is in San Francisco. A twenty years trust was created by the will of Mrs. Valentine, the property to be held during the period of the trust for the missing son. If the son does not appear the estate is to be given to St. John's Home, Milwaukee. When young Valentine was seventeen years of age he had a quarrel with his mother and left home. He went to Chicago and worked as a clerk, but soon speculated and made \$60,000. He then went to Minneapolis to study medicine. Then he married, much against his mother's will, and a few months later he killed a man whom he found in his house. He fled, and soon afterwards he visited his mother, and a few months later he went away and since that time nothing has been heard of him. A former business associate of his son claimed to have heard from him in Colorado a few years ago, and when Mrs. Valentine died she believed her son to be still living.

Carried Off by a Panther.

Mannis Heatherton, a ninety-year-old citizen of Greenup, Ky., was once carried off by a panther and was none the worse for it. His father lived on Grassy creek eighty-six years ago. One evening while he was absent on a hunt a huge panther bounded into the yard and catching Mannis, then four years old, in its teeth, disappeared in the forest. When Mr. Heatherton came home an hour later his wife, who had just recovered from the faint into which she had fallen when the beast seized her child, told him what had happened, and following the brute he found it lying asleep on a sunny hillside with the babe under its paw and shot it dead, rescuing his son, who was but slightly injured.

Birthplace of Lincoln.

The following item regarding the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln is from the Bluegrass Clipper of Kentucky. "Lincoln Park, in Larue County, is to be made one of the most historic places in the South. On the Lincoln farm is to be built at once a log cabin on the site of the Abe Lincoln homestead, in which the martyred President of the United States was born and spent many hours of his life. The cabin is to be built of the same logs that were used in the original cabin, and the same design will be used in its construction. The logs are now in the house of John Davenport, but he has sold his home to allow the erection of the historic old Lincoln landmark, which will attract widespread attention."

A Monster Cannon.

The largest cannon in the world was taken by the English when India was conquered. The cannon was cast about the year 1,500, and was the work of a chief named Chuleby Koomy Khan, of Ahmednuggur. The inside of the big gun was fitted out with seats, and is a favorite place for English officers to go for a quiet sleep.

Best Head Dress for Hot Countries.

Turban has been proved by actual practice to be the best possible head covering in hot countries. It is light, and while it excludes the direct rays and heat of the sun, permits the free passage of air.

NEURALGIA OF THE HEART

THE TERRIBLE DISEASE THAT ATTACKED MRS. HENRY OSTING.

Slowly Losing Her Life—Physician Were Powerless—Friends Were Helpless—At Last She Found a Remedy with Which She Cured Herself and Laughed at Physicians.

From the New Era, Greenlough, Ind.
Hearing through Messrs. Bigney & Co., druggists, of Snaman, Ripley County, Ind., that Mrs. Osting, wife of Henry Osting, a prominent and influential citizen of that town, had been cured of a bad case of neuralgia of the heart and stomach, the editor of the New Era determined to know for the satisfaction of himself and the benefit of his readers the truth in regard to the matter, and took advantage of a trip to Snaman last week.

The Osting residence is a very handsome one, and on every hand are seen the footprints of good fortune. Mrs. Osting herself, hale and hearty, invited us into her cozy parlor. One could hardly believe by looking at the lady, who showed all signs of good health, that she was but nine months ago a despondent victim of that dread disease, neuralgia of the heart and stomach. In answer to the question if she had been cured of a bad disease of neuralgia by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as to whether she objected to an interview, she replied in her pleasant way, "Why, no, sir, I don't for they've done me such a wonderful good that I feel I owe everything to them." And the statement was to be believed, for she was the example of perfect health, and we were informed by her neighbors and friends that but a short while ago she was only a living corpse.

Mrs. Osting continued: "No, sir; I never did have good health; I was always naturally weak. When quite young I began experiencing trouble from my heart and stomach which the doctors said was neuralgia. I was continually suffering great pain, but not one of the many well-versed physicians from whom I received treatment was able to do me any good. Severe, sharp pains would shoot over my entire body and more severely through my heart and stomach. My entire system became nervous as pains would increase; my appetite began to fail, and for weeks I could not eat a meal—just mince over the victuals. I couldn't sleep, and would only pass the nights in agony. It was a wonder that I kept up at all, for I was so little that I could eat and sleep, for I suffered so. No physicians could do me any good. My family physician said the case was hopeless. I was discouraged. I had tried every medicine that I could hear of that was claimed to be good for my troubles, but not one did me the least good. Finally, I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and our druggist, Mr. Bigney, advised me to try them, for he said they had done so many people good. I had no faith in patent medicines then, for none had done me any good, but I thought I would try them, for surely they couldn't hurt me. I found relief immediately after I began taking them, and the longer I took them the better I got. By the time I used six boxes I was entirely cured. I never had been able to do my work before. I began taking the pills last October, and in December I was well and able to do my work. I can truly say, for the benefit of other sufferers, that I owe my health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

To confirm her story beyond all doubt, Mrs. Osting made the following affidavit: State of Indiana, County of Ripley, ss: Mrs. Henry Osting, being duly sworn on her oath, saith the foregoing statement is just and true.

MRS. HENRY OSTING.
Sworn and subscribed before me, July 20, 1905.

V. W. BIGNEY, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Singular Suicide.

A Paris working shoemaker named Chapeau committed suicide for an extraordinary reason. He was found dead in his room, suffocated by the fumes of a charcoal stove. On the table was found a letter, in which he said: "For ten years past I have been saving up to buy a really pretty china table service, which has cost me 115 francs—I had promised to inaugurate it by a dinner to my numerous friends in the neighborhood; but as I have not the means of providing a good feed I have resolved to die. In order that my friends might not be wholly losers, however, I desire that my service may be distributed as here set down." Then follows a list of the friends among whom he wished the different parts to be divided.

A New Bronze.

Lemon juice applied to cast iron articles gives an excellent finish to the surface of the metal. It turns the color of polished cast iron to which it is applied to a bronze black, and when touched over with shellac varnish will absorb a sufficient amount of the varnish to preserve it. To many lemon juice would seem to be a weak and ineffective acid for metal, but every one knows how quickly a knife blade of steel will blacken when used to cut a lemon, and the darkening of polished iron by the acid is very beautiful.

Home-seekers' Excursions.

Via the Nickel Plate Road, October 21st and 22nd. Inquire of agents for further particulars.

SOME folks are like rocking-chairs, full of motion without progress.

SOME men won't even lend an ear to misfortune.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

CONSCIENCE is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

Even the skinkint is willing that others should share in his opinions.

Ask agents of the Nickel Plate road about Hunters rates to Michigan and Wisconsin. Tickets on sale until Nov. 15.

DON'T forget that no matter where you are somebody is looking at you.