

NOT FOR ME.

I don't want no peaks o' glory In their everlastin' snows; Better for the peaceful valley Where the slavin' streamlet flows, An' the shoulde- touch o' brotthers Marchin' with me down the way, An' the fields o' bloomin' clover Where the little children play.

Better for their happy laughter An' the blossoms in their fist; Than the silent frosty summits; Lips upturning to be kissed Hold a something dearer to me Than Ambition's summits do; Mine the pathway in the valley Where the streamlet tinkles through.

Mine to just romp with the babies, Hear the gleeful happy chime Of their laughter—have them near me; Let the other fellow climb; Lord, they're pretty! Them same peaks are.

There's a tantalizing glow Flays about them like a hale; But—well—I'll stay down below.

Whoso climbs the lofty summits Must outclimb his fellow man; Who arrives is all alone there, Far from kin an' kin an' clan; I ain't lookin' for no bay-breaths, I'm afraid they'd leave a smart; Heaps o' glory wouldn't pay me, For no lonesome empty heart.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A Strong-Minded Woman.

How Skipper Mudge Met His Match. By John Fleming Wilson.

SAMUEL TWIZZLE took off his cap with both hands and bowed with deference. "That's Mrs. Mudge," he explained to me, as he restored the cap to his head. "And that big chap alongside her is Capt. Mudge, of the tug B. Walsh."

"He must have good eyesight to have picked that little woman in a crowd and married her," I said with a fatuous attempt to be humorous. Twizzle looked at me severely. "Men with good eyes sometimes sit on a tack. Mrs. Mudge is a fine woman and terrible strong minded, if she is no bigger than a fitterbug."

I grew more respectful and gazed after the towering Mudge and his consort. "He looks as if it would take more than a strong mind to keep him in submission," I ventured. "Do you mean to hint that Mrs. Mudge is the skipper? Does that fellow take orders from his wife?"

Twizzle swept up a handful of beard and rubbed the end of his nose therewith. Suddenly, without a premonitory chuckle, his eyes shut, his mouth opened, and there issued a roar hilarious, voluminous, magnificent. It ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and Capt. Twizzle successively closed his mouth, opened his eyes, and gazed at me appreciatively through those moist orbs. Then, with startling precipitancy, he emitted a second resounding roar, instantly thereafter to resume an exaggerated solemnity. I was about to ask the occasion of such singular emotion when he laid his thick hand on my shoulder to signify, I took it, that he was on the point of speech. But memory seemed too strong for him, and he was once more overwhelmed, at the end of the ebullition falling into an air of dignified melancholy. Before I could protest against my exclusion from the joke, Twizzle measured off from the forefinger of his left hand the first two joints and looked at me as if matters had been made plain to the dullest. When my perplexity showed on my face, he said, quaveringly, "She's no bigger than that. Mudge's a whale. But she's tremendously strong-minded." Twizzle wagged his head, stopped, fixed his eyes on the opposite bank of Oakland creek, and gave vent to a fourth and most terrific roar which drew upon us the cordial attention of several shipwrights. This relief seemed final. Twizzle pulled down his waistcoat, wiped his eyes, swung one stumpy leg over the corner of a big timber (we were observing the calkers' progress on his new steam schooner, the Airy Bell), and plucked at his beard as if to draw from its luxuriant jungle the matter of his story. "I saw that bit of a woman show her strong-mindedness, and I was there when Mudge caved in. It was worth seeing. I used to run to Puget sound ports," he reminded me. "Mudge was skipper of the sternwheeler Swan, a scandalous craft with a permanent list to port on account of a leak in her starboard water tank. This marine scarecrow traded up and down from Tacoma to Quartermaster harbor, Vashon and Seattle, packing loggers' supplies and landing groceries at any place where there was a stove to cook 'em. In those days Mudge was up to his hair in debt, drank himself ugly every afternoon, and abused his wife. Look at him now. He don't touch liquor; he's got property here in Oakland, and helps his wife over the muddy spots. All because she was strong-minded." Twizzle insisted. "Lemme tell you what she did once. It was the time she fetched him."

"Go on," I urged, when the captain showed symptoms of vehement hilarity again; "go on and tell me." "It was in '94," he said, "and if God had let a pin drop you'd ha' heard it all over the sound, times were so dull. I was finkin' between there and the Columbia river a while and then my coaster was laid up, on account of no freight offering. So I took the master's berth on the Tornado, running three trips a week from

Port Townsend to Tacoma. We used to overhaul the Swan every day or so, tottering from back door to back door, with Mudge drunk and growling in the pilot house, and Mrs. Mudge selling groceries in the after-cabin to the island people. Yes, sir, you could buy anything from a needle to a bay steer on that Swan, and if Mrs. Mudge hadn't got it in stock she'd fetch it to you from town next trip.

"Pretty soon I got acquainted and found Mudge was ill-using the little mite—not beating her or anything like that, but he'd sit in the cabin and tell her the food was poor and she was cheating him to stand in with the people she dealt with, and made himself generally an idiot. She took it all quite meek, but I surmise," Twizzle continued, cautiously, "that she did talk back some. But it was the aggravating kind, and didn't only make matters worse, but when she did finally sit up and take notice Mudge got a lesson he never will forget. He'd have learned that stint sooner if Mrs. Mudge had been bigger. She never rightly attracted his attention, don't you know? She is so small. But when she did get her old man's eye, let me tell you he 'come up with a round turn." Twizzle was quite overcome with his recollections and barked loudly to the sun. "There was a time in Seattle," he resumed, presently, "when I saw just how the thing was. If Mudge had taken my advice then, he'd ha' spared himself being made a curious show of and embarrassing remarks 'longshore afterward. I was up at a market laying in some stores, and there was Mrs. Mudge after some stuff for customers of the Swan. It was high sailing time, and she was rushing the marketman around and telling him he'd have to get those goods right down to the wharf, and I noticed he did exactly what she told him to. In comes Mudge, drunk, and white about the mouth. I'm going to pull out from the dock in five minutes," he croaks. 'Hurry down, Mrs. M., and get aboard with your truck.'"

"You'll just have to wait ten minutes more for these goods," explains Mrs. Mudge. "'Not a minute, not one second,' says he. 'If you think the Swan is going to loaf and lose time just because you haven't gumption enough to get through your work in time, you're mistaken, Mrs. M.'"

"I thought," said Twizzle, meditatively, "that she would cry. She didn't. She swelled up all of a sudden till she looked about ten feet high, and she says to Mudge, 'You wait. Sort of caught his eye, don't you know? They tell me it was the first back talk she ever made stick. Mudge said 'All right,' sort of astonished, and I took him one side. 'Look here, I remarks, 'I ain't drunk and I ain't up in woman's ways, but I think I'd lush a little less and talk pleasant a little more if I wanted to keep ahead of Mrs. Mudge.' Yes, that's what I said to him, and he was very mild.

"I thought later I had made a bad reckoning. But Mrs. Mudge was terrible strong-minded after all. One day we were tooling down the sound in the afternoon opposite to Vashon Island. There was a goodish haze on the water, and I was keeping my eyes wide open. About two o'clock, I recollect, a man for'ad sings out, 'Something to starboard, sir.' I peered out, and just where I could make it out in the haze was a black, queer something floating on the water. Looked like an umbrella opened up on the water, with other articles on top. I was curious, and slowed down, stopped the engines and put the wheel over to take in the show. Do you know what that was?"

Twizzle contemplated me with an air of scientific interest, while I protested that my imagination was incompetent to picture the answer. He sighed with satisfaction and filled his pipe. When it was going he waved it in the air to emphasize his statements. "That thing was Mrs. Mudge, very ca'm," he said. "She recognized me, and says, as the Tornado slopes up to within a potato's throw of her, says she, 'When do you think the Swan will be along?'"

"'God A'mighty,' says I, 'is that you, Mrs. Mudge?' And she answers, quite bashful, 'It is. I'm waiting for Mudge to come back.'"

"'Come back!' I remarks loud from the pilot-house, 'why he ought a' passed this point two hours ago.'"

"'He did,' says she. 'I fell overboard in passing. I guess Mudge is wondering where I am.'"

"'Being mostly flustered I had forgot to think about getting her out of the water, but now I yells for a boat to go out and pick her up. 'Don't bother about a boat,' she says, quiet, 'I'll just wait for Mudge.'"

"'But you'll drown,' I urges her. 'Your clothes 'ull get waterlogged and then down you go.'"

"'If I ain't drowned now,' she remarks, quavering up at me thoughtfully, 'it isn't the fault of Mudge, who never heard me calling because he was so drunk.'"

"'It's God's mercy we found you,' I says, and calls some more for the mate to get away a boat. But she was terrible strong-minded, and says, 'I won't get into any boat. I'll stay right here in this ridic'ous position till Mudge comes back and apologizes to his bended knees.'"

picked up by my lawful husband or I'll drown." Nothing could budge her. I told the mate to pick her up anyhow, but she pulled a hat-pin out of her clothes and he-said he thought she would be all right. 'Yes, you just go right along,' says she, swinging around in an eddy till her back was to me, 'go right along, and I'll wait for Mudge.' Then she paddled around till her face was to us again, and said, 'Excuse my back, but I can't help it sometimes.'

"The Swan may not be back for hours yet," I said at last. 'You might sink in spite of your skirts. Excuse me if I just hang around. I've no passengers this trip and I'd enjoy it.'

"It sort of comforted her, even if she was so strong-minded, and she settled down in her clothes as if she was ready to have a visit. 'It doesn't seem hardly respectable, does it?' she remarks, when the mate had taken the boat in, 'but if you don't mind just staying on your steamer and keep that propeller away from my legs it'll be company for me. It was sort of lonesome out here alone.'

"Twizzle lit his pipe, which had gone out in the vehemence of his recital, and looked critically at me. "To think of that woman all wet stringing her legs toward bottom in a bundle of clothes and willing to stay with the proposition till she got even with her husband—that's stren'th of mind for you. So I gave the wheel to the mate and went down on the lower deck with the engineer, and I introduced him to Mrs. Mudge, and we sat on the rail quite company for her. We talked by streaks, the Tornado drifting away now and again, and having to be fetched back. On the engineer's advice, I offered her a line. 'No,' says she, 'I am going to wait for Mudge just as I am with my hat all squaged and the curl out of my hair and my feet fair perished with cold till I couldn't feel if a fish bit them, which I hope none will, for goodness' sake. Is the fog getting thicker?'

"It was, and the mate started to blow a concert on the whistle. He tooted it quite a spell, but it was fifteen minutes before we got an answer. 'There's the Swan,' I calls out to her. Mrs. Mudge's back was turned, owing to her being unhandy in the water, but she yelled over her shoulder that it wasn't the Swan's whistle.

"Then there'll likely be quite a party to see you picked up," says I, knowing that no seafaring man alive would think for a moment of not seeing her through, especially as Mudge was no favorite. Pretty soon up sneaks the Raccoon in the fog. 'What's the matter?' bawls Cap Randall, trying to stop his wheel in a hurry. 'What's up? Broke down?'

"'No, just visiting with a lady,' says I. 'Come out and let me introduce you.'"

"Randall stares a minute, and then pops out of the pilot-house, and stares at me some more. Then he looked down and saw Mrs. Mudge bobbing in the water. It took ten minutes to explain matters. 'Please go right on,' says Mrs. Mudge, when Randall got it through his head. 'Capt. Twizzle will look out for me.'

"But Randall was very hearty about it, told his engineer to close his dampers, and laid the Raccoon off a little. Then he came down and swung his legs over the bow, and struck up quite a conversation with Mrs. Mudge. It was surprising how that woman behaved. She floated out there nice and ladylike, and we passed the time of day real pleasant. Randall said afterwards he never enjoyed talking to any woman more, even if she did keep turning round in the water so that one part of a word went over one shoulder and the other over the other. You may not think it, but it was nearly sunset before we heard the Swan's whistle, and Randall and I blew our whistles till people ashore must ha' thought there was red-handed murder doing on the high seas. In the middle of the racket in wobbles the Swan listed like a shed roof, and Mudge bawling to know what the matter was. Nobody says a word till the old Swan slipped in between the Tornado and the Raccoon, with Mudge craning his neck out of the window of the pilot-house. 'What's the matter?' says Mudge again.

"'Is that you, Mudge?' says Mrs. M., very ca'm from the water. 'He looked out but couldn't see anything, so he came out of the pilot-house and peered over the upper-deck rail. Then he worked his mouth, seeing her as if she was a spirit on the deep waters. 'Is that you, Mudge?' she inquires again, very ca'm. 'I've been waiting for you.'

"Mudge looked first at me, sitting peacefully on the rail of the Tornado, and then at Randall, meditating on the bow of the Raccoon, neither of us letting on that we noticed anything out of the way. With that," said Twizzle, emptying the ashes out of his pipe, "he got her aboard in a dead silence, and steamed off as if there was 20,000 barometers all registering the lowest ever known, and it was 4,000 miles to a harbor. And he was so embarrassed that he's never touched a drop since and got properly in Oakland here, and hops whenever his wife says anything at all. She's very strong-minded."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Deduction. The late Channing Clapp, of Boston, was for some years after the civil war a cotton planter in the south. Mr. Clapp had on his plantation a little boy in buttons called "Sam." "Sam," one afternoon, pointed to a bottle in his master's bureau and said: "Mars Channing, am dat hair oil?" "Mercy, no," "Sam," that's glue," said Mr. Clapp. "I guess I wish I can't git mah cap off," said "Sam," thoughtfully.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Statistics of Marriage.

MARRIAGE is not a lottery. So far from it that a man with a statistical bent and the ever ready sources of compiled information may take up the subject of marriage on a piece of paper and with a pencil outline its conditions, probabilities and possibilities to a surprising finish.

There are figures in general bearing upon several nations of Europe, but those of the United States will be given the first place. Here, perhaps, one of the most striking first statements that can be made is that, in taking up a section of the country having just 1,000 people in it of all ages and all shades and nationalities as they run, 579 of the individuals will be unmarried, 365 will be living in a

etical ideas that go with spring would make a guess so seemingly wild that May is the poorest of all the months for wedding festivities. But, grouping the thousands again, the figures are conclusive that the slowest month and the gayest month of the year are side by side on the calendar.

"Marry in May and repent for aye," may be an old couplet that has influenced Cupid, but in 1,000 weddings only 41 will have been celebrated in May, as compared to the 145 to the credit of June, the month of the roses. July, with its summer resort opportunities and its outings and picnics, cuts a considerable figure in the accompanying chart, while December, with 119 weddings, and January, with 139, rank next to June.

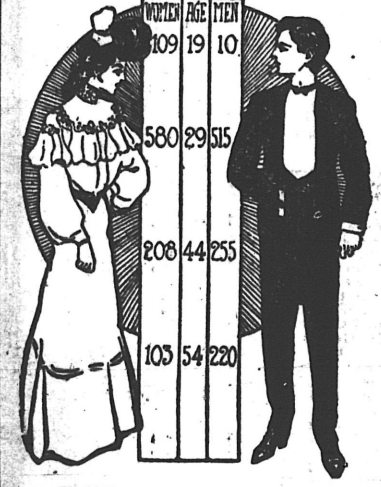
Once married, the prospects for married life of long duration are good, taking the 1,000 representative group. In the United States, says the Chicago Tribune, the average term of wedded life is a little more than 28 years. Counting the differences in the ages at which women and men marry, the proportion of the life period for the married may be approximated in the United States as at least half of the individual life period.

How this compares with the wedded periods in other countries may be shown in the figures from Holland and Belgium, giving only 23 years in the period of married life, 26 years in France, 27 years in Great Britain and 30 years in Russia. In this respect the dominion of the czar shows a longer wedded period for its subjects than does any other European country, accountable to the fact that marriages are made earlier there than in any of the other countries quoted.

As to married life in the United States, more than one economist has made his observations upon the decreasing number of children in the homes of the nation. In the last ten years, despite the increase in the immigration to this country, the birth rate has dwindled distinctly. Taking the occupants of homes, the enumerators of the last census found only 4.7 persons to a home. Accounting for the loss of father or mother in a home, this probably would give to the United States an added population of 3,000 for each 1,000 couples married.

This may be compared to most of the countries of Europe to the disadvantage of America. For instance, in Russia these 1,000 couples would add to the population 6,500 souls, in Scotland there would be 4,000 children, in England 3,600, and in France only 2,700 children of the 1,000 marriages.

Of the marriages in general in the United States it is discovered that out of the 1,000 considered 139 men will have been married at least once before the celebration under consideration, while the 861 will have made the vows for the first time. Of the 1,000 women in the case only 98 will have worn widow's weeds before the wedding. Thus out of the 2,000 individuals parties to the 1,000 marriages 237 will have bought or have worn wedding rings before.



WOMEN LEAD THE MEN. (Diagram Shows Ages at Which 1,000 Men and 1,000 Women Marry.)

state of wedlock, while 66, for one reason or another, will have been widowed. In the group of the widowed, too, there will be twice as many women as men, due to the fact that the women marry much earlier in life and lead a much less hazardous existence.

The figures on how much earlier in life women marry than do men may surprise the reader. Considering the ages from 19 years to 64 years, in periods of ten years each, one may get an idea of the chances of the two sexes in the United States to find partners, early and late. Out of the 1,000 weddings, representing a thousand men and a thousand women, 109 women will have married at 19 years, while only ten young men will have found the heart and the means to accomplish the evident wish. This will mean that at the least 99 young women at this age will have married men older than themselves. Indeed, it may be taken for granted that 109 of them did so, for at the age of 19 years and under the young man's fancy always runs toward a woman much older than himself.

Even at 29 years old the women lead the men in marriage, the record showing 580 to 515 in comparison. At 44 years, however, the chances of the man improve materially in his showing of 255 to 208, while at 64 years he has 220 chances of finding a bride where the woman has only 103 chances of some husband taking her.

In contrast to these figures are those of Great Britain, from which there has been so much emigration of the males in years past. At 20 years old 149 women and 35 men will have been married; at 30 years the figures will be 680 women and 731 men; at 40 years the chances are for 111 women and 144 men; at 50 years they are 41 women and 52 men; while at 60 years they are only 19 women to 38 men. These figures call attention to the chief fact that a few more women and nearly four times more men marry in their teens in Great Britain than marry so early in this country.

But, whatever the comparative chances of the woman and the man for marriage, it is conceded everywhere that the woman will name the day for the ceremony, and that in naming it she has whims and likes and dislikes of her own. For instance, few confirmed bachelors having the po-

HEALTH IN COFFEE JELLY.

Those with Whom the Hot Infusion Does Not Agree Will Find It a Good Substitute.

The excessive drinking of coffee, says the London Lancet, is in any case an evil, but it is often forgotten that coffee can be taken in many ways, and in none better than in the form of jelly. A clear coffee jelly after dinner is every bit as good as the coffee infusion, while it is free from some of the drawbacks of the latter. Coffee, unlike alcohol, diminishes organic waste, rouses the muscular energy without the collapse which follows alcoholic imbibition, and gelatin in the form of jelly is cooling, assuages thirst, is soothing and has a tendency to absorb any excessive acidity of the stomach. Gelatin is what is known as a "protein sparer"—that is, it saves the destruction of protein, such as albumin. Having regard to these facts, therefore, coffee jelly should form a very suitable sequel to dinner, and an excellent substitute for the infusion. Moreover, the astringent principles of coffee, which, however, are different in kind and degree from those present in tea, are nullified by the gelatin. In short, gelatin, is an excellent vehicle for coffee; but, as is nec-

essary in making the infusion, the quantity of coffee in the jelly should not be stinted. Coffee serves an admirable purpose in dietetics, and, those with whom it disagrees when taken in the form of a hot infusion will, very probably, find the jelly quite satisfactory.

Hurry Is a Distressing Habit.

If we want to get the habit of hurry out of our brains we must cut ourselves off, patiently and kindly, from the atmosphere of hurry about us. The habit gets so strong a hold on the nerves and is impressed upon them so forcibly as a steady tendency, that it can be detected by a close observer even in a person who is lying on a lounge in the full belief that he is resting. It shows itself especially in the breathing. A wide athlete has said that our normal breathing should consist of six breaths to one minute. If the reader will try this rate of breathing the slowness of it will surprise him. Six breaths to one minute seem to make the breathing unnecessarily slow, and just double that seems about the right number for ordinary people; and the habit of breathing at this slower rate is a great help, from a physical standpoint, toward erasing the tendency to hurry.—Annie Payson Call, in Leslie's Monthly.

Not a Member. "Mamma" queried the small son of a labor negotiator: "Is it the thunder that strikes or the lightning?" "O," exclaiming the small philosopher, "then I suppose the thunder doesn't belong to the union!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fixing Responsibility. That deafening noise heard after great disaster in the strenuous locking of the stable door after the horse has been stolen.—Baltimore American.

It Pays to Read Newspapers. Cox, Wis., July 4.—Frank M. Russell of this place, had Kidney Disease so bad that he could not walk. He tried Doctors' treatment and many different remedies, but was getting worse. He was very low.

He read in a newspaper how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing cases of Kidney Trouble, Bright's Disease, and Rheumatism, and thought he would try them. He took two boxes, and now he is quite well. He says:— "I can now work all day, and not feel tired. Before using Dodd's Kidney Pills, I couldn't walk across the floor."

Mr. Russell is the most wonderful case ever known in Chippewa County. This new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—is making some miraculous cures in Wisconsin.

Since then women were clothed with the electoral franchise it is complained that no election can be held in Denver without the returns being padded.—Atlanta Constitution.

At some time or another everyone has something to do with the purchase of a burial casket. The name of the National Casket Company is easily remembered, and it is well to fix it in the mind, as this company makes the best and most suitable article in this line. When needing a casket ask the undertaker to show you one made by the National Casket Company.

A Hoosier banker has been warned to give up \$5,000 or be shot. He might compromise on \$2,500 and get half shot.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

A summer girl's idea of economy is to make one hammock do for two.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

He jests at uncubners who never felt a stomachache.—Hartford Post.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE For Hot, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES. Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight or new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, red, itching feet. 50,000 testimonials. Get it today. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept substitutes. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen's, 150 N. Y. U. S. A.

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THE SATURDAY HERALD.

VOL. XIII.

SULLIVAN, MOULTRIE COUNTY, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1904.

NO. 28.

VESSEL STRIKES ON HIDDEN ROCK

Danish Steamer Norge Sinks Off Coast of Scotland—Six Hundred and Twenty-Nine of Those on Board Missing.

London, July 5.—Early in the morning of June 28 the Danish steamer Norge, having on board 774 persons, all of whom, with the exception of the crew, 71 in number, were Danish, Swedish, Norwegian and Finnish emigrants, struck on Rockall reef, about 290 miles off the west coast of Scotland, and sank in a few minutes. It is known that 145 persons have been saved, but there is little hope that any of the 629 persons who are still missing are alive. According to the survivors, the moment the vessel struck the engines were reversed and the Norge came back into deep water. The rent in her bows was so large, however, that she began to fill rapidly. The vessel's eight boats were swung over the sides rapidly and the women and children were put into them first. There was a heavy sea running and in lowering the boats one was smashed.

Many Rescued.

The steam trawler Salvia put into Grimsby late Sunday night with 26 rescued Scandinavians aboard. Passing vessels picked up 102 survivors, and landed them at Stornoway, Scotland, on Monday. Among these was Capt. Gundel, of the Norge, whose statement, which reads like an affidavit from the dead, for he went down with his ship, maintains that the Norge struck on a sunken rock 18 miles from Rockall. Vessels are searching in the vicinity of Rockall for any more survivors. The chief hope lies in Capt. Gundel's statement that seven boatloads got safely away. No more tragic story of the sea has ever been known here than that of the sinking of the Norge.

Capt. Gundel's Statement.

Capt. Gundel says: "All went well until about 7:45 o'clock last Tuesday. When about 18 miles south of Rockall I felt the steamer strike heavily forward on a sunken rock. There was a gentle breeze blowing from the south with a cloudy sky. I was on the bridge with Chief Officer Carpenter. Soundings were taken and it was reported there were five feet of water in the forward hold. Orders were given to commence pumping and also to the passengers to put on lifebelts and be ready to get into the boats which were ordered to be put out.

"The crew worked nobly under the leadership of the chief officer. Seven boats got safely away, the life-rafts were cut adrift and the steamer went down by the bow. The chief officer told me she was sinking and I told him to jump overboard, which he did. I did not see him again.

His Miraculous Escape.

"I went down with the steamer. My right leg got jammed between two stanchions and was very much injured. When I rose to the surface I noticed a number of bodies floating. The Norge was afloat only about 20 minutes after striking. I swam for about 20 minutes and came across Second Engineer Brunn, who is a good swimmer. We kept company for about an hour and a half, when we noticed a boat some distance off and both made for it. I was hindered by my sore leg and the engineer reached the boat first. Both of us were taken on board quite exhausted. We found that it was lifeboat No. 1. It was crowded and under the charge of Able Seaman Peter Olsen. After recovering a little I took charge of the boat and the provisions, which consisted only of a box of bread and two casks of water. The boat was steered for St. Kilda, 150 miles distant.

Rescued.

"On Saturday morning we saw a large schooner-rigged steamer about four miles distant. We put up a blanket on an oar, but the steamer passed on without taking any notice of us. On Sunday morning a bark passed some distance off, but with the same result. At about 12 o'clock Sunday land was sighted and the drooping spirits of all were revived. It proved to be St. Kilda. Sometimes afterward a steamer was noticed coming from the west bearing down upon our boat. She proved to be the Energie; and at six o'clock we were safe on board.

A pathetic little sequel to this tale of rescue is contained in the statement that on Saturday morning one of the children in the lifeboat died, and "with the consent of the parents, who were in the boat, the body was buried at sea." Those rescued by the Cervona included two women and six children and by the Energie 13 women and 28 children.

BLOWN FROM THE TRACK.

Train Wrecked During a Tornado in Illinois—One Man Killed—Many Injured.

Petersburg, Ill., July 6.—An accommodation passenger train on the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis railroad was blown from the track at Oakford, Ill., 12 miles north of Petersburg, early Tuesday evening.

The train consisted of two coaches, a baggage car and the engine, and all but the engine were hurled from the track down a seven-foot embankment, turning over a splintered mass of debris. The accident occurred just a few rods from the bridge over the Benjamin river.

The engineer, who escaped injury, said he watched the gathering storm closely as his train sped along, as he feared from the appearance of the clouds that a tornado might result. As the train approached Oakford the clouds suddenly seemed to concentrate and drop, apparently coming directly towards the train. Realizing that the train would encounter the tornado if it proceeded, the engineer quickly shut off steam and came to a halt. The approaching tornado, when about a mile away to the southwest and coming northeast, suddenly swerved farther towards the north, and the train was directly in its path. Instantly the engineer opened the throttle in a wild endeavor to rush beyond the zone of danger, and again the tornado swerved and headed directly for the flying train. The roar was heard plainly above the rattle of the train.

Steam was crowded on, and like a rocket the light accommodation, jumping and pounding on the rails, mashed ahead in an endeavor to cross before the cyclone and pass in safety. Suddenly with a crash that was heard above the rumble and roar of the tornado, the train was struck broadside, the coaches torn from the engine and lifted into the air and hurled from the embankment into the ditch seven feet below after turning a complete somersault in the descent, and landing a splintered mass. The engine alone remained upon the rails.

Young Doctor Assassinated.

Denver, Col., July 1.—Dr. Seymour T. Jarreck, a young physician, was shot and killed Thursday at his home in this city. Two shots were fired, one bullet entering his body near the heart. Apparently he had been called to the door and assassinated. The murderer escaped.

CHOICE OF THE POPULISTS

WATSON, OF GEORGIA, IS NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT.

For Second Place on Ticket, Tibbles, of Nebraska, Is Named—Synopsis of the Platform.

Springfield, Ill., July 6.—Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, for president, and Thomas H. Tibbles, of Nebraska, for vice president was the ticket nominated Tuesday by the populist national convention. The names of William V. Allen, of Nebraska, and Samuel W. Williams, of Indiana, were also placed before the convention for president, but before the list of states had been completed in the roll call, their names were withdrawn, and Watson nominated by acclamation.

The platform adopted reaffirms adherence to the basic truths of the Omaha platform of 1892, and of the subsequent platforms of 1896 and 1900; demands that all money shall be issued by the government in such quantities as shall maintain a stability in prices, every dollar to be a full legal tender, none of which shall be a debt redeemable in other money, for establishment of postal savings banks; pledges the efforts of the party to preserve the right of labor to organize for the benefit and protection of those who toil, and pleads for that broad spirit of toleration and justice which will promote industrial peace through the observance of the principles of voluntary arbitration; favors enactment of legislation looking to the improvement of conditions for wage-earners, the abolition of child labor, the suppression of sweatshops and of convict labor in competition with free labor, the exclusion from American shores of foreign pauper labor and the shorter work day; favors the initiative, referendum and proportional representation and direct vote for all public officers with the right of recall; demands prohibition of alien ownership of land; denounces government without right of trial by jury; favors government ownership of public utilities; demands that special privileges now enjoyed by trusts and monopolies, and which alone enable them to exist, be immediately withdrawn.

Fireworks Explode.

Ogden, Utah, July 5.—By the premature explosion of a fireworks mortar Monday night at Glenwood park, two persons were killed and five injured in the presence of about 3,000 people.

WABASH TRAIN IS WRECKED

BUNS INTO OPEN SWITCH AT LITCHFIELD, ILL.

Nineteen Persons Known to Have Been Killed—Forty Injured—List of the Dead.

St. Louis, July 5.—A special to the Post-Dispatch from Litchfield, Ill., says: Nineteen are dead and a number are missing as a result of the wreck on the Wabash railroad here Sunday night, when train No. 11 from Chicago left the track at a misplaced switch and crashed into a line of freight cars standing on a sidetrack. Seven hundred persons were on the ill-fated train at the time it dashed into the sidetrack. Two more bodies were taken from beneath the wreckage Monday morning, and two of the injured died. The injured number 30 or 40.

The following is a revised list of the dead:

Mrs. Florence Smith, 215 Twenty-fifth place, Chicago.
Mrs. Perkins, 5700 Union avenue, Chicago.
Charles Galaise, 2254 Michigan avenue, Chicago.
Harry M. Dietrich, Chicago.
Miss C. F. Luther, Milwaukee.
Isaac R. Mills, Decatur.
Ubaldo St. Pierre, Montreal, Canada.
Jacob Barber, Park River, N. D.
L. A. Elchstadt, 1054 South Albany avenue, Chicago.
James Sanford, engineer, Decatur.
Rev. M. M. Mills, Bridgeton, Ia.
Charles Ward, 215 Sixty-fifth place, Chicago.
H. L. Graves, train dispatcher, Decatur.
W. F. Smith, fireman, Decatur.
Richie Noack, boy about eight years, Arlington Heights, Chicago.
Charles Ward, Chicago.
William Camdalis, Maywood, Ill.
Two unidentified men.

When the train reached Honey Bend, 20 miles north of Litchfield, it was 30 minutes late. In an effort to make up that time and with a clear track it is reported a speed of forty-five miles an hour was reached. Engineer Sanford whistled for a crossing just before striking the switch, but did not notice the danger signal of the semaphore, and the train sped into the open switch. Too late the engineer whistled for brakes. There was an awful crash, the engine plowed into a train of empty box cars 30 yards from the switch, knocking four to one side of the track, and turned a complete circle, snapping the tender off 100 yards down the track. The baggage car and smoker and the next coach were thrown across the track at right angles to the engine. The others crashed into them end first. Fire, ignited by the locomotive firebox, in three minutes had gone through the train.

SAYS SWALLOW WILL ACCEPT.

Rumor of Prohibition Presidential Candidate's Declination Is Denied.

Chicago, July 6.—Oliver W. Stewart, chairman of the prohibition national committee, made a statement Tuesday night positively denying that Dr. Silas C. Swallow had declined the prohibition nomination for president. He was equally positive in denying the rumor that the party managers had reengaged Tomlinson hall at Indianapolis and that the delegates to the national convention were to be reassembled. Mr. Stewart, in his statement, says: "Dr. Swallow has not declined and will not decline. It is absolutely certain at this time that he will accept our nomination. I have not engaged Tomlinson hall for anything whatever in the future. Since there is no vacancy on our ticket and not likely to be one, there is no room for the nomination of Gen. Miles."

HUNDREDS ARE SLAIN.

Dutch Troops Kill Many Achinese in Battle in Northern Sumatra.

Amsterdam, July 6.—A dispatch from Batavia (capital of the Dutch East Indies) says that the commander of the expedition to North Achin (Northern Sumatra) attacked Likat on June 20. The Achinese losses were 432 killed, including 281 women and 88 children, and 54 wounded. Seventeen prisoners were taken. The Dutch casualties included the commander, a lieutenant, two sergeants and 13 soldiers wounded.

On June 23 the Dutch troops attacked Langatbars, when the Achinese losses were 654 killed, including 186 women and 130 children, and 49 wounded. Twenty-eight prisoners were taken. The Dutch losses were a captain, 22 soldiers and six coolies wounded.

Two Killed in Colorado.

Cripple Creek, Col., July 6.—A Short Line passenger car from a train westbound from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek, jumped the track near Cameron, eight miles from Cripple Creek and was overturned. Dr. H. S. Torrance and T. P. Airheart, both well-known citizens of Cripple Creek, were killed. Fifteen passengers were injured. The accident is said to have been due to carelessness in switching the car.

ROUT FOR RUSSIANS.

Repulsed with Heavy Loss in Desperate Effort to Recapture Motien Pass.

Tokio, July 6.—Gen. Kuroki reports that two battalions of Russians attacked the Japanese outposts at Motien pass at dawn on July 4, under cover of a dense fog. The Russians were repulsed but they returned and charged three times before they were finally driven off. The Japanese pursued them for three miles to the westward of Motien pass. The Russians left 30 dead and 50 wounded on the field. The Japanese lost 15 killed and 30 wounded.

St. Petersburg, July 6.—Thirteen companies of Russian troops sent out by Lieut. Gen. Count Keller in a reconnaissance in force to ascertain the strength of the Japanese column's advance force moving on Liaoyang came into collision with the Japanese between Motien and Fengshui passes Monday. Sharp fighting resulted, and the Russians retired before overwhelming numbers after ascertaining the exact strength of the Japanese forces. The Russian losses are officially stated to be 200.

Mukden, July 2.—Heavy fighting is reported to have occurred near Port Arthur June 26, resulting in the Russian withdrawal from Guinsanshan, after severe losses on both sides. The Japanese fleet approached Siaoopingtao, midway between Port Dalny and Port Arthur, in the morning of June 26, and bombarded the coast north of the bay so far as Utseloshan. Strong Japanese forces which had been landed then attacked the neighboring heights, which were occupied by Russian riflemen. Three times the Japanese were driven back with heavy losses, but the Russians were forced to retire from their main position near Guinsanshan. The Japanese reinforced their advance guard and pressed the attack. After several fruitless assaults on Guinsanshan, the Japanese commander sent a strong column along the central road from Dalny to Port Arthur, with the object of turning the Russian left, forcing the Russians to retire. The Russians lost seven officers and nearly 200 men killed. The Japanese losses are believed to be much larger, as during the battle they passed over a mine which the Russians successfully exploded.

Liaoyang, Sunday, July 3.—(Delayed in transmission.)—Seeing the impossibility of bringing about a decisive battle, in consequence of the retirement of the Japanese and the heavy rains, Gen. Kuropatkin, accompanied by the military attaches, is returning to Haicheng. Both combatants are apparently inactive. The Japanese have retired to the sandy part of the country to await better weather. The Russians have reoccupied their old positions 30 miles eastward of Liaoyang. The two armies are now bivouacked on either side of Dalni pass, which cannot be said to be an effective occupation for either army, as the deep mud renders impossible the movement of transport wagons and guns. No battle of any consequence has been fought there since the Russians retired from Dalni pass.

Tatchekiao, July 2, via Liaoyang, July 5.—Gen. Kuroki has begun to retire probably as a result of the rains which have flooded all the rivers and threatened to cut him off from his base of supplies. Nearly all the customary fords are now absolutely impassable. Liaoyang, July 6.—The latest reports of the Russian casualties in the reconnaissance made by Lieut. Gen. Count Keller between Motien and Fengshui passes July 4 to ascertain the Japanese columns advance force moving on Liaoyang, show that 14 officers were wounded, 273 men killed and 101 prisoners taken.

SAILBOAT CAPSIZES.

Disaster on Muskegon Lake in Which Four Persons Lost Their Lives.

Muskegon, Mich., July 5.—A sail boat containing seven pleasure seekers was capsized in Muskegon lake Monday, and four of the occupants were drowned in view of hundreds of spectators. The party consisted of Albert Kennicott, of the Shaw Electric Crane works, his wife and three children, Linda, four years of age, and two other little girls, aged three years and 13 months respectively, and two sisters, Misses Adeline and Georgette Emerson. High winds prevailed when the party started out and when near Ruddiman's Point the yacht capsized. Mr. and Mrs. Kennicott and Miss Georgette Emerson clung to the overturned boat. The parents made frantic efforts to save the children. The 13-months-old baby was rescued, but died before reaching shore.

Only a Messenger.

Washington, July 5.—State department officials state that William H. Ellis, who accompanied F. Kent Loomis from New York and who is proceeding to Abyssinia with the commercial treaty between the United States and that country, has no diplomatic functions. He is simply delivering the box containing the treaty to the secretary of state of Abyssinia in his private capacity, his designation to that duty made by Assistant Secretary Loomis following Mr. Kent Loomis' disappearance.

TAKE OATH OF OFFICE.

Three Newly Selected Members of the President's Cabinet Assume Their Duties.

Washington, July 2.—Paul Morton formally assumed the duties of secretary of the navy Friday, succeeding Mr. Moody, who becomes attorney general of the United States. Mr. Morton was accompanied to the department Friday morning by Mr. Moody, where, in the presence of the retiring secretary and Assistant Secretary Darling, the oath was administered by Solicitor Hanna, of the judge advocate general's office, thus completing the formal transfer of the department to new hands, and marking the induction of the new secretary.



PAUL MORTON.
(Who Succeeds Moody as Secretary of the Navy.)

Mr. Morton at once took up his new work, finding a batch of mail awaiting signature. Later he accompanied Mr. Moody to the cabinet meeting.

Mr. Moody was sworn into office as attorney general a short time before Mr. Morton became secretary of the navy. The oath of office, which was administered by Mr. Graves, the appointment clerk of the department of justice, was taken in the presence of Mr. Knox and the chief officials of the department.

Victor H. Metcalf, former representative from California, was sworn in as secretary of commerce and labor to succeed George B. Cortelyou, who resigned to become chairman of the national republican committee. The ceremony occurred at the white house at 4:30 o'clock Friday afternoon, the oath being administered by Executive Clerk Latta. The president, Secretary Cortelyou and Secretary to the President Loeb were present.

SWALLOW SELECTED.

Pennsylvania Reverend Named as Prohibition Candidate for the Presidency.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 1.—The prohibition party in national convention on Thursday nominated Silas C. Swallow, of Pennsylvania, for president, and George W. Carroll, of Texas, for vice president. The platform was adopted without argument, after a long deadlock in the resolutions committee.

Gen. Miles put an end to the movement to nominate him for president by sending to John G. Woolley a tele-



REV. SILAS C. SWALLOW.
(Prohibition Candidate for the Presidency.)

gram from New York, which reached him shortly after noon, asking that his name be not presented. This was considered final, and the movement to Mr. Swallow was unanimous, no other name being considered.

The platform denounces the licensing and legalized sale of alcoholic beverages, declares the party to be in favor of international prohibition, a suffrage law based on moral and moral qualifications, and favors the country and dependent population for senators and congressmen, and the initiative and referendum, and the trust question was recognized for a demand for a full application of the principles of justice to the ownership of capital and industry. A motion of divorce was made and carried. The trust question was recognized for a demand for a full application of the principles of justice to the ownership of capital and industry. A motion of divorce was made and carried. The trust question was recognized for a demand for a full application of the principles of justice to the ownership of capital and industry. A motion of divorce was made and carried.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

Chicago Needs Charter Changed.

Until this year the voters of Illinois have not had a proposition for an amendment to the state constitution submitted to them for their decision since 1896. In November next they will be asked to cast their ballots on the amendment adopted by the last general assembly. It is designed to pave the way for charter changes in Chicago which it is generally admitted the city has been in sore need of for a long time. The fact that it affects no part of the state except Chicago, and that all parties and factions there seem to favor it, ought to result in the amendment receiving an unusually large affirmative vote.

Plan Home for Dependents.

John C. Proctor's gift of a home for dependents, to be located at Spring Hill park, Peoria, will amount to more than a quarter million dollars. The home is for boys and girls, who will learn to help themselves, and for men and women beyond the age when they can help themselves. Industrial features will be added to the equipment. Mr. Proctor is the founder of Cottage hospital, recently giving \$125,000 for larger buildings.

Cashier Embezzles Over \$90,000.

The sensational slump of United States Steel corporation stock wiped away almost the last dollar of \$90,025 which was embezzled from the German-American National bank of Aurora, by Jacob H. Plain, the bank's cashier. Other speculation started Plain on his career of defalcation, but it was steel that proved his ruin. Plain was arrested nearly a month ago, but the defalcation was not announced until recently.

Demand Strict Theater Law.

War against the relaxation of the theater ordinance asked by owners of Chicago playhouses was declared by the Iroquois Memorial association at a recent meeting. A committee was appointed to protest before the council committee having the proposed amendment in charge against any change that would lessen the provisions for safety of the public.

Anti-Race Suicide Flats.

Alton's anti-race suicide flat renter has gone a step further than erecting apartment buildings which, instead of placing a ban on children, as is the general rule, make them especially welcome. He has offered a prize to the first family in his new flats, called by Alton people "Stork Nest," in which a child is born.

Fire Bugs Suspected.

Eleven business buildings were burned at Shawneetown, supposedly as the result of incendiarism. The loss is \$30,000. The News-Gleaner office was burned out, as was the Ribenacker meat market, the Privett tailoring establishment and the Old Sexton building, where Gen. Lafayette was entertained when he revisited this country.

Two Deaths in Auto Accident.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Dixon, of LaGrange, were instantly killed in the Chicago suburb, Austin, when their automobile collided with an electric car on the Elgin, Aurora & Chicago line. Flaming gasoline from the exploded tank of the automobile enveloped the bodies, which were burned almost beyond recognition.

Told in a Few Lines.

Corn is selling at 42 cents at Sherrysburg. Many farmers are selling their corn and will not feed cattle this year. The new crop is becoming weedy on account of rains. Oats will be short, and there is a limited crop of wheat.

The petrified body of a man was dug up on the banks of a creek near Leroy. The outlines of the body are plainly marked, and the petrification is perfect. A mark on one eye leads to the belief that the man was killed by an Indian arrow.

Coming as if from the dead after Le had been reported as murdered, and after his wife had been held by the police several days on suspicion of knowing something of her husband's disappearance, Stefan Biszak has unexpectedly returned to his home in Chicago.

Henry W. Burton is dead in Carlinville, aged 84 years. He crossed the plains with Gov. Richard J. Oglesby and John P. Loomis in 1848. He was a leading democrat, and was formerly circuit clerk of Macoupin county.

Mrs. Monroe De Hart, of Alto Pass, and an eight-year-old daughter, who, with Mr. De Hart and a neighbor's child, were taking shelter under a tree in a thunderstorm, were killed by a bolt of lightning which shattered the tree.

Charles Salloz, a former policeman at Melrose Park, a suburb of Chicago, arrived in New York from Scotland with six children and only \$2 in his pocket. Employees at the barge office raised a subscription to send them to Chicago.

The Bradley Polytechnic institute at Peoria received 1,800 Angora goats to be used on farms owned by the institute. The goats were shipped to Mason, Fulton, and Tazewell counties and will clear the brush from hundreds of acres.

Mayor William C. Crotius, of Joliet, will stand trial in the circuit court on indictments charging conspiracy. This was decided by Judge C. B. Gurnsey in passing upon motions to quash the indictments.

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Governor..... LAWRENCE B. STREINGER
Lieutenant Governor..... THOS. F. FERNS
Secretary of State..... FRANK E. DOOLING
Attorney General..... ALBERT WATSON
Treasurer..... CHAS. B. THOMAS
Auditor..... REUBEN C. SPANGLER

County Ticket.

For Circuit Clerk..... E. A. SILVER
For States Attorney..... ART W. LUX
For Coroner..... T. F. HARRIS
For Surveyor..... B. B. HAYDON

THE HERALD CALENDAR.

Coming Events That Cast Their Shadows Before.

The county board of supervisors will meet next Monday, July 11.
The board of assessment review will meet at the court house in Sullivan Monday, July 11.
The Moultrie County Teachers' Institute will be held in Sullivan, beginning July 25 and will continue four weeks.
Moultrie county republicans will hold their convention to nominate county officers at Sullivan Monday, August 1.
The August term of the Moultrie county court will convene Monday, Aug. 8.
The Illinois State fair will be held at Springfield from Sept. 29 to Oct. 7.
The Moultrie County Farmers Institute will be held at Bethany, February, 9 and 10, 1905.

CROUP

Is a violent inflammation of the mucous membrane of the wind pipe, which sometimes extends to the larynx and bronchial tubes, and is one of the most dangerous diseases of children. It almost always comes on in the night. Give frequent small doses of Ballard's Eucalypti Syrup and apply Ballard's Snow Liniment externally to the throat. 25c, 50c and \$1. Sold by Pate & Co.

Making of Watch Glasses.

Watch glasses ought not to be expensive, and are not. In the production of common watch glasses, the glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient material being taken to give the desired thickness, as the case may be. Disks are then cut out from the sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses, having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack of detaching the disk after it has been cut. A good workman will, it is said, cut 6,000 glasses in a day.

CHEERFULLY RECOMMENDED FOR RHEUMATISM.

O. G. Higbee, Danville, Ill., writes, Dec. 2, 1901: "About two years ago I was laid up for four months with rheumatism. I tried Ballard's Snow Liniment and one bottle cured me. I can cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from like affliction." 25c, 50c and \$1.00 Sold by Pate & Co.

Jewelry at Russian Court.

The young Empress of Russia, it is said, cares little or nothing about jewels, and in this respect presents a striking contrast to her mother-in-law, the still young-looking and even pretty Marie Feodorovna, whose jewel casket in the days when she was Empress was the most famous in the world from a gem point of view, hardly second even in the matter of pearls to the collection of the Empress of Australia.

WHY MILK TURNS SOUR.

Lightning's Flash Frequently Causes a Change in Its Elements.
It is well known that sweet milk will turn suddenly sour during a thunderstorm and the fact is recognized that lightning is the cause of the change. Few, however, understand why this phenomenon occurs. It is not always the lightning that causes it, for the heat before the storm is often great enough to make the milk ferment. But lightning can and sometimes does make milk turn sour by its action on the air. Air, as everybody knows, is composed of two gases—oxygen and nitrogen—but these gases are mixed together, not combined. Lightning, however, makes the gases combine in the air through which it passes, and this combination produces nitric acid, some of which mixes with the milk and turns it sour. Perhaps it might be well to explain the chemical difference between mixing and combining. When different ingredients are put together without their undergoing any chemical change they are mixed, as, for example, grains of sand of various colors may be mixed in a bottle. But when the property of each ingredient is altered by the union there is a combination, as, for example, water poured on quicklime, which combines with it, so that the property of each is altered. Thus it is that lightning makes the oxygen and nitrogen of the air combine and the result is no longer air but nitric acid and four other nitrous poisons.—Chicago Chronicle.

Her Prince of Dreams

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER.

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"Of course you are his friend."
"It makes no difference."
"No," she assented doubtfully; "only in the point of view. It would create a certain prejudice, the friendliness. I mean in his favor, and you don't know Marjorie as I do."

Stephen glanced down the long, candle shaded dinner table to where Marjorie sat. A group of yellow chrysanthemums mingled their gold with the tint of her hair, and her face was half hidden by them. Only a slightly tilted chin was visible. It was a delicious chin, pliant and interrogative, and he knew that she was talking to Haworth. "Do you think she is serious?" he asked.

"Oh, not yet. But she drifts with him, and that is one of his most attractive qualities, drifting. You drift and drift and think you are steering, and all at once!"
She hesitated frowningly.

"Overboard?" suggested Stephen.
"Yes, when you never dreamed of being in love. He seems so harmless, so colorless. You know what I mean. Most men have to be amused. You feel on guard with them. But Haworth is perfectly natural with him, and you talk and drift and talk, and all he says is yes, yes, and all he does is look at you, not as if you were just a rather good looking girl, but as if you were really a thinking, reasoning individual. And Marjorie will like that. And then some day she'll look in his eyes and waken and lose self in love."

"Cribbed," said Stephen softly. "A wfully pretty, Con, but it's an echo from a greater even than thou. Have some of the salmon a la heaven knows what. It's coming our way. Don't you remember?"

"Love took up the harp of life and smote upon the chords with might, Trembling, passed in music out of sight."
"Marjorie 'd look sweet doing the harp act, wouldn't she?"
Constance let the salmon pass and smiled contentedly at the plain, youth-

ful face beside her. Even the eyeglasses, perched airily on a nondescript nose, could add neither age nor wisdom to it.

"Stephen, you are a dear," she said. "You are a blessed relief to a threatened possibility of sentiment. After Marjorie's married to Haworth I think I shall adopt you."
"As a relief to a threatened possibility, etc."

"No. The possibility only threatened. It never came true, and, besides, I am three years older than Marjorie. Would you think I was twenty-six, Steve?"
Stephen turned the rimless eyeglasses on her with cheerful scrutiny.

"Thirty-nine," he said pleasantly. "How long were you engaged to him?"
"Two weeks and a half."
"Last October?"
She nodded her head.

"It's a bad time of the year for engagements. Dead leaves and general dampness and all that. I always choose early summer. It don't hang on the nerves so. Try June next time, Con."

She turned to him with sudden impatience.
"It isn't that I don't want to see Marjorie happy or that I care about last October. I am afraid she will waken as I did. He is so perfectly colorless in temperament that it is simply infuriating. A girl doesn't seek a new engagement every summer, Steve. I never was engaged before, and don't you know, when you've been looking forward to something ever since you could chase butterflies, to falling in love with the one man who was to be your prince of dreams, and all at once you think you've found him, and you love him and promise to be his wife, and nothing happens at all, why, you feel like the boy who spent all his Fourth of July money for one sky-rocket, and then it wouldn't go off."

"Better said boy than the boy who shoots the merry rocket and then gets unmercifully batted with the fallen stick," said Stephen gently and philosophically.

"Haworth was just the same. He never seemed to understand how wonderful it all was to me or how a girl wants it to be wonderful. We were good, staunch friends and comrades, and he cared for me, I know he did, last October, but there was the rose mist missing. He wasn't my prince of dreams. He was just himself. One likes the rose mists of life, you know, even if one knows they are all illusion. They give a glory to the path behind and the hills ahead."

"But they aren't worth a cent close around," said Stephen. "Rose mists aren't worth a rap floating around oneself when one is busy living today. Seems to me I wouldn't want any illusions around the one I loved best either. And I don't think Marjorie would. Haworth's a splendid old chap. He's given me many a hand grip over tough places in the first days when I was only a fresh kid fighting for a place in the crowd, and he's always the same. It may be monotonous, but it's mighty comforting. Perhaps after ten years even you might be glad to find a man unchanged."

"Perhaps," she smiled bitterly, but bravely still.
He looked into her eyes interestedly. "Honest, don't you care, Con?"
She hesitated.

"Not as long as it is Marjorie, and she will be happy." Her voice was low. "Of course one may still remember the prince of dreams when the dreams never came true."
Stephen glanced at the two beyond the yellow chrysanthemums. Haworth was looking at Constance and Marjorie's quick smile flashed on him for an instant. He bent toward Constance again and spoke slowly.

"Haworth was up to my place last night, and we talked sense. No rose mists or dreams, just plain sense. And I told him that I was going to marry the dearest girl in the world—if she'd have me."
"Stephen!" Her face was radiant, her tone tender and maternal in its quick sympathy. "I'm so glad for you."
"If she'd have me," repeated Stephen modestly. And Haworth opened up and told me a few things about a certain dearest girl whom he had wanted to marry, but she wouldn't have him. He wasn't bitter, you understand, or wearing crapes for any dead hopes. He just told me. He doesn't quite understand why she gave him up, but he believes she loved him and that some day the world will seem lonesome and strange to her, and the rose mists she cared for will have faded. Then he thinks she may be glad to find him unchanged."

"Stephen!" She turned her head and met Haworth's gaze. His eyes were restless and steady, as she had loved best to remember them.
"And I told him," continued Stephen mildly, "not to wait for the lonesome time, to take the day he was sure of. And he said he thought he'd try tonight."
"But Marjorie!"
Her face flushed and her lips half parted. She was still looking beyond the yellow chrysanthemums.

Stephen smiled across the table.
"The dearest girl in the world said yes just half an hour ago," he said.

never seemed to understand how wonderful it all was to me or how a girl wants it to be wonderful. We were good, staunch friends and comrades, and he cared for me, I know he did, last October, but there was the rose mist missing. He wasn't my prince of dreams. He was just himself. One likes the rose mists of life, you know, even if one knows they are all illusion. They give a glory to the path behind and the hills ahead."

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"Haworth was up to my place last night, and we talked sense. No rose mists or dreams, just plain sense. And I told him that I was going to marry the dearest girl in the world—if she'd have me."
"Stephen!" Her face was radiant, her tone tender and maternal in its quick sympathy. "I'm so glad for you."
"If she'd have me," repeated Stephen modestly. And Haworth opened up and told me a few things about a certain dearest girl whom he had wanted to marry, but she wouldn't have him. He wasn't bitter, you understand, or wearing crapes for any dead hopes. He just told me. He doesn't quite understand why she gave him up, but he believes she loved him and that some day the world will seem lonesome and strange to her, and the rose mists she cared for will have faded. Then he thinks she may be glad to find him unchanged."

"Stephen!" She turned her head and met Haworth's gaze. His eyes were restless and steady, as she had loved best to remember them.
"And I told him," continued Stephen mildly, "not to wait for the lonesome time, to take the day he was sure of. And he said he thought he'd try tonight."
"But Marjorie!"
Her face flushed and her lips half parted. She was still looking beyond the yellow chrysanthemums.

Stephen smiled across the table.
"The dearest girl in the world said yes just half an hour ago," he said.

Inventors, Attention!

"How rich I'd be," said an umbrella salesman, "if I had patented the umbrella!"
The floorwalker smiled.
"You might as well talk," said he, "of a patent on swimming or cooking. Umbrellas appear to have existed all ways. Wherever we excavate—Babylon, Nineveh, Nippur—traces of the umbrella are found. This instrument is coequal with mankind."

"It is of oriental origin. The English didn't begin to use it till 1700. Shakespeare, with all his genius, had no umbrella to protect him from the rain. Jonas Hanway was the first English umbrella maker."
"Now, what you might do would be to patent some new sort of umbrella—some rain shield built on better lines. We have proof that the umbrella has existed for 10,000 years, and yet in all that time it has not once been improved. Consider it. It is by no means perfect. It turns inside out readily, and it only protects the head and shoulders from the rain. Change all that. Give us an umbrella that is a complete rain shield. Then you will become a millionaire."—Chicago Tribune.

To New York For Rest.

Isn't it strange that people should go to New York to rest up? You know what Broadway and Fifth avenue are from Thirtieth to Thirty-fifth street—the densest, noisiest place in the world. Yet I know a prominent Pittsburg man who, when he gets tired, slams down his roll top desk, seizes his case and takes the train east. In New York he patronizes a well known hotel much favored by Pittsburgers, asks for a room on the twelfth floor, and if he gets it or one on the floor either above or below he is happy. Twelve floors up he is removed from the noise of the busy pavement below. So far as quietude is concerned he might as well be in a country village. In the morning the bright sunshine steals in at his window, which overlooks the river and the docks below. At night the view is one of enchantment, watching the vessels moving to and fro, with their myriad of lights. And although there is gayety below in a dozen corners of that selfsame hotel no sound of it ever penetrates to his quarters. But this is only one of the many possibilities of a very wonderful town.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Might Have Retorted.

Mrs. Barker—Sarah Miller had the assurance to look me right in the face and tell me I was looking horrid.
Mrs. Slyder—You ought to have told her you didn't mind such reflections as that.—Boston Transcript.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

THE MICE WITH THE TAIL MUFFS

Mrs. Mouse lives in the wall with her six little mice. They always had cold, cold tails. This made the little mice cry. "Quee-quee!" they said. "Hush-h-h!" said Mother Mouse. "The cat will hear you."
"We don't care if she does, Mother Mouse. We don't care if the cat does



MRS. MOUSE AND HER CHILDREN.

hear us and eat us every bit up. Our tails are so cold, Mother Mouse," the little mice cried all together.

That day Mother Mouse stood in the door of the mouse hole, which came out just under the dressing table where a dear little girl was being got ready to go to town. Nurse put on her blue velvet coat and her blue silk bonnet, then gave her her little white fur collar and muff. "Oh, me!" sighed Mother Mouse. "If only I had muffs to keep my poor children's tails warm!"
So then she went to the dream mouse and begged him to give the little girl a dream about it.

"Say it over and say it slow," said the dream mouse. "Maybe I can remember about half of it."
But the dream mouse remembered every word, and next day the little girl asked mamma for some white flannel and some white velvet, out of which she made six little muffs and shaped them over her finger. These she dropped down at the door of the mouse hole. The next day they were gone and the dream mouse brought her a dream, which was true, of those six little mice following their mother to Sunday school, each with his tail curled over his back and a pretty white muff to keep it warm. The little girl laughed in her sleep to see how those funny small mice were grinning.—Worcester Post.

Certain That He Would Win.

"I once knew an old Irishman who would invest his last cent in any kind of a gamble he happened up against," said a Philadelphia magistrate the other day. "One Christmas eve he came home with a ticket entitling him to a chance on a horse and sleigh that were to be raffled off."

"We'll be drivin' out through Fairmount park th' morrow like th' big guns, Mary," he announced with pride to his wife.

"Oh, pop, won't that be fine!" chimed in his little son. "You an' me can ride on the front seat, and mom and little Johanna can sit in the back."

"Ye'll be doin' no sich thing," asserted the old man. "Twill be the back seat for you, my lad. Yer mother will be on the front seat wit' me."
"I will so!" whined the youngster. "I will so be ridin' on the front!"
"The old man assumed a stern paternal air and took his pipe from his mouth to deliver his final decision.

"Ye'll not, I tell ye," he said. "I'll be havin' no back talk from ye. Git off the sleigh!"—Philadelphia Press.

One Secret of Carnegie's Success.

Business rivals of Andrew Carnegie were at one time helpless to account for his ability to undersell them in whatever market they turned to. They sent experts quietly to look over his work and report. Mr. Carnegie, it is said, heard of their presence. He invited them to an inspection, with himself as guide, and at last offered to show them the secret of his success. He took them into a room lined with books and reports, where a dozen clerks were at work on documents and figures. This room represented an expenditure of \$80,000 a year. "It is worth that," said Mr. Carnegie, "for a business man to know at any moment all the details of his business."—World's Work.

The Butler's Pantry.

The modern term "butler's pantry" marks the coalescence of two offices formerly distinct, when the butler, or "boteler," presided over the buttery, or "botelerie," and the "panter," or "panter," over the pantry or bread closet. The duties of carver, sewer and cupbearer were held to be very honorable ones and could be discharged by men of high rank, and in great establishments the butler, the panter, the porter and the officers of all the several household departments had each his own contingent of grooms and yeomen.

Marie Antoinette's Shawl.

Marie Antoinette's lace shawl, which she gave on the scaffold to her father confessor, the Abbe de l'Orme, is still in existence. The abbe, who emigrated, left it at his death to the Prelate Strobach in Breslau. It has since passed through the hands of two or three clergymen and was finally presented to the church at Neunedorf by Pastor Heinrichs.

Advertisement for Chas. W. Crowdsen, Agent for OSGOOD SCALES. Address, Rural Route No. 1, Sullivan, Illinois.

Where to Stay in St. Louis. The matter of previously engaging your accommodations is an absolute necessity, and it should not be put off until you are ready to go. The Merchants Service Co. of St. Louis, is organized to secure accommodations for visitors to the world's fair. It is the authorized agent of all the leading hotels, boarding and rooming houses in that city, and has every facility at its command for quickly locating visitors, in whatever locality may be desired, at a very nominal expense. The undersigned will cheerfully give you further information on the subject. W. F. BURNETTE, Agent.

Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad Company. Schedule of trains for Chicago and Eastern Illinois.

Red Beauty Herd of Duroc Jersey Swine. RED JUBILEE. At head of herd. Best yearling in Illinois. Young stock, not related, for sale. Pedigree with every pig. I aim to breed the best, and sell stock at reasonable prices. Stock guaranteed as represented. Visitors welcome. Correspondence cheerfully answered. H. B. LILLY, Breeder and Shipper, ALLENVILLE, ILL.

Many who formerly smoked 10¢ Cigars, now smoke LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER STRAIGHT 5¢ CIGAR

For Sale!

Five room house in Cadwell, two lots, well fenced, good well. Price \$650.

1160 acres of good bottom land in Wayne county, Illinois. 200 acres deadened, 50 acres in corn, 25 acres in timothy, balance timber. Well ditched. New seven room house and new barn on the place. Price \$22 per acre.

270 acres of land in Wayne county, Illinois; 70 acres of good bottom. Two sets of good improvements. Can be divided into two farms. Good location. Price \$40 per acre. One third or one half cash, balance on long time at 5 per cent interest.

170 acres of land, good house and barn. House within three blocks of grain scales in La Place Ill. Price \$135 an acre.

1500 rods of American Farm Field and Hog fence for sale. Must be sold this summer. Don't buy before seeing me and then want to kick yourself for paying too much for your fence. Come and see it—best on earth. Come quick!

ED. GAUL, Cadwell, Ill.

J. W. LANHAM, Contractor and Builder

Also General Repair Work.



All work guaranteed to be first-class and promptly finished.

RESIDENCE and OFFICE,

On South Main Street, in Brosam's Addition.

SULLIVAN, - - ILLINOIS.

RAILROADS.

FRISCO SYSTEM

CHICAGO & EASTERN ILLINOIS RAILROAD COMPANY.

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS FOR CHICAGO AND EASTERN ILLINOIS.

Illinois Central (Peoria Division)

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS FOR ILLINOIS CENTRAL (PEORIA DIVISION).

J. M. STARBUCK, Agent.

WABASH

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS FOR WABASH RAILROAD.

Direct connection at Mt. Pulaski for St. Louis, Springfield and all points west and north. At Madison for Cairo, Memphis, New Orleans and all points south. At Decatur for all points north.

The Herald.

BEST COUNTY PAPER

Only \$1 Per Year.

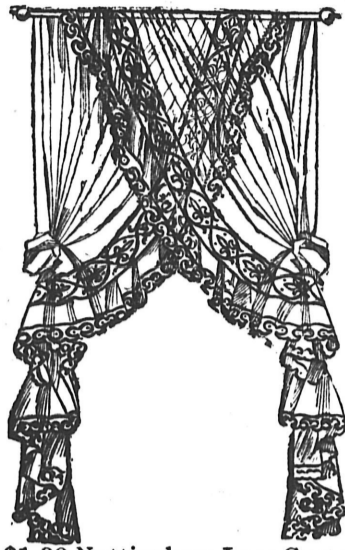
Fancy Neck Ribbons, 25c quality for 19c the yd.
White Neck Ribbons, plain, 10c the yd.

BURTON, ENSLOW CO

Remnants of Wool and Wash Dress Goods from this Season's Selling at One-Half the Price.

Our Great July, 1904, Clearing Sale!

Begins TUESDAY, JULY 5, lasting through the entire month except on such lines that shall be closed. A special opportunity to supply your summer needs of good reliable merchandise at money saving prices.



Extra Low Prices

On Carpets and Lace Curtains.

60c All-wool carpets.....55c
49 and 50c carpets.....45c
39c carpets.....35c
25c carpets.....20c
18c Hemp carpets.....15c
25c Matting.....20c

Nottingham, Cablenet, Bobbinet and Swiss Curtains greatly reduced.

\$2.50 Lace Curtains.....\$2.19
3.00 " ".....2.50
3.50 " ".....2.98
4.00 " ".....3.25
4.50 " ".....4.25
6.00 " ".....5.25

\$1.00 Nottingham Lace Curtains.....89c
1.25 " ".....1.10
1.50 " ".....1.25
1.75 " ".....1.50
1.98 " ".....1.65
2.25 " ".....1.89

The Wash Goods

Must Go Every yard of wash goods on our shelves must be sold this season. The prices we quote below will move them.

5c lawns and batistes, sale price.....3c
5c cotton challies, sale price.....3c
7c lawns and batiste.....5c
10c " ".....7c
12c and 15c lawns and batistes.....10c
20c printed madras, sale price.....15c
25c novelty wash goods, sale price.....19c
30c novelty wash goods, sale price.....23c
35c Pongee, sale price.....27c
45c Jasper silk, sale price.....35c

Wool Dress Goods

AT A SAVING.

50c all-wool Venetian and Henriettas.....38c
50c novelty suitings and granites.....38c
75c fancy Scotch suitings.....59c
75c Whipcords.....59c
75c Voiles.....4.25
\$1.00 Chevots.....79c
1.00 Broadcloths.....89c

Silk at Clearing Sale Prices.

30c Summer silk.....23c
50c Summer silk.....39c
75c Novelty silk, suitable for waists.....59c
\$1.00 Silk waistings and suits.....79c
\$1.25 36-in Black Peau de Soie silk, fine.....\$1.27
27-in \$1.00 black Peau de soie silk.....76c

Parasols Going Cheap

98c Parasols, all colors.....79c
98c Sattone, fancy colors.....79c
\$1.25 one ruffle silk parasol.....98c
1.50 two ruffle parasol.....\$1.19
2.00 silk parasol.....1.69
2.50 silk parasol.....1.98

Extra Values in Staple Cotton Goods

Good yard wide bleached domestic 5c
Good yard wide unbleached domestic 5c.
Best colicoes 5c.
Good apron gingham 6c.
7c dress gingham 5c.
10c dress gingham 8c.
12c dress gingham 10c.

Oxford and Sandal Bargains.

Special lot of Ladies' Oxford, broken sizes, sold at \$1.25 & \$1.50 now 98c.
One lot broken sizes of children's Sandals, 49c.



Great Reductions

In Tailor-Made Suits and Dress Skirts.

Every 1904 Tailor-Made Suit offered in this sale at 1/2 price.

\$10.00 Suit this sale.....\$6.67
12.50 " ".....8.33
14.50 " ".....9.66

One lot carried over suits at 1/4 price.
\$10.00 Suit.....\$2.50
7.50 Suit.....1.87

SKIRTS.

\$7.50 Skirts reduced to.....\$5.50
6.50 " ".....4.98
\$4.98 Skirts Reduced to.....3.98
3.98 " ".....2.98
3.00 " ".....2.50
\$10.00 Voile Skirts.....7.00
12.50 " ".....8.50

One lot Dress and Walking Skirts to close ONE-HALF price.

400 yards 4 and 5c Embroideries 3c the yard.

\$1 Fancy Waist Silk, July Sale 79c.

Ladies' 25c Sunbonnets, 19 cents.

36-in Black Peau de Soie silk, \$1.25 grade at \$1.00

500 yards 4c Torchon Lace at 3c the yard.

BURTON, ENSLOW COMPANY, - Livers' Block, Sullivan, Illinois.

LOCAL ITEMS

Read the SATURDAY HERALD, Read our "Everybody's" column.
Fireworks at Sullivan Tuesday night July 19.
FOR SALE—A good driving horse.—A. M. WAND.
James Loyd of St. Louis visited home folks this week.
The Wallace shows will be in Mattoon on August 3.
"Flash" Linder was here from East St. Louis, Monday.
Miss Ora Tichenor made a business trip to Olney Tuesday.
Robbie Jones of Chicago spent the week here with friends.
Balloon ascension at Sullivan Tuesday afternoon July 19
FOR SALE—Clover hay at \$3 per acre. Apply to J. W. Byron.
Mrs. John Ford of Shelbyville visited relatives here this week.
Dan Milligan shipped a car load of hogs to Chicago Tuesday.
O. P. Bland and family have moved to J. R. Bean's new house.
William Sims French of Allenville has emigrated to Missouri.
George Kliver of Mattoon spent this week with Sullivan relatives.
Arcade restaurant for ice cream, sodas and soft drinks. 17-17
Miss Beesie Powley returned Monday from a visit with Bement relatives.
Cash W. Green and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Miller are at St. Louis this week.
Mrs. Henry J. Wehner visited friends at Washington, Illinois, this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Squire Woodruff returned from Attica, Ind. Saturday.
Mrs. John Ford of Shelbyville is visiting Mrs. Charlie Patterson.
George Brosam had the tip of a fore finger cut off in a mole trap Monday.
Old screens re-wired and painted. L. T. HAGERMAN & Co. Phone 116. 20
Mrs. Anthony Ball of Mattoon visited her parents here the first of the week.
Miss Irma Highbaugh of Clinton visited relatives here the first of the week.
The Illinois Bridge & Iron company is putting up a bridge at Cowden this week.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jennings, of Decatur visited relatives here the first of the week.
William Jennings Bryan will make a political speech in Mattoon sometime in August.
Rice Brothers, stock raisers, about nine miles east of Sullivan sold forty head of cattle to Deck Dole of Gays for six cents per pound. They averaged 1400 pounds each.

Roll R. Carter has succeeded William A. Boyce as secretary of the Modern Americans.
J. T. Enterline of Monticello visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Enterline, here Monday.
Miss Etta Abbott has been employed to teach the winter term of school at the Two Mile.
Miss Mabel Carroll of Atwood was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Wright jr. the first of the week.
Miss Thomason made and disposed of 100 gallons of ice cream between the 27th of June and July 5th.
Judge E. D. Hutchinson and George A. Sentel attended the funeral of I. R. Miller at Decatur Wednesday.
Mrs. Genevieve Lowe will leave soon for an extended visit with Mrs. Belle (Patterson) Myers in New York City.
John C. Bean and family who have been living in Shelbyville for several years will soon move to Indiana to live.
If you want to sell your home, buy a home, or rent a home, advertise in THE HERALD and you will always get results.
Mrs. Matilda Miller and daughter Miss Grace went to St. Louis Wednesday to view the sights at the world's fair.
George the eight year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foster fell from a horse one day last week and broke his arm.
Robert Edmiston who has charge of a railroad office in some town in Indiana, is visiting friends and relatives here this week.
Hand-saws, hatchets, hammers and axes on which we can save you from one-third to one-half.—THE JONES STORE.
Lament Swisher and family of Decatur spent the Fourth here with J. R. who has been very sick the past two weeks.
Robert Neaves was notified Tuesday that his wife Flora Neaves had been granted a divorce in Jewell county, Kansas.
Your money's worth at the Arcade restaurant, opposite Eden House. Meals, lunches, ice cream, sodas and soft drinks. 191f
William L. Baker was so unfortunate as to get his foot broken at the shops of the Illinois Bridge & Iron Co. Thursday afternoon.
Any one selling cigarettes or cigarette papers in Mattoon will be liable to a fine, not less than \$10 or more than \$50, for each offense.
Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Todd and their daughter, Miss Bess, left Wednesday for an extended visit in St. Louis and at Hot Springs, Arkansas.
Attention, for an outing this season confer with us as to rates south, west and north west. The traveling public appreciates personally conducted excursions for convenience and comfort.—JOHN T. GAIDER, Emigrant Agent.

Ernest Patterson is at home for a short visit with his mother Mrs. Ruth Patterson. Mr. Patterson is manager of the Swift & Co's produce house in Hutchinson, Kansas.
There will be no services at the C. P. church next Sunday as the pastor, Rev. S. P. Taylor, dedicates a church in Coles county on that day, Sunday school will be held as usual.
Manson L. Vaughan of Bethany and Mrs. Mary Gregory of Lamar Mo. were married in St. Louis recently. They arrived in Bethany Friday of last week where they will make their home.
The Junior Endeavor of the Christian church meets every Thursday afternoon at 8:30. All Juniors are invited and urged to be present. Juniors, don't forget it. Bring yourself and someone else.
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Armantrout, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Miller, Jas. Davidson and daughters, Dora and Clara, Ralph David, Earl Pedro, and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Harbaugh are at the world's fair this week.
T. L. Cook who is to be Superintendent of the Sullivan schools the coming year will shortly move his family here from Champaign and occupy Willard Batman's new house on West Harrison street.
Dr. E. M. Scott has sold his frame office building on East Harrison street to Dr. Bushart for \$1475. Dr. Bushart will considerably improve the property, virtually rebuilding it. Wash Linder has rented the property now occupied by Bushart, the Townsend house, and will run a hotel.
Mrs. Rebecca Denton (nee Drew) and daughter Mrs. Goldie Evans of Ft. Worth, Texas, are visiting the family of John Barnes and other relatives, east of town. Mrs. Denton with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Drew moved to Texas twenty-eight years ago and this is her first visit back to Illinois.
Mrs. E. M. Thayer and daughter, Miss Mary, of Arcola, recently returned from Spokane, Washington, where they had spent the winter for the benefit of the latter's health. Grandma Thayer is past eighty-two years of age, well preserved in mind and body and can prepare a meal or do her house-work as well as many of one half her age. Mrs. Thayer visited her daughter, Mrs. W. C. Cawood a week's returning to Arcola last Thursday.
The pill that will, will fill the bill, Without a gripe.
To cleanse the liver, without a quiver, Take one at night.
DeWitt's Little Early Risers are small, easy to take, easy and gentle in effect, yet they are so certain in results that no one who uses them is disappointed. For quick relief from biliousness, sick headache, torpid liver, jaundice, dizziness and all troubles arising from an inactive, sluggish liver. Early Risers are unequalled. Sold by all druggists.

OBITUARY.
MRS. MARGARET HUNT.
Mrs. Margaret Hunt wife of Madison Hunt died at her home, east of Sullivan, just over the line in Coles county Wednesday.
Mrs. Hunt was about 60 years of age and had been a resident of this part of the country since 1864.
The deceased leaves, besides the husband, five children, three sons, Ellison, Fred and Claude and two daughters, Misses Maggie and Shellie. Two brothers, Wm. Ellison, of Kansas City, Kan., and Theodore Ellison, of Mattoon, and one sister, Mrs. Mary Cook, of Independence, Kan., survive her.
MRS. JOHN CHRISTY.
Elizabeth (Aikin) Christy wife of John Christy, died at her home in East Nelson township, near Allenville, of consumption, Wednesday night July 6. She was united in marriage to John Christy in the spring of 1871, and to this union was born to children both dying in infancy. Elizabeth Aikin was born in Kentucky 51 years ago and was the oldest of ten children, seven sisters and three brothers. The family moved here from Kentucky over forty years ago.
Funeral services were conducted at the Smyser church at 10 a. m. Friday by Eld. A. H. Harrell of Windsor, interment in the churchyard near by.
She had been a faithful consistent member of the Christian church from youth, and was an estimable, kind woman and good neighbor loved and respected by all who knew her.
ANDERSON WOLF.
Anderson Wolf was born in Virginia over 78 years ago, and died in Sullivan Sunday, July 31, at 11 p. m.
He moved to Indiana early in life, from there to Illinois and has been a resident of Moultrie county for thirty years.
He is survived by his aged wife and one son, Garrett Wolf.
The deceased was one of the charter members of the I. O. O. F. lodge, No. 158, and he was one of the seven who received the twenty five year medals in the lodge.
The funeral discourse was by Rev. T. H. Hull of the M. E. church, Tuesday, at 3 p. m., at the residence.
The funeral services and burial were under the auspices of the I. O. O. F. lodge.
The interment took place at Greenhill cemetery, immediately after the funeral.
BALLOON FOUND.
Bert Helford, near Quigley, found the paper balloon sent up by Sam B. Hall in his garden Saturday morning. He brought the tag which was attached to it, and good for one dollar at Hall's drug store, to town Monday and received an Ingersoll watch. This was his selection.

MARRIAGES OF THE WEEK.
Prominent Young People Joined in the Bonds of Matrimony.
REESE-MILLER
Frank, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Reese of this city, and Miss Bernie Miller of Hillsboro were married at the home of the bride Wednesday afternoon.
They will spend their honeymoon at Niagara Falls and will visit the parents of the groom about the middle of July.
LEE-FOSTER.
W. R. Lee of Jo Davis county and Miss Ina Foster were married at the C. P. parsonage by Rev. S. E. Taylor, Monday morning, July 4
WRIGHT-HOKE.
Married, at the residence of the bride parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoke, south of Bethany, Wednesday evening, at 7 p. m., Arthur Wright and Maud Hoke, by Rev. H. A. Davis, pastor of the Christian church in this city. Only a few of the immediate relatives and friends were present.
The bride is one of Sullivan's cultured and highly educated young ladies, having graduated from the Sullivan public schools in 1902, since which time she has taught the fourth grade to the satisfaction of the patrons. The groom is the eldest son of Sheriff Wright and is deputy sheriff.
The young couple were given a reception at the home of the groom's parents Thursday evening.
The HERALD extends congratulations and best wishes for their success in life.
REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.
Franklin Lewis to J. A. Elliott, property in Lovington.....\$ 600
Charles Daley to O. T. Atchison, interest in property in Lovington..... 100
BASEBALL PLAYERS AND FOOT RACERS.
Louis J. Kruger, ex-champion long distance foot racer of Germany and Holland, writes, Oct. 27, 1901: "During my training of eight weeks' foot races at Salt Lake City, in April last, I used Ballard's Snow Liniment to my greatest satisfaction. Therefore I highly recommend Snow Liniment to all who are troubled with sprains, bruises or rheumatism." 25c, 50c and \$1 a bottle. Sold by Pate & Co.
The Origin of "Tip."
It has often been stated that the origin of the word "tip" was from the initials of the words "to insure promptness." I think this is an error. In 1834 to fee a waiter was regarded in New York city as a bribe—that is, an attempt of one guest to secure attention at the expense of other guests. This is on the authority of Phil Hone, then New York's mayor. "Tip" means "an accidental spilling." A guest who tipped was ashamed of it. So he "accidentally" dropped a coin where and when only the waiter could see it so as to prevent the exposure of a mean trick.—New York Times.

LEGAL NOTICES
DRAINAGE NOTICE—State of Illinois, Moultrie county, ss. In the county court, July term thereof, A. D. 1904.
NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS INTERESTED.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, sole commissioner of the Moultrie, Coles and Douglas drainage district, has, in pursuance of an order of the Moultrie county court entered on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1904, made out an assessment roll for benefits against the lands embraced in said drainage district, and has filed the same with the county clerk of Moultrie county; that he has fixed upon the 14th day of July, A. D. 1904, at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m., at the court house in Sullivan, Moultrie county, Illinois, before the county court of said county, as the time when and the place where he will hear objections to said assessments and make all just and equitable corrections to said assessment roll.
Dated this 30th day of June, 1904.
J. H. ELLISON,
Sole commissioner of the Moultrie, Coles and Douglas drainage district.

The Smart Set
A Magazine of Cleverness.
Magazines should have a well-defined purpose. Genuine entertainment, amusement and mental recreation are the motives of The Smart Set, the
Most Successful of Magazines.
Its novels (a complete one in each number) are by the most brilliant authors of both hemispheres.
Its short stories are matchless—clean and full of humor interest.
Its poetry covering the entire field of verse—pathos, love, humor, tenderness—is by the most popular poets, men and women, of the day.
Its jokes, witticisms, sketches, etc., are admittedly the most mirth-provoking.
160 Pages of Delightful Reading.
No pages are wasted on cheap illustrations, editorial vapors or wearying essays and idle discussions. Every page will interest, charm and refresh you. Subscribe now—\$2.50 per year. Remit in check, P. O. or express order, or registered letter, to THE SMART SET, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York.
N. B.—Sample copies sent free on application.

THE IMPERIAL
5 cent cigar is without doubt the best 5 cent cigar on the market. It is made from the best tobacco the market affords, by skillful union workmen, under clean and healthful conditions. There is no flavoring extract of any kind used in its manufacture. BALL BROS. manufacturers, Springfield, Ill.
I am sole agent for this cigar in Sullivan.
JOHN W. CAZIER
MEALS, LUNCH AND LODGING.

GETTING NEW TRADE

IT'S HARDEST KIND OF WORK FOR SOME DRUMMERS.

Successful Salesman Takes the Public in His Confidence and Admits That He Does Business with Trembling.

The drummer leaned on his left elbow and puffed reflectively. The conversation had been on the subject of salesmanship, and he removed the cigar from his mouth to deliver himself as follows to a New York Sun reporter:

"I have been selling goods steadily for 11 years, yet have never been able to overcome a certain timidity at approaching a new man.

"Before I go into a place my hands grow clammy and my face pales. It is about the same feeling a singer or an actor has on stepping before the footlights. Once the conversation has begun between my prey and me my nervousness vanishes; but, oh, the horror of breaking the ice!

"As an illustration of what I have said, let me tell you of this morning's experience.

"At half-past eight I reached the office, and it took me until ten to make up my mind to go out. I argued with myself and chastised myself mentally in the effort to get rid of that awful and unreasonable fear of tackling a new man.

"Finally I screwed up courage, and, with the boy at my side carrying the samples, I trudged to Maiden lane for the maiden effort of the day. Arriving at the building, I caught my breath and hesitated, looking at the youth, who, to my joy, seemed unconscious of my inward state. Retreat was impossible, and I walked up the stairs.

"Well, I could have howled with glee at finding a sign on the door, reading: 'Removed to Greenwich street.'

"Concealing my feelings from the youth, I stood on the sidewalk, glancing up and down the street meditatively. Actually, I was speculating how I might avoid the interview. The boy was whistling 'I've a feelin' for you,' softly, and I followed every note mentally.

"At last, fearing that the moral effect



GLAD THE DOOR WAS LOCKED.

on the boy might be disastrous if I did otherwise, I led the way to the car to go to Greenwich street. Reaching the place, my heart sank. Yes, there was the firm's sign, big gilt letters glistening in the sunlight. They had certainly not moved from this place.

"I walked in boldly, and was greeted by a handsome stenographer.

"Is Mr. Blank in?"

"She smiled sweetly and answered: 'No, Mr. Blank is out of town, and won't be back for a week.'

"I thanked her with a straight face and retreated in good order. Once outside I gave the boy carfare—I couldn't look him in the face—and told him to report at the office after lunch.

"Then, seeing that I was not observed, I laughed out loud and loud. Again the enemy was foiled! I had succeeded in not seeing my customer. The best part of the morning was gone, and I was respited until afternoon."

The drummer and his friend shifted elbows, and, after wiping his lips, the friend said:

"The problem which your case presents is interesting, but not unique. There is old H—, who has grown gray in the advertising business.

"He is very successful, as you know, and draws at least \$15,000 a year in commissions alone. To this very day he cannot approach a man with whom he has never before done business without trembling. I have known him to walk around the block twice ere he summoned up courage to interview his man."

The friend then snapped his fingers and the two worked up a little courage together.

Hen Lays Petrified Eggs.

Hartford City, Ind., lays claim to having the greatest freak on record. It is a hen which lays petrified eggs. The identity of the pullet has not been discovered, but the egg has been found. Miss Sadie Dearmond, a clerk in the J. W. Fulton store, bought a dozen of eggs from a near-by grocer, and in attempting to break the shell to cook it made a nick in her knife. An examination showed it to be a solid formation of the same substance all the way through as the shell of the ordinary egg. It is exactly the same shape and color of an ordinary egg, and differs from it only in being heavier in weight. Farmers who supply the merchant where the egg was purchased have been notified, and a sharp lookout is being kept to discover the hen which is laying the eggs of geological formation.

UPHOLDS RIGHT TO SNORE.

New York Judge Sympathized with Boy Who Slept in Church and Got Him a Job.

Magistrate Crane held in the Jefferson Market police court at New York, that it is an inalienable privilege to snore, even in church. He expressed the opinion when Harry Wilson, 17 years old, who says that he hails from Chicago, was haled before him because he went to bed under the organ of St. Joseph's church, Sixth avenue and Washington place, and interrupted the evening services by snoring loudly.

The boy told the magistrate that he had been in this city a week and that he had run out of money and had no place to sleep.

"I don't see that this boy has done anything very terrible," said the magistrate. "He simply crawled in through



"IT'S A GOD-GIVEN PRIVILEGE."

a window and went to sleep. I think I will discharge him."

Michael Bachelor, the sexton of the church, objected.

"We don't make a lodging house of the church," he protested.

"If I had a church," said the magistrate, "I would be glad to have the whole universe sleep there."

"It wasn't very nice of him to interrupt the services by snoring," objected Bachelor.

"It is a God-given privilege to snore," announced the magistrate. "The boy is discharged. Tell my probation officer to keep him here for a few minutes and I will find him a job."

It is fortunate for the boy that the organ is being repaired. If the machinery had been put in motion he might have been crushed to death. Magistrate Crane secured him a position at five dollars a week in the Metropolitan street railway service.

KATIE BROKE THE RECORD.

Skipped Rope 200 Times But Her Ambitious Enterprise May Cost Her Her Life.

Pretty little Katie Deckerman, six years old, of 236 Monroe street, New York, is the champion rope skipper of the East side, but in reaching that distinction may forfeit her life. Katie was playing in the street with her girl friends late in the afternoon, when some one boasted of her rope skipping record.

"Why, I can skip 200 times without a rest," declared Katie.

"What? Two hundred times?" echoed her friends. "You can't skip 100 times without falling."

Katie's friends began to turn the rope. Never once did she miss a step. At last 100 was reached. Then began the monotonous count: "One, two,



"I CAN SKIP TWO HUNDRED TIMES." three, four, five, six," all over again. Almost breathless, Katie made the score of 150.

"Now, give me pepper and salt," gasped the all but exhausted girl. This was the command to go faster. The rope whirled round and round, but Katie did not lose the step. She was seen to stagger and appeared to suffer pain, but she would not give up.

As the scorer called 200 a faint smile flitted across Katie's face. "I did it, I win," she cried, as she fell to the sidewalk and sank into unconsciousness.

An ambulance surgeon took the girl to Gouverneur hospital, where her condition is said to be serious. The exertion had been too great a strain on her heart.

Old Egyptian Advertisement.

In the British museum is an advertisement of a reward for a runaway slave. The "ad." is written on papyrus and is 3,000 years old. It was exhumed from the ruins of Thebes.

SOME ODD CONTESTS.

HOW LONG CAN A MAN KEEP UP WITHOUT SLEEP?

Night Watchman in New Jersey Holds Record of 83 Hours 27 Minutes—Other Peculiar American Tests.

Some two or three years ago a series of tests was held in the United States to decide who could keep awake the longest. New Jersey is said to have carried off the honors with a "long-distance" non-sleeper whose record was 83 hours 27 minutes. This remarkable exhibition of endurance was given by a man named John Brooke, who was employed in the offices of a safe deposit company as night watchman.

According to the rules of the contest the supporters of each competitor were permitted to use every means, short of personal violence, to keep their favorite awake, and some of the attempts to arouse a contestant when he began to show signs of becoming drowsy were extremely ingenious. Strong coffee was drunk by all, and while many eschewed tobacco Brooke himself consumed innumerable pipes and cigars.

Towards the close of the contest, when the remaining competitors began to show unmistakable signs of losing consciousness, "friends" endeavored to rouse them by shaking, sticking pins in their legs, pinching, and even playing on them with syringes filled with ice water. Of the 12 competitors in the New Jersey contest the first to "drop off" was a policeman, who began to snore after 23 hours of wakefulness.

These curious competitions, besides causing considerable interest and amusement, proved that man's endurance without sleep was greater than had previously been supposed. It also showed that the average length of time which human beings can keep awake was 32 hours 17 minutes, which is considerably longer than was generally believed.

The interest aroused by the "insomnia contest" naturally led to other con-



BROOKE SMOKED INCESSANTLY.

tests of an equally novel character. One of the best and most curious was called the "soporific muscular endurance contest," and was intended to determine how long a man could sleep while in a sitting position. As everyone knows who has tried to snatch a quiet nap while seated in an upright chair, as soon as the neck relaxes the head drops forward and the sleeper is rudely awakened.

The rules governing the soporific muscular endurance contests were simple. Each competitor was required to spend a convivial evening at the club, drink and smoke as much as he liked, and then take his position in a comfortable chair, the back of which was slightly inclined. He was then given a fresh cigar and told he might slumber quietly or noisily as he thought fit. The dropping of the cigar from his mouth determined the length of the slumber, and the onlookers had plenty of fun watching the frantic efforts of the competitors to keep a firm hold of their weeds.

One man in particular, a German, became so expert at keeping his Havana between his teeth that he never by any chance dropped it. Though it burnt itself out in time the stub remained immovable between the German's lips, and after winning various prizes he was asked to "stand out" in order that others might have a chance. Some of the competitors would unconsciously puff away while sleeping, though they seemed to know instinctively when to stop "pulling," in order to save their lips from burning. Owing to all drinks and cigars being free to competitors, these contests became so popular with a certain class that "closing hours" were sometimes forgotten, which, bringing threats of canceled licenses, were the ultimate cause of the downfall of these soporific muscular endurance contests.

Baby Plays with a Snake.

Mrs. Peter Buelah, who lives on River hill, Bloomsburg, Pa., placed her two-year-old daughter in a clothes-basket in the yard in order to keep her from getting into danger. She noticed that the child was playing with something, and was horrified to find a large black snake huddled beside the baby, who was apparently having great sport with her dangerous playfellow. Snatching the child from the basket the mother had barely time to place it aside when she was attacked by the angry snake, which she killed after a hard battle. It measured nearly five feet in length.

GYPSIES STEAL OHIO GIRL.

Gag and Bind Her and Force Her to Wear a Man's Shirt and Pair of Trousers.

After having been kidnaped by gypsies, shorn of her beautiful hair, and forced to wear man's clothing, Miss Roxie Fence, 17 years old, has returned to her home in Medway, O.

The girl was left alone at her home. Two gypsy wagons stopped in front of the house. One of the gypsy men went to the door and asked the girl to come to the gate, as his wife wished to speak to her. She said she was busy, the man walked away and she thought no more of the incident.

Miss Fence, 15 minutes later, was half smothered with a heavy shawl, thrown over her head from the rear, was gagged and carried to one of the wagons. There she was strapped



SMOTHERED WITH A SHAWL.

down. As the wagons jolted along she was approached by the man who had first come to the house. He cut off her hair, which was unusually long.

The wagon stopped in a dense woods. She was released and was forced to put on a shirt and a pair of trousers, which she recognized as having been stolen from her home. She was aided in her escape by a boy in the band who said that he himself had been kidnaped several years before. He said he had made three attempts to escape, but had been recaptured each time.

Being familiar with the locality the girl knew in what direction to go and made her way to Medway. Appearing at home suddenly and wearing man's clothes, her mother screamed and nearly fainted.

SAVES HUBBY FROM BULL.

Farmer's Wife Arrives with Pitchfork Just in Time to Prevent a Serious Catastrophe.

Mrs. Stephen Haines, of Morristown, N. Y., saved the life of her husband, a farmer, from a mad bull by brave work. The bull, a ferocious Guernsey, had been chained in the orchard near the house. It did not like the restraint, and, after plunging for awhile, managed to break loose. Fearing trouble, Mr. Haines hurried after the animal. No sooner did it see Mr. Haines than the bull lowered his head and charged.

Mr. Haines succeeded in eluding the bull for awhile, but was caught and tossed into a tree. He could not retain his hold to the branches and slid to the ground, when the bull at once gored him and slashed his clothing to shreds.

Mrs. Haines, hearing her husband's cries, seized a pitchfork and ran out just as Mr. Haines fell to the ground insensible, while the bull stood over



ATTACKED THE BULL FIERCELY.

him and butted him. Only the fact that the bull's horns were far apart prevented it from killing Mr. Haines. Mrs. Haines attacked the bull fiercely with the fork until the prongs broke off. She then clubbed with the handle and fought for her own life as well as that of her husband. A fortunate blow on the tip of the nose stunned the bull, which then left.

Mr. Haines, though badly hurt, is not seriously wounded. He will not kill or sell the bull.

"The critter's too valuable to let go for any little thing like that," he said.

Vast Fortune in Medals.

The gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the vatican would make more gold money than the whole of the present European circulation.

The Searchlight in Warfare.

The reach of the searchlight for practical use is 700 yards, but torpedoes can be used effectively from 1,200 to 4,000 yards.

MAKES DOLLARS FLY.

HEIR TO FAIR ESTATES IS NEW COAL OIL JOHNNY.

Champagne in Beer Glasses Is Served to His Fellow Villagers—Other Queer Acts of Mayor Bill Smith.

Having just received \$585,000 as his share of the estate of his brother-in-law, the late Charles L. Fair, "Mayor Bill" Smith, of Newmarket, N. J., is starting to spend it. The possession of wealth does not disturb William B. Smith's equanimity in the slightest degree. He is as unassuming and democratic as he was when he got up at his home at two o'clock every morning, summer and winter, and went to Plainfield for a loaf of bread, pies and cakes to distribute through the country. The chief difference is that now he has frequent opportunities of going down to the Lake View hotel and there saying to everyone in front of the bar:

"What'll you have, boys? I've got more money than any other man in this town, and if I don't buy up this town before I'm through I'll eat my hat."

Bill Smith celebrated the receipt of his check for \$585,000 by giving a banquet to all his fellow townsmen. The villagers tasted champagne for the first time, and they drank it out of beer glasses.

Next morning early Smith bought the village hotel. "Ain't sure that I'll run it myself," said Bill, reflectively, "but I'm going to take that hotel as a strict business proposition. On the rental alone I would make nearly ten per cent. on my investment. If I run it myself, of course, I'll buy out the other hotel and have a monopoly of the business."

In anticipation of a trip to St. Louis and San Francisco Mr. Smith has purchased a 24-horse power automobile, with glass front and top and an abundance of red paint. This vehicle, the price of which was \$5,000, can hardly be classed as an extravagant purchase for a man with so much money as Mr. Smith is now possessed of. The same is true of the new dress suit case, all fitted up with silver-topped bottles and brushes,



"WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, BOYS?"

"at a cost of \$105, sir, and the finest thing that was ever seen in Plainfield," as Mr. Smith puts it.

On the original settlement of the Fair estate, says the Chicago Chronicle, Smith received \$24,000 as his share. One of the first acts was to purchase the Davis grocery, with all the real estate attached, for \$5,500. Then "Mayor" Smith asked Davis:

"How much for the stock in trade?" "Fifteen hundred dollars," was the reply.

"All right, I'll take it," said Smith. "But don't you want an inventory?" inquired the astonished grocer.

"Oh, no; inventories don't go with me," and he handed over the \$1,500. A few days later the mayor was installed as proprietor. Then, with characteristic generosity, he sent to New York for a brother-in-law named Charles Thornton, who had been an employe of the Second Avenue railroad, and the firm of Smith & Thornton was formed, Smith producing the cash. For a time the firm did a most thriving business for the mayor insisted on selling goods at astonishingly low prices, asserting that he was a philanthropist.

Finally Bill got tired of conducting the store, and, in one of his fits of good nature, not alone gave the entire store to his brother-in-law for a consideration of \$1, but also left \$1,500 to the credit of Thornton & Smith in the bank in order that his brother-in-law might not be embarrassed.

Since then he has bought a house. It is lighted throughout with electricity, contains 14 or 15 rooms, and "Mayor Bill" invariably takes his visitors into the cellar to show them an elaborate electric motor which furnishes water from a well driven 100 feet deep.

In the barn is the fast trotter Birdie, for which Smith paid \$450, and it is conceded that he was not "stuck" on that. Opinions differ as to the value of his poodle dog, Yorick, for which he proudly asserts he gave \$500. In the same barn he has just placed two more treasures. One is a marine in oils, surrounded by a gold frame of immense depth, and for which Mr. Smith says he paid \$50, on the other side of the hall is a picture which "Mayor Bill" declares to be that of the ill-fated Maine, which he bought at the "ridiculously low price of \$7."

It is said, and truly, too, that Mr. Smith was "stuck" in this transaction. The picture, as a matter of fact, is one of an old ocean liner, long removed from service, and is of the sort commonly given away by steamship companies to be hung in steamship ticket offices and railroad stations.

CAT WON VICTORY EASILY.

Mating of Tom and Toodlums in a New York Water Pipe Proved Quite Eventful.

Toodlums, before he entered the contest, was a spotlessly white New York lap dog. His mistress, who was also attired in spotless white, had been giving him an airing.

Toodlums and his mistress strolled east on Thirtieth street from Seventh avenue. Recently the water department has been placing new 12-inch pipes thereabout, preparatory to doing some radical tearing up of the street.

The pipes are along the gutter the whole length of the block between Sixth and Seventh avenues. Toodlums saw them, and found it no end of good fun to run in at one end and out at the other.

While exploring the pipes Toodlums ran afoul of a large tomato, that had



LOOKED LIKE A DEGENERATE.

been enjoying a siesta in the cool pipe. Toodlums stopped and barked; Tom spluttered and sneezed. Once more Toodlums barked, and his mistress thought there was a hollow note of despair about the bark.

"Come, Toodlums," she cried.

The only sounds that came from the interior of the pipe were the fierce caterwauling of a tomcat and the frantic yelps of Toodlums. The fight inside of the pipe lasted fully five minutes, much to the joy of a crowd which gathered. The only one who did not seem to enjoy the racket was the mistress of Toodlums.

Finally there was silence in the pipe. Toodlums' mistress wept copious tears. "He's dead—he'd dead," she wailed. "Poor Toodlums. I'll sue the city!"

But presently there was a low whining sound, and out of the pipe crept a thing which might at one time have been Toodlums. He now looked like a degenerate ancestor. He was scratched and dusty, and as he walked sections of his once milky coat fell like week old snow upon the sidewalk.

Inside the pipe Thomas had resumed his broken slumber.

TWO BOYS DROWN A BABY.

Carry Infant Away in a Potato Sack and Deliberately Throw It in Water Butt.

A remarkable case of juvenile depravity is reported from Sery, in the department of Aisne, France. M. Germain and his wife went out on Wednesday, leaving their one-year-old son in charge of the eldest girl, named Adrienne, aged 12. Seeing that the baby was asleep, she went into the village for some milk, and in order not to wake the child got out of the window, leaving it open.

She had scarcely disappeared when two little boys, named Maurice Herin



PUT THE BABY IN A SACK.

and Jean Bideaux, each aged six, who were playing close by, entered the house by the open window. Finding the baby asleep, they put it into an empty potato sack, which they proceeded to stuff with grass, and then carried it between them to the water butt outside the house. They threw the sack into the butt, and then scampered away.

When the sister returned she was astonished at finding that the baby had vanished, and after several hours' search found it drowned in the water butt. As the boys had been seen near the house, the mayor of the village sent for them, and in the presence of the horrified parents they related what they did, though they were apparently unaware that they had done anything wrong.

Water That Petrifies Sand. Extraordinary qualities are possessed by the River Tinto in Spain. It hardens and petrifies the sand in its bed, and if a stone falls in the stream and alights upon another in a few months they unite and become one stone. Fish cannot live in its waters.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and 50 cents.

PISO'S TABLETS The New Boon for Woman's Ills.

SILENT suffering from any form of female disorder is no longer necessary. Many modest women would rather die by inches than consult anyone, even by letter, about their private troubles. PISO'S TABLETS attack the source of the disease and give relief from the start. Whatever form of illness afflicts you, our interesting treatise, Cause of Diseases in Women, will explain your trouble and our method of cure. A copy will be mailed free with a Generous Sample of the Tablets, to any woman addressing

THE PISO COMPANY
Clark and Liberty Streets, WARREN, PA.

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

The distinct compounds from coal tar have increased from 454 in 1894 to 695 not less than 300 of the present products being dyes.

W. H. Read, paleontologist of the University of Wyoming, reports the discovery in Carbon county of a fossil remains of a brontosaurus, which is the largest ever unearthed.

The 300 aerolites of the nineteenth century furnished nine instances of the fall of two stones on the same day in two successive years. This suggests streams of stones in space.

"One of the most significant signs of the tendency of modern thought," says the New York Christian Work and Evangelist (Presbyterian), "is supplied by the increasing attention which men of science are devoting to religious subjects."

The sound-deadening arrangements tried on the Berlin elevated railway include felt under and at the sides of the rails, wood-filled car wheels, steel and wood ties resting on sand and cork-lined floor planks. Low rail on deep wooden stringers proved the most effective.

F. H. Glew, of London, has calculated the time of a lightning flash to be one-nineteenth of a second. He obtained this result by means of a photograph made with a vibrating lens, which indicated the multiple image taken and the rate of vibration of the lens.

M. E. Meyer has shown that vegetables put under chloroform lose much of their power of emitting N-rays, and M. Jean Becquerel has been led to try whether this effect of anaesthetics is not more general. He finds that not only organic bodies, but even inorganic, for example sulphide of calcium, cease to emit N-rays when under the action of the fumes of chloroform, ether, protoxide of nitrogen, etc. In fact, the suppression of N-rays by anaesthetics in vegetables and minerals is much alike.

She Told Him.
DeBore—Is Miss Lillwhite in?
Truthful Domestic—She's out.
DeBore—Hum! Whom is she out with?
Truthful Domestic—Out with you.—N. Y. Weekly.

WRONG TRACK

Had to Switch.

Even the most careful person is apt to get on the wrong track regarding food sometimes and has to switch over.

When the right food is selected the host of ails that come from improper food and drink disappear, even where the trouble has been of lifelong standing.

"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite and I was allowed to eat whatever I fancied—rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot biscuit, etc.—so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order and at the age of twenty-three I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve force to fall back on, lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me.

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave this food (new to me) a proper trial and it showed he knew what he was about because I got better by bounds from the very first. That was in the summer and by winter I was in better health than ever before in my life, had gained in flesh and weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body, all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts.

"This happened three years ago and never since then have I had any but perfect health for I stick to my Grape-Nuts food and cream and still think it delicious. I eat it every day. I never tire of this food and can enjoy a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream when nothing else satisfies my appetite and it's surprising how sustained and strong a small saucerful will make one feel for hours." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

True food that carries one along and "there's a reason." Grape-Nuts 10 days proves big things. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

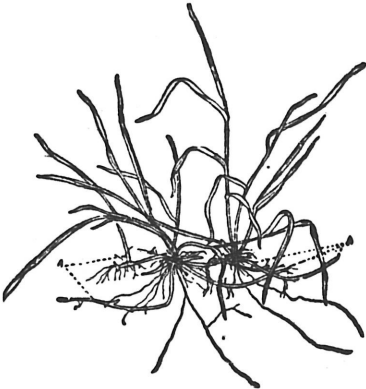


TALK ABOUT QUACK GRASS.

It Is a Great Nuisance in Spite of the Fact That It Possesses Nutritive Value.

Quack grass, *Agrropyrum repens*, is also known by the names, couch grass, quitch grass, quick grass, wheat grass, dog grass, witch grass and Tommy grass in different localities. A Wisconsin bulletin says it:

"Quack grass has some excellent qualities as a fodder plant, and is said to surpass Timothy in nutritive value, but its disposition to monopolize and retain possession of the soil renders it a most malignant enemy to rotative cropping. The peculiarity that renders quack grass so difficult to destroy is its method of propagation. It puts out vigorous underground stems, which



QUACK GRASS.

root and send up new stems at their joints. These underground stems often display their aggressive power by growing through potatoes or bits of wood that chance to lie in their path. By interweaving, they form a stiff sod that often severely tries the muscles of the plowman's team. Usually branches do not come from every joint, but if the stems are broken off or cut in pieces, as with a plow, hoe or harrow, each piece sends up a stem and leaves from any joint it may have, and becomes a distinct plant. A large amount of nourishment is stored up in the form of starch, which makes the underground stems very nutritive and furnishes food for growth. The new plants formed by cutting up the old ones grow with great vigor, and so form many weeds in the place of one.

The subterranean portions are eaten by stock when accessible to them. Horses and cows are fond of them; hogs root industriously for them and give efficient help in their extermination.

"The summer fallow is probably the most satisfactory method of destroying quack grass on any large scale. Turn the sod under in spring and plow again as often as any amount of grass appears above ground, until September, when rye or wheat may be sown if desired. It is best to remove fences and other obstructions to the plow, that make a harboring place for the tenacious underground stems. Small patches may be destroyed by covering the ground deeply with straw or other litter, or by devoting the ground to some crop that requires clean culture, as cabbage, cauliflower or celery, provided the required clean culture is faithfully given. Patches of quack grass should never be cross plowed or cross cultivated in tilling the field that contains them, as this is one of the most effective means of spreading the underground stems to new locations.

We would add that a heavy crop of clover following the rye will be a great help in reducing the vitality of this pest. In fact, smothering with some rank growing crop is about the only way to make any headway against it in any but very dry seasons. Cultivation in a damp season, except where the stems are raked and carried off the land, only serves to spread it, as the stems will sprout at the joint, take root and grow when left lying on top of the ground.—Prairie Farmer.

Tobacco Destroys Insect Life.

The use of tobacco as a protection against moths and other insects is well known, but a new adaptation is reported in the form of an extract, which is said to be fatal to various forms of insect life. The extract is prepared from tobacco waste, and is of about 40 per cent. solid and has nine per cent. strength of nicotine. Diluted according to its proposed use, it promptly exterminates the bugs, but is absolutely harmless to plant life. The solution—from one to three per cent. being sufficient for all ordinary purposes—is sprinkled or sprayed in the usual manner, and is winning popularity. Among the insects on which experiments have been made with encouraging results are plant lice, plant wasps, earth fleas, caterpillars and beetles. The extract is also used with success for animal parasites such as sheep lice.—Rural World.

Skunk Beetle in the South.

A rather unusual visitation was suffered by a South Carolina town last summer through the presence of what is known as the rhinoceros beetle, which bears the same unapproachable position in the insect world that the skunk does among animals. A colony of these beetles established themselves in some ash trees, which were grown for shade, and the odor was so strong and offensive that the town council ordered eighty of these trees to be cut down. As the trees were estimated to be worth \$100 each, the unusual visitation cost the town about \$8,000.—N. Y. Times.

INCREASING HONEY YIELD.

Simple Plan That Seems to Be Worth Trying, Because It Has Given Good Results.

The new way of putting in sections for comb honey does not suit the bees very well; seems to handicap their work. I had been very much disappointed in the yield of honey from some strong swarms. At the end of what I thought a good season I found my supers only half filled; maybe a dozen sections more or less filled. Now I have nothing to say against the neatness or attractiveness of the new package, but it reduced the capacity of the bees, and in relating my experience to several friends they, too, had the same experience. Running for extracted honey was satisfactory as to yield, but to get better results in comb honey production, I decided to resort to some other plan. By accident, I found that very rapid filling was done in the upper story of a Langstroth hive where the caps had been left out. In this the bees stored honey in the promiscuous fashion that they thought best. Well, that wasn't so nice a way, but they made up for it in extra pounds. That suggested a plan of operation, and the other caps were removed and a box was made very much like this and set on the old box stand. The capacity was increased to an 18-inch square box, nine inches deep, which box was inserted over a platform of about that size that was previously fastened on top of the box stand. This gave the bees ample room and they stored away great loads of honey. These boxes were left on until cold weather, when they were removed, not a bee being in sight; consequently there was no tussle between myself and the bees. These large caps were commodious and plain so that the workers could store honey in a manner that would expedite matters instead of hindering them as was the case with the sections. One great mistake is in not giving ample room. Work must stop when all the available space is utilized. Try this plan for home use.—E. W. Jones, in Agricultural Epitome.

A BROODER MADE AT HOME.
New York Woman Describes One That She Has Used for Years with Pleasing Results.

Procure a good, strong box 3x2 feet and 18 inches high. Take the largest area for top and bottom. Remove the top boards carefully, also the top one from both front and back ends. Nail cleats across ends to strengthen them and also for ease in handling. Now saw off the top corners of ends to make the top sloping. Before putting on the top, turn the box upside down and nail cleats, b, all around the outer edge of bottom. To these nail a sheet of zinc or sheet iron large enough to cover the



SIMPLE HOME-MADE BROODER.

bottom. This forms a double floor with air space between, which prevents overheating and danger from fire. The back of roof and flat top board, a, are now put on, using the boards removed from top of box. The top board should project a little over back and front, as it helps to shed rain. With tongued, d, and grooved strips, c, two or three inches wide, make a frame or sash large enough to fill the front. Fasten this sash to tops with strips of leather and let it rest on the front of box. Make an opening, d, in the front for the chicks to run through. Give the outside a good coat of paint and make several small holes in each end of brooder near the roof for ventilation, and the brooder proper is complete.

The brooder may be raised from the floor either by light horses or by a box or frame without top and bottom. Place this so that the brooder rests upon the cleats on the edge in contact with the support. If the box is used, and it is best, make a door, e, in one end large enough to admit a flat tin lamp with tin chimney, or a regular brooder stove. Provide holes for ventilation as in the top. Cover the floor of brooder with dry, sifted earth or hay seed, about one inch thick. Light the lamp and as soon as the thermometer registers 90 degrees it is ready for the chicks. After a few days the chicks will need more room, and a run, f, can be attached to front of brooder.—Mabel R. Cornell, in Orange-Judd Farmer.

When Chickens Cannot Walk.

A subscriber asks what is the trouble with chicken that has lost the use of its legs and cannot walk. She says it is as fat as can be and seems to sleep all the time unless when trying to eat. Many things may be responsible for the trouble, among them being an injury or over-feeding of fattening food. Confinement on damp ground may also cause rheumatism, which will deprive them of the use of their limbs. Chicks require exercise, and unless they follow the hen and scratch for bugs and worms they are likely to become too fat and often break down. Be careful to see that the chicks learn early in life to hustle, for the habit once formed will be followed through life. The busy chick and the busy hen are the profitable kinds, and we might add are the only kinds that ever pay their way.—Home and Farm.

On most farms it will pay to have a field of rape to turn the sheep into in the dry time of summer. This helps the sheep and gives the pastures time to recuperate.

HOW JACK LONDON ARRIVED

Story of Early Struggles Toward Success of Brilliant War Correspondent.

Jack London, the fascinating short-story writer and brilliant war correspondent, now at the front, is but 28 years old, says the Boston Globe. Three years ago he was unheard of by the reading world. To-day he is read everywhere, is sought by publishers, and the pages of the magazines, from the Century down, are open to him.

The story of his early privations and hardships—his boyhood on a California ranch, his years before the mast in the waters of the Golden Gate, his struggle for learning, and the daring trip to the Klondike, from which he returned with more knowledge than nuggets—is known to most of his readers now. The story of how he "arrived," how he first set foot upon the stepping stone to success, he tells in the Editor, the New York magazine for literary workers, incidentally giving the latter class some excellent advice. Here are a few of his terse, pregnant sentences:

Work! Don't wait for some good Samaritan to tell you, but dig it out yourself.

Fiction pays best of all.

Don't write too much. Don't dash off a 6,000-word story before breakfast.

Avoid the unhappy ending, the harsh, the brutal, the tragic, the horrible—if you care to see in print the things you write.

Keep a notebook. Travel with it, eat with it, sleep with it. Slap into it every stray thought that flutters up into your brain.

This valuable advice is appended to the story of his own struggle for recognition. Every one likes to know how the successful succeed.

He had many liabilities and no assets, no income and several mouths to feed. He lived in California, far from the great publishing centers, and did not know what an editor looked like. But he sat down and wrote. Day by day his pile of manuscripts mounted up. He had vague ideas, obtained from a Sunday supplement, that a minimum rate of ten dollars a thousand words was paid, and figured on earning \$600 a month, without overstocking the market.

One morning the postman brought him, instead of the usual long, thick manuscript envelope, a short, thin one. He couldn't open it right away. It seemed a sacred thing. It contained the written words of an editor of a big magazine. When, modest as ever, he had figured in his mind what the offer for this 4,000-word story would be at the minimum rate—\$40, of course—he opened the letter. Five dollars!

Not having died right then and there, Mr. London is convinced that he may yet qualify as an oldest inhabitant.

But, by and by, in the course of its wanderings, one of his stories reached an editor who could see the genius of Jack London, and had the patience to penetrate beneath the husk of wordy introduction and discover the golden grain—the capital story, with a capital S, and—rarest quality of all—the business sagacity to offer an unknown writer more for a good story than he would pay for a commonplace one from a famous author.

Here is the incident that proved the turning point in Jack London's literary career, as he so graphically tells it:

"Nothing remained but to get out and shovel coal. I had done it before, and earned more money at it. I resolved to do it again, and I certainly should have done it, had it not been for The Black Cat.

"Yes, The Black Cat. The postman brought me an offer from it for a 4,000-word story which was more lengthy and strongly, if I would grant permission to cut it down half. Grant permission? I told them they could cut it down two-halves if they'd only send the money along, which they did, by return mail. As for the five dollars previously mentioned, I finally received it, after publication and a great deal of embarrassment and trouble. I forgot my coal-shoveling resolution, and continued to whang away at the typewriter."

And the rate he received for his first Black Cat story was nearly 20 times what the five-dollar editor paid.

Nor is Jack London the only writer who has been lifted from obscurity to prominence by the lucky Black Cat, which, as the New York Press has truly said, has done more for short-story writers and short-story readers than any other publication.

Each of its famous prize competitions has brought new writers to the front. In its most recent, the \$2,100 prize was won by a young Texan who had never before written a story, and the second, \$1,300, went to a lawyer's wife in an obscure Missouri town.

It has just inaugurated another contest in which \$10,600 will be paid to writers in sums of from \$100 to \$1,500. This will, no doubt, add many new names to the list of those who have "arrived" through its recognition.

The conditions are announced in the current issue of The Black Cat, and will also be mailed free to any one by The Short-story Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Even those who cannot write a winning story themselves may earn ten dollars by giving a timely tip to some friend who can.

But all should bear in mind that it will be entirely useless for any one to send a story to The Black Cat without first reading and complying with all the published conditions. Here is a chance for the reader to dig dollars out of his brain, for what life does not at least contain one tale worth telling?

Considerate to the Last.

The church service was simple and most impressive, and was in accordance with the requests Mrs. Baker made. There was no singing, she herself being a musician of rare ability, with tender thought of her family, desired that nothing should be done which would make greater their grief.—Oconto (N. Y.) Star.

Delightful Summer Tours to the East

are made more delightful by taking advantage of the many inducements offered by the Nickel Plate Road. Recognized as the Low Rate Short Line between the West and East, tourists are assured of a quick and comfortable trip to the many beautiful Summer Resorts located along or within a short distance of the Nickel Plate Road. Close connections are made at Buffalo for all Eastern Points, Mountain Resorts and famous watering places. The train service of the Nickel Plate Road is up-to-date in every respect and passengers are shown the best of treatment by the efficient corps of attendants to be found on all Nickel Plate trains. Ladies traveling alone or accompanied by children are given special attention. It is in the splendid Dining Cars where the liberality of management is particularly apparent. No stated amount is required for a meal in these Dining Cars, but under the system of Individual Club Meals, carefully prepared menus are compiled into booklets containing special attention. For our special inland price, our guarantee and money refund offer, for our insurance proposition against hail or storm, for the lowest price, the most liberal binder twine offer that will be made this season, cut this notice out and mail to us today and you will hear from us by return mail. Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

When we make a poor guess we realize that to err is human; but when we make a good one we are convinced that foresight is a matter of intellectual superiority.—Puck.

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Still another calamity item. The Missouri strawberry crop is being seriously damaged. The people are eating it up.—Kansas City Journal.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

What legislators those Japs would make! They'll risk their lives to seize a pass.—Philadelphia North American.

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Burning the ledgers will not balance the books.—Chicago Tribune.

G. A. R. National Encampment, Boston, August 15-20, 1904.

Very low rates via the Nickel Plate Road. A splendid opportunity to visit Boston and its many historical points of interest. Elegant Dining and Sleeping Cars affording every accommodation. Meals served on the Individual Club Plan, also "a la carte" service. Coffee and sandwiches served to passengers in their seats without extra expense. Stop off at Chautauque Lake and Niagara Falls will be allowed on return trip.

Russians never meet without exchanging hard words.—Indianapolis News.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED BY THE HERALD REPORTERS.

WHITLEY.

James A. Young was calling on Sullivan friends, Friday.

Mrs. Farley Young has been on the sick list for several weeks.

Born Wednesday July 6 to Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lilly a son, their second.

Born, Tuesday July 5 to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Young a son, their first child.

SEVENTEEN TO ONE.

A party of seventeen young people of Whitley, spent the Fourth a mile northwest of Bruce in a beautiful walnut grove on the banks of the Okaw.

The morning was pleasantly spent in conversation and celebration of our Independence day by the reading of the Declaration of Independence, reviewing the causes and principal events of the Revolutionary War and amateur fireworks. At noon we partook of a sumptuous dinner, served by the ladies of the party. Soon after dinner we were joined by a gentleman of Strasburg then we were off for sail-boat excursion on the placid steam of the Okaw, as the day was fine we encountered no breakers, as our pilot was level headed we were not ship-wrecked but landed safe in harbor without an incident worthy of mention, except the accident we had in landing a big cat fish. At five o'clock the merry seven-teen served lunch in honor of our Strasburg friend. The party broke up at 5:30, but before separating expressed themselves as delighted with the Fourth and decided to celebrate in like manner next year.

ALLENVILLE.

Miss Mary Purvis is very low at this writing.

Mrs. Wm. Butts and children are visiting relatives in Terre Haute.

Fred Newlin of Lincoln spent the Fourth with friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Mout Stewart visited her sister, Mrs. Oscar Cartright, at Mattoon, over the Fourth.

Mrs. Percy Whitmore and daughter, of Charleston are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Winchester.

Born, Thursday of last week, to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hughes, a daughter. She has been named Alberta.

Miss Hattie Martin has been employed to teach the East Hudson school for the coming winter term.

A picnic was held at Wm. Preston's pasture on the Fourth. Quite a number attended and a fine time was had.

The Allenville ball team played ball at Windsor the Fourth. The score was a tie when the game stopped on account of rain.

The Allenville ball team and the Chippes Station team played a game of ball here Sunday and the former were defeated by a score of 7 to 6.

A Short and Caustic Review.

In "The Life of Dean Farrar," his son, Reginald Farrar, has included many extracts from "Men I Have Known"—for example, the following story of Browning, which is worth recalling: John Stuart Mill, happening upon a copy of "Bells and Pomegranates," sent a request to Tat's Magazine for permission to review it. The editor answered that "unfortunately he could not insert a review of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' as it had been reviewed in the last number." Mr. Browning had the curiosity to see this "review" and found the following: "Bells and Pomegranates," by Robert Browning; Balderdash."

INDIGESTION.

With its companions, heart-burn, flatulence, torpidity of the liver, constipation, palpitation of the heart, poor blood, headache and other nervous symptoms, sallow skin, foul tongue, offensive breath and a legion of other ailments, is it once the most widespread and destructive malady among the American people. The Herbine treatment will cure all these troubles, 50c a bottle. Sold by Pate & Co.

The Cat's Eye.

The cat's eye stone, now prized as an ornament, is a very different thing from the ancient cat's eye, or eyestone of India, an agate cut so as to show the so called eye or eyes. It is supposed by some that this latter was used as money in some parts of India four centuries ago, and specimens found today have an interest to numismatists.

Making It Personal.

"Did you ever long for death?" asked the soulful, dyspeptic young man of the practical young woman. It was the fourth long call he had made on her that week, and she was sleepy. "Whose death do you mean?" she asked in a dry, discouraging tone.

A Certain Test.

Daughter—I sometimes wonder if Jack really loves me. Brother—Well, you needn't. I've been borrowing money from him for the last nine months, and he hasn't decreased his visits.—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Mattie Williams returned to her home in Decatur Saturday after staying several days with her sister, Mrs. A. W. McPheeters during the sickness of the latter's husband.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

MR. ROOSTER LEARNS SOMETHING

Mr. Rooster finished his breakfast and picked up a book to read. He was a great reader and he liked books. "This is good," he said, as he glanced down the page.

"What is?" asked his wife. "I'll read it," answered Mr. Rooster, and he read:

"Never let a day go by without learning something."

"That is very good," said his wife. Mr. Rooster laid the book down and strolled out into the street.

"I wonder what I can learn today?" he said to himself.

Several boys were gathered in the street about a big red thing that looked like a very fat bologna sausage to Mr. Rooster. As he looked on the boys turned and ran away.

"That is foolish," said Mr. Rooster. "They should have waited and learned



IT SENT HIM FORTY FEET IN THE AIR.

what the thing is. Now I shall go over there and learn something."

So he strutted over to the big red thing and looked at it all around and at both ends, but he couldn't make out what it was.

"All I see," said he as he perched himself on top of the affair—"all I see is a little fizzling fire over at this end."

At this very moment there was a terrible explosion as the freeracker went off.

Forty feet in the air it sent Mr. Rooster. Every feather in his tail and half the feathers on his back were blown out. His eyes were filled with powder; his feet were burned to blisters.

When he landed on the ground he didn't know whether he was dead or alive.

He finally pulled himself together and hobbled home to roost as best he could.

"Have you learned anything today?" asked his wife as he entered the chicken house.

"Yes," he answered. "I've learned something, but I don't know what it is."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

A True Patriot

Toby was the baby of the family, and, though they made a clown of him, he was no fool.

More than that, Toby was a great patriot.

His trainer had dressed him up in the stars and stripes, and Toby was very proud of that.

"Greatest day of my life when I got into them jeans," he used to say. "Mean to stand up for the flag, and anybody who steps on that suit of mine will have to step on me," all of which was literally true.

One day the clown came into the ring dressed as a Spantard, with a funny Spanish hat on one side of his little head.

"Ought to be ashamed of himself," argued Toby, "to wear such a rig as



"HIT ME, BUT SPARE OLD GLORY."

that in the presence of the stars and stripes. I just won't act with him; that's all." And Toby sat down on his ample haunches.

"Get up, you!" shouted the clown. But Toby never winked.

"G'wan out er here," cried the little fellow, "or I'll bang yer one?"

This was too much for Toby.

"He's insulting the American flag," he muttered. "I don't care for myself, but no feller in the Spanish rig is goin' ter hit this flag." And he put back his two enormous ears.

"Hit me if you will, but spare Old Glory," said Toby in true Barbara Fritchley style.

The clown was angry. He brought his whip down on Toby—thwack!

Toby knocked him down with his left ear and spanked him with his right. As he did so he cried, "That's Manila Bay, and that's Santiago!"

They never saw that Spanish rig again.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Kiwi.

In New Zealand is found the kiwi, a strange bird of the ostrich family. Ostriches have two toes, but the extinct moas had three toes; so also have the existing emus, cassowaries and rheas, or South American ostriches. The kiwi, however, differs from the other struthion birds in having four toes. Further, the kiwi cannot be said to be quite ostrichlike, for in size it is not larger than an ordinary barnyard fowl. It has a small head, with a large and muscular neck and a long, slender bill, with the distinguishing feature that the nostrils are placed very close to its tip. The legs are short, but the muscles on the thighs are well developed, and the feet are strong and powerful and provided with sharp claws. It is a bird devoid of any external trace of wings, and there is no trace of tail visible, while it is covered with long, narrow, hairlike feathers, and on the fore part of the head and sides of the face are straggling hairlike feelers.—Chicago News.

How He Made the Alps.

Has any painter ever fixed on canvas visions, distinct and haunting, of lands he had never seen? I know not. The nearest thing of the kind was a wonderful erection of brown paper and apparently ingeniously arranged shavings, built up in rocklike fashion, covered with little green toy box trees and dotted here and there with bits of mirror glass and cardboard houses, which once puzzled me considerably in the parlor of a cottage. "Do tell me what that is?" at last rose to my lips.

"That," answered my hostess very slowly—"that is a work of my late 'usband—a representation of the Alps as close as 'e could imagine it, for 'e never was abroad." I often think of that man "who never was abroad" and of his representation of the Alps; of the hours of poetic vision, of actual creation perhaps from sheer strength of longing, which resulted in that quaint work of art. As close as he could imagine them!—Macmillan's Magazine.

Anathemas of the Middle Ages.

The Rhenish and Westphalian Society of Popular Studies published in its journal an interesting paper upon the subject of ecclesiastical anathemas launched in the middle ages against animals. These maledictions did not relate to mischiefs already done, but were in the nature of a protection against evils to be apprehended and were solely directed against creatures considered mischievous. Thus in 1121 St. Bernard cursed the mosquitoes, as some unsanctified Americans have done in more recent times and probably with just as little effect. Even post-reformation Protestants sometimes had recourse to comminatory measures, as witness the pastor of Dresden who in 1559 cursed the sparrows for distracting his congregation.

Chinese Business.

A Chinaman can be trusted in a business transaction where a Japanese cannot. The foreign residents of the orient have the greatest regard for the word of a Mongolian. If a Chinaman undertakes a contract, he will carry out the terms of that contract though it impoverishes him. There is no trick he will not play to win his case where his word is not involved, but once let him give that word and you can bank on it that he will die rather than betray it. The Japanese are crafty business men. So long as they see profits in sight they will hold to a contract, but if there is a chance of losing, Mr. Jap. in the majority of cases, will find some means to get under cover before the crash comes.

Where Wives Are Cheap.

In Tartary no father will surrender his daughter unless he gets a goodly quantity of butter in return, and in certain parts of India no girl can marry until her father has been pacified by a present of rice and a few rupees.

Twenty oxen is the regular price for a wife among the Mishinis, but a poor man has more than once succeeded in obtaining a bride on payment of one pig.

At Unyoro any desirable but impetuous suitor may purchase his wife on credit, but will not be allowed to enjoy her company until he has paid the utmost farthing.

Red a Favorite Flag Color.

Red seems to be the most popular of national colors, if flags may be used as criterions. Of the twenty-five leading national flags nineteen have red in them. The same cannot be said of any other color. The chief flags that are marked with red are those of the United States, England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Mexico, Chile, Portugal and Venezuela.

How It Happened.

Aunt Maria—Don't deny it, Martha. I saw you. Your lips and his met as I came into the room. Martha—Yes, auntie, but it was all an accident. I started to whisper something into Charley's ear at the same moment that he tried to whisper something into my ear, and that is how it happened. Charley felt as bad about it as I did, I'm sure.

Strongly Recommended.

Lady (engaging a page boy)—Well, how soon can you come? Page (readily)—At once, mum. Lady—But surely your present mistress won't like that. Page (brightly)—Oh, yes, she will, mum! She'll be only too glad to get rid of me.—London Punch.

Contentment.

"Contentment has one advantage over wealth," said the philosopher. "What's the explanation?" "People don't try to borrow it."

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.—Franklin.

Queer Effects of Sunshine.

Every one knows that the heat of the sun will expand iron and steel. Stevenson's tubular bridge over the Mena strait is 400 feet long. The heaviest train passing over it bends it just half an inch, yet on a July day, after the sun has been shining on it for several hours, it is found to be bent an inch and a half below its usual horizontal line. The heat of the sun acts on stone as well as metal, a fact which is proved by the Washington monument. It is 555 feet high, but it will be found to be about two inches higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day. A strange effect of sunshine was noted at Plymouth, where to lay the foundations of a sea wall the workmen had to descend in a diving bell. These bells had stupidly been fitted with convex circular glasses at the top. The sea was very calm, and the glasses so concentrated the rays of the sun that the clothes of one of the workmen were set on fire, and that at no less than twenty-five feet below the surface of the water.

The Iconoclasts.

Iconoclasts were image breakers. The controversy respecting images, which had been introduced into churches for popular instruction about A. D. 300, was begun about A. D. 726 and occasioned much disturbance and loss of life in the eastern empire. Leo Isauricus published two edicts for demolishing images in churches in that year and enforced them with great vigor in 736. The controversy was carried on in the church, and the schism was the occasion of the second council of Nice, A. D. 787. The iconoclasts were finally excommunicated at the eighth general council held later at Constantinople, and this controversy led to the separation of the Greek and Latin churches. Many images were destroyed in England and Scotland during the reformation and in the civil war—1641-48—and on each occasion the destroyers assumed the name of iconoclasts.

Belief in Rat Charms.

It is a curious fact that as late as the middle of the nineteenth century there existed—indeed there may still exist—among the good people of Cavan and Tyrone a belief that rats may be charmed away by rhymes and other magical means. One of my acquaintances was told by an Irishman of a case of "billeting" rats—that is, of clearing them out of one place and lodging them in another. No pipe was played. Indeed the method was a mystery, but the rats came flocking out of mill and granary an hour before midnight and moved away in a compact mass to their newly appointed lodgings. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and scores of people besides the narrator followed them as they trooped down the roads and through a sleeping village to their destination.—Sunday Magazine.

Fire Under Water.

Fire under water may be produced by placing some small pieces of phosphorus in a conical shaped tumbler and then covering them with the crystals of chlorate of potash. Next fill the glass with water and then add a few drops of sulphuric acid, the acid to be applied directly to the phosphorus and potash crystals by means of a long tube. If the experiment is properly carried out tongues of bright red flame can be seen flashing up through the water, the intense chemical heat produced by the action of the sulphuric acid on the potash and phosphorus being sufficient to inflame the latter, although entirely covered with water.

A Great Difference.

At a dinner given by Governor J. K. Vardaman of Mississippi the subject of toasts came up.

"A very good toast," said Governor Vardaman, "and one that comes home forcibly to all men in office, was once proposed by the learned Ashley Stockton of Montpelier. The occasion was a farewell banquet to the governor of Vermont, whose term of office was expiring.

"Here," said Ashley Stockton at this banquet, 'is the health of all governors. They come in with a great deal of opposition, but they go out with none at all.'"

Death For Killing a Cat.

A law of one of the old Saxon kings of England decreed that the killing of a cat was punishable by death, and, curious as it may seem, this law was in existence until less than fifty years ago. Both the old Welsh and the English laws concurred in a curious penalty for killing the king's cat, "the guardian of the royal barn." The offender was muled in a heap of corn sufficient to cover the defunct animal when held up by the tip of its tail with its whiskers touching the floor.

Among the Ladies.

"His wife must be the worst housekeeper in the world."

"Why so?"

"Why, her husband stated publicly that there wasn't a day in the year when he wasn't perfectly comfortable at home."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Welcome News.

Collector—Now, you've been owing me this money altogether too long. This is the last time I shall call with the bill. "Hardtuppe—Indeed! Well, then, goodbye! I had been in hopes of seeing you many more times.

Didn't Suit.

Doc D. (to Jeweler)—I brought back this engagement ring that I bought yesterday. Jeweler—Didn't it suit? Doc D.—Yes it was all right, but I didn't suit.

As people grow older the floor keeps growing farther away every time they try to stoop over.—Arlinson Globe.

EVERYBODY'S

Advertisements under this head will be charged at the rate of 25 cents per week for four lines or less. Over four lines five cents per line. Amount must be paid when the ad is handed in. No charge made less than 25 cents.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—From our barn in Sullivan, June 28, one bay mare, blaze face, 9 or 10 years, weighs from 1000 to 1100 pounds. Has barb wire cut on inside left front foot and fore top is cut out. Liberal reward offered. F. L. ALGOOD.

WANTED—World's Fair roomers at 1905 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. MRS. KATE RANDOL.

FOR SALE—A house with five rooms at a bargain for cash, or will trade for western lands. KIRKWOOD BROS. 28-2

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Surrey in good order. W. A. DUNCAN. 271f

FOR SALE—Two new hay ladders at planing mill. 26-2

FOR SALE—One good traction engine, one good broomcorn seeder, one good dump rack, 4000 broomcorn slats, one two-horse wagon. All in good condition, and will be sold on easy terms at a decided bargain. Call on or address JOHN MAINARD, Sullivan, Ill. 26-3

FOR SALE—Old newspapers, at 5 cents per bundle. HERALD OFFICE.

TIMBERS WANTED—We would like to purchase three timbers about 32 feet in length, about 20 inches square at the smaller end, sycamore preferred. Please state when same can be furnished, also price. LOVINGTON COAL MINING COMPANY, Lovington, Ill. 25-4

WORLD'S FAIR—Sleeping accommodations for 100 people; all front rooms; ten minutes from Union Station; twenty minutes from Fair Grounds. Take Market street car, transfer to Fourth street car, get out at Tenth and Chouteau. MRS. C. M. JOHNSON, 1008 Chouteau Avenue.

CUT THIS OUT—We have several large rooms in our ten-room residence which we have concluded to offer to Moultrie county world's fair visitors at very low rates. Our home is on the automobile line leading from downtown to the fair and we are within two blocks of three direct car lines running to the fair. We live one-half mile west of union station. Take Market, LaCade or Olive street cars and get off at Ewing avenue. CHARLES M. LANE, 2917 Lawton avenue.

WORLD'S FAIR—Visitors will find rooms convenient to two lines of cars direct to Fair Grounds, 15 minutes ride, at 4620 Kentry Ave., St. Louis, Mo. MRS. E. L. FOSTER. 171f

FOR SALE—Mammoth bronze turkey and Barred Plymouth Rock eggs. Call at residence or write to MRS. EMMA A. SELOCK, R. F. D. No. 4, Sullivan, Ill. 16-18t

FOR SALE!

HOTEL

With twelve rooms, including five lots and an abundance of fruit. Hotel is going a thriving business in a growing little city. Party desiring to sell wishes to retire from active business. Property will be sold for \$2,200 cash. This is one of the best paying little hotels in the state and is a veritable gold mine. Here is certainly a GENUINE BARGAIN.

For particulars write

W. T. McCLURE,
Sullivan, Illinois.

Indigestion Causes Catarrh of the Stomach.

For many years it has been supposed that Catarrh of the Stomach caused indigestion and dyspepsia, but the truth is exactly the opposite. Indigestion causes catarrh. Repeated attacks of indigestion inflame the mucous membranes lining the stomach and exposes the glands to secrete mucus instead of the juices of natural digestion. This is called Catarrh of the Stomach.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

relieves all inflammation of the mucous membranes lining the stomach, protects the nerves, and cures bad breath, sour risings, a sense of fullness after eating, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

Kodol Digests What You Eat

Make the Stomach Sweet.

Bottles only. Regular size, \$1.00, holding 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Real Estate

216 ACRE FARM — One-half mile east of Bruce, Moultrie county, Ill. Good tillable land, all in grass, with never failing water.

771 ACRE FARM—Good tillable land, all in grass except 115 acres. In high state of cultivation, good residence and other improvements. The above properties are well located to markets, school, etc., and will be sold on reasonable terms.

E. W. LANUM, Bruce, Ill.

Daily Bread

Bread raised with Yeast Foam is the best foundation for every meal. It saves many a poor dinner from failure. It's the best of daily bread; there's life, health and strength in it. How the children thrive upon it's nourishment! How they love its sweet, wheaty taste, and fresh wholesomeness!



Is the best of yeast, made of the most healthful ingredients, in the cleanest way. It makes bread that retains freshness and moisture longer than that raised with any other yeast. It's the best for griddle cakes, buckwheat cakes or anything where yeast is used.

The secret is in the yeast.

Sold by all grocers at 5c a package. Each package contains 7 cakes—enough for 40 loaves. It's the best, regardless of cost. Send for book "How to Make Bread"—free.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
Chicago.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

Best of Train Service.

With Dining, Buffet-Library, Sleeping and

Reclining Chair Cars on through

trains direct to the

WORLD'S FAIR.



Tickets account of the fair at greatly

REDUCED RATES

which rates are as follows from Sullivan:

Tickets and particulars as to specific rates, limits and train time, of your home ticket agent.

J. M. STARBUCK, Agent.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE.

By buying Shoes, Overalls, Shirts, Waists, Ribbon, Notions and Groceries of us you save from one-third to one-half, and the quality is good.

COME IN TODAY.

Also SECOND HAND GOODS of all kinds bought, sold and exchanged.

Walker & Algood.

Phone 16. Terrace Block.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tabules

Doctors find

A good prescription

For mankind.

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

OUR CIRCULATION 1600