

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

AUTOMOBILE REGULATION.
ALTHOUGH many automobilists look upon being convicted of violating the speed laws as more or less a joke, nevertheless, if they fully realized the real seriousness of a criminal record against their names, possibly there would be fewer violations of the law in this respect. To be convicted of operating an automobile faster than the law allows means that the person convicted possesses a criminal record. Of course, his record of criminal conduct does not, ordinarily speaking, stamp him as a person not fit to associate with others; nevertheless, circumstances may easily arise in the future where it would be of value to him to be able to say that he had never been convicted of any crime. For example, if he should ever be put on the witness stand to testify in a civil suit, either as a party to or as a witness, he may be asked if he was ever convicted of any crime. If he had ever been convicted of over-speeding, he would be compelled to answer the question under oath in the affirmative, and his reply could be used to impeach his testimony as a witness. The jury may discredit his evidence, and upon argument of counsel the conviction against him may be used. It is the amplification of every true-minded American citizen to have a clean and clear record, especially free from criminal conduct. To violate the automobile law constitutes a misdemeanor, a crime, and having been convicted of violating the law, the offender has a criminal record.—The Hartford Age.

WHAT MAKES A NAVY.
WHILE the maritime nations of the earth are striving for the mastery of the seas through the building of gigantic vessels, we may content ourselves with the thought that here we have the men and the spirit that makes for victories. Sincerely it is to be hoped that it will be long ere we shall be called upon to test our prowess against these latest developments in naval architecture, but if the time does come we can comfort ourselves with the reflection that a gathering of ships does not make a navy—now, as always, it is the man behind the gun.—Washington Herald.

WOMEN'S ADMIRABLE HATS.
IT is time to say another word or two about the shockingly ugly and offensive hats of the supposedly well-dressed women. The fall hats are worse than ever. They have greatly increased the pains and penalties of metropolitan life, as they not only offend the vision, but they interfere with "personal liberty." When the woman who wears one of the incorrigible hats to the theater, and reluctantly removes it as the curtain is rising, she places it on her lap, but it covers also the legs of the person on each side of her. If one of these happens to be a solitary man, and there



NEW FREIGHT SUBWAY RUN UNDER THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.

At a cost of \$100,000,000 another stupendous subway system is to be constructed along the East and North rivers, from the Battery to 62nd street, and with cross-town lines. In addition to the main subway station there will be branch lines running beneath the sidewalks in the downtown section. Merchants can load their goods on the freight cars that will run through connections with their basement floors. It will then be possible for a Broadway merchant to ship a box of merchandise from the basement of his establishment to any point in the world.

The new freight subways will have connections with all of the railroads, and incoming freight will be distributed under the sidewalks direct to the merchants' basements. It is proposed to use ten-ton cars in the new line, and the motive power will be electricity.

WHY HE WROTE HOME.

Although Harold Moody could not be said to be making his fortune in the city, he was at least earning his living. During the first few weeks or so his letters home, while frequent enough, did not show any traces of longing to be back. Now, nearly half a year later, he wrote more often, and through the fortnight before Christmas the postman brought to his mother or father almost daily an envelope addressed in his clear hand.

"I wonder why Harold writes so often now?" said his mother one evening to her husband, who was rereading the last letter from their son.

"Lonely, I guess."

"I shouldn't think he'd be lonely," said the woman. "To be sure, he doesn't know more than one or two people besides Cousin Agatha, but he's so busy during the day in the office, and likes to read so well in the evenings that I don't see where he has the time to be lonely."

Her husband looked up at last from the letter, folded it carefully, and placed it in the envelope which he thrust back into his breast pocket.

"Let's figure it out, Dorothy," he said. "I've been there, you know, and I can tell just about how he spends his time."

"He's a shy boy, and a good one, I know, so there's lots of idle 'anxieties' that he's called, which he doesn't go near."

"First thing in the morning he wakes up. There isn't anybody to wake him except an alarm clock—remember his letter about how it went off too early? Then he has to get his breakfast at a restaurant, alone—there's not any boarding house that's any good, he says. Of course he reads the paper while he's eating, but a paper isn't much for real company."

"At the office he says good morning to half a dozen people, but did you ever stop to think that women talk or sing a lot while they work? I don't suppose they do in offices, come to think of it. No, of course not."

is another woman with the same kind of a hat on the other side of him, he soon feels that he might as well have been born a turtle.

The hats are not handsome; their shapes are abnormal, especially those of the inverted football form. No woman looks well in one. In fact, they lend the effect of imbecility, if not indecency, to the most innocent countenance. In order to set them off properly the wearer must stick huge quantities of false hair on her poll. The most unsophisticated man knows that the hair is false and dislikes the effect. Why do supposedly self-respecting, well-bred women so disgrace themselves, offend the artistic eye, and make nuisances of themselves in public places?—New York Times.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.
THE general report on railway accidents in the United Kingdom for the year 1907 has been published as a bluebook. In all, 1,117 persons were killed and 8,811 injured by accidents due to the running of trains or the movement of railway vehicles, as against the average for the previous ten years of 1,100 and 8,705, respectively. The outstanding feature of the report is the great increase in non-fatal injuries, which has markedly increased in the cases of accidents to railway servants. This state of affairs is, however, in great measure due to the more regular reporting of non-fatal accidents to railway servants, enforced by the Board of Trade of December, 1906, in which a more comprehensive definition of dismemberment had been adopted. It is also noted that the number of railway servants has increased by 40,000 between 1904 and 1907, and that a considerable number of accidents occurring in goods sheds and warehouses previously reported as factory accidents have been included in the Board of Trade returns for the last year.—London Spectator.

PAY TEACHERS BETTER.
THE scarcity of teachers of women teachers is not the only factor working against the profession. For women, too, are finding greater rewards in business life. We know of women teachers who have, in the summer vacation, earned their salaries by taking up a business course temporarily. Such experience means a surrender of teaching to-morrow. Moreover, the preparation for teaching runs through three years at least—to take out training school requirements. And then the salary is \$10 for ten months. Whereas the student, after six months' study or less, can command \$40 for twelve months, and in three years, if she has merit, has out-earned the highest salary schedule of the local teacher. If the cities intend to maintain a school system which shall serve the people, must pay the teachers salaries somewhat similar to those commanded in the business world.—St. Paul Dispatch.

from forty to eighty pounds per horsepower of energy exerted, according to the inclination of the wings. The inventor is confident of his ability to produce a machine which will fly by the muscular power of the rider. Wings built on this plan have been attached to a heavy boat, and enormous rates of speed have been attained by this means of propulsion alone.

Can it be possible that Col. Aschevsky Kronglik has read Andrew Lang's early novel, "The Mark of Cain"? The description of the flying machine is so much like that which figures in the first chapter of his unjustly neglected work of fiction that a comparison between the two naturally follows. Russian military men are often clever linguists, and Col. Kronglik belongs to the highly educated scientific corps of the imperial army. If the machine proves of practical value after further trials, the inventor, it is almost certain, will be made to pay a share of the honor, even if he cannot profit materially by the invention.

ARMY'S NEW MARCHING SHOE.
The new marching shoe for the army has been manufactured and is to be tried at one of the Western posts where there is a large force of troops, the members of the military command representing naturally a variety of shapes and sizes of feet. By this means it will be possible to ascertain whether the different sizes of the new army shoe will meet all the demands likely to be made upon it by those of the military service. Great care has been taken in the development of this new marching shoe, which is of the russet type, with a top not so high as that of the old marching shoe. There are a few other changes, and these are of a size which will easily admit of being changed. The shoe is made on a last which gives the greatest freedom for the foot, being of square toe and of a shape which, by its inquiry, been found to represent the greatest comfort to the wearer in walking. There has been much criticism of the army marching shoe, especially from those on duty in the Philippines, where there is a good deal of walking to be done, and some of the marching is over the roughest country. The changes which have been made embody the suggestions which have come to the war department from various sources, and it is believed that the objections which have been made have been completely obliterated.

A WEEK'S EXPERIENCE.
The year had gloomily begun for Willie Weeks, a poor man's son.

He was beset with bills and dues, and he had very little.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues. I've nothing here but ones and twos."

A bright thought struck him, and he said: "The rich Miss Goldlocks I will."

But when he paid his court to her, she lisped, but firmly said, "No."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die!" His soul went where they say souls go.

They found his gloves and coat and hat. And the coroner then upon them.

—Success Magazine.

A HARD JOB.
It is stated, apparently with authority, that Col. Kronglik has already devised a system for lifting weights five times as great as those carried by other aeroplanes of the same power, and that this is able to obtain a speed of 200 miles an hour.

The machine used to accomplish these astonishing results is of the winged type, strips of tin being substituted for feathers. Col. Kronglik contends that the action of propellers in the air involves an enormous waste of power, owing to the elastic nature of the medium, whereas his apparatus, based on the scientific principle of the flight of birds, overcomes this difficulty.

He states that a vacuum is created by the upward sweep of the wings, and the ensuing rush of air provides a base upon which the downward stroke exerts an effective power. A model of the flying apparatus with wings, the surface of which is under half a square meter, easily lifts a weight of 130 pounds. The apparatus lifts vertically

THE CLOSING YEAR.
Faster than petals fall on windy days
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls fluttering, and decays
Ere the year closes.

For little hopes, that open but to die,
And little pleasures
Divide the long sad year that labors by
Into short measures.

Yet, let them go! our day-lived hopes are not
The life we cherish;
Love lives, till disappointments are forgot,
And sorrows perish.

On withered boughs, where still the old leaf clings,
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs faded, springs
No new endeavor.

—F. W. Bourdillon.

A NIGHT ON THE LONELY PRAIRIE

"Now, Lucile, it's your turn!"
"But I don't know any ghost stories. Let somebody else tell one!"
"Oh, there needn't be anything like a real live ghost in it. Just anything that's thrilling and mysterious!"
"Well," replied Lucile, thoughtfully, "the most thrilling story I can tell is something that happened to me last summer."

"Good!" "A real experience!" "This is the best of all!" cried several voices.

A group of college girls had gathered about the big fireplace in the reception hall. The room was unlighted except for the flames that, leaping from the great logs, illuminated the eager, happy faces and cast wavering gleams into the distant dark corners.

The listening group drew a little nearer the fire and turned expectant faces toward Lucile, who leaned forward from her pile of cushions.

"Since I have been back at college this year I have said very little to anyone about the incident, for the reason that I have wished to 'recover from its effects as soon as possible, but I think I can relate it to-night."

The look of interest grew more intense as Lucile proceeded.

"You know that after college last June, I started on a trip through the West with a party of friends. We spent several weeks in traveling, and had a most delightful time. After reaching California the party broke up, and I planned to remain a few weeks with a friend who was to come East with me and pay me a return visit."

"I had been with my friend only a few days when I received a letter from my mother, saying that she had not been well, but was now recovering. I was therefore utterly unprepared for the telegram that came three days later, summoning me home at once, as my mother was in a very critical condition."

"I started at once and alone. You can imagine the apprehension with which I began the long journey. It seemed as if I could never cover the vast distance, and the train seemed to crawl as we dragged through the weary hours of the long journey."

"At last we reached a wide stretch of prairie country. I had slept little the night before, and the strain was beginning to tell upon me. When bedtime came I took a simple sleeping-powder and went to my berth early. The powder had an almost instantaneous effect, and I was soon asleep.

Then began a series of haunting dreams. I seemed to pass through a family after calamity, indefinite and awful. At last the dream took tangible form. I was on the swiftly rushing train. A terrible collision was about to happen. In the distance I could hear shouting, followed by several sharp explosions. Another moment and the crash would come! Then with a struggle I awoke.

"As I became conscious of my surroundings I realized that the car was in confusion and the train slowing up. My dream, then, was prophetic! With a shudder I remembered that the car in which I was sleeping was near the front of the train, and in the event of a collision its occupants would be at a disadvantage. Others had evidently realized the same thing, and were rushing to get out.

"In trembling haste I drew on my shoes, and throwing my dressing-robe around me, I ran down the car to where I saw people hurrying through the door. In the mingled confusion of dream and waking reality, I paid no attention to the group, except to see that they were in frantic haste, and I told my story as coherently as possible, and was relieved to find that they agreed with my explanation."

"Yes," said he, when I had finished, "you must have had the nightmare, and had it bad. But how you ever got out of that express train without breaking your neck is more than I can see."

"I never think of that night operator without a feeling of gratitude. He was a man of resource. In a few moments he had made and placed before me a cup of steaming coffee, clear and strong. 'Now,' he said, 'must plan what's to be done. In about an hour your train will reach Hamilton, where it makes a stop of twenty minutes. I will telegraph there to have your things removed from the car and hold for you. Then I will get orders to have the next express stop here and take you aboard. It will not delay you many hours.'"

"He seated himself at the instrument, and then began the click! click! that seemed to me to continue my weary minutes. At last he turned to me with a smile."

"It's all right," he said. "They will take your things from the train, and the next express, that goes through in about two hours, will stop at our point. Doubtless your disappearance has not yet been discovered, and won't be until the train reaches Hamilton."

"Another weary wait began, broken at last by the instant click of the telegraph. As word after word of the message was spelled out by the instrument, a look of surprise and keen interest came into the face of the operator. At last he turned and looked at me curiously."

"Well, young woman," he exclaimed at last, "you have had an experience and no mistake! One that you won't forget in a hurry, or I miss my guess!"

"Then he told me the message that had just come over the wires. My train had reached Hamilton, and my absence had not been discovered until then. So far nothing very startling, but listen to this! When the train from which I had made such a mys-

terious exit reached Hamilton it had a strange tale to tell. The night before on the open prairie it had been boarded by a large band of train robbers. There had been a brief struggle, in which the robbers had been successfully repulsed, and the train had gone on its way.

"A few weeks before there had been a daring and successful robbery on one of the roads in the Southwest. A large sum of money had been taken from the express car and the mails rifled. The detectives who had worked on the case believed this robbery was one of a series that had been carefully planned, and had warned all the Western roads to be on the alert. When the train on which I had taken passage started for the East, it had on board, all unknown to the passengers, a strong guard."

In the struggle that followed the robbers soon saw that they would be overpowered, and sought to make their escape. To create confusion and to make it more difficult for the guard in the express car to shoot, they had plunged through one or two of the other cars, and so off the train. My car had been one through which they had rushed, and it was this band of desperate men that I had followed in the aftermath of my awakening."

"The train had been brought nearly to a standstill, and that is why I had a greater difficulty in getting off. Of course when the robbers reached the ground they scattered in all directions, and hence I saw no one beside the tracks when the train had passed."

"You can imagine the feelings with which I heard the operator's story. It was a relief to know that I had not been the victim of a sleeping delusion, but when I thought of the night, the lonely prairie, and the desperate men, a new terror took hold of me."

"The rest of my journey was without incident. The anxiety in regard to my mother kept in check the nervous reaction that might have followed the experiences of that night. When I reached home I found the critical point in my mother's illness past and the danger over. It was then that the reaction came, and for days I was almost prostrated. Even now the terror and haunting reality of that night on the lonely prairie will seize upon me, and I imagine I shall never get beyond the spell of that experience."

—Youth's Companion.

WHEN MRS. LANGLEY MOVED.

Had Been Living Only in the Opinions of Other People.

Mrs. Langley put down her book with a smile of happy inspiration, and turned to her Aunt Matilda, knitting at the window.

"I'm going to move, aunt," she announced.

"Again?" exclaimed her aunt, dropping her knitting in amazement. "Why, you've only been here six weeks. Then, with a tone of unconscious self-congratulation coming into her voice, she went on: 'Well, my dear, if you had listened to me, you'd have been in the old place ever, without all the fuss and worry that you and Jack have been through, and you know how expensive it was. Although what you can find to complain of here—' her voice was trailing off into reproachful silence when she demanded suddenly: 'And what's Jack going to say this time. I should like to know?'"

"Oh, I'm sure he'll love the idea," answered Mrs. Langley. "In fact, Aunt Matilda, he'll be the first to encourage me when I unfold my plans to his sympathetic soul."

The mischievous look in her eyes deepened for a moment at her aunt's helpless and increasing bewilderment. Then growing serious again, she said, "Listen to me just a little while, aunt, and I'll try to explain."

Picking up Gliss's "New Grub Street," she read slowly aloud. "Like her multitudinous kind, Mrs. Yale lived only in the opinions of other people. What others would say was not constant preoccupation."

"Now that's what I've been doing and thinking all these years, apparently," Mrs. Langley went on, "and that's why I've determined to move into my own house and live in reality. We really needn't have taken this apartment—the old place would have done perfectly well—and it's been a hard year for Jack as well as for every one else. But you see, other people's judgment had become my 'constant preoccupation.' Some woman would say, 'My dear, what a shame that, with your charming personality, you should be such endless miles from everything.' And another would hint that 'of course even so clever a woman as myself would soon lose touch with the world outside, and a third would wonder 'what on earth I did for society.' So I just made Jack come here, although he didn't want to at all, and I knew, too, that we ought not to be so extravagant. I've hated myself ever since. And now I'm going to move into my own opinions, and stay there forever."

She hit her lip and stared hard through the window at the green park, lovely with spring, outside. Then she flashed a look of her old sunny drollery at her aunt.

"I don't want you to think, Aunt Matilda," she said, whimsically, "that I believe my new apartments are going to be 'Lots,' said Pat. 'Shure, I'd never go near that place!'—Judge's Library."

PAT'S PASSING YOUTH.
It was said that Pat and Mike were obliged to halt their heavily loaded cart to make way for a funeral. Gazing at the procession, Pat suddenly remarked, "Mike, I wish I knew where I was going to die. I'd give a thousand dollars to know the place where I'm going to die."

"Well, Pat, what good would it do you to know?"

"Lots," said Pat. "Shure, I'd never go near that place!"—Judge's Library.

POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.
Mrs. Biggs' husband seems to be lost in thought about half the time. Mrs. Diggs' husband seems to be so far apart that he can't help getting lost on the way from one to the other.

Too Much for Him.
"Yes," said the third party, "I'm going to change my boarding place. Those three-course dinners are too much for my digestive apparatus."

"Three-course dinner!" exclaimed his friend. "Of what do they consist?"

"Napkins, ice water and toothpicks," was the reply.

FROM FORCE OF HABIT.
"Aabel!" I'm surprised at you, putting out your tongue at people."

"It was all right, mother; it was the doctor going past!"—Harpers Bazaar.

Multitude of Dramaticists.
The Colonel—Rastus, you seem fond of the leg of a fowl?"

Rastus—Deed Ah, is, cumel. What a great institution de chicken would hab been de Providence had given him as many legs as a centipede.

In the Same Class.
"My face is my fortune," remarked the pretty girl.

"You haven't got much the best of me," replied the pianist. "My fingers are mine."—Kansas City Times.

Political Comment.

The Future.
"The zenith of our strength has been reached," croaked the dismal ones, when the panic struck us last fall. "We have spent too freely of our portion. Now we strike the downward path."

All this because America had been reaping so richly of the fruits of the soil and digging so deeply of the wealth that lay beneath it. And though every man of the last century has been attended by the same sort of mournfulness it seemed the truer this time, because we had been gleaming so amazingly among our resources.

The population of the United States is 52 per cent of the population of the world, and the land within its borders is 5.9 per cent of the world's area. The production of corn in America is 78.8 per cent of all that is produced on earth. The wheat fields last year yielded 20.7 per cent of the harvest of the globe. We grow more than 20 per cent of all the tobacco and nearly 72 per cent of all the cotton. Pig iron production was 42.4 per cent of the world's output. Though Russia is a great competitor and wastes tremendous quantities of the petroleum produced on the world's markets more than 62 per cent last year came from American wells. Of the world's copper production our share was more than half. Of silver, 35.5 per cent was dug from mines in this country. Seven years ago less than one-half per cent of all the sulphur was of American production, and now we control the markets of the earth with an output of 35.8 per cent. Something more than this is our coal output. Over 29 per cent of all the cotton spindles are in this country, and our mileage of railroads is close upon 40 per cent. Startling figures are these when it is remembered that our population is under 6 per cent and our area still less.

There was much to warrant on the face of it the opinion that the summit had been mounted and the sliding down the other side beginning—yet only superficially. Comparison with the visible possibilities show that only a little scratching has been done here, and there. Wealth uncounted lies unopened waiting for the dry of need. No one living may paint the vision of the future of this country. It is beyond the dreamer to dream. Not all the panics to come can discourage for a moment anyone who bears in mind what little has been done in proportion to what still is to be done in this country.—Toledo Blade.

The Taft Policies.
Before the Cincinnati Commercial Club Mr. Taft gave some hint of the policies which would be his when the executive offices should be turned over to his charge.

There was nothing to point to any change of views, nothing to show that Mr. Taft has withdrawn any opinions from the public whom he has been addressing for many months. The one important note in his speech was that the reactionists might expect nothing of favor from him. He intended to carry out the reforms begun in the present administration. He purposes to protect every citizen who obeys the law, but will pursue all those who have felt themselves above the statutes by reason of long immunity or colossal fortunes. Dishonest methods of business should receive no shelter from his government if they came within the purview of the federal regulations.

This must be taken to mean only one thing. The monopolies which have been under investigation by the department of justice may count on no cessation of the pursuit started by President Roosevelt. The Standard Oil Company must continue to defend itself against the forces which have been seeking for several years to punish it for its illegalities. There are several cases pending in the West against the Harriman system of railroads. The government believes it has a good case against this financier, and while it is compelled to fight every legal device, it has faith in the ultimate conviction of certain officials and the breaking up of irregular practices. The powder trust will not escape because its president occupied a place for a time on the Republican national committee. Land grants in Colorado, California and Oregon will be punished. The seizure of water privileges is to be investigated, and those who have been concerned in them brought to the bar of justice. Timber thieves are to be made to pay the cost of their criminality.

In the course of the campaign Mr. Roosevelt announced that Mr. Taft was in hearty accord with his own policies. The President-elect has now given his endorsement to that expression.

Pat's Passing Youth.
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Illustrating It.
"Joshiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, looking up from the newspaper she was reading, "what is a 'homestretch'?"

"This," answered Mr. Chugwater, leaning back in his easy chair, slowly extending his arms at right angles with his body, and accompanying the exercise with a dismal yawn. "You've seen me do it a thousand times."—Chicago Tribune.

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THE EASY DESCENT.
Mrs. Humphrey Ward, during her American visit, condemned at a ladies' luncheon in New York, the marriage wherein a woman weds a degraded man in order to lift him.

"A father-in-law whom I visited one day the studio of a dissipated and rather worthless friend," she said, "I am going to be married," said the worthless one. "Miss Blank, you know her. She's a sweet girl, and too good for me."

"Don't let that worry you," said the other, dryly. "You soon drag her down to your level."

Whiskey for Rheumatism.
The increased use of whiskey for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce of Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Punctuation.
The present system of punctuation was introduced in the latter part of the fifteenth century, by Aldus Manutius, a Venetian printer, who was responsible for our full stop, colon, semicolon, comma, marks of interrogation and exclamation, parenthesis and dash, hyphen, apostrophe and quotation marks.

Most ancient languages were innocent of any system of punctuation. In many early manuscripts the letters are placed at equal distances apart, with no connecting link between, even in the matter of spacing, an arrangement which must have rendered reading at sight somewhat difficult.

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Ancient Example.
Cesar tore up the blank telegraph form on which he had started to write something.

Taking another sheet, he wrote the words, "Veni, vidi, vici," signed it, and handed it to the operator.

"I was about to make it, 'We have beaten 'em to a frazzle,' he said, 'but that would set everybody to asking what the devil a frazzle is—and the other is shorter, anyway.'"

Continuing the reporters to suppress all mention of the incident, he turned away and strode haughtily into his tent.—Chicago Tribune.

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