

DO 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, a 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 grandchildren, 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 hailing 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, 38.3; 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. Wilson 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 as shrewd, 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, he thought 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 a million dollars in the sort of money that is good the world over."

Mr. Hunt died about ten years later, and some time before the Bland law gave way to the Sherman silver law. In the meantime, the gold that he had hoarded against the possible evil day of a silver basis lay untouched. It did not bring him in a penny of income, and he never looked into the vault where it was stored to see if it was all right. Indeed, these little bags lay so long in the place where first they were put that gradually they became

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?

"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."

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Longstreet's Memories of War

Great Fighter of the Confederacy Recalls the Generous Personal Relations Between the Opposing Leaders in Times of Conflict.

It was in the early spring of 1863 that I had the pleasure of calling for the first time upon Gen. James Longstreet, who, as one authority puts it, "enjoyed the distinction of being one of the greatest fighters of the Confederacy, and possessed the unbounded confidence and affection of his soldiers." It was at his home in Atlanta that I met the general, and the fragrance of early flowers and the glory that shone in the blossoming peach trees lent an especial attraction to the approach to his house.

The picture that I had in my mind's eye of the great leader who had so often discomfited noted Union commanders was based on war time prints, all displaying him with a long and flowing beard. But I found him without beard, except a tuft in front of each ear. His complexion was ruddy, his eyes were bright, and yet he seemed somewhat infirm. The really noticeable thing about his features was the scar that bore, mute evidence of the frightful wound that he had received at the Wilderness at a most critical moment in that battle.

"General," I said, after a time, "I have heard that many military critics believe that had you not been wounded just when and where you were, you probably would have driven Grant back across the Rapidan."

"Perhaps," was the reply; "no one can ever tell what the result of a battle will be until it is over."

For several moments he was thoughtfully silent.

"That battle," he said, "is one of my thrilling war recollections, of course; the twinges that the wound gives me, now in my cheek and now in my shoulder, will not let me forget it, I fear, until the day of my death. But I think that the most thrilling recollections, certainly the most pleasing, that I have of the late struggle are those which tell of the personal relations between the commanders upon one side with those of the other after battle, when prisoners were captured, and especially immediately after the war. They tell me—questioningly—that Gen. Joe Johnston, who has just retired from congress, and General Sherman frequently sat side by side like two intimate friends in the house of representatives at Washington."

"Yes, that is true," I answered. "I have often seen them together there. General Johnston's seat was near the door, General Sherman has the privilege of the floor, and frequently he came in quietly, edged his way to a vacant seat beside Johnston, and there they sat side by side like old cronies sometimes for two or three hours."

"Ah," exclaimed General Longstreet, "that illustrates the real spirit which the men who were true soldiers, not political generals, on either side felt for their opponents when the fighting was all over, when duty to their cause was done. Why, that spirit began with that very kindly act that Grant did after Buckner had surrendered to him. You know the story—how Grant received Buckner as a personal friend and offered to share his purse with him. That spirit was characteristic of the personal relations of the opposing generals throughout the war and for a long time after, and I wish it could also have been characteristic of some of the politicians on either side. Then there would have been many irritations, many resentments, many difficulties of both war and peace eliminated. Oh, I sometimes wish that the reconstruction period could have been left to the direction of those who were in important command at the time of the war. I am certain that they would have continued to show the utmost delicacy of consideration for each other."

Again the general was thoughtfully silent for an appreciable space. Then his face was radiantly illumined with a reminiscent smile. "Yes," he said, decisively, "the tenderest, the most permanent, and in many respects the most thrilling recollections that I have of the war are associated with the noble courage and dignity and true kindness which were characteristic of the personal relations of opposing commanders. They are memories that will not fade—that not even thought of stirring battle can displace."

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His Point of View.

Capt. E. W. Dayton of the Twelfth regiment, who has recently been decorated with the Legion of Honor by the French government for his services at the Paris exposition, told this story to a party of military men at the Army and Navy club in New York the other evening:

"One of my friends is a confirmed bachelor—a regular woman-hater. He is quite alone in life and has no more intention of marrying now than he had when he was younger."

"One evening at a social gathering he was talking to a young woman who was trying to have a little fun with him because of his well-known resolve always to stay a bachelor. The talk turned upon the suggestion that some of the states put a tax on bachelors, and a proposed bill to levy an extra tax every ten years."

"Why," said the young woman archly, hoping to get a rise out of him, 'at your age it would cost you \$100 a year.'

"Well," said my friend quietly, 'it's worth it, isn't it?'

"VISION" SPRINGS NEW ONE

Fair Agent Puts Clerks to Rout by Introducing Book in Unique Up-to-Date Manner.

It was a quiet springtime morning and the clerks in the big importing office were languidly pushing their pens over the ledgers and dreaming of baseball and fishing. Suddenly the screen door opened and a vision drifted in like a June zephyr.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the vision, 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?" 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 Terrible; or, Big Sticking in Africa and Big Sticking 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 'tink yer was a page in de senate."

"Page in de senate? Why, didn't yer hear dat peach of a typewriter say 'George de fift'?" Makes one feel like de new king of England."

Lack of Self-Esteem.

Ashley—Dingler's bump of self-esteem must be a cavity.

Seymour—What makes you think that?

Ashley—The way he went after a job last week. He asked the boss what the wages were; boss told him: "Dollar a day for a good man," then Dingler said he was sorry, but he didn't like to work for less than that, and came away.

Getting Honest.

"This is your birthday, isn't it, Bess?"

"Yes, Dick."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, I'm going to give you a kiss for every year of your life."

"Why, Dick! Dick—I may as well confess to you that I am really twenty-six."

The Company's Gratitude.

High—Church was paid \$1,000 for saving the life of Miser Klutchims.

York—Gracious! I had no idea that Klutchims would ever have paid an amount as large as that!

High—Oh, he didn't pay it; the money was paid by the company that has Klutchims' life insured for \$500,000.

Two Desiderata.

Robinson—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.

The Ambiguous Cook.

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.

Since—Why didn't Kounfeitte raise a fuss when he found the grocer had sold him bad eggs?

Trice—For the same reason that the grocer didn't raise a fuss when he found Kounfeitte had paid him a bad half-dollar.

Matter of Years.

Knox—Popeleigh 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 parador?

Pa—Well, my son, a coal stove is one kind of parador. 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?

Raggles—Yes, but it's fireless because I can't afford to buy fuel for it any more.

WISE BOY SUBLET CONTRACT

Benevolent Old Lady Lavishes Kindness and Attention on Wrong Lad—Hired a Substitute.

A benevolent old lady happened one day to be visiting a school where a young incorrigible was undergoing punishment for a series of misdeemeanors.

The teacher cited him as "the worst boy in the school—one I can't do anything with. I've tried everything in the way of punishment."

"Have you tried kindness?" was the gentle inquiry.

"I did at first, but I've got beyond that now."

At the close of the visit the lady asked the boy if he would call and see her on the following Saturday. A boy arrived promptly at the hour appointed. The old lady showed him her best pictures, played her liveliest music, and set before him a delicious lunch on her daintiest china. Then she thought it about time to begin her little sermon.

"My dear," she began, "were you not very unhappy to have to stand in the corner before all the class for punishment?"

"Please, ma'am," broke in the boy, with his mouth full of cake, "that wasn't me you saw. It was Pete. He gave me ten cents to come here and take your jawing."

Some High Flyers.

The guide was showing the visitors around Washington.

"This," he announced, pausing in a wide corridor, "is the wing of the senate."

"Do tell!" ejaculated the man from Kansas with the red handkerchief around his neck. "I never knew the senate had wings, but I've often thought the senators might have 'em."

"And why the senators?"

"Because so many of them are always up in the air, b'gosh!"

Lots of Practise.

"Have you had any practise?" inquired the manager of the great combination circus and menagerie, who had advertised for a man who could "chin himself twenty times with one hand."

"I've had too much practise," warily 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 wonderful," 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 answer to his interrogation; whereupon a man with a hunted look glanced furtively over his shoulder, swallowed hard, moistened his lips and said, huskily:

"Do strawberries grow at the north pole?"

Attractive Letters.

Rodrick—Yes, he came over here to learn our language and started on the alphabet. Began picking up letters, you know.

Van Albert—And what progress has he made?

Rodrick—Oh, he soon found that the only letters he had time to pick up were the X's and V's.

Methods of Calculation.

"Scientists are not usually successful business men."

"No. They think they are doing very well if they come within a few hundred thousand miles of the exact measurement. You can't figure on dollars that way if you are doing business with a bank."

Caution.

"Why do you insist on my going with you when you ask father for my hand again?" asked Ethelinda.

"Because," answered Claude, "I don't want to give him any more opportunities to presume because there are no ladies present."

The Great Problem.

"Please advise me."

"Well?"

"Shall I marry a girl who is my temperamental opposite and quarrel with her the rest of my life, or shall I marry a congenial soul and get tired of her?"

Still Cheaper.

"Isn't it cheaper to move than to pay rent?" I inquired of the young married man.

"I suppose it is," he replied with a settled air, "but my plan is cheaper than either; I live with my father-in-law."

Lack of Courage.

Bashful Browne—I'll give you \$50 if you tell Miss Holmers I want to marry her.

Brassy Benson—Not on your life! She might try to work the John Alden racket on me.

Hint at the Reason.

"The patient is much better today, nurse."

"Yes, doctor. You remember you didn't call yesterday."

DAISY FLY KILLER

It kills all flies, gnats, mosquitoes, etc., and is safe for all household pets. It is guaranteed to kill all flies, gnats, mosquitoes, etc., and is safe for all household pets. It is guaranteed to kill all flies, gnats, mosquitoes, etc., and is safe for all household pets.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases and itching. Price, 50c. Sold by all druggists.

Decidedly So. Hewitt—Are you sweet on that girl? Jewett—Sweet on her? The sugar trust isn't in it.

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

The Secret.

"Miss Bright," whispered Miss Gaussip, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," replied Miss Bright, also whispering, "I can keep one as well as you can."

Try This, This Summer.

The very next time you're hot, tired or thirsty, step up to a soda fountain and get a glass of Coca-Cola. It will cool you off, relieve your bodily and mental fatigue and quench your thirst delightfully. At soda fountains or carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Delicious, refreshing and wholesome. Send to the Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga., for their free booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola." Tells what Coca-Cola is and why it is so delicious, refreshing and thirst-quenching. And send 2c stamp for the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910—contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities.

A Hibernian Verdict.

A New Yorker is the happy employer of an aged Irishman, who grows eloquent over the woes of the Emerald Isle. Said the boss: "Pat, the king of England is dead."

The old man was silent for a moment. Then he took off his hat.

"Well," he said slowly, "as a man he was a fine bit of a boy. As Englishmen go, he was as good as yes can make them. As a king, there was nobody on earth as could beat him. But still, I'll keep me eye on George."

When Father Helped.

The fond father held the manuscript while his son practised the oration.

"Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant," cried the youth, "to—to—to—to—what is it?"

The father was wrestling with the manuscript.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, "here it is: 'to desecrate.' Go on."

"It's desecrate," cried the boy, indignantly. "Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant to desecrate the—the—the—why don't you prompt me?"

The father was staring hard at the manuscript.

"The—the poodle—poodle—poodle—um of our liver ties," he stammered.

"It's the palladium of our liberties," roared the boy. "Gimme that paper—I'll say it myself."

And he stalked away angrily.

But He Wasn't.