

SCARED TO DEATH BY CLOSE FINISH IN SECOND GAME

(Continued From Page One.)

kie that he had to retire from the game, Jessup taking his place on the bag. B. Durham came to bat and he hit a hard line to shortstop who spun the ball to first. While the sphere was enroute to first Manager Jessup was enroute home. Camrony shot the ball to Harms, the elongated catcher, who whirled to retire Jessup. Useless effort, for the little manager went to the grid and by a beautiful slide earned the winning run. Score:

Richmond,	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Ritter, cf.	5	2	1	3	0	0
Cameron, 1b.	5	2	2	9	0	2
Plummer, rf.	5	1	2	0	0	0
Durham, lf.	5	0	0	3	0	0
Justice, 2b.	5	0	0	2	1	0
Meredith, ss.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Cun'ham, 3b.	5	1	2	2	3	0
Jessup, c.	5	1	3	8	0	0
Milam, p.	5	1	1	1	1	0

Total . . . 44 *8 11 20 9 2

Portland,	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Parker, 2b.	5	1	2	3	3	0
J. Bam'gh, 3b.	4	2	0	4	3	2
Blitz, lf.	5	2	3	0	0	0
Jon. B'm'b'h, rf.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Carmony, 1b.	5	0	0	12	0	1
Cahill, cf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Harms, c.	3	1	1	6	1	1
H. B'm'gh, ss.	5	0	2	2	5	1
Gray, p.	4	1	0	0	3	0

Total . . . 40 7 10 29 15 5

*Jessup scored for Cameron. A two out when winning run scored. Richmond . . . 3 0 0 1 0 3 0 0 1-8 Portland . . . 0 0 0 0 1 2 3 0 1-7 Left on bases—Richmond 12; Portland 6. Stolen bases—Plummer 2, Durham, Meredith, Cameron 2, Cunningham, Jessup. Struck out—By Gray 5; by Milam 8. Two base hits—Cunningham, Cameron, Gray, Blitz, H. Bam'burgh. Three base hits—Cameron, Milam, Blitz. Hit by pitcher—Meredith. Double play—H. Bam'burgh to Parker to Carmony. Bases on balls—Off Milam 2; off Gray 4. Passed balls—Harms. Umpire—Lally. Attendance—900.

Baseball Chatter.
Sunday the Muncie Independent team will be the attraction at Athletic park, and it is expected that there will be a crowd of 3,000 to 4,000 people to witness the game. The Muncie team is the one which gave the Cincinnati Muldoons the terrible trimming of 33 to 3. The third base bleachers will be entirely completed by Sunday and will have a seating capacity of 1,200 to 1,500. By next Sunday the first base bleachers will be up and the grandstand well under headway.
Bad news for the fans. It was announced today that "Bull" Durham, the hard hitting left fielder of the local team had jumped his contract and had signed to play center field with the Portland team. "Bull" had a heart to heart talk with the Portland manager Friday evening in the course of which he was offered more money than he is receiving here. He then informed Manager Jessup that he would become a member of the Jay team. "Bull" may think his kangaroo tactics are for the best, but the fans doubt it.
Jimmy Cameron, the hard hitting and clever local first baseman, will be out of the game for several days as a result of an injury received in the Portland game Friday. Jimmy, while stealing third in the tenth inning, caught his spikes in the ground and severely wrenched the ligaments in his right leg. His services will be greatly missed by the Quakers.
Next week the Quakers probably will play five games. Sunday Muncie will be played here. Tuesday and Wednesday the Quakers will perform at Portland and it is probable that the crack independent team at Hartford City will be seen here on Thursday and Friday. Manager Jessup is now negotiating with the management of this club, which is rated as one of the strongest independent teams in the state.
The Portland team set up an awful holler in the tenth inning Friday over Lally's decision that Cameron was safe on his slide to third base. It is the general opinion that Lally was a little off on this decision, but he undoubtedly decided as he saw the play. Lally has handled the indicator in a most fair-minded manner so far.

Kidney complaint kills more people than any other disease. This is due to the disease being so insidious that it gets a good hold on the system before it is recognized. Foley's Kidney Cure will prevent the development of fatal disease if taken in time.
A. G. Luken & Co.

Q. & B. TEAM TO OHIO

Will Play at New Madison Sunday Afternoon.
The Quigley & Babylon ball team will journey to New Madison, O., tomorrow, where the team will cross bats with the strong aggregation of that place. New Madison recently defeated Dunkirk by the score of 4 to 1 and the local team is expecting a hard battle.

Use artificial gas for light and heat.
10-11

STUDY OF PEACE AT EAST MAIN STREET

Bible School Hour Will Be Given Up To It.

ADDRESS ARRANGED FOR.

Tomorrow at the East Main Street Friends' bible school the usual program of study in classes will give way to the study of peace as opposed to war among the nations. A list of topics for thought will be found on the accompanying sheet. Each family has had placed in its hands a few pamphlets or leaflets that furnish quite interesting reading upon the subject.
At the close of the study, H. Lavinia Bailey, superintendent of the department of peace of the Indiana V. C. T. U., will address the school upon peace. Mrs. Clarence Hadley will sing the new national peace song.
This work is preparatory to the public joint peace meeting to be held at the North A Street Friends' church at 3 p. m., Sunday.

Don't Pay Alimony.
to be divorced from your appendix. There will be no occasion for it if you keep your bowels regular with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Their action is so gentle that the appendix never has cause to make the least complaint. Guaranteed by A. G. Luken & Co., Druggists. 25c Try them.

FIELD MEET WILL BE HELD NEXT SATURDAY

Garfield Students Are to Contest at That Time.

TRACK CAPTAINS CHOSEN.

The annual field meet of the Garfield school will be held on the public play ground next Saturday afternoon. This will give the patrons a chance to see the advantages and the limitations of the grounds. No admission will be charged as the ground is not enclosed. Tickets will be sold at ten cents each and these may be exchanged for programs. Each of the three classes have organized by selecting track captains as follows:
SA Seniors—Edward Weichman.
SA Juniors—Allen Jay.
SB Seniors—Alfred Shoemaker; SB Juniors—Harold Taggart.
7A Seniors—Cecil Burdell.
7A Juniors—Paul Schepman.
All entries are to be made by Monday noon.

Heavy, impure blood makes a mummy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

ANNETTIE WADSWORTH FILES DIVORCE SUIT.

Annettie Wadsworth has filed suit for divorce against Nelson Wadsworth. She alleges desertion and failure to provide. Mrs. Wadsworth also asks for the custody of children. She avers that her husband is worth \$1,000, and asks that he provide her with an allowance.

MAY FESTIVAL SEATS.

On Monday morning at 6:45, the doors of the Coliseum will be opened and holders of season tickets will receive a numbered card for choice of not more than six reservations. At 7:15 a. m. these numbers will be called in consecutive order, beginning with number one. After 12 o'clock noon Monday, the plat will be open at the Starr Piano Co. rooms. On Saturday, May 25, at 7:30 a. m. the plat for the reservation of single admission tickets will be open at the Starr Piano Co's rooms.

Stay Within Reach.
"Don't get too far above the law, my son," cautioned the old millionaire. "All right, pop."
"Not too far. Some time you may want to give the law a kick in the face."—Washington Herald.

A Merciful Man.



Bookkeeper—Mr. Solomon, our Berlin correspondent's account is incorrect. We profit 100 marks by the error. Shall I report it?
Solomon—And get the poor bookkeeper into trouble? I'm ashamed of you. Megendorfer Blatter.

Before the Battle.
Mrs. Gasser—I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon.
Mr. Gasser—I can't believe it. Who outspoken you, my dear?—Puck.

Artificial gas, the 20th Century fuel.
10-11

The Scrap Book

In His Own Line.
Jim Jackson was brought before a judge charged with chicken stealing. After Jackson's conviction the justice, with a perplexed look, said:
"But I do not understand, Jackson, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window and there were two vicious dogs in the yard."
"Hit wouldn't do yer a bit o' good, Judge, for me to 'splain how I kitched dem chickens, fer you couldn't do yerself of yer tried it forty times, an' yer might git yer hide full er lead. De bes' way fer you ter do, Judge, is jes' ter buy yo' chickens in de market, same ez odder folks does, an' when yer wants ter commit any rascality do hit on de bench, whar yo' is at home."

BRAVE LOVE.
He'd nothing but his violin.
I'd nothing but my song.
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin.
And I my sweet love song.
The world has gone away with us,
Old man, since we were one.
Our homeless wanderings down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown
And old,
And love and beauty time,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear
When they had but their violins
And a song, my dear.

An Interruption.
A little boy in his night dress was on his knees saying his prayers, and his little sister could not resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his feet. He stood it as long as he could and then said, "Please, God, excuse me while I knock the stuffin' out of Nellie."

The Mad Dog.
William J. Stevens, for several years local station agent at Swanses, R. I., was peacefully promenading his platform one morning when a rash dog ventured the snap at one of William's plump legs. Stevens promptly kicked the animal halfway across the tracks, and was immediately confronted by the owner, who demanded an explanation in language more forcible than courteous.
"Why," said Stevens when the other paused for breath, "your dog's mad."
"Mad! Mad! You double-eyed blankety-blank fool, he ain't mad!"
"Oh, ain't he?"
"Gosh! I should be if any one kicked me like that!"—Everybody's.

Politeness Pays.
In one of the churches of New York, according to District Attorney Jerome, there was once an old woman who insisted on bowing her head every time the name of Satan was mentioned during the service or sermon. The rector, after noticing the eccentricity for many months, asked her: "Madam, why do you bow at the name of Satan?" "It is not customary, you know."
"Oh, I know that," she said, "but it doesn't cost anything to be polite, and one never knows what will happen."

On the Job.
A New York printer who occupies a floor in Seventeenth street directed one of his clerks to hang out a "Boy Wanted" sign at the street entrance a few days ago. The card had been swinging in the breeze only a few minutes when a red headed little lad climbed to the printer's office with the sign under his arm.
"Say, mister," he demanded of the printer, "did youse hang out this here 'Boy Wanted' sign?"
"I did," replied the printer sternly.
"Why did you tear it down?"
"Back of his freckles the youngster was gazing in wonder at the man's stupidity.
"Tally gee!" he blurted. "Why, I'm the boy!"
And he was.

A Sympathetic King.
Louis Philippe knew that Marshal Soult clung to power and that his fall would be bitter to him, but when the time came the future ministers, with Thiers at their head, were assembled at the Tuilleries, while in the next room Louis broke the news to Soult. The interview took a long time, and the ministers were not without apprehension. Finally the door was opened just enough to allow the king's queer pear shaped head to pass, and he whispered: "A little patience, gentlemen; just a little patience. We are weeping together."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Couldn't Go to Egypt.
An old gentleman advertised for an agreeable companion to visit Egypt with him. This advertisement was seen late at night by a young man who had been dining freely. He contacted awhile and then told the club porter to call a hansom. The cab was procured, and with a little muscular exertion on the part of the porter and the cabbie the young man was stowed away in its recesses.
He told the man to drive to the address given in the advertisement. Arrived there he was assisted to the pavement and with much dignity ordered the cabbie to proceed on the bell and knocker of the old fashioned residence. The advertiser stuck his venerable head out of the window, and after a parley conducted with explosive indignation, which was met with unruffled assurance from the pavement the ancient came down and unbolted the door. When he had picked up the diner and stood him in the corner the following conversation took place:
"Now, sir, what do you mean by waking me up at this hour?"
"Come t'ansher 'verthimself."
"Well, sir, this is no time to come or such an errand. What have you to say?"
"I've come to tell you—very sorry—can't go with you."

A Volunteer.
A desk stenographer was lost in the happy selection of his text, which he repeated in vigorous accents of pleading.
"Oh, brethren, at de las' day dere's gwine to be sheep an' dere's gwine to be goats. Who's gwine to be de sheep an' who's gwine to be de goats? Let's all try to be like de lit' white lambs breedern. Shall we be de goats, sisters? Naw, we's gwine to be de sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep, breedern an' who's gwine to be de goats? Tak care ob yous souls, sisters. Remember dere's gwine to be goats an' sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep an' who's gwine to be de goats?"
Just then a solitary Irishman who had been sitting in the back of the church, listening attentively, rose and said:
"O'll be de goat. Go on; tell us de joke, elder. O'll be de goat!"—Lip pincott's.

He Knew His Father.
"Suppose," said a father to his little boy, "you have half an apple and I give you another half. How much have you?"
"A whole apple," said the boy.
"Well," continued the father, "suppose you had a half dollar and I gave you another half dollar. What would you have then?"
"A fit," promptly answered the boy.

Passed in the Dark.
It is said that General Knyphausen, who commanded the Hessian mercenaries in America in 1776, knew little about the sea and less about geography. On the voyage to America he was on Lord Howe's ship, where he passed several uncomfortable weeks, as the voyage was unusually long. Knyphausen was a martinet so far as discipline was concerned. He had strong scruples against interfering, but the time came when he could keep silence no longer. He marched stiffly up to the admiral and said: "My Lord, I know it is the duty of a soldier to be submissive at sea; but, being intrusted with the troops of his serene highness, my master, I feel it my duty to inquire if it be not possible that during the extremely dark nights we have lately had we may have sailed past America."—Detroit Free Press.

Divorce Wanted.
Scene: Lawyer's office. Enter little girl, sobbing bitterly.
Lawyer—Why, little one, what's wrong?
Little Girl—Are you Mr. Blank, the lawyer?
The Lawyer—Yes. What is it you want?
Little Girl—I want (sob) I want—a divorce from my pa and ma.

A Director of the Union Pacific.
Pushing into the private car of Mr. Harriman, a messenger boy said:
"Hello! I got er telegram for Mr. Keen."
"You mean Mr. McKeen," interrupted Mr. Harriman, with a frosty smile.
"Yep, I guess so; the head cheese of the motive department."
Mr. Harriman took the telegram and had it sent to Mr. McKeen.
"What do you do?" he asked the lad, with a glance around at his companions.
"I'm one of the directors of the Union Pacific," said the boy, taking the challenge.
"What?" exclaimed Mr. Harriman.
"Yep, I direct envelopes over at the master mechanic's office," was the reply as the lad left the car.

A Matter of Etiquette.
The wedding ceremony was concluded. The proud but bashful bridegroom hesitated and then leaned over and whispered to the officiating clergyman, his natural tendency toward stuttering increased by embarrassment, "Is it k-k-kistomary to c-c-cuss the bride?"

She Won Her Uncle.
Uncle Harry was a bachelor and not fond of babies. Even winsome four-year-old Helen failed to win his heart. Every one made too much fuss over the youngster, Uncle Harry declared.
One day Helen's mother was called downstairs and with fear and trembling asked Uncle Harry, who was stretched out on a sofa, if he would keep his eye on Helen. Uncle Harry grunted "Yes," but never stirred from his position—in truth his eyes were tight shut.
By and by Helen tiptoed over to the sofa and leaning over Uncle Harry softly inquired:
"Peepy?"
"No," growled Uncle Harry.
"Tired?" ventured Helen.
"No," said her uncle.
"Slek?" further inquired Helen, with real sympathy in her voice.
"No," still insisted Uncle Harry.
"Dus' feel bum, hey?"
And that won the uncle—Ladies' Home Journal.

Scotch Ostentation.
Boswell, at a public dinner, complained that he had his pocket picked of his handkerchief. "Pooh," said Dr. Johnson, "it's nothing but the ostentation of a Scotchman to let the world know that he had possessed a handkerchief."

Growth of Western Cities.
Apropos of the mushroom growth of new towns on the western frontier a locomotive engineer relates the following:
"One day I was driving my engine across the prairie when suddenly a considerable town loomed up ahead where nothing had showed up the day before.
"What town's this?" says I to my fireman.
"Blamed if I know," says Bill. "It wasn't here when we went over the road yesterday."
"Well, I slowed down, and directly we pulled into the station, where over 500 people were waiting on the platform to see the first train come in.
"The conductor came along up front and says to me:
"Jim, first we know we'll be running by some important place. Get this town down on your list, and I'll put a brakeman on the rear platform to watch out for towns that spring up after the train gets by!"—Minneapolis Journal.

The entire clove tree is highly aromatic, and the foot stalks of the leaves have nearly the same pungent quality as the calyx of the flower.

The Elixir of Life.

(Original.)
At the Dilworth-Fairchild wedding I met my old college chum Disbrow. We hadn't met since we left college, twenty-five years before, and would not have known each other had we not been introduced. Disbrow was known to me by reputation, for he had become eminent in physics. I also followed science and have achieved some reputation in bacteriology. When the bride and groom entered the drawing room for the ceremony, Disbrow and I followed.
"What a perfect picture of youthful beauty!" I whispered to Disbrow, referring to the bride.
"How old would you take her to be?" he asked.
"Twenty-two or twenty-three."
A singular expression passed over his face.
"Do you think her older than that?"
"Suppose I should tell you she is over forty."
"I would doubt your sanity."
At this point the marriage service commenced, and our remarks ceased. When it was over and we had offered our congratulations, Disbrow and I went to the supper room to partake of the delicacies displayed there. Helping ourselves, we found a cozy corner and sat down to chat and eat.
"Disbrow," said Disbrow to me, "I'm going to celebrate our meeting after so many years by letting you into a secret. We are brother scientists; therefore I don't consider what I am about to tell you a breach of confidence, or, rather, I consider the professional confidence superior to the individual obligation. Do you understand?"
"Perfectly."
"Well, the girl we have just seen married is forty-two years old."
I gave a gasp of astonishment.
"But I must go back to the beginning. You know when I left college something was expected of me."
"You were considered a prodigy," I interrupted.
"It wasn't the prodigy; it was luck, just as it was with Roentgen, only my luck came long before his. I made a similar discovery years ago. I have applied it as no one else has applied it. Now, you know that from the moment we begin to live we are attacked by microbes. Cancel the microbes, and you cancel old age. From experiments on insects I found that by exposing the larvae to a ray since called radium I arrested decay. But at the same time I arrested growth. From insects I experimented on frogs, kittens, dogs and other animals. I have a pet collie fifteen years old as lively as a puppy."
"Disbrow, has your learning made you mad?"
"No; I am as sane as you. But I knew that if I offered any such ideas to the world I'd be put in limbo, and as I dread lunatic asylums and value my freedom I have kept my mouth shut."
"For heaven's sake, go on."
"This is no place to give you anything more than a preface to what I have proposed to tell you about the bride. I did make my discoveries known to one man, old Vollmar, our professor of chemistry at college. That was just as I had made up my mind to try to arrest decay in human beings. Not long after that Vollmar came to me and told me that two millionaires desired to join their vast fortunes by the marriage of a son of the one to a daughter of the other, but the boy was but two years of age, while the girl was twenty-four. If they waited till the boy became of age, the girl would be too old to produce an heir. At least such an event would not be likely. Besides, the difference of age would be a great obstacle to their marriage. The old man asked me if I would make an effort to arrest decay on the part of the girl."
"Come, come, Disbrow, what nonsense is this?"
"Your incredulity demonstrates the necessity of keeping my secret. If you tell it, sooner or later they'll have me behind closed doors. You haven't the scientific head old Vollmar had. He tumbled to the idea at once."
"Go on with your yarn."
"I'm not going to try and tell this clatter of dishes and voices to tell you my process. I will only say that the stumbling block in my way was the fact that the electrons discharged from radium are obstructed in their passage through air. I was therefore obliged to put the subject in a receiver and exhaust the air."
"Which means death."
"Ah! There's where the wonderful power of radium comes in. It is sufficient to keep life in the subject for an indefinite period."
"But where did you get your apparatus? Sufficient radium for the purpose would cost a fortune."
"The girl's father opened his bank account to me."
"Well?"
"My subject was a bit frightened and her father—the only one except herself in the secret—was beside himself with fear. But the desire to pile up gold even for posterity was too strong for him, and he did not interfere with the experiment. Within twenty-four hours I had rendered his daughter impervious to the destructive influence of germs, and she has remained young from that day to this. My subject was the bride we have just seen married."

LIGHTER VOTING SHOWS A RETURN TO CONSERVATISM

Continued from page 1.

THE PRIZE AT STAKE.

A free trip to the Jamestown exposition for six persons. Every item of expense going and coming and for a week at the fair will be paid by the Palladium and Sun-Telegram. The successful candidates will be housed at the Inside Inn, the best hotel at the exposition and will be taken into every exhibit and concession on the grounds not to say anything of the water trips and other amusements afforded about historic old Norfolk, which will be enjoyed at this paper's expense. The trip to be taken by a single fair goer, along the plans laid down by this paper for its six winners would cost at the very least \$100.00. It is certainly worth working for.

HOW VOTING WILL BE CONDUCTED.

The contest is free for all. Everybody can vote without the expenditure of a single penny. Each day a coupon will appear in the Palladium and Sun-Telegram. Fill in the coupon today as a starter, with the name of the person and employment.
Mail or bring the coupon to the Palladium and Sun-Telegram office, North Ninth and A streets and the vote will be counted as directed. The expiration date of each coupon will appear on the face each day. For instance the coupon appearing today will not be good after May 25. Bear this in mind.
Paid in advance subscriptions to the Palladium and Sun-Telegram will entitle such subscribers to special voting privileges in order to assist the candidate of his choice and this will be the method employed:
Certificates will be issued with receipts for subscriptions paid in advance.

- 1.—One year's subscription, paid in advance, at \$3.50 for city subscribers and \$2 for rural route subscribers, entitles the person voted for to 2,500 votes.
- 2.—One six months' subscription, paid in advance, at \$1.80 for city subscribers, or \$1.25 for rural route subscribers, entitles the person voted for to 1,000 votes.
- 3.—One fifteen weeks' subscription, paid in advance, at \$1.00 entitles the person voted for to 500 votes.
- 4.—One month's subscription, paid in advance, at 30 cents, entitles the person voted for to 100 votes.
- 5.—In every issue of the paper there will be a coupon entitling the person voted for to 1 vote. Don't fail to clip these coupons and then turn them into the Palladium and Sun-Telegram office.

THOSE WHO ARE ELIGIBLE

1. A WOMAN SCHOOL TEACHER.
 2. A MAN SCHOOL TEACHER.
 3. A WOMAN SHOP EMPLOYEE.
 4. A MAN SHOP EMPLOYEE.
 5. A SALESWOMAN OR WOMAN CLERK.
 6. A SALESMAN OR MAN CLERK.
- A subscriber may vote for anyone coming under the above classification. The vote as it stands night each day will be published in the paper of the following day.

CLIP THE BALLOT.

Clip the ballot below, fill it in properly and send it to the Palladium and Sun-Telegram not later than May 25. The contest will run until June 1, 1907.

This Ballot Not Good After 5 P. M., May 25

**Palladium and Sun-Telegram
Jamestown Exposition Voting Contest.
(ONE VOTE COUPON)**

THIS BALLOT IS CAST FOR.....

MOST POPULAR.....

Carrier boys are not permitted to receive ballots from the patrons. Fill in the ballot, mail or bring it to the Palladium and Sun-Telegram office, before the expiration of the above date, otherwise it cannot be considered. A new ballot will appear daily.

Our conversation was interrupted by the announcement that the bride and groom were about to leave, and, entering the marble vestibule, Disbrow and I went up with the rest to bid them adieu. When the bride took leave of Disbrow, she gave him a look indicating the possession of a common secret.
DOUGLAS SMYTHE.

IN SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.

Dame Nature in the winter night
Site brooding over all.
She sighs, she utters, and, lo, the white,
Soft snow begins to fall.
A heart attuned to Nature's moods
The poet hath, and so
He, too, wears down the night and broods
And what he writes is "Snow."
Dame Nature rouses from her sleep.
Her mood has changed again.
She bids the leaden skies to weep,
Diluting snow with rain.
The poet takes the ode on "Snow."
He wrote the night before:
He reads it o'er again, and, lo,
It's slush and nothing more!
—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard Times.



"I don't see what the fellows see in her to get stuck on."
"Oh, she has her good points!"—Philadelphia Press.

Free from Alcohol
Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best, always. This is our advice.
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