

YOUTH AND AGE.

Turn back, oh, dial of time,
To my youth's glowing fancies rhyme—
For age I am not ready yet.

The wrinkled gray beard, passing by,
As though he loomed long ago
Saw him like that, flashed through his eyes,
And yet I hold it is not so.

What means this traitorous almanac?
Who heeds the tale its pages tell
Of youth's no more, and old's no less,
In May's eternal realm I dwell.

Are not these flowers and fields as fair
As those in far-off days I knew?
Today I fervently declare
I never saw a slyer more blue!

Here's Maud, who wears the dainty rose
Of sixteen summers on her cheek;
Saw not the gray beard—well he knows
'Tis but with her I care to speak.

Since naught of nature's charm has fled,
And Maud's lips my lips have pressed,
There must be youth and joy about
How can you ask a lover's test?

Told by the rapture of her smile,
Why should I mind the almanac?
Let age conceal his frosty white—
Ask him to turn his back on life.

—Joe Ruston, in *Leslie's Weekly*.



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VII.—CONTINUED.

Quietly rising from his seat, the official who so recently had the verbal tilt with Cram held forth a rusty, cross-bitted, two-edged knife that looked as though it might have lain in the mud and wet for hours.

"Have you ever seen this knife before?" he asked. And Doyle, lifting up his eyes, instantly groaned, shuddered, and said:

"Oh, my God, yes!"

"Whose property is it or was it?"

"At first he would not reply. He moaned and shook. At last:

"Sure, the initials are on the top," he cried.

But the official was relentless.

"Tell us what they are and what they represent."

People were crowding the hallway and forcing themselves into the room. Cram and Ferry, curiously watching their ill-starred comrade, had exchanged glances of dismay when the knife was so suddenly produced. Now they bent breathlessly forward.

The silence for the moment was oppressive.

"If it's the knife I made," he sobbed at last, desperately, miserably, "the



"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS KNIFE BEFORE?"

letters are S. B. W., and it belongs to Lieut. Waring of our battery."

But no questioning, however adroit, could elicit from him the faintest information as to how it got there. The last time he remembered seeing it, he said, was on Mr. Waring's table the morning of the review. A detective testified to having found it among the bushes under the window as the water receded. Ferry and the miserable Ananias were called, and they, too, had to identify the knife, and admit that neither had seen it about the room since Mr. Waring left for town. Of other witnesses called, came first the proprietor of the stable to which the cab belonged. Horse and cab, he said, covered with mud, were found under a shed two blocks below the French market, and the only thing in the cab was a handsome silk umbrella. London make, which Lieut. Pierce laid claim to. Mrs. Doyle swore that as she was going in search of her husband she met the cab just below the Pelican, driving furiously away, and that in the flash of lightning she recognized the driver as the man whom Lieut. Waring had beaten that morning on the levee in front of her place. A stranger was seated beside him. There were two gentlemen inside, but she saw the face of only one—Lieut. Waring.

Nobody else could throw any light on the matter. The doctor, recalled, declared the knife or dagger was shaped exactly as would have to be the one that gave the death blow. Everything pointed to the fact that there had been a struggle, a deadly encounter, and that after the fatal wound was done the murderer or murderers had left the doors locked and barred, and escaped through the window, leaving the desk rifled and carrying away what money there was, possibly to convey the idea that it was only a vulgar murder and robbery after all.

Of other persons who might throw light upon the tragedy the following were missing: Lieut. Waring, Private Dawson, the cabin, and the unrecognition stranger. So, too, was Anatole's boat.

VIII.

When four days and nights had passed away without a word or sign from Waring, the garrison had come to the conclusion that those officers or men of battery "X" who still believed him innocent were idiots. So did the civil authorities; but those were days when the civil authorities of Louisiana commanded less respect from its educated people than did even the military. The police force, like the state, were undergoing a process called reconstruction, which might have been impressive in theory, but was ridiculous in practice. A reward had been offered by business associates of the deceased for the capture and conviction of the assassin. A distant relative of old Lascelles had come to take charge of the place until Mr. Philippe should arrive. The latter's address had been found among old Ananias's papers, and dispatches via Havana, had been sent to him, also letters. Pierre d'Hervilly had taken the weeping widow and little Nin to bonne maman's to stay. Anthonie and his

woolly-pated mother, true to negro superstitions, had decamped. Nothing would induce them to remain under the roof where foul murder had been done. "De habbits" was what they were afraid of. And so the old white homestead, though surrounded on every side by curiosity seekers and prying eyes, was practically deserted. Cram went about his duties with a heavy heart and light aid. Ferry and Pierce both commanded section now, as Doyle remained in close arrest and "Pills the Less" in close attendance. Something was utterly wrong with the fellow. Mrs. Doyle had not again ventured to show her red nose within the limits of the "bars," as she called them, a hint from Braxton having proved sufficient; but that she was ever scouring the pickets no one could doubt. Morning and night she prowled about the neighborhood, employing the "beyes," so she termed such stray sheep in army blue as a dirop of Anatole's best would tempt, to carry scawling notes to Jim, one of which, falling with its postman by the wayside and turned over by the guard to Capt. Cram for transmittal, was addressed to Mister Loo't James Doyle, Lite Bothery X, Jaxun Barx, and brought the only laughter to his lips the big horse artilleryman had known for nearly a week. Her cousin Mercury, Dawson, had vanished from sight, dropped, with many another and often a better man, as a deserter.

Over at Waring's abandoned quarters the shades were drawn and the green jealousies boiled. Pierce stole in each day to see that everything, even to the augmented heap of letters, was undisturbed, and Ananias drooped in the court below and refused to be comforted. Cram had duly notified Waring's relatives, now living in New York, of his strange and sudden disappearance, but made no mention of the cloud of suspicion which had surrounded his name. Meantime, some legal friends of the family were overhauling the Lascelles papers, and a dark-complexioned, thick-set, active little civilian was making frequent trips between the department headquarters and barracks. At the former he compared notes with Lieut. Reynolds, and at the latter with Braxton and Cram. The last interview Mr. Allerton had before leaving with his family for the north was with this same lively party, the detective who joined them that night at the St. Charles, and Allerton, being a man of much substance, had tapped his pocketbook significantly.

"The difficulty just now is in having a talk with the widow," said this official to Cram and Reynolds, whom he had met by appointment on the Thursday following the eventful Saturday of Braxton's "combined" review. "She

arrival at nine o'clock by the chief clerk, or by the sergeant major, if he happens to be there, though he's generally at guard mount. On this occasion he was out at review. Leary, chief clerk, tells Col. Braxton he opened and distributed the mail, putting the colonel's on his desk. Root went with him and helped. The third clerk came in later; had been out all night, drinking. His name is Dawson. Dawson goes out again and gets fuller, and when next brought home is put in hospital under a sentry. Then he hears of the murder, bolts, and isn't heard from since, except as the man who helped Mrs. Doyle to get her husband home. He is the fellow who brought the note. He knew something of its contents, for the murder terrified him, and he ran away. Find his trail, and you strike that of the woman who wrote these."

"By the Lord, Lieutenant, if you'll quit the army and take my place you'll make a name and a fortune."

"And if you'll quit your place and take mine you'll get your coup de grace in some playhouse Indian fight and be forgotten. So stay where you are; but find Dawson, find her, find what they know, and you'll be famous."

IX.

That night, or very early next morning, there was pandemonium at the barracks. It was clear, still, beautiful. A soft April wind was drifting up from the lower coast, laden with the perfume of sweet olive and orange blossoms. Mrs. Cram, with one or two lady friends and a party of officers, had been chatting in low tone upon their gallery until after eleven, but elsewhere about the moonlit quadrangle all was silence when the second relief was posted. Far at the rear of the walled inclosure, where, in deference to the manners and customs of war as observed in the good old days whereof our seniors tell the sentries establishment, was planted within easy hailing distance of the guard-house, there was still the sound of modified revelry by night, and poker and whisky punch had gathered their devotees in the grimy parlors of Mr. Finckbein, and here the belated ones talked until long after midnight, as most of them were bachelors and had no better halves, as had Doyle, to fetch them home "out of the wet." Cram and his lieutenants, with the exception of Doyle, were known to patronize this establishment, whatsoever they might do outside. They had separated before midnight, and little Pierce, after his customary peep into Waring's preserves, had closed the door, gone to his own room to bed and to sleep. Ferry, as battery officer of the day, had made the rounds of the stables and gun shed about one o'clock, and had encountered Capt. Kinsey, of the infantry, coming in from his long tramp through the dew-wet field, returning from the inspection of the sentry-post at the big magazine.

"No news of poor Sam yet, I suppose," said Kinsey, sadly, as the two came strolling in together through the reargate.

"Nothing whatever," was Ferry's answer. "We cannot even form a conjecture, unless he, too, has been murdered. Think of there being a warrant out for his arrest—for him, Sam Waring!"

"Well," said Kinsey, "no other conclusion could be well arrived at, unless that poor brute Doyle did it in a drunken rage. Pills says he never saw a man so terror-stricken as he seems to be. He's afraid to leave him, really, and Doyle's afraid to be alone—thinks the old woman may get in."

"She has no excuse for coming, captain," said Ferry. "When she told Cram she must see her husband to-day, that she was out of money and starving, the captain surprised her by handing her fifty dollars, which is much more than she'd have got from Doyle. She's afraid of course, but that's what she wanted. She wants to get at him. She has money enough."

"Yes, that woman's a terror, Ferry. Old Mrs. Murtagh, wife of my quarter-master sergeant, has been in the army twenty years, and says she knew her well—knew all her people. She comes from a tough lot, and they had a bad reputation in Texas in the old days. Doyle's a totally different man since she turned up. Cram tells me. Hello, here's Pills the Less," he suddenly exclaimed, as she came opposite the west gate leading to the hospital.

"How's your patient, Doc?"

"Well, he's sleeping at last. He seems worn out. It's the first time I've left him; but I'm used up and want a few hours' sleep. There isn't anything to drink in the room, even if he should wake, and Jim is sleeping or lying there by him."

"Oh, he'll do all right now, I reckon," said the officer of the day cheerfully, "and get your sleep. The old woman can't get at him unless she bribes my sentries or rides the air on a broomstick, like some other old witches I've read of. Ferry sleeps in the adjoining room, anyhow, so he can look out for her. Good night, Doc." And so, on they went, glancing upward at the dim light just showing through the window-blinds in the gable end of the foot of the quarters, and halting at the foot of the stairs.

"Come over and have a pipe with me, Ferry," said the captain. "It's too beautiful a night to turn in. I want to talk to you about Waring, anyhow. This thing weighs on my mind."

"Done with you, for an hour anyhow," said Ferry. "Just wait a minute till I run up and get my bacxy."

Presently came the young fellow again, meerschaum in hand, the moonlight glinting on his slender figure, so trim and jaunty in the battery dress. Kinsey looked him over with a smile of soldierly approval and a whimsical comment on the contrast between the appearance of this young artillery sprig and that of his own stout personality, clad as he was in a bulging blue flannel sack coat, only distinguishable in cut and style from civilian garb by his having brass buttons and a pair of tarnished old shoulder straps. Ferry was a swell. His shell jacket fitted like wax. The Russian shoulder knots of twisted gold were of the handsomest make. The riding breeches, top boots and spurs were such that even Waring could not criticize. His saber gleamed in the moonbeams, and Kinsey's old leather-covered sword looked dingy by contrast. His belt fitted trim and taut, and was polished as his boot-tops; Kinsey's sank down over the left hip, and was worn brown. The snuff Ferry sported as battery officer of the day was draped, West Point fashion, over the shoulder and around the waist, and accurately knotted and looped; Kinsey's old war-worn crimson net was slung higgledy-piggledy over his broad chest.

A SCENE OF HORROR.

It Attends the Hanging of George H. Painter, in Chicago.

The Rope Breaks and the Doomed Man Falls to the Floor—Picked Up in a Dying Condition, His Inanimate Body Is Hung Again.

A BOTCHED JOB.

CHICAGO, Jan. 29.—George H. Painter was hanged in the corridor of the county jail at 8:03 a. m. Friday for the murder of Alice Martin. The execution was marred and delayed by an unfortunate accident. At the first attempt, made to carry out the sentence of the law at 7:59 the rope broke, carrying the condemned man to the floor with a heavy crash. Bloodstreamed from a wound in his head and dyed the white shroud in which his form was enveloped with deep crimson stains.



GEORGE H. PAINTER.

the floor. Dr. Fortner and the other physicians and jail officials hurried to its side, but there was not a movement to indicate that life still existed. While the shroud-enveloped and bloodstained body lay at one side of the scaffold with the physicians hovering over it, the drop was put back in place and a new rope was strung. Then the body was dragged to the drop again, while suddenly cries from the prisoners in other parts of the jail broke in upon the almost deathlike stillness. They had in some way learned that the drop had fallen. The cries and shrieks were taken up from cell to cell, and from tier to tier until pandemonium seemed to have broken loose. The hangings were sent back to stop the thrilling clamor.

There was a pause in the proceedings until the cries could be stopped, and then the body was placed a second time under the rope. "It was a difficult task to fix the noose, and the scene was revolting. Blood had trickled to the bottom of the shroud and the hood was saturated. The neck had been broken in the first fall and the head had to be held up while the noose was put over it. Then it was found that with the body flat on the drop there would be, almost no fall, and it had to be pulled back to the inner edge, where it could be supported in a sitting position by one of the jail officials standing on the more solid part of the scaffold. It seemed a long time, but in reality it was only four minutes from the time the drop fell the first time until Jailer Morris gave the signal and it again fell. It was 8:05 o'clock when Painter's body straightened out at the end of the rope after the second fall and at 8:18 he was pronounced dead.

Painter kept up his courage to the last. He had taken liquor to strengthen him before beginning his march to the scaffold. He walked to the platform without a tremor. On the scaffold he made a brief speech, concluding as follows:

"I killed Alice Martin—the woman I loved, the woman I loved so much that I would have almost committed a crime for her. I play this minute—my last minute on earth—that the Eternal God will put me into eternal hell. Look here, gentlemen, if there is one man among you who is an American, I say to you on his soul on his life, I say, that the murderer of Alice Martin is found. Good-by."

(Painter's alleged crime for which he suffered the death penalty was the murder of Alice Martin, in her room at 86 Green street, about midnight May 17, 1911. A man named Trebbel and a woman named Morris also lived in the house. A few moments before 12 o'clock they heard quarreling in the room of Alice Martin, followed by sounds as if blows were being dealt and the lifeless body of Alice Martin lying across the bed and evidence of a terrible struggle. Painter gave the alarm to the police. He was subsequently arrested and tried and convicted. An unsuccessful appeal was made to the supreme court. Then Gov. Altgeld was called upon for executive clemency. Twice he refused, but finally he granted it. Further, and the law was allowed to take its course.)

THE MOST PLEASANT WAY

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and 10c. bottles.

CALLING A WOMAN'S DRESS A DREAM is a polite way of saying that the cost of it gives her husband the nightmare.—St. Paul News.

McKicker's Theatre, Chicago.

Miss Pauline Hall's Comic Opera Company begins Feb. 5 with "Princess Teubrodin," and will play for three weeks. Seats can be secured by mail.

MARY ANNE PROVES THAT IT IS NOT impossible to mix the oil of clove with the water of a very weak vinegar.—Puck.

Dr. House's Certain Grip Cure

Send postpaid with beautiful souvenir spoon. Send 50c. to P. H. House, Buffalo, N. Y.

Recall Rogers' fancy that their children will inherit only the wealth and none of the sin.—Theodore Winthrop.

FOUR GIRLS WERE KILLED.

Fatal Result of a Snowslide in White Birch Gulch in Idaho.

BOISE, Idaho, Jan. 29.—News reached here that a fatal snowslide occurred in White Birch gulch. A family named Thomson lived at the bottom of the gulch, and the slide came down without a moment's warning, wrecking the house and killing four girls. The parents and one infant child escaped.

SIX MEN DROWNED.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 29.—B. R. Campson and Fred Miller and four others were drowned by a boat capsizing near Sullivan Island.

Michigan Sinking Law Sustained.

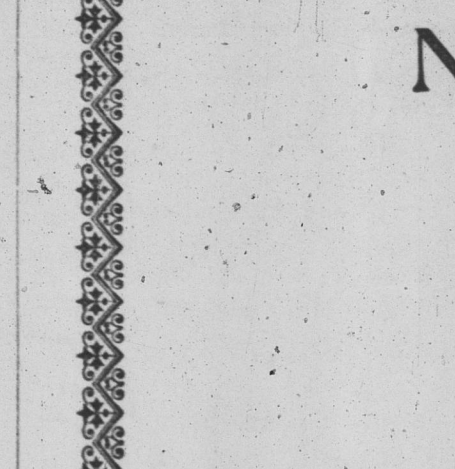
LANSING, Mich., Jan. 29.—The supreme court has sustained in every particular the constitutionality of the general banking law of Michigan. The opinion particularly upholds that section of the law whereby stockholders are held liable to depositors for an additional sum equal to the par-value of their stock.

Earnings of Illinois Roads.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 29.—Illinois roads paid dividends last year of \$28,712,961, against \$25,327,515 the previous year. Employees in the state number 71,884.



DURING hard times consumers cannot afford to experiment with inferior, cheap brands of baking powder. It is NOW that the great strength and purity of the ROYAL stand out as a friend in need to those who desire to practise Economy in the Kitchen. Each spoonful does its perfect work. Its increasing sale bears witness that it is a necessity to the prudent—it goes further.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

A Song of Snowflakes.

Four and twenty snowflakes
Came tumbling from the sky,
And said: "Let's make a snowdrift
We can if we but try."

So down they gently fluttered,
And lighted on the ground,
And when they all were seated,
They sadly looked around.

"We're very few indeed," sighed they,
And sometimes make mistakes,
We cannot make a snowdrift
With four and twenty flakes."

Just then the sun peeped round a cloud,
And smiled at the array,
And the disappointed snowflakes
Wetted quietly away.

—Rachel G. Smith, in *Youth's Companion*.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful, and cures the catarrh of the bladder, prostate, and urethra in both men and women. It cures the most stubborn cases. It offers one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 35 cents.

JINKS—"I don't think it looks well for a minister to wear diamonds." Filkins—"Why not? Aren't there sermons in stones?"—Kate Field's Washington.

The World's Fair for Sale.

LOOK AT IT—The Michigan Central has secured with one of the greatest many houses in the United States for a beautiful, printed series of World's Fair pictures, to be known as the Michigan Central's Portraits of the World's Fair. The pictures are the original photographs would cost not less than a dollar apiece, but the Michigan Central enables you to get 10 pictures for 10 cents.

It's the finest. It's the most complete. It's the best. It cannot be beaten. If you want the World's Fair, you want it as a perpetual souvenir of a memorable visit. If you didn't get there, you want this to see what you missed, and to fill your mind with its beauty and glory of the White City. Send ten cents to O. W. Rogers, G. P. and T. Agent, Michigan Central, Chicago, and he will furnish you with the first part.

"I suppose you had a high old time in Europe?" "Yes," replied the tourist, "I was done up at Monte Carlo, held up in the Appenines and laid up in Rome."—Washington Star.

"I'll Live as Long as I Can."

Is the burden of an old song. If you want to live as long as you can, count on your toes. If you are young or middle aged, or old, or the infirmities of life's decline if you are growing old, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a genuine recuperator of vigor, a healthful stay and solace to the old, the weak and convalescent. Incomparable in bilious, dyspeptic, rheumatic and malarial complaints.

CUSTOMER—"That's a queer-shaped piece of pie. Looks something like a turnover."

Waiter—"No, sir; it's a leftover."—Good News.

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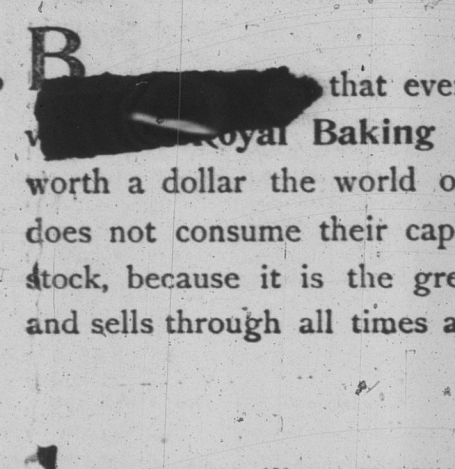
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle	43 75 @ 46 00
Sheep	2 25 @ 2 50
Hogs	5 15 @ 5 30
FLOUR—Winter Patents	3 25 @ 3 50
Minnesota Patents	3 50 @ 3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65 15 @ 67 00
Ungraded Red	61 15 @ 63 00
CORN—No. 2	42 15 @ 44 00
Ungraded Mixed	40 15 @ 42 00
OATS—Track Mixed Western	21 15 @ 23 00
RYE—Western	51 15 @ 53 00
PORK—Mess, New	14 50 @ 15 00
LARD—Western	8 07 1/2 @ 8 25
BUTTER—Western Creamery	18 15 @ 19 00
Western Dairy	19 15 @ 20 00
CHICAGO	
BEEVES—Shipping Steers	22 00 @ 23 50
Cows	14 00 @ 15 00
Stockers	10 00 @ 11 00
Feeders	3 00 @ 3 50
Butcher's Steers	2 80 @ 3 00
Hogs	5 20 @ 5 50
SHEEP	1 50 @ 1 80
BUTTER	18 15 @ 19 00
EGGS	12 15 @ 13 00
BROOM CORN	
Western (per ton)	35 00 @ 40 00
Illinois, Good to Choice	50 00 @ 60 00
POTATOES (per bu.)	40 15 @ 42 00
PORK—Mess	12 10 @ 13 25
LARD—Steam	7 75 @ 7 85
FLOUR—Spring Patents	3 50 @ 3 75
Common	14 00 @ 15 00
Winter Patents	3 25 @ 3 40
Winter Strains	2 90 @ 3 00
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2	59 15 @ 60 00
Corn, No. 2	31 15 @ 32 00
Oats, No. 2	21 15 @ 22 00
Rye, No. 2	41 15 @ 44 00
Barley, Choice to Fancy	51 15 @ 54 00
LUMBER	
Siding	15 00 @ 22 50
Flooring	24 00 @ 26 00
Common Boards	14 00 @ 15 00
Penning	12 00 @ 14 00
Shingles	2 40 @ 3 00
KANSAS CITY	
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	41 00 @ 52 50
Stockers and Feeders	3 00 @ 4 00
HOGS	5 15 @ 5 45
SHEEP	2 00 @ 2 50
OMAHA	
CATTLE—Steers	13 10 @ 14 70
Stockers and Feeders	3 00 @ 4 00
HOGS	5 25 @ 5 50
SHEEP	2 25 @ 2 50

of the blood, nothing sweeps as clean as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It attacks all scrofulous, skin and scalp diseases in the right way—by purifying the blood. Scrofula in all its various forms, Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings, and every kindred ailment, are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

PIERCE'S GUARANTEE CURE.

DR. PIERCE'S: Dear Sir—I write in regard to your great Golden Medical Discovery. I had Eczema and ulcers on the legs. Previous to this affliction I had had Dropsy after the drip. I now feel perfectly well since I took the Discovery. My legs are all healed up and I feel like a new man. I cannot be thankful enough to you for your "Golden Medical Discovery" has saved my life.

FRED PESTLINE. Mr. F. PESTLINE, Alexander, Genesee Co., N. Y.

Sure Cure for Sprain, Bruise or Hurt!

Use ST. JACOB'S OIL

You'll Use it Always for a Like Mishap.

CALIFORNIA TOURIST SLEEPERS

Full information regarding the State, its lands, climate, the full winter fair and the most comfortable and economical way to go will be cheerfully furnished by the undersigned. Pullman

Run through from Chicago to Los Angeles, California, daily via "THE TRUE SOUTHERN ROUTE" CHICAGO & ALTON to St. Louis, ILLINOIS, MOUNTAIN ROUTE, St. Louis to Texas, TEXAS & PACIFIC RY., Texas to El Paso, and SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY to El Paso to California destination. This is the BEST winter way to California. No high altitudes; no snow blockades, and sunshine and comfort all the way. 10¢ send for free illustrated folder.

WRITE TO-DAY!

JAMES CHARLTON, General Passenger & Ticket Agent, CHICAGO & ALTON R. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

CHICAGO THEIR PASSENGER every two weeks

THE LATE PUBLIC SPEECH OF

Hon. Carter H. Harrison

LATE MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

Delivered before the Chicago Fair, Feb. 1, 1904, before his death. Sketch of his life. Full account of the mayor's illness. Price 10c. Sent by mail. EDWIN NEWTON, 205 1/2 La Salle St., Chicago.

SOUTHERN HOME SEEKER'S GUIDE.

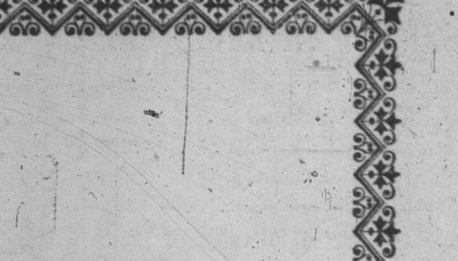
Send to the undersigned for a FREE COPY of the 1894 EDITION of the above book. It is full of the information concerning the South and describes the country traversed by the Illinois Central, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, J. F. MERRITT, A. G. P. A., Illinois Central R. R., Manchester, Iowa.

Those Pimples

Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effective, and entirely harmless.

Chas. Heaton, 73 Laurel St., Phila., says: "I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of S. S. S. my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well and feel like running a foot race, all from the use of S. S. S."

Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.



W. L. DOUGLAS'S SHOE

equals custom work, costing from \$5 to \$6, but value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitutes. See bottom papers for full description of our complete line of shoes for ladies and gentlemen or send for illustrated catalog. Give us your address and we will send you a copy of our catalog. Agents wanted to handle our goods on Commission. 157 Nassau Street, New York.

There's one thing I don't like about the circus," said grandma, "and that was the man that twisted himself all out of shape—I never did admit these extortionists."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Have you met that elderly girl that Smith has married?" He says she is a sample of Virginia beauty." "A sample! I should call her a remnant."—Vogue.

JINKS—"Don't you believe that spirits are all moonshine?" Filkins—"Oh, no; some of them pay internal revenue taxes."—Kate Field's Washington.

The child that is spoiled by harshness is never mentioned as a "spoiled child"; but this does not prevent him from being one.—Puck.

NAMES are deceptive. A "masher" and a "bruiser" are about as far apart as Maine and Mendocino.—Puck.

Likes Old Up'n Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Eucalyptus and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

True popularity is not the popularity which is followed after, but the popularity which follows after.—Lord Mansfield.

Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes.—Emerson.