

TO GET RID OF THAT WART

Simple Remedies Which in the Great Majority of Cases Will Be Found Efficacious.

Administer small doses of sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts). Dose for an adult, from four to six grams daily for a month. In most cases the warts will disappear at the end of two weeks.

Warts and wens are sometimes cured by rubbing them two or three times daily with an Irish potato. Cut off one end of the potato and rub the tumor with the pared surface. After each operation remove a slice of the potato.

Rub the wart night and morning with the following salve: Twelve centigrams of chromate of potassa, well mixed in 15 grams of soft animal fat or vaseline. The warts will usually disappear in the course of three or four weeks' treatment.

Lemon juice will cause some warts to disappear. Touch them two or three times daily with a camel's-hair brush soaked in the juice.

The heliotrope of Europe (the verucaria of apothecaries) is highly esteemed. Its sugar, mixed with salt, causes warts and wens to fall off.

Caustic, or nitrate of silver, also removes warts. Touch them every two or three days.

Some warts may be removed by soaking them several times each day in castor oil.

Melt some essence of salt in water and bathe the warts in it. This caustic will dissolve them and cause them to peel off. This treatment requires great caution, especially if applied to the face.

Had Seen Great City Grow.

When Mrs. Bridget Woods, who died a few days ago, went to New York at the age of six years, she found it but a moderately sized town. The city hall was then in the same place where it now stands, but it was considered to be located on the extreme northern bounds of the city, beyond which there was little chance of the houses ever extending. The only Catholic church was St. Peter's, which still stands at the corner of Barclay and Church streets. Mrs. Woods was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, on February 1, 1805, and came to New York in 1811, year before the second war with Great Britain. Mrs. Woods, who enjoyed the most remarkable good health to within a few days of her death, had also many memories of the infancy of Paterson, N. J., of which for a time she was a resident. She could look back to the days when there was no jail in that town, and such criminals as there were, were exposed in the good old-fashioned way, in stocks and pillory. A daughter, seventy years old, two granddaughters, 11 great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren survive her.

How Wedding Presents Travel.

"I read the other day," said the head of a firm of silversmiths, "about a pitcher that had served four times as a gift. Some years ago, when I was only head of a department here I gave a silver salad fork and spoon to an old chum as a wedding present. The other day about the time of their fifteenth anniversary the wife brought it back to be cleaned, saying she had never used it and would like to have us give it what we call a 'professional polish.'

"You can imagine my astonishment when the newly married daughter of one of our best customers brought the set in the next week, asking that it be credited to her account as she had received several salad sets and wouldn't need that one, too.

"That isn't the worst of it, though. When I gave that set originally silver was 90 cents an ounce. Now rather than 'squeal' on my chum's wife, I had to credit our customer at the present price of \$1.25."

A High Thought Plane.

A little Boston boy and his mother were studying the ancient mammals and the subject was at that time uppermost in his mind. One day he answered the door bell and announced to his mother that an ichthyornis was at the door to see her.

Astonished, she asked: "What do you mean?"

Returning from the door she again addressed him, saying: "My son, that was only a collector."

"Well," answered the learned Bostonian, "Isn't that a beast with a bill?" —National Monthly.

Gobbled It.

In his haste to field a grounder the shortstop accidentally swallowed his quid of tobacco.

Then he gave the captain the grand halting sign of distress and feebly chased himself to the clubhouse.

"Talk about your 'inside' baseball!" he groaned.

Most Religious Cities.

Boston has more religious people, judged by the communicants, than any city in the country, but St. Louis stands second and New York third. According to the United States census of religious bodies, there were in 1906 communicants to the number of 32,936,445 in the United States. In the five leading cities the proportion of communicants to population was: New York, 44.7 per cent.; Chicago, 40.7; Philadelphia, 38.8; Boston, 62.6, and St. Louis, 46.6.

New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Fright Buried Golden Talent

How Wilson G. Hunt, Alarmed by Bland Silver Bill, Kept \$900,000 in Yellow Money in Bank Vault for Many Years.

Up to the time of his death in 1902, Frederick D. Tappan had been for half a century one of the leading bankers of New York city, and for years he was the head of the metropolitan clearing house.

"I think," he said to me one day, "that one of the most curious experiences that ever came within my personal knowledge was the silent, almost pathetic evidence, of the great fright which once held in its grip Wilson G. Hunt, who was famous as a banker when Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew were strong men in the financial destinies of the country."

"It was the so-called Bland silver bill which was passed in 1878, and which provided for the coining of not less than two million dollars' worth of silver bullion a month, that gave Mr. Hunt his great scare. But that, you may have a good understanding of the incident, I want to say first that, beside Mr. Wilson, there were a good many old-fashioned bankers and men living upon their capital, or the income of it, who became greatly disturbed when the Bland bill became a law.

"Why, do you know that even asrewed, clear-headed and icy an intellect as Samuel J. Tilden became greatly alarmed when the Bland bill was enacted into law. Governor Tilden whispered to some of his friends his fear that the country was going exclusively upon the silver basis, that that meant the cutting down of capital by at least one-half, and you should have seen his representatives buying foreign exchange, and a good deal of it. His purpose, evidently, was to convert that exchange into gold, and very likely keep it on deposit in some of the greater banks of London. But I guess that Governor Tilden got over this scare earlier than Mr. Hunt did; at all events I never learned what he did with the exchange he bought."

"But it came within my personal observation what Mr. Hunt did. Whether he bought exchange and converted it into gold or not, I do not know, yet I do know that when he trembled for fear that the country would go to a silver basis, as a result of the enactment of the Bland bill, he somehow secured approximately nine hundred thousand dollars in gold, had

it packed in little canvas bags, properly marked with the amount of money in each, and stored these bags in the vault of a certain bank, one of the strongest institutions of the kind in New York city. If the worst came and the rest of his fortune was cut in half by the country going to a silver basis, he would at least have close on to million dollars in the sort of money that is good the world over.

"Mr. Hunt," concluded Mr. Tappan, "was a wise man and very courageous in many things, but he had that curious dread of silver and that unwarranted fear that the United States would lapse to a silver basis. That dread and that fear he carried to the grave with him. It has been my experience that the most courageous capitalists—and I have known many of them—will sometimes lose their senses and be persuaded to do very foolish, almost silly, things, in order to protect their fortunes. Without exception, every rich man that I have known has had some weak point in his armor in this respect."

(Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards.)

moldy and the canvas began to rot, and at last, when it became necessary for the administrators of Mr. Hunt's estate to remove that gigantic nest egg, do you know that some of the bags were so badly rotted that their golden contents broke out and scattered upon the floor of the vault at our feet?"

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Tappan, "as she lifted her automobile veil, 'it is coming! Be prepared! It is coming!'"

There was a flutter among the pen pushers.

"What's coming?" demanded one.

"A cyclone?"

"Earthquake?" asked another.

"Halley's comet turned back?" chimed a third.

With a silvery ripple of laughter the vision opened her suitcase.

"No, gentlemen, the 'big stick' is coming, and with it is coming Theodore the Great. Before he arrives you should buy a copy of the greatest book of the day, entitled: 'Teddy the Terrific; or, 'Big Stick' in Africa and 'Big Stick' in Europe."

But the clerks fled.

Royal Compliment.

George is the breezy elevator boy in one of the big office buildings.

"George," said the tall bookkeeper the other morning, "let me off at the third."

"George, the fourth!" added the old broker.

"George, the fifth!" chirped the pretty blonde typist.

George expanded until there was danger of his brass buttons leaving his blue uniform.

"Aw, whatcher getting a swell head about?" piped a messenger. "Somebody would t'ink yer was a page in de senate."

"And why the senators?"

"Because so many of them are al-

ways up in the air, b'gosh!"

Lots of Practise.

"Have you had any practise?" in-

quired the manager of the great com-

bination circus and menagerie, who

had advertised for a man who could

chim' himself twenty times with one

hand."

"I've had too much practise," wear-

ily sighed the applicant, whose right

shoulder was three inches higher than

his left. "For seven years I've been

practising two hours daily; I'm a

straphanger, sir."

The Burning Question.

Venus was rising from the sea.

"Great Jupiter!" cried the men, as

they crowded the beach. "How did you

lose your arms?"

But the women never noticed the

arms.

"In the name of all that is wonder-

ful," they chimed, "how do you keep

your hair in curl in salt water?"

Judge.

His Question-Answer.

"Are marriages made in heaven?"

The lecturer paused, as if for an an-

swer to his interrogation; whereupon

a man with a hunted look glanced fur-

ther over his shoulder, swallowed

hard, moistened his lips and said,

huskily:

"Do strawberries grow at the north

pole?"

Attractive Letters.

Rodrick—Why do you call your

friend an "Animal Burbank?"

Rollins—Because he is trying to

evolve a frog that will be all legs

and an orphanage turkey.

Robinson—An orphanage turkey?

Rollins—Yes, a turkey that will have

enough drumsticks to go around in an

orphan asylum.

Methods of Calculation.

Mrs. DeAysker—Did your cook leave

on account of the extra 15 cents a

week that the Razer woman offered

her?

Mrs. Von Holmer—I can't tell; she

said she was going to leave because

she wanted the change, and I don't

know whether she meant the money

or the new place.

Mutual Fear.

Snocoe—Why didn't Kounfette raise

a fuss when he found the grocer had

sold him bad eggs?

Tricee—For the same reason that

the grocer didn't raise a fuss when he

found Kounfette had paid him a bad

half-dollar.

Matter of Years.

Knox—Popleigh doesn't brag about

that bright boy of his any more.

Blox—Has he ceased to be bright?

Knox—Not exactly. He says about

the same sort of things as formerly,

but he's got to the age where they are

saucy.

An Illustration.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a par-

adox?

Pa—Well, my son, a coal stove is

one kind of paradox. It won't burn

until it is put up, then it won't burn

until it is shaken down.

Better Than Usual.

Snodgrass—Did you have good luck

on your last hunting trip?

Nymrod—Better than usual; I was

shot at only four times and hit only

twice.

Same Old Kind.

Ruggles—Have you a fireless cooker

in your kitchen?

Ruggles—Yes, but it's fireless be-

cause I can't afford to buy fuel for it

any