Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetsan, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisble. Journey of Frisble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisble, an old hermit, who has gesided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisble's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he semain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenvale, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tractism into the wilderness and should be not the wilderness and finds Chip waiting for him. Ray wants Chip to return to the woods with them, but she, feeling that the old comradeship with Ray has been broken refuses. When they part, however, it is as lovers. Chip runs and finds chip waiting for home of her. He turns over to Martin abank book

CHAPTER XXXIII .- Continued.

And then while she, thus lone and lonesome, was putting away books, slates, ink-bottles and all the badges of her servitude, Chip, without knocking, walked in.

How they first exclaimed, then embraced, then kissed, and then repeated it while each tried to wink the tears away, and failed; how they sat hand in hand in that dingy, smokebrowned room with its knife-hacked benches, unconscious of the chill, while Chip told her story; and how, just as the last rays of the setting sun flashed from the icicles along its eaves, they left it, still hand in hand, was but an episode such as many a schoolgiri can recall.

Of the few friends Greenvale held for Chip, none seemed quite so near and dear as Miss Phinney, and none lived longer in her memory. They had been for many months not teacher and pupil, but rather two sisters, confiding, patient, and tender. Life swept them apart. They might never meet again, and yet, so long as both lived, never would those school days be forgotten.

With Sunday came Chip's most gratifying experience, perhaps, for her arrival was now known by the entire village and the fact that she was an heiress as well. Her fortune (also known) was considered almost fabulous according to Greenvale standards, and when Chip with Angie entered the church porch, it was crowded with people waiting to receive them. Chip, of course, now well clad and well poised, was once more the cynosure of all eyes except when the pastor prayed. At the close of service a score, most of whom she knew by sight only, wait ed to greet her and shake hands with her in the porch. The parson hurried down the aisle to add his smile and hand clasp, and, all in all, it was a most gratifying reception.

WHERE

like one pursued.

vile nature.

her that she was a kind of outcast, a

child of shame, as it were, whose ori-

gin was despicable, and who was de-

pendent upon the charity of others.

This awakening, this new conscious-

ness, was like a black chasm in front

of her, a horror and shame combined.

and true to her nature, she fled from it

But two years had changed her

views of humanity. She had learned

that money and social position did not

always win friends and respect. That

birth and ancestry were of less con-

sideration than a pure mind and hon-

est intentions, and that fine raiment

sometimes covered a base heart and

Toward the boyish lover, also, her

feelings had been altered. A little of

the old-time fondness remained, how-

ever. She could not put that away.

She had tried and tried earnestly, yet

the wildwood illusion still lingered.

She had meant, also to put him and

herself quite apart-so far, and in such

a way that she would never be found

by him. That had failed, however; he

that he wa... .ning here. Most likely

he would expect to renew the old ten-

be glad to see him for old times' sake,

however. She would be gracious and

dignified, as Aunt Abby was. She

wanted to hear all about the woods

and Old Cy again, but caresses must

"Say You Love Me."

also—a bitter lesson—it had come to | this way 'n;' curislike, hides 'fore I get

let ve.

Ray.

And here and now, let no carping critic say it was all due to that bank account, but rather a country town's expression of respect and good will toward one whom they felt deserved it.

That it all pleased Angie, goes with out saying. That Chip well deserved this vindication, no one will question; and when her visit ended and she departed, no one, not even Miss Phin ney, missed her more than Angle.

Only one thread of regret wove it self into Chip's feelings as she rode away with Uncle Joe, whose horses were now decked properly for this important event. She had received a most cordial reception on all sidesalmost a triumph of good will. Her gifts had brought an oft-repeated chorus of thanks and a few tears. On all sides and among all she had been welcome, even receiving a call and words of praise from Parson Jones She was a nobody no longer: instead. a somebody whom all delighted to honor and commend.

But the one whose motherly pride knew where she was. He had said would have been most gratified, she for whom Chip's heart yearned for oftenest, would never know it. der relations; but in that he would be disappointed. She was sure she would

CHAPTER XXXIV.

With the birds and flowers once more returning to Christmas Cove came outdoor freedom for Chip again. Like the wood-nymph she was in character and taste, the wild, rock-bound coast outside and the low, wooded mountain enclosing this village were permitted them once, she blushed and old fellow was a fatalist and he didn't | up the hill."

her playgrounds where she found companionship. Other associates she cared but little for, and a few hours alone on a wave-washed shore, watching the wild ocean billows tossing spray aloft or a long ramble in a deep, silent for-

est, appealed to her far more than

parties and girlish enjoyments. The wood-bordered road, leading from the village to the railroad ten miles away, was now a favorite walk of hers. It was suited to her in many ways, for it was seldom traveled: it followed the sunny side of the low mountain range back of Christmas Cove, not a house stood along its entire way, and to add charm, a brook kept it company, crossing and recrossing it for two miles. That feature was the most especial attraction, for beds of watercress waved beneath the limpid waters in deep pools, bunches of flag grew along its banks, their blue flowers bending to kiss the current; its ripples danced in the sunlight; its music was a tinkling melody, and these simple attractions ap-

pealed to Chip. There was also another reason for now choosing this byway walk. She knew, or felt sure, that Ray would visit Christmas Cove on his return from the woods. He must come in the old carryall,-about the only vehicle ever journeying along the road,—and now, like a brownie of the forest, she watched until she spied it afar and then hid in the bushes and peeped out until it nassed each day

A curious and somewhat complex also come to her. At first, like a child. she had loved him unasked. She had known no different. He had seemed like a young god to her, and to cling to him was supreme happiness. Then had come an awakening, a conscious ness that this freedom was not right and must be checked. Following that

felt that ft would be an effort to look him in the face again.

But she was auxious to see how he would appear now: whether the same boy, with frank, open face, or a commanding, self-possessed man.

And so each pleasant afternoon she strolled up this byway road. When the ancient carryall was sighted, she hid and watched until passed.

But Captain Mix, its driver, also had bserving eyes. He knew her now as far as he could see her, as every one in the village did, and he soon noticed her unusual conduct. He also watched along the wayside where she left it, and slyly observed her peeping out from some thicket. Just why this odd proceeding happened time and again, he could not guess, and not until a strange young man alighted from the train one day and asked to be left at the home of Mrs. Abby Bemis, did it dawn on him.

Then he laughed. "Friend o' Aunt Abby, I 'spose?" he inquired in his Yankee fashion, after they had started. "No," answered Ray, frankly, "I have never seen the lady. I know some one who is living with her, however. A

Miss Mc--Raymond, I mean." Captain Mix glanced at him, his eyes twinkling. "So ye're 'quainted with Vera, be ye," he responded. "Wal, ye're lucky." Then as curiosity grew he added, "Known her quite a spell, hev ye?"

But Ray was discreet. "Oh, three or four years," he answered nonchalantly. "I knew her when she lived in Green vale." Then to check the stage driver's curiosity, he added, "She was only a little girl, then. I presume she has changed since.

"She's a purty good-lookin' gal now, asserted Captain Mix, "but middlin" odd in her ways. Not much on gallivantin' round wi' young folks, but goin' to school stiddy 'n' roamin' round the woods when she ain't. Purty big gal to be goin' to school she is. I callate her arly eddication must 'a' been sorter neglected. Mebbe ye know bout it," and once more this persistent Yankee glanced at his companion.

But Ray was too loyal to the little girl he loved to discuss her further. and made no answer. Instead, he befeeling toward this young man had gan inquiries about Christmas Cove, and as they jogged on mile after mile, he learned all that was to be known of that quiet village. When they had reached a point some three miles from it, a kindly thought came to the driver.

"If Vera ain't 'spectin' ye," he said, 'mebbe ye'd like to s'prise her. If so be it, ye kin. She's 'most allus out

But now something unexpected happened, for after the carryall passed her hiding spot, Ray, brown and stalwart, leaped out. The carryall drove on, and she saw him returning and scanning the bushes.

She was caught, fairly and squarely. One instant she hesitated, then, blush ing rose-red, emerged from the under growth.

And now came another capture, for with a "Chip, my darling," Ray sprang forward, and although she turned away, the next moment she was clasped in his arms.

In vain she struggled. In vain she writhed and twisted. In vain she pushed him away and then covered her blushing face.

Love, fierce and eager, could not be thus opposed. All her pride, anger, resentment, shame, and intended coldness were as so many straws, for despite her struggles, he pulled her hands aside and kissed her again and again.

"My darling," he exclaimed at last say you forgive me; say you love me; say it now!"

Then, as she drew away, he saw her eyes were brimming with tears. "I won't," she said, "I hate-" but his lips cut the sentence in two, and it

was never finished. "I did mean to hate you," she declared once more, covering her face,

but I-I can't." "No, you can't," he asserted eagerly, for I won't let you, You promised to love me once, and new you've got to,

for life." And she did.

offense.

When the outburst of emotion had subsided and they strolled homeward Chip glanced shyly up at her lover. "Why did you pounce on me so?"

she queried; "why didn't you ask me, first? "My dear." he answered, "a wise man kisses the girl first, and asks her afterwards." Then he repeated the

And now what a charming summer of sweet illusion and castle-building followed for the lovers! How Aunt Abby smiled benignly upon them, quite content to accord ample chance for wooing! How many blissful, dreamy hours they passed on lonely wavewashed cliffs, while the marvel of love was discussed! How its wondrous magic opened a new world whose walks were flower-decked, whose sky was ever serene, where lilies bloomed birds sang, sea winds whispered of time and eternity, and where Chip was an adored queen! How all the shame and humiliation of her past life faded away and joy supreme entered on the

azure and golden wings of this new morning! Even Old Cy was almost forgotten; the spites, Old Tomah, and Tim's Place quite so; and all hope, all joy, all protection, and all her future centered in the will and wishes of this Prince Perfect. "Blind and foolish," I hear some fair critic say. Yes, more than that, almost

idiotic; for selfish man never pursues unless forced to do so, and an object of worship once possessed, is but a summer flower.

CHAPTER XXXV. Quite different from the meeting of the lovers was that which occurred when Old Cy reached Peaceful Valley. There were no heroics, no falling upon one another's necks, no tears. Just a "Hullo, Cyrus!" "Hullo, Judson!" as these two brothers clasped hands, and 40 years were bridged.

emotion, for when Old Cy rather awkwardly stooped to kiss her, the longago of Sister Abby's sorrow welled up in her heart, and the tears came. That evening's reunion, with its two

Aunt Mandy, however, showed more

life histories to be exchanged, did not close until the tall clock had ticked into the wee, small hours.

All of Old Cy's almost marvellous adventures had to be told by him, and not the least interesting were the last few years at the wilderness home of the hermit. Chip's entry into it and her history formed another chapter fully as thrilling, with Uncle Jud's rescue of her for a denouement.

The most pathetic feature of this intermingled history—the years while sweet Abby Grey waited and watched for her lover-was left untold. Only once was it referred to by Aunt Mandy, in an indirect way; but the quick lowering of Old Cy's eyes and the shadow that overspread his face, checked her at once. Almost intuitive ly she realized its unwisdom, and that it was a sorrow best not referred to.

Good Japanese Innovation. An Austrian military organ draws attention to one of the minor details of the Japanese musketry practice during the late war which seems to have escaped notice in Europe. In European armies the question of a long whar she is. If I see her to-day, rifle rest for long range firing has led to many ingenious contrivances for devising tripod arrangements. The Japanese war department solved the

difficulty in a much simpler but equally effective way. They just provided the soldier with a bag of stout cotton eight inches wide and 20 inches long, which he could carry in his cartridge case on the march, and on reaching the fighting line could in a minute stuff with earth or stones. The device Then she crouched lower. The mo- gave amazing assistance in accuracy or rise are,-New Orleans Picayune.

ment she had waited for had come.

River Made Him Insure.

Sought Protection.

'n' ye want to. I'll drop ye clus by 'n'

Chip, as usual, had followed her oft-

taken walk on this pleasant May after-

noon. When the carryall was sighted

also, as usual, she had hidden herself.

With beating heart she saw two occu-

pants this time, and looking out of her

laurel screen, she saw that one was

And so it came to pass.

One of our men selling insurance tellls of an instance where a special manifestation and a moving of the spirit and the flesh were necessary to place on the river bank below the town. His little shack was perched on a bluff which jutted far out over the water. There had been a good many landslides down there, caused by the disintegration of the bank. The when he made the town and that afterbe forbidden. More than that, every noon he went up there to talk busitime she recalled how freely she had ness. There was nothing doing. The

believe in insurance. "I go as the Got Tired of Falling Into Water and spirit moves me," he said, solemnly. The agent was persistent. "You might fall in the river some day," he said. "Well, I tell you all, honey, I ain't never fell in yet. When I've done fell of fishin' it outen the river an' tosa' #

ORNADO IN ILLINOIS MAKES FOR SAFETY

ONE WOMAN KILLED AND MUCH PROPERTY DAMAGED.

STORMS IN OTHER STATES

Several Towns in Oklahoma and Texas Suffer Severely - St. Louis is Swept by a Violent Wind.

Rock Island, Ill.—A tornado Monday afternoon swept through Mercer and Henry counties, touching several towns and doing considerable damage. Mrs. Gottch, an elderly woman, was killed at Cleveland, where the storm demolished a school, injuring several children. The depot of the Rock Island road at Colona was wrecked.

At Millersburg 15 houses were destroyed or damaged and two persons were slightly injured.

Dubuque, Ia.-A tornado swept southwest of Dubuque Monday afternoon, wrecking outbuildings and killing live stock. No one is reported injured.

Woodward. Okla .-- A succession of tornadoes swept over the district lying 25 miles southwest, south and southeast of Woodward.

Several small isolated towns, all off the railroad and without telegraphic communication, are reported destroyed. Many persons have been injured and several are reported

Fort Worth, Tex.-The destructive tornado which caused several deaths and ruined property in Oklahoma extended as far south as Gainesville, Tex., and towns in that section. Hail at Gainesville damaged crops and broke windows. The residence of Thomas Nance was byown down and his family narrowly escaped death.

St. Louis.-A high wind swept through this city Monday afternoon at nearly 45 miles an hour, doing considerable damage to smoke stacks, shade trees and plate glass store windows and unroofing several houses

Several vehicles were overturned on Eads bridge where the full force of the gale was encountered as it swept up the Mississippi river. Part of the slate roof of the old Four Courts building was blown off, creating a brief panic in the circuit courtroom. tenement house on Eugenia street, occupied by six families, was blown down. One woman was badly injured and the six families were rendered

TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP BEGUN

President Lays Corner-Stone of Home for Union of Republics.

Washington.-Under splendid auspices of patronage and beautiful spring weather, the corner-stone was laid by the president Monday of the proposed home for the International Union of American Republics, or as Secretary Root aptly called it, "a temple dedicated to international friendship."

Three thousand persons, including representatives of political, official and social life in Washington and who occupied seats on the stands compos ing a great quadrangle, were interested spectators of the ceremony. Flags and colors of 21 American republics floated in the breeze over the of these countries were displayed at semaphore, and the colored light si many places about the stands. Over the speakers' portion of the president's stand were the colors of the United States and Brazil, the latter in honor of Ambassador Nabuco.

On the president's stand were seatretary Root as the presiding of-

TRIES TO KILL HIS WIFE.

Failing in This, Omaha Architect Commits Suicide.

Beatrice, Neb.-Charles M. Krogh, an Omaha architect, Monday attempted to kill his wife as he knelt by her side in prayer in their room at a local hotel. She escaped and, after a desperate struggle with the hotel landlord, Krogh stabbed himself through the heart. Krogh had been drawing plans for the Beatrice school board. He was despondent.

Breaks Jail During Storm.

Kansas City, Mo.—During a heavy at Platte City, Mo., near here, awaiting trial for the sensational robbery of the bank of Camden Point, Mo., made his escape.

Forest Fire in Wisconsin. Marinette, Wis .-- A forest fire in the northern part of Marinette county burned over four miles of territory and destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of timber.

Gas Company in Trouble.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Judge A. B. Anderson, in the United States court here Monday, ordered a decree of fore closure entered for the gas properties of the Fort Wayne Gas company in the cities of Fort Wayne, Anderson, Bluffton, Montpelier and other towns in the gas belt, also four pumping stations and all the pipes, mains, wells and all franchise and real estate belonging to the company to satisfy the amount due on bonds, which is \$2,271,-000. Judgment for the amount was entered.

Bad Fire In East St. Louis. East St. Louis, Ill.—Twenty-seven families were rendered homeless by a fire that late Monday gutted the plant of the General Roofing company and, driven by a high wind, communicated to and destroyed 27 cottages.

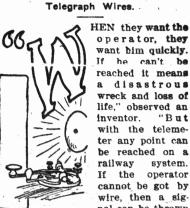
Noted Madrid Market Burns. Madrid.—The celebrated market and general bazar called locally "Las Americas," and well known to anti-

quarians, was practically destroyed by

fire Monday. The flames also consumed 200 wooden cabins.

TELEMETER OF GREAT VALUE TO RAILROADS.

New Device is Expected Materially to Reduce Accidents on the Rail-Is Attachable to Present



"But

nal can be thrown by the dispatcher to hold up any train at any point."

He was talking about a device which s being experimented with on a section of the Boston & Maine railroad. It had been mentioned that in one year 6,000 rear and front end railway collisions had occurred in the United States. The killed and injured had numbered in these disasters 11.000 passengers and 48.000 em ployes, and the property loss had been \$10,000,000.

Some of the greatest wrecks of America have been due to the inabillty of a train dispatcher to get the operator at a given point. Perhaps he was absent somewhere in the station yard on the company's business. For a country operator is generally station agent, freight agent and baggagemas ter combined. Or he may have been asleep. At any rate he couldn't be raised and the train dispatcher had to stand helplessly by knowing that a train laden with passengers was rushing to destruction.

That is where the telemeter would do the trick, according to the inventor. It wouldn't make any difference should the operator be absent from his post. If he were within hearing he would be summoned by a gong. The same would wake him were he asleep. Should he be out of earshot and the train dispatcher did not receive a response to his call, signal could be shown by the dispatcher at the point received by the simple process of pressing a key.

For instance, suppose a telemeter were attached to a telegraph line between Boston and Portland, Me. The operator would be able to call any station without disturbing any other station. This system is so organized that it may be quickly applied to line without modification of the existing apparatus.

If a train were to pass a given point between these two stations and it was necessary to catch that train at the next station to prevent a collision with another—that is where the telemeter would be a godsend. Perhaps the operator at the station the train dispatcher would try to reach could not be got. No answer came to his

frantic call. If the train passed that point there must be a wreck. After the dispatcher had tried to get the operator and received no answer to his signals, he ing as in the past, but combined with randstands, while the coats of arms would then press his keys to throw the a technical skill and an amount of nal which would bring the train to a standstill at that station. What telegraphers say is the beauty

of this contrivance is that the dispatcher can call any station on the system, and over a single line, withed the cabinet, the supreme court, the out disturbing in the least the ordidiplomatic corps and members of the nary business or working of the telesenate and house. John Barrett, the graph. The telemeter is simple in condirector of the bureau, introduced Sec- struction, is attachable to the present telegraph wires, and requires no additional wire whatever. Furthermore, it does not interfere with the usual telegraph instruments in actual operation, and enables the dispatcher to place himself into immediate commupication with any operator on his line.

The telemeter seems to be human, only more unerring. For after the dispatcher has failed to raise the operator by sounding the call and then the gong, he sets the signal for the train to stop. Immediately there comes to him a response automatically, telling whether the signal has acted or not.

It enables the dispatcher to set and display any semaphore or light on his line from his own office. And it returns information as to whether that particular semaphore or light has been wind and rainstorm Sunday night set. No operator on the line can tam-Clyde Reed, who was confined in jail per with it in any way, so that false signals cannot be shown.

> There is also an attachment in connection with the instrument which is calculated to prevent delays and blockades of trains where freights in isolated sidetracks cannot be reached with orders. For these attachments, placed in small boxes at every siding. can be used by the conductors of such trains to report their whereabouts. By a code of signals they can be notified whether to stop or proceed. The conductors do not require to know telegraphy. They have only to ring in the simplest signals.

Railroad Built on Ice. The most curious railroad in the

world is built on ice. It is laid beween Cronstadt and Oranienbaum, and is in use only during the winter. Its success has suggested the construction of a similar winter railway between the two important commercial centers. Krementchug and Ekatarinoslav, which are united in summer by the steamboat traffic along the Dnieper river. This means of communication is closed in winter by the ice. A costly, roundabout journey has to be made between the two towns, though they do not lie far apart.

May Take Over Japanese Lines. It is reported that there is a strong likelihood of the management of the Jananese railways being taken over in the near future by a syndicate of leading European financiers, who have also offered their assistance to the

the national finances.



This woman says that sick women should not fail to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she did.

Mrs. A. Gregory, of 2355 Lawrence St., Denver, Col., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was practically an invalid for six years, on account of female troubles. I underwent an operation by the doctor's advice, but in a few months I was worse than before. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to perfect health, such as I have not enjoyed in many years. Any woman suffering as I did with backache, bearing-down pains, and periodic pains, should not fail to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges-tion, dizziness or nervous prostration

Why don't you try it? Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Hanging Scaffolds. With the modern skyscraping office building has come a new form of building scaffold. Instead of constructing the scaffold from below, which is impossible in the cases of buildings ranging from 10 to 50 stories high. platforms are suspended from the steel girders above. On these swinging platforms the bricklayers work

You Would Not Accept Counterfelt Money, Why Accept Counterfeit

and the scaffold is raised as the work

progresses.—System.

Good money is made by the Govern-ment in which you have implicit faith and confidence. Good goods are made by manufacturers who are willing to stake their reputations on the quality of the material offered to you through the medium of their advertisements in this paper. Counterfeit goods are not advertised. The reason for it is they will not bear the close scrutiny to which genuine advertised goods are subjected. Counterfeit money pays more profit to the counterfeiter. Counterfeit goods are offered to you for the same reason

Insist on the Genuine-Reject the Counterfeit.

Amiability Plus Science.

The public expects much of the modern nurse-the same self-sacrifice. righteousness and pureness of livearning unknown to our -The Nursing Times.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Problem. "Literature is very difficult," one authoress.

"Yes," answered the other. "The problem is to be a financial success without being a social failure."-Exchange.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Cart Hitches
In Use For Over 30 Years.

Working for a living is like Shake speare's plays—always praised, but avoided as much as possible.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

before they multiply. A DAISY FLY KILLER kills thousands. Lasts the sea-son. Ask your dealer, or send 20c to H. Somers, 149 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. We are willing to be knaves in order to acquire wealth, and fools in order

Kill the Flies Now

that it may not bore us.-Life. SORE EYES, weak, inflamed, red, watery and swollen eyes, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

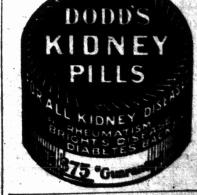
Living well is the best revenge we

can take on our enemies.-Froude.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your deal-er or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, III.

To see what is right and not do it is want of courage.--Morris.

> DODD'S KIDNEY



RHEUMATISM, SAL-TOR.
The wonderful remedy. Sent FRRE. Address Ty
B. SMITH CREM. CO., 616 Market St., Phila. F government in the reorganization of

make a New Madrid man take out a town again. He sighted the shack, policy, says an insurance man in the but it wasn't where it had been. It St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He had a was a mile or so back from the bluff.

in you can come around and see me.' Five months later the agent made the But the man who lived there was waiting at the gang-plank. He grabbed the agent's hand and said: "I thought maybe you was on the boat and I came down to wait for you all." After an awkward pause he added: "I guess agent sighted the shack the first thing maybe I'll take that policy. I've done fell in three times. You'd better put a policy on the shack, too. I'm tired