

HUNTING BIG GAME IN EAST AFRICA

Lion Shooting in Somaliland

By Lord Delamere

Foremost among the great hunting authorities of the English speaking world is Lord Delamere. He is credited with being the heaviest killer in the party which bagged the record number of African lions some few years ago. In East Central Africa his prowess is familiar to every native. Not long ago a locality beset with lions sent a delegation four hundred miles to call on Lord Delamere to ask him to come and wipe out the destroyers of their cattle. In this article he vividly contrasts the theory and practice of lion hunting in the region which Ex-President Roosevelt will invade.

THE best piece of lion tracking I ever saw lasted five full hours and is so memorable in several respects that I purpose to use it as an introduction to that general method of lion hunting.

Two of my men got badly mauled by a lion, so our camp had to stop where it was till they could be moved. After a time one of them was able to walk about with his arm in a sling, and the other was getting on well, so one night I decided to leave the big camp next day and go with two or three camels to some villages only a day's march away. Early the next morning Mahomed Noor, the headman, started with the camels. I stopped behind to get some breakfast. Just as we were going to follow, a camelman, who had gone up the river-bed close by to get some water, came running back to say that a lion had been down to drink at one of the shallow sand wells in the night. I started at once with Abdullah and two other trackers, telling my pony-boy to follow on as soon as he could get the pony saddled. When tracking, I have always found it the best plan to have the pony led some distance behind. The boy ought to have no difficulty in following the tracks of two or three men and a lion, and if the pony is kept close up, it is sure to stamp or blow its nose at the critical moment.

When we got to the well there was the spoor plain enough in the sand, but rather blurred by some rain which had fallen at daybreak. This made the tracking a little difficult after we left the river-bed, but when we had followed it slowly for some distance, we came to a place where the lion had lain down under a thick bush, evidently to shelter from the rain, as the spoor after this was quiet distinct on the top of the damp ground. This made us think we were in for a short track, for it must have been light when the lion went on again from here, and lions generally lie up shortly after the sun rises; but this day proved an exception, because it was cloudy and cool through the forenoon.

Trailing the King of Beasts.

The spoor now led us along a sandy path, where we could follow it as fast as we could walk. When it turned off into the bush we quite expected to see the lion at any moment; but not a bit of it—he wandered about through endless clumps of mimosa and "irgin" bushes, as if he did not mean to lie up at all.

The track at last led us down a little sandy watercourse, which it followed for some distance. Up to this time we had had no real difficulty in making it out, but now came our first serious check. The nullah turned off along the side of a stony ridge, and, instead of going along it, the lion had turned up the hill. We had got the general direction of the lion had been going in, but this was no good to us, as on casting forward in the same line to the bottom of the other side of the ridge where there was some sandy ground, we could find no sign of his having passed in that direction. We spent some time hunting about, growing less hopeful as time went on. A man following a trail by sight certainly has an enormous advantage over a hunt hunting it by nose, because time is of no particular object to him, and every direction can be tried in turn. After making out eastward we went back to the little water-course, and followed that down for some distance, hoping that the lion had turned down

hill again; but here, too, we were disappointed, and gravitated back to where we had first lost the spoor. We knew that the lion had not gone straight on, nor had he turned back; he must have gone along the top of the ridge and then crossed into other stony hills where it is hopeless to try to track him.

Abdullah, who is never defeated, said there was a big river-bed further on in the direction in which the lion was going. It seemed a very slender chance, as he might have turned off anywhere in between, but it was the only one, so off we went. We were evidently in luck that day, for we had only gone about a quarter of a mile when we struck the spoor. The lion seemed now to have made up his mind as to his direction, for he kept on straight down the middle of the river-bed. The sun had come out from behind the clouds, and in places the sand was very deep, so that we were not sorry when at last the track led into a little island of bush in the great flat sand. There was no doubt the lion was at home, for on casting round no sign was perceptible of a track coming out. The island, raised a little above the river-bed, was formed of a mass of thick-tangled bush and creepers clustered round a few big trees. The water coming down the river after heavy rain had washed it roughly into the form of a triangle, the apex of which pointed up the river. From this point the sides widened out to the other end, which was about thirty yards broad, the whole length being somewhat under a hundred yards.

Driving the Lion to Bay.

The shape made it an easy place to drive, for a little way out from the

quite unable to move. All the life in him seemed concentrated in his eyes, which glared at us furiously. Another shot put him out of his misery. The first shot, a very bad one, had grazed the spine just in front of the withers; another quarter of an inch higher and it would have missed altogether.

This lion was quite manesless, except for a few long hairs on each side of the neck, and his teeth were worn down quite short, so he was evidently very old. He was in very good condition, notwithstanding, but his stomach was quite empty, which accounted for his going so far before lying up. We had to stop at the main camp for the night when we got there, and did not follow up our camels till the next day. I have described this track rather at length because it is a good example of many similar days.

Perils of the Man Eater.

My first experience in tracking lions was early in 1892, and the night before was rather an exciting one. After hunting elephants unsuccessfully for about a month, we were on our way south, when we arrived one day at some villages where the natives had been very much bothered by five lions which were said to be still in the neighborhood. A girl had been killed two days before, and an enormous amount of damage had been done among the sheep and cattle. The first day we camped there two of our party had shooting zerebas made at the village to which the lions generally came, and just before sunset they went off there.

I tied up our two donkeys just outside the camp, on the chance that the lions might come and look us up. Just after dark we were having dinner in the tent when there was a scuffle out-

We had a shot or two at the sound, and the beasts, whatever they were, went away. As at that time we knew nothing about lions, we were not quite sure that they were not hyenas after all; but Abdullah stuck to it they were lions, so we got our beds and lay down one on each side of the opening, just behind the fence to watch, hoping that the brutes would come back. Nothing further happened, however. At daybreak we sallied out to see if by any chance we had managed to hit a lion, but we only found two or three dead hyenas. One of these brutes had been partly eaten; we thought at the time by other hyenas, as it was still too dark to make out tracks. We came to the conclusion we had made idiots of ourselves, and had been shooting all night at hyenas, and we did not feel any the better when our friends came back from their night at the village and told us we had probably frightened every lion out of the country by our bombardment.

Reading the Lion Tracks.

Abdullah still insisted that there had been lions round the camp, and a little later we found the spoor of one big lion by the body of the half-eaten hyena. The ground was very stony and there were no other tracks to be seen, but one lion could hardly have dragged the donkey and heavy barrel away so quickly, so there were probably more. The other hunters had got hold of a man at the village who said he knew where the lions always lay, so they went with him. Soon after they left, Abdullah, who had been hunting about, came and told me that he had picked up the track of one lion on soft ground a little way from camp, and that we lit-

I shot, but so badly that I wasted seven bullets at different ranges without touching her. The first six did not seem to annoy her at all, but the last hit the ground just under her teeth, and either the bullet so close, frightened her or a stone hit her, for she sprang off with a snarl and a flourish of her tail and, putting on the pace, in a minute or two ran clean away from us. I was terribly disappointed and annoyed with myself, and I thought of course, that everything was over for the day after all this shooting; but Abdullah, who was almost weeping, hardly gave me time to get my wind a little before he rushed me back again. As we ran round the place where we had first seen the lioness, a fine lion appeared walking slowly out of another thicket towards us. As I shot, he turned and plunged through an opening in the bushes to our right. We ran round an outstanding bush to head him if he broke out, and met a lion facing us. Just as I fired I heard a moan to the right, so I was sure it was not the same lion. This one staggered away at the shot and fell stone dead close by.

Death of the Jungle Lord.

Abdullah called up Jama and the pony boy, and they soon had the hide off and tied on the pony. I thought all the time that Abdullah knew all about the other one, but as he seemed to be going right home, I asked him if we had not better go and look for it, and he replied that it was the same lion all the time, and that I had missed it the first shot. I did not feel quite sure about it myself, but the moan in the bushes could only have come from a wounded beast, so I told him we had better go and look anyway. He evidently thought it was waste of time, but when we got back to where the lion had been hit we soon found some blood, and going quietly down a little path between the "irgin" bushes we came round a corner almost on top of the lion. He was stone dead. I was very pleased at scoring off Abdullah, as he had shown such evident disgust at my shooting.

We met one of our party on our way back to camp, and told him he might run across the lioness if he followed our track back to the place we had come from. An hour after we got back to camp he came galloping up, having seen two lions, curiously enough both males, and had shot one with a better mane than either of mine.

I have at another time described

steal forward until the lion is sighted or ringed in a small clump of bush. Then, when all is over, and the skin is being taken off, how pleasant it is to sit in the shade, listening to the excited talk of the natives, and letting your nerves quiet down again after the hopes and fears of the morning. You ride home to camp with the lion skin behind your saddle, while one of your men after another gives his version of the morning's proceedings in a hunting song. On the other hand, when you get a shot, and miss after a long and difficult track, it seems as if any number of lions killed in the future will never make up for the loss of this one, which is always the biggest lion, carrying the finest mane you have ever seen. The ride home to camp is then a silent one, as no lion means no sheep for the men, and they are correspondingly down-hearted.

The first thing to be done in tracking is to find fresh spoor. Natives will often bring news of spoor, but unluckily the average villager's idea of a fresh track is rather hazy. I have several times gone a long way to find at the end a track several days old. On one occasion two natives arrived, saying there were fresh lion tracks in a river-bed, luckily not more than half a mile from camp, but when we got there the fresh lion tracks turned out to be the spoor of two hyenas, at least a week old.

The spoor of the large spotted hyena is not unlike that of a lioness on certain ground, but the difference can easily be told, because a hyena has claws like a dog, whereas the retractable claws of a lion are always sheathed and leave no mark. The best way to find spoor is to look for it yourself with good trackers. Should there be any villages near camp which lions have been in the habit of raiding it is very necessary to get there as early as possible in the morning. If once the large flocks of sheep and goats and herds of camels which have been shut up in the villages all night are let out, the ground all about is a mass of indistinguishable footprints, and every path from the village is choked with long strings of beasts going off to their feeding grounds. Hitting off a lion's spoor under these circumstances is almost impossible, and the dust raised by the herds is very disagreeable.

Besides villages, any well in the neighborhood is a good place to look for spoor. If a lion is about there ought to be no difficulty in picking up his spoor within a day or two.

Baffling Ways of the Jungle Folk.

Rather curious coincidences are sometimes brought to light by spoor. Not very long after the date of the story just related, one of our party went to a place where two lions had been killing regularly, and sat up two nights for them with a donkey as bait. The lions must have left the district for a day or two while he was there, as there were no fresh tracks to be found anywhere about. The day after he came back to camp I happened to ride out in that direction. Soon after we started we came on the spoor of two lions, which led us along a path till we came to the shooting zereba. The night after he had left, the lions had walked over the very spot where his donkey had been tied up in the middle of the path.

A little later, again, I happened to be at a place where he had camped a few days before. A lion roared near my camp several times in the night, and next morning I heard he had taken a sheep from a village close by. We picked up his spoor in a river-bed near the camp, and after following it for some distance came to some wells. The lion had drunk twice, and between the drinks had laid down under the fence of a shooting zereba, which had been made to watch the water. After drinking the second time he had gone away.

Now and then when tracking you come across places where lions have killed, and if it is on sand or bare soil, you can tell everything that has happened almost as well as if you had seen it. We were camped once on the edge of a river-bed and thick covert ran right down to the back of the camp. One night there was a tremendous scuffling in these bushes, so in the morning I went out to see what had been going on, and found that two lions had been chasing a warthog, which had just saved its bacon by getting underground. It must have been a very near thing, as the lions had ploughed great furrows in the sand at the mouth of the hole, showing they had pulled up pretty sharp. Warthogs generally go to ground when pursued, and as there is no second opening to the burrows, and presumably no chamber at the end where they can turn, they always go in backwards. This has actually been seen by sportsmen who have been riding after them with a spear. I should think this pig can hardly have had the time to do this. Perhaps he got jammed in head first, as he refused to be smoked out when we tried it.

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Agitation regarding the pay of French military officers has had some effect, for the minister of war has asked for an extraordinary credit of \$400,000 to supplement the pay of the officers, which has not been increased since 1870. In that time nearly every grade of state official has had his stipend raised, but the sub-lieutenant has had to make both ends meet as best he could with six francs a day and the lieutenant with eight.

Hospitality.

She—And did you enjoy your African trip, major? How do you like the savages?

He—Oh, they were extremely kind-hearted! They wanted to keep me there for dinner.



HE PLUNGED OFF WITH AN ANGRY SNARL.

point one could easily command the whole of it. The lion was almost certain to break out of one of the sides towards the bush on the banks of the river-bed, in which case I should get an easy broadside shot. If we followed the track into the place, the noise we were sure to make would be very likely to get the beast on his legs, and he would sneak out at one side as we went in at the other, especially as the water had left a lot of dead sticks along the edges, over which it would be impossible to walk quietly. Abdullah also said that from the way he had wandered about this lion must be very hungry, and would sleep lightly. These considerations decided us to drive. I posted myself with Abdullah a few yards out from the point, and the other two men, having collected some stones, began throwing them in at the far end. Abdullah was right about this lion sleeping lightly; for at the first stone there was a growl and a crash in the bushes and then, for a minute or two, not a sound. The men started to walk down, one on each side, shooting and throwing in stones. I was watching them, and wondering what had happened to the lion, when there was a faint crackling just in front of us, and he appeared at the point of the island. Although we were standing within a few yards of him, and absolutely in the open, he did not see us.

He was facing straight towards us, and was so close that I did not like to fire at him as, on receiving the bullet, he would be very likely to plunge in the direction he was going and be into us; nor did I want him to come any closer; so, as he stepped down on to the sand, I moved my rifle up towards my shoulder to attract his attention. He saw the movement at once, stopped dead, and turned his head sharply towards us. For the fraction of a second I thought he was going to be startled into charging, but he plunged off to the left with an angry snarl at us over his shoulder. As he passed I pulled, and he skated along on his stomach and fell down a little ledge in the sand. This slowed him round, and he lay facing us, spread-eagled on the sand, evidently

side, and it was evident that something was attacking our donkeys. It was pitch dark, and we fired several shots in the direction of the sound before we discovered that the attacking beasts were hyenas. We did not mind having a donkey killed instantaneously by a lion, but we had not bargained for the poor beasts getting mauled by hyenas, so taking a lamp we went out to see what had happened. My donkey had got off with a nasty bite in the hollow of the hind leg above the hock, and we had him taken into the camp at once. The other was completely disembowelled and must have been killed instantly. We could not find any dead hyenas, but we were pretty sure that one or two must have been hit. Seeing that if the lions did come to the dead donkey there would not be much chance of hitting them on so dark a night, we pulled the carcass right under the skerm or fence round the camp, and to prevent hyenas dragging it away, tied a rope to one of its legs, and passing it over the fence, fastened it to a heavy water barrel inside the camp. We sat up for a bit and got a few shots at hyenas, and then we went to bed, telling the sentry to keep a sharp lookout and to let us know if lions came to the carcass.

Some time after I awoke to find Abdullah bending over me, with my rifle in his hand. He was frightfully excited, and all I could get out of him was "Libah, sahib, libah!" ("Lion, sir, lion!") Jumping up I rushed out just as my companion fired two shots into the darkness. The first thing I saw when I got to where he stood was that a great piece of the skerm round the camp had disappeared, leaving a broad gap. I could not for a moment think what had happened, and then it struck me that when the carcass had been dragged away the water barrel must have got hitched against the inside of the interlaced mimosa boughs and the whole lot had gone together. It was frightfully dark outside, and we stood peering out for some time without being able to distinguish anything; but after a few minutes we could hear something tearing at the flesh quite close by.

to follow it. At that time none of us knew much about tracking, and we had had such bad luck after the elephants that we did not think much of our shikaries, and I did not think it was much good, Abdullah persuaded me and I went. After we had followed the track for some distance I quite caught his enthusiasm, and when the single track was joined by three others, I was divided between delight at the prospect of having four lions all to myself and the thought that perhaps I had more on my hands than I could manage alone.

After a track of about an hour we came in sight of two or three big thickets of "irgin" bushes surrounded by open mimosa scrub and intersected by narrow paths. My second shikari at that time was a very tall fellow, called Jama, with enormous feet. Several times during the track Abdullah had turned round to pitch into him for making such a noise, and now he confided to me that "Jama walk all same cow," and that we had better leave him behind here with the pony and boy, as the lions were sure to be in the place in front of us. Knowing nothing about it, I agreed and went on with Abdullah. We were walking quietly along the outside of one of the thickets when Abdullah suddenly clutched me by the arm and pointed towards a tree standing on the edge of the bush yards off. The tree was divided into two towards the bottom, and the sun was throwing the shadow of a bush on the ground inside the hollow.

This was where Abdullah was pointing, getting more excited but I could make out nothing at all, until a great yellow beast moved suddenly out of the shadow and slipped away on the far side. I fired from the hip, letting off both barrels into the tree. We rushed round to the other side of the thicket just in time to see a fine lioness come out. I could not get a clear shot at once, and when I did, after running some distance, I was shaking so that I could not get on her at all, and missed. She kept lobbing along just ahead, every now and then stopping to look around and show her teeth at us. Each time she stopped

two different methods of hunting lions. One of them could hardly be called a method at all, as it depended on news brought in by natives as to where a lion had actually been seen. The second plan consisted of tying up a donkey for a bait, and sitting up to watch at night. A much more interesting way of hunting lions than either of these and a very successful one is the native shikaries employed are any good, is this process of tracking them. A lion lies up in some cool, shady place for the day, unless the sky is overcast and the sun cannot get out, when he will occasionally be found hunting at any hour. If you can strike his spoor of the night before there is a very good chance of following it up to where the lion lies, should the ground be suitable. There is no form of hunting so exciting as this. When the spoor is found there is generally nothing to show if you have struck it early or late in the lion's wanderings, so that it is quite a chance whether it leads you for hours over all sorts of country, or whether, after half a mile down on a sandy river bed or path, it turns off into a thick patch of reeds or bush close by, where the lion is lying. It is extraordinary how the excitement grows as time goes on, and still you keep the track some times very slowly, where only now and then part of a footprint can be seen on a soft place between the stones, at other times as fast as you can walk over soil where the track is visible many yards ahead. And when the spoor is lost and minute after minute goes by while you cast about vainly in every direction, how wretched you are, and how quickly your spirits rise again when a low whistle or snapping of the fingers announces that one of the trackers has hit it off further on!

At last certain signs show that you are getting near the end; the trackers take off their sandals and tuck up their loin-cloths under their belts, lest a corner flapping in the wind should scare the lion. For the first time you take your rifle from the native who has had charge of it, and, with your head shikari carrying a second rifle,

LESSONS ON THE PATTEN WHEAT DEAL

The efforts of James A. Patten, of the Chicago Board of Trade, to corner the wheat market have ended in failure; not, however, until Mr. Patten had forced the price of May wheat up to \$1.28 and had sold something like 22,000,000 bushels of the 30,000,000 he had bought, at a profit of about 20 cents a bushel. His inability to dispose of the balance of his holdings without breaking the price and causing a slump in the market cut his earnings down and he fled to a New Mexico ranch to get away from the nervous strain and unpleasant notoriety. It was the most nearly successful corner in wheat that has been run since the palmy days of "Old Hutch."

There are several valuable lessons to the farmer in the affair, proving as nothing recently has proved so conclusively that the farmer is the foundation on which all market manipulations and all prosperity depend. Mr. Patten believed the farmers of America had not grown as much wheat last year as the agricultural authorities have been declaring they grew. He was willing to back this belief with all the funds he had and could obtain. The failure of his attempt is not so much proof that his belief was wrong or the agricultural authorities' assertion is right as it is proof that no man can stand between the American public and the bread which keeps that public from starvation and keep up under the storm of protest. That is Mr. Patten's lesson, but the farmer learns a greater lesson. In his ears, as loudly as in the ears of Mr. Patten and his associates, have sounded the cries of hungry children; for it is the farmer, not Mr. Patten, who raises the wheat to feed the world and the farmer who does not raise as many bushels as human ingenuity and fertile soil can raise is doing his share to make such market manipulations and such threatened starvation possible again for the future.

The farmer's chief lesson, therefore, is this: He must grow wheat so that the world may be fed whether Mr. Patten returns to attempt another corner or not. The man who devotes one acre or one thousand acres to wheat and does not get therefrom every bushel which scientific cultivation can extract is guilty of contributing to future "corners" and inestimable suffering. It is a heavy responsibility to lay on the shoulders of the farmer, but he has taken the contract of feeding the world and he must fulfill that contract.

There is another lesson for the farmer; he must exercise conscientious discretion in marketing his wheat. To pour the yield of millions of acres into the granaries at once is to bear the price and make market manipulations possible. On the other hand, to withhold the wheat is too bull the price beyond all reason to cause needless suffering to millions. There is a happy medium and it is the duty of the farmer so to study the market and the needs of the world as they vary from day to day as best to strike that happy medium. If wheat is needed as it comes from the harvest fields it should be marketed, but the lesson of the Patten deal is that the farmer must equip himself with granaries so as to store at least a portion of his own stock against the day of the world's need. It is his duty to feed the world not as a glutton feeds in one big, indigestible meal, but as Nature demands sustenance, a little at a time. So should the market be fed.—Ex.

The Suitors
Of Serena

By Amelia S. Chapman.

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Literary Press.

Nothing would exceed the emir Mr. Ferris felt for Mr. Davis unless it was the hatred Mr. Davis harbored toward Mr. Ferris.

Until the occupancy of the long untenanted house across the street by Serena Fairlie and her mother these two men had been close and constant friends. Each night Mr. Ferris went to the house of Mr. Davis or Mr. Davis went to the house of Mr. Ferris to smoke and conversationally regulate the affairs of the nation.

Not even the fact that each of these boasted a particularly well kept lawn in front of his residence was sufficient to cause jealousy between them. So the late bellicose condition was the more deplorable by reason of their former friendship.

Mr. Ferris was a straight, stately and ascetic looking bachelor of forty-eight. His dark brown hair was streaked with gray. His nose was aquiline. His eyes were like blue steel. A sparse moustache drooped over thin and melancholy lips. He was known to have a competence, although he occupied himself with the conduct of a real estate office. He lived alone save for the presence of a deaf old aunt and a still more deaf old servant.

The house was furnished with reference to what was then considered the artistic standard. Mr. Ferris himself was accredited with a pretty taste in poetry and was given to quoting extracts on occasion.

Mr. Ferris was a jolly widower of fifty winters that had been, however, like those of Adam, "frosty, but kindly." He was short of stature, round, rosy, amiable, fair haired and bland. His children were married and gone. He bowed to the sway of a housekeeper who had seen better days and who was not averse to frequently proclaiming the fact. His tastes, while less aesthetic than those of his neighbor, were decidedly more conducive to personal comfort.

In fact, he and Ferris were in every way sufficiently unlike to have got on



"THE DEAR YOUNG FOOLS!" HE SAID, admirably together were it not that with the advent of the Fairlies both began to cast covetous eyes upon one bright particular star.

And their mutual dread each that the other might win the favor of Miss Serena was the real root of the animosity which inspired Mr. Ferris and animated Mr. Davis.

Not that up to the time that the black curtain of silent wrath descended between them either had made confidential mention of his hopes, but certain it was that, the morning after Miss Fairlie had attended the concert with Mr. Ferris, Mr. Davis resented the presence of the dog of Mr. Ferris on his front lawn and sent word to that gentleman to keep his curs at home.

Equally certain it is that, subsequent to the occasion when Miss Fairlie danced twice with Mr. Davis, Mr. Ferris sent due warning that if his neighbor's hens again intruded upon his property they would be promptly decapitated.

Then the deaf aunt and the deaf servant of Mr. Ferris and the housekeeper of Mr. Davis who had seen better days took up the feud, and so from the little acorn of rivalry sprang a lofty and far branching tree.

Perhaps there was no one who stood so absolutely within the shadow cast by this tree as Frank Heatherly, who was the nephew of Mr. Davis, and was clerk in the real estate office of Mr. Ferris.

He was a well set up young fellow of about thirty, who had a wonderful knack of knowing what not to say and when not to say it, for both men confided in him, and after it became known that Miss Fairlie had fallen heir to a snug legacy each announced to Frank his decision to bring his matrimonial campaign to a climax.

"The money has nothing to do with my resolution," Mr. Ferris declared. "Apart from this business I possess stocks and other property. What are you smiling at?"

ghost of a show!" Mr. Davis assured Frank. "I'll ask her the night of the spring dance!"

The essential night came—a resplendent night. The elite of the town streamed into the clubhouse. Lights shone from every window. Merry waltz music set young feet tapping. The sound of joyous voices was everywhere.

And Serena Fairlie, graceful, gracious, good to look upon, her brown gold hair shining in the light, her eyes gleaming like topazes, her shimmering gown of black just flecked with glowing orange, was in herself an entrancing apparition.

Mr. Ferris secured the first dance. Mr. Davis, puffing up belated, eagerly appropriated the second. The rest were already blurred out by cabalistic initials.

"I call this unkind discrimination!" panted Mr. Davis. But Serena Fairlie only laughed. Mr. Ferris whisked her away, and there was a sardonic gleam in his eyes as they rested on the ingenuous countenance of Ms. Davis.

The dance done, Mr. Ferris promptly led his partner to the conservatory.

"Dear Miss Serena," began Mr. Ferris fervently, "I have long admired that noble sentiment, 'Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide'—"

"Isn't it warm?" asked Miss Serena, moving toward the window.

"And," continued Ferris, following, "I've always admired that exquisite sentiment, 'Two souls with but a single thought'—"

Serena gave him a smile of exquisite leniency and looked out at the spangled sky. Ah, sweet was comprehension and sympathy! His lyric instinct soared once more.

"I'm leading up to an avowal, dear Miss Serena. I prefer to let the great poets speak for me. It is Owen Meredith who sings:

"But I will marry my own first love,
With her blush rose face, for old things
Are best."

"If you only knew," murmured Serena, with sweetest reproach, "how much I object to being referred to as an old thing!"

There was a fusillade of panic stricken apologies.

"Miss Serena, our dance, I believe," and Mr. Davis triumphantly led Miss Fairlie out upon the polished floor. As the dance ended he spoke with a directness that almost startled Serena:

"Maybe Frank told you I was going to ask you to marry me. Well, I was—I do—I am. I can't sling poetry like Ferris, but if you'll say the word—"

Miss Fairlie smiled sweetly. "I'm flattered," she said, "but I can't, you see, for I'm going to marry Frank."

"That young man came hurrying up. His eager eyes were bent on Serena. His audacious arm encircled her waist. He spoke with ardor.

"Cur waltz, dearest," he said.

As Davis started blankly after them a hand gently touched his arm.

"Come home," counseled Ferris. "Frank has told me just now that he was engaged to the girl before the Fairlies came here to live. I've some fine madoira in my cellar—can't be beat."

Davis met the extended hand—and gripped it hard.

"Good boy! You smoke the same mixture, I dare say. Got a lot from town this morning. O Lord, what a pair of old fools we've been!"

They glanced back as they descended the steps. The illuminated hall was a kaleidoscope of whirling figures. Ferris spoke, his voice not a little wistful.

"The dear young fools!" he said.

"God bless them!" said Davis.

Cure For Old Age.

The cure for hurry is the cure for old age—to take time every day, maybe several times a day, to become again as a little child, interested in one thing at a time as if that were the only thing. Instead of whirling all the time dizzily on the rim of life, we must take frequent times to get back to the center again for our bearings—back to the silent center whence we came. At that silent center we find all our child faculties waiting to be recognized and appropriated.

Many cases of falling memory are mistaken ones, due to unreasonable expectations.

How many grownups forget as many times a day as any child does!

The trouble is we expect or try to compel ourselves to remember a great burden of inconsequent and irrelevant things that the brightest child on earth could not remember, and we are so preoccupied trying to carry these things in mind that our minds are half absent at least from the new things that are happening now and that ought to have our full attention, as they would have a child's full attention.—Nautilus.

Why They Swapped Fines.

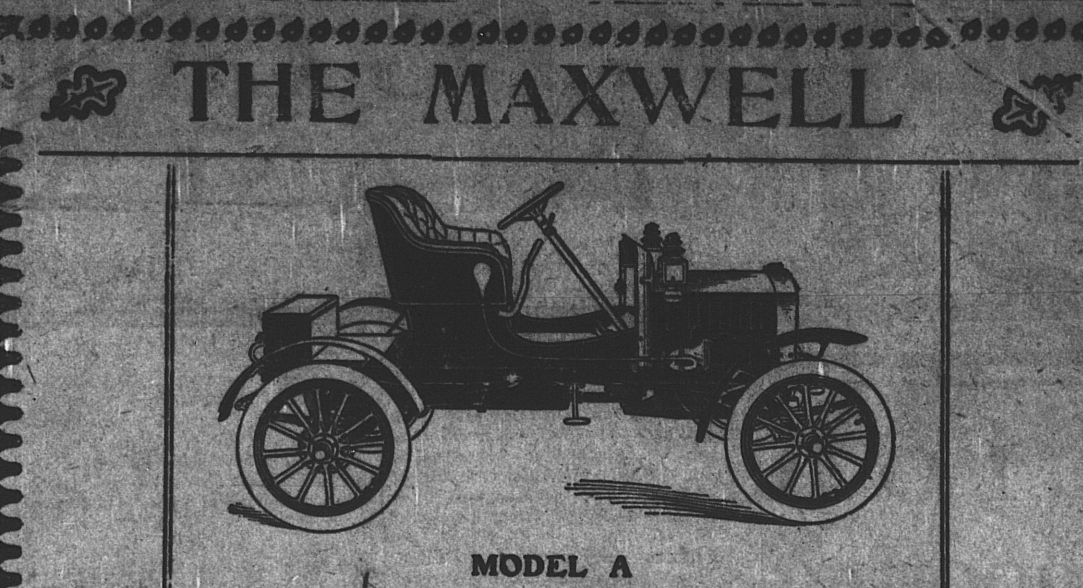
Travelers in Europe are limited by the railroads to a small amount of baggage carried free. In a train in Belgium two fellow travelers got into conversation, when one asked leave to measure the other's trunk. The result was that the measurer said:

"Your trunk is seven and a half centimeters too long and has no right to be in the compartment of free luggage. I am a railway inspector and must fine you 5 francs. Please give me your name and address."

The proposed victim of misplaced confidence was, however, equal to the occasion.

"Kindly lend me your measure that I may satisfy myself on the subject?"

Then, with a polite smile: "I am a director in the royal weights and measures office. To my great regret I notice that your measure is not stamped, as is required by law, so that, firstly, your measuring is not legally valid, and, secondly, it is my painful duty to subject you to a fine of 50 francs. Please give me your name and address."



THE MAXWELL

MAXWELL JUNIOR \$500 STANDARD AMERICAN RUNABOUT

The latest addition to the Maxwell line. Comprising all the features of our larger cars, the Model A is characterized by that economy of maintenance, sturdiness of construction and absolute reliability which has made the Maxwell line famous. It will go anywhere a horse and buggy can, it will go there at eight times the speed and as often as desired, and its performance can be absolutely relied upon. With full-elliptic springs in front and rear, it rides as easy as cars of the longest wheelbase, and its motor runs as silently as those of the most carefully constructed four-cylinder type. This is the car for those who want to get there and back quickly, and without possibility of failure.

Specifications for Model A Two-Cylinder HP. Runabout

- MOTOR—Two-cylinder, horizontal-opposed, 4 x 4 inches, giving 10 horsepower actual at normal speed. Range of motor, 150 to 1,500 revolutions. Valves mechanically operated and interchangeable. Valve cams and camshaft contained in separate frame, can be removed without change of timing. Motor thoroughly protected by sheet metal pan.
- CARBURETER—Our standard design; float-feed type.
- IGNITION—Jump spark, with double coil on dash.
- OILING—Compression oiler, located on front of dash under hood; automatically oils engine; three sight-feeds in view of operator.
- TRANSMISSION—Planetary type, two speeds forward, one reverse, direct on high. Transmission enclosed and runs in oil, obviating the difficulties encountered in the usual type of planetary gear, in which the oil is thrown out by centrifugal force. Dust and mud proof. Slow-speed and reverse bands quickly adjusted by set screws extending through the side of case.
- COOLING—Honeycomb cooler, natural circulation—no pump.
- CLUTCH—All-metal; multiple disc.
- DRIVE—Bevel gear, with two universal joints, insuring perfect flexibility.
- FRAME—Pressed steel.
- WHEELS—28 inches, wood, artillery pattern.
- TIRES—28 x 3 inches, standard cylinder type.
- WHEELBASE—82 inches; tread, 56 inches.
- SPRINGS—Full elliptic.
- BRAKES—Double-acting on rear hubs.
- BODY—Metal, with stamped molding; runabout type, divided seat; open deck in rear with metal tool box.
- TANK CAPACITY—Gasoline, 10 gallons; water 2 1/2 gallons; oil 1 quart.
- WEIGHT—about 1,100 pounds.
- EQUIPMENT—Two oil side lights, one oil tail lamp, one horn with flexible tube, set of tools, tire repair kit; ironed for top.
- COLOR—Speedster Red. No options.
- PRICE—\$500, f. o. b. factory where manufactured.

OTHER MODELS OF THE MAXWELL

We also handle six other models of the Maxwell, consisting of two and four-cylinder touring cars. We have a simple, quiet, easy-running car, with plenty of power to take you up any hill. So if you are in the market for a car, you will be well paid for your time to come and see us before you buy.

The Maxwell is a standard make machine, by an old reliable company, whose business has been a success. We can give you the best piece of machinery on the market today for the money, for they send us nothing but the best.

Call and see us and we will demonstrate the car to you to your satisfaction.

DOLAN MACHINE COMPANY

Telephone 195 AGENTS SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER STRAIGHT 5 CIGAR ANNUAL SALE 7,000,000

Better Not Get Dyspepsia

If you can help it, Kodol prevents Dyspepsia, by effectually helping Nature to Relieve Indigestion. But don't trifle with Indigestion.

THE VOTING CONTEST. One more count settles the question as to who will be the winners in the contest. As soon as we receive the information as to where the box is to be left for the count we will make it known. We are very desirous to see this ended and want to see the contestants awarded for their efforts. If any of the contestants can bring us the name of a party who will purchase a piano it will give them a big vote. Several names have already been handed in. Give us the names and we will give them to the firm offering the votes. A letter received recently from the Piano Company states, "Our Mr. Alm has been so busy recently in other localities he has been unable to get to Sullivan. You need have no fear about getting the piano." C. Fred Whitfield is giving coupons in the contest. See him.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

Local News Items

See Leslie Caldwell at the new planing mill, for rubber tires. 12-1f
Subscribe for the SATURDAY HERALD at once

Examine the new Jap-a-Lac Mode floor sets at L. T. HAGERMAN & Co's Rural Route Republic Daily \$1.50 per year. Subscriptions taken at this office.

Rev. J. W. Walters will preach at Prairie Chapel next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Jas. Davidson and daughter, Miss Grace, visited in Mattoon over Sunday.

Clara Davidson closed a very successful term of school at Miller, on Jonathan Creek, last Friday.

Flora E. Garrett came down from Lovington Saturday to visit her grandfather and do some shopping.

Wearing Body mixed paint and Hammar white lead are good goods. For sale by L. T. HAGERMAN & Co.

Mrs. Louisa Preston returned Sunday from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. O. Lewis and other relatives in Mattoon.

If you have any tinwork or spouting call number 82. J. M. DAVID. 18-1

See Diamond Edge lawn mowers at RICHARDSON BROS. 18-2

FOR SALE—Good residence, with barn and four lots. Two blocks of square. A bargain if taken at once Mrs. W. C. CAWOOD. 17-1f

Warm weather predicted. If you want to keep cool, come to Nathan's and buy 10 yards best Scotch lawn for 40 cents.

Home Seekers' rates every first and third Tuesday for west and southwest via the Wabash.—W. D. POWERS, Agent.

Make your old buggy new. Let me rubber tire it. LESLIE CALDWELL. 12-1f

We sell Majestics all the year around J. M. DAVID. 18-2

Frank Newbould moved Tuesday from Mrs. Logan's property to Mrs. Adah Bristow's property on west Jefferson street.

WANTED—Boarders by the day or week. Will give meals. Rooms to let. Two blocks west of square on west Harrison street. Mrs. KATE POWELL. 19-1f

Ethel McDavid was in Sullivan Sunday enroute from Allenville, where she had been visiting her parents, to Lovington, where she is teaching.

Miss Myrtle Armantrout, teacher at Mt. Pleasant, was called to her home in Mattoon Friday, by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. J. C. Armantrout.

I have moved to the first house east of the Illinois Central depot. Persons desiring me to wash and work for them can find me there. Bring me your washing. Mrs. LOUISE BAKER. 17

Excursions on the I. C. will begin May 2, continuing every Sunday until further notice. One fare for the round trip, the minimum fare being \$1.00. W. B. BARTON, Agt.

Mrs. Kate Powell and family have moved from Mrs. Hampton's residence, where she had rooms, to the Craig property on west Harrison street, recently vacated by J. H. Good and family.

WANTED—Men and women with high school education for position paying from \$50 to \$75 per month. Guaranteed salary.—Mrs. A. THOMASON, 210 South 1st street, Shelbyville, Illinois. -1f

FOR SALE—The Birchfield boarding house, on easy payments. Satisfactory arrangements may be made for possession or continuing the present lease. Address, Geo. F. Righter, 9 Main street, Champaign, Ill. 16-4

Mrs. Lena Forest and her mother's family have moved into Miss Leone Shockey's residence property on east Harrison street. Andy Little and family vacated it a short time ago and moved to their farm south of town.

Beas Grigsby, after several successful terms at the Titus, closed her work there for this year, Friday. We have not ascertained whether her lease is out or if she will continue at the same place. Miss Grigsby is a live, energetic teacher.

Rev. J. W. Walters preached to a large and appreciative audience at the Jonathan Creek church last Sunday afternoon. Although they have no regular preaching service, they have a splendid Sunday school. There were sixty-eight in attendance at Sunday morning at their Sunday school.

Helen Lawren's Cdn. home Sunday.

Jawn mowers, all prices.—J. M. DAVID.

We take subscriptions for the New Idea Magazine.

Mrs. J. W. Walters spent Tuesday afternoon in Decatur.

The Reliable gasoline stoves at RICHARDSON BROS. 18-2

See the Jewel gasoline. we guarantee them to be perfect.—J. M. DAVID.

If you have town property or farms to rent or sell give us your list.

We can fix your gasoline stove.—J. M. DAVID 18-4

Big opera house show, next Tuesday night.

"Siren Skule" at opera house on next Tuesday night.

Genuine Ostermoor Mattress at RICHARDSON BROS. 18-2

Miss Hazel Covey visited in Tuscola last Sunday.

Roy Ulrich has returned from Pierre, South Dakota.

Mrs. S. T. Butler visited her sister in Decatur the first part of the week.

Mrs. Guy Ulrich entertained the Sewabit club Wednesday afternoon.

Dr. Chenoworth of Decatur made a professional call on Mrs. Reese, sr., recently.

Circuit court was in session Friday and Saturday and adjourned until June 10.

Samuel Magill was at home from the Millikin university in Decatur, Sunday.

Cora Haydoe assisted at the Economy Wednesday on account of the big rush.

Zella Moore has charge of the rebate stamp premiums in the Terrace block.

Subscriptions taken at this office for the Chicago Daily Journal at \$1.50 per year.

If you want a coal oil cook stove, buy the New Process.—J. M. DAVID. 18-2

Mrs. J. A. Sab'n was called to Laclede Tuesday by the serious illness of a sister.

Ralph Booze and Ralph Monroe were at home from the University of Illinois Sunday.

The Sunday school at Jonathan Creek will observe Children's day on Sunday, June 6.

STOP! LOOK! The \$10 suits in the south side window at Smith & Ward's. Your choice for \$10, while they last.

Frank Pierce and wife visited Edgar Holke and family, near Quigley, in Shelby county, Wednesday.

The last of the series of union prayer meetings was held at the Presbyterian church Wednesday evening.

The alumni Association are requested to meet at Attorney Whitfield's office Saturday evening, May 9, at 7:30 p. m.

Mrs. Amanda Wright has returned to Sullivan from Champaign, and is now at home in her own property on south Hamilton street.

J. H. Meeks left last week for Brownsville, Oregon, to look for a location. If suited with the country, the family will leave Sullivan.

Mrs. Chas. Dolan and son Miles and daughter Golda visited Miles Greenwood and wife of Neoga, from Saturday until Tuesday.

The decoration of graves and memorial services at the Jonathan Creek church has been set for June 13, instead of June 6, the date first selected.

It houses could express their preference, my, what a howl there would be for Bradley & Vrooman pure paint. Best—that's all. Sold by JOHN R. POOPER.

Jos. Waggoner purchased of Jesse Taber a car load of cattle and hogs, which he shipped to Chicago the first of the week. Later he sent another car load of hogs.

The floral decorations at the M. E. church last Sunday were very beautiful. Prof. O. B. Lowe's Sunday school class presented each of the old people a carnation.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, not many of the guests at the Masonic Home attended the services at the M. E. church as arranged for them last Sunday.

SLIPPERS, SLIPPERS. You have a good chance to buy them cheap. I bought a sample line from the Brown Shoe Co. at 33 1/2 per cent discount. If we have your size, the price will please you, at NATHAN'S.

Next Monday at 8 p. m. a social will be given at the Presbyterian church. An old-fashioned Spelling Bee will comprise a part of the program. Light refreshments will be served. This is free. You are invited.

The Sullivan Dry Goods Co.
N.W. CORNER SQUARE. SULLIVAN, ILL.

Always First Always First

NEW things are always here first. They appear on our counters as early as they do in larger cities and centers of fashion. Watch our advertisements and windows for the announcement of the latest arrivals. In connection with our store we have installed a

Basement Bargain Department

where special bargain sales will be carried on from time to time.

The First Special Sale will be put on **Saturday, May 8th**, and continue until **Saturday, May 15th** inclusive, during that sale we will offer

2000 yards Valenciennes Laces in all widths. Insertings to match at, per yd..... **5c**

5000 yards Standard American Prints in Blue, Reds, Grays and Shepherd Checks 10 yds for..... **45c**

500 Cans Colgate's Talcum Powder best on the market worth 25c. Our price during this sale only, per can **15c**

One lot Ladies' Black Hose 10 cents.

All remnants will be found in the basement.

Don't fail to visit our Basement for Bargains

A Quick Penny better than a Slow Dollar

The Sullivan Dry Goods Co.
N.W. CORNER SQUARE.

"Roney Boys," Titus opera house, May 12.

O. L. Todd was in the Chicago market a portion of this week.

Alta Craig, living near Arthur, was shopping in Sullivan Wednesday.

Mrs. Fronia Patterson attended the matinee at Decatur Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. A. J. Buxton is entertaining her aged mother, Mrs. Walker, this week.

Mrs. Charles Everman, who lived near Findley, will go to Chicago to live with her children.

You'll have to hurry to get one of those \$10 suits at Smith & Ward's Best bargain in the city.

Miss Laura Mattox gave the lady members of her class a supper on Wednesday evening.

"Roney's Boys Concert Company of Chicago, at Titus opera house May 12. Admittance 25 and 35 cents.

WANTED—A housekeeper, or an elderly couple to live in the house with me. S. BARBER, Allenville, Ill.

For your picnic, or an afternoon at the park, take a brick or a quantity of ice cream. Get it at the Candy Kitchen. Read their ad in this issue.

A number of the boys in the senior class of the high school attended the matinee at Decatur Wednesday afternoon.

Tailored and embroidered waists, nice line to select from. Reduction in price will be made on same for Saturday. At NATHAN'S.

The Moultrie County Fair association met Tuesday and elected the following officers: W. E. Whitfield, president; Charles Monroe, secretary and S. T. Bolin, treasurer.

Rev. J. W. Walters will preach the baccalaureate sermon for the Sullivan high school at the Christian church, May 23. He is also engaged to deliver the baccalaureate sermon for the Bethany graduates.

FOR SALE—A desirable home. Four lots, with a good six room house, good barn, buggy shed and necessary out-buildings. Nice assortment of fruit, apples, peaches, small fruit. Good well. North of west of square. A splendid bargain. For further particulars call at the Herald office, Sullivan, Ill.

\$10 For Choice

We have secured a drummer's line of sample suits, which should ordinarily retail at \$12.50 to \$18.00, but offer you choice while they last at

\$10.00

We want you to come in and examine these suits. Try them on and note the excellent workmanship, quality of fabric and style and then tell us WHERE and WHEN you ever saw the equal at the price.

If you have been wearing \$10 suits

you will say this is the best lot, by far, that you ever saw.

There are only about forty suits in the entire lot and we took 'em all; cou'dn't help, they were so good.

You can see samples of them in our south window. Nobby, stylish garments and you can have pick and choice for **10.00**.

This is the very best bargain we have ever offered.

Smith & Ward
Mammoth Shoe & Clothing Co.



Rheumatism Cures...
DR. DETSON'S REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM
MALARIA and neuralgia radically cured in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents and \$1. Sold by Sam B. Hall, druggist.

The King of History.
The ancient Teutons...
The symbol of fealty. In courts of justice the crucifix in the Bible was kissed, a custom still extant.

Want to be strong?
Eat more Quaker Oats. Eat it for breakfast every day. This advice...
All grocers carry Quaker Oats. Best sells at 10c for the regular size packages, 25c for the large size family packages, and 30c for the family package containing a fine piece of china.

Cheap Transit to Tokio.
One can ride 11 hours in an...
Tokio for \$12, or \$6.50 for half day and \$1.50 for a single hour.

There is not any better Salve than DeWitt's Carbolicized Witch Hazel Salve. We have warned the public that we are not responsible for any injurious effects caused from worthless or poisonous imitations of our DeWitt's Carbolicized Witch Hazel Salve, the original. It is good for anything when a salve is needed, but it is especially good for piles. Be sure you get DeWitt's. Sold by all dealers.

Theory and Practice.
"My dear, you can go to school with the children; some one is going to lecture on the curse of alcohol. I'll wait for you at the Blue Rock over a couple of mugs of beer."—Fleming Blatter.

PORTLAND, MAINE, CHILD

Ill, Weak and Emaciated, Restored to Health by Vinol.
"Our little daughter, six years of age, after a severe attack of the measles, which developed into pneumonia, was left pitifully thin, weak and emaciated. She had no appetite, and her stomach was so weak it could not retain food. She lay in this condition for weeks, and nothing the doctor prescribed did a bit of good, and we were beginning to think she would never recover."

"At this time we commenced to give her Vinol, and the effect was marvellous. The doctor was amazed at her progress, and when we told him we were giving her Vinol, he replied, 'It is a fine remedy, keep it up.' We did so, and she recovered her health and strength months before the doctor thought she could." J. W. Portland, Me.

Vinol cures conditions like this because in a natural manner it increases the appetite, tones up the digestive organs, makes rich, red blood, and strengthens every organ in the body.

Sam B. Hall, druggist

Psychology of Dreams.
"I have the woman: 'Oh, that mine Her Dearest Wish."

Accidents will happen but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.

"I would let me trim a hat for you." "Oh, that mine Her Dearest Wish."

Violence symbols weakness. strength shows itself in patience and poise.

Prepared for Death.
"I have the funeral recently of William... aged 90, in Soperhill church, Hartford, Conn. He had bought his watch at 90, and since then had not worn it. He had bought his watch at 90, and since then had not worn it. He had bought his watch at 90, and since then had not worn it."

If you need a pill take DeWitt's Early Risers. Insist on them; gentle, pleasant, little liver pills. Sold by all dealers.

Gentle Sarcasm.
A good old west country preacher who had decided to leave an ungenerative charge, finding it impossible to collect his salary, said in his farewell sermon: "I have little more to add, dear brethren, save this: You were all in favor of free salvation, in the manner in which you have treated me proves that you have not."



She Had Watched the House from the Window of a Top-Floor Hall Bedroom in the Boarding-House Opposite.

THE BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WALL
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Very good, sir." The janitor-valet had previous experiences with Maitland's generosity in grateful memory; and shut his lips tightly in promise of virtuous reticence.

"You won't regret it. Now tell me what you mean by saying that you saw me go out at one this afternoon?"

Again the flood gates were lifted; from the deluge of explanations and protestations Maitland extracted the general drift of narrative. And in the end held up his hand for silence.

"I think I understand, now. You say he had changed to my gray suit?"

O'Hagan darted into the bedroom, whence he emerged with confirmation of his statement.

"It's gone, sir, an'—"

"All right. But," with a rueful smile, "I'll take the liberty of countermanding Mr. Smith's order. If he should call again, O'Hagan, I very much want to see him."

"Faith, an' 'tis meself will have a word or two to whisper in the ear of him, sir," announced O'Hagan, grimly.

"I'm afraid the opportunity will be lacking. You may fix me a hot bath now, O'Hagan, and put out my evening clothes. I'll dine at the club tonight and may not be back."

And, rising, Maitland approached a mirror; before which he lingered for several minutes, cataloguing his injuries. Taken altogether, they amounted to little. The swelling of his wrists and ankles was subsiding gradually; there was a slight redness visible in the corners of his mouth, and a shadow of discoloration on his right temple—something that could be

energetically than before if that were possible. An unconscious, pathetic figure, sitting so naturally into his surroundings as to demand no second look even from the most observant; yet one seeming to possess a magnetic attraction for the eyes of the hallway of the apartment hotel (who, acquainted by sight and hearsay with the stout gentleman's identity and calling, bent upon him a steadfast and adoring regard), as well as for the policeman who loomed it on the St. Nicholas avenue corner, in front of the real-estate office, and who from time to time shifted his contemplation from the infinite spaces of the heavens, the better to exchange a furtive nod with the idler in the hotel doorway.

Presently—at no great lapse of time after the short and thick-set man had stowed away his watch—out of the thronged sidewalks of Seventh avenue a man appeared, walking west on the north side of the street and reviewing carelessly the numbers on the illuminated fanlights; a tall man, dressed all in gray, and swinging a thin walking stick.

The short, thick-set person assumed a mien of more intense abstraction than ever.

The tall man in gray paused indefinitely before the brownstone stoop of the house numbered 205, then swung up the steps and into the vestibule. Here he halted, bending over to scrutinize the names on the letter boxes.

The short, thick-set man reluctantly detached himself from his polished pillar and waddled ungracefully across the street.

The policeman on the corner seemed suddenly interested in Seventh avenue, and walked in that direction.

The gray man, having vainly deciphered all the names on one side of the vestibule, straightened up and turned his attention to the opposite wall, either unconscious of or indifferent to the shuffle of feet on the stoop behind him.

The short, thick-set man removed one hand from a pocket and tapped the gray man gently on the shoulder.

"Lookin' for McCabe, Anisty?" he inquired, genially.

The gray man turned slowly, exhibiting a countenance blank with astonishment. "Beg pardon?" he drawled; and then, with a dawning gleam of recognition in his eyes: "Why, good evening, Hickey! What brings you up this way?"

The short, thick-set man permitted his jaw to droop and his eyes to protrude for some seconds. "Oh," he said in a tone of great disgust, "hell!" He pulled himself together with an effort. "Excuse me, Mr. Maitland, I stammered. 'I wasn't lookin' for you."

"To the contrary, I gather from your greeting you were expecting our friend, Mr. Anisty?" And the gray man smiled.

Hickey smiled in sympathy, but with less evident relish of the situation's humor.

"That's right," he admitted. "Got a tip from the c'missioner's office this evening that Anisty would be here at seven o'clock lookin' for a party named McCabe. I guess it's a bum tip, all right; but of course I got to look into it."

"Most assuredly." The gray man bent and inspected the names again. "I am hunting up an old friend," he explained, carelessly; "a man named Simmons—knew him in college—down on his luck—wrote me yesterday. There he is: Fourth floor, east. I'll see you when I come down, I hope, Mr. Hickey."

The automatic lock clicked and the door swung open; the gray man passing through and up the stairs. Hickey, ostentatiously ignoring the existence of the policeman, returned to his post of observation.

At eight o'clock he was still there, looking bored.

At 8:30 he was still there, wearing a puzzled expression.

At nine he called the adoring hall-boy, gave him a quarter with minute instructions, and saw him disappear into the hallway of No. 205. Three minutes later the boy was back, breathless but enthusiastic.

"Missis Simmons," he explained between gasps, "says she ain't never heard of nobody named Maitland. Somebody rang her bell a while ago an' apologized for disturbin' her—said he wanted the folks on the top floor. I guess yer man went across the roof; they houses is all connected, and yuh c'n walk clear from the corner here tuh half-way up tuh Nineteenth street, on Sain' Nicholas avenue."

"Uh-huh," laconically returned the detective. "Thanks." And turning on his heel, walked westward.

The policeman crossed the street to detain him for a moment's chat.

"I guess it's all off, Jim," Hickey told him. "Some one must've tipped that crook off. Anyway, I ain't goin' to wait no longer."

"I wouldn't neither," agreed the uniformed member. "Say, who's yer friend yeh was talkin' tuh, 'while ago?"

"Oh, a frien' of mine. Yeh didn't have no call to git excited then, Jim. G'night."

And Hickey proceeded westward, a listless and preoccupied man by the vacant eye of him. But when he emerged into the glare of Eighth avenue his face was unusually red. Which may have been due to the heat. And just before boarding a downtown surface car, "Oh," he enunciated with gusto, "hell!"

One a. m.

Not until the rich and mellow chime had merged into the stillness did the intruder dare again draw breath. Coming as it had the very moment that the door had closed noiselessly behind her, the double stroke had sounded to her like a knell; or, perhaps more like the prelude to the wild alarm of a

NEW STRENGTH FOR OLD BACKS.
No Need to Suffer Every Day from Backache.

Mrs. Joannah Straw, 528 North Broadway, Canton, S. D., says: "For three years I suffered everything with rheumatism in my limbs and a dull, constant aching in my back. I was weak, languid, broken with headaches and dizzy spells, and the kidney secretions were thick with solids. I was really in a critical condition when I began with Dean's Kidney Pills, and they certainly did wonders for me. Though I am 51 years old, I am as well as the average woman of 50. I work well, eat well and sleep well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PROOF POSITIVE.

RASH ALL OVER BOY'S BODY.

Awful, Crusted, Weeping Eczema on Little Sufferer—A Score of Treatments Prove Dismal Failure.

Cure Achieved by Cuticura.

"My little boy had an awful rash all over his body and the doctor said it was eczema. It was terrible, and used to water awfully. Any place the water went it would form another sore and it would become crusted. A score or more physicians failed utterly and finally in their efforts to remove the trouble. Then I was told to use the Cuticura Remedies. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and before we had used half the Resolvent I could see a change in him. In about two months he was entirely well. George F. Lambert, 139 West Centre St., Mahanoy City, Pa., Sept. 26 and Nov. 4, 1907."

Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Frope, Boston.

Wealth of Melody.

After a hard day in Wall street he had been dragged by his spouse to the opera, where he promptly proceeded to take a nap. In the midst of it he was awakened by this in the most soulful accents:

"Ah! What a rich chord! Isn't it, dear?"

"Er—ah—yes—how much would you say it's worth?" he murmured.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; also cases of deafness caused by catarrh, which is not cured by local applications of any kind. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Seeking to Be a Comforter.

"You are consuming a great deal of valuable time with your tariff argument."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "I find satisfaction in trying to demonstrate that here is one case where the consumer doesn't pay the tax."

A Famous Health Builder.

A medicine that will cleanse the bowels and put them in condition to do their proper work unaided will do more than anything else to preserve health and strength. Such a medicine is the tonic laxative herb tea, Lane's Family Medicine. Get a 25c package to-day at any druggist or dealer. No matter what you have tried before, try this famous herb tea.

Mamma's Orders.

"Mamma has given me orders that when a young man gives me anything I must give it right back."

"All right, prepare yourself."

"What for?"

"I'm going to give you a kiss."—Houston Post.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The Natural Proceeding.

Editor—I say, this story's too long about that fellow's hanging himself.

Reporter—What shall I do about it? Editor—Cut him down.

Kill the Flies Now

before they multiply. A DAISY FLY KILLER kills thousands. Lasts the season. Ask your dealer, or send 3c to H. Somers, 149 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The population of Russia is increasing at the rate of 2,500,000 per year.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The American eats more than his own weight in sugar every two years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

The average life of a dog is from ten to twelve years.

DOLLAR WHEAT HAS COME TO STAY

IN LESS THAN FIVE YEARS CENTRAL CANADA WILL BE CALLED UPON TO SUPPLY THE UNITED STATES.

A couple of years ago, when the announcement was made in these columns that "dollar wheat" had come to stay, and that the time was not far distant when the central provinces of Canada—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—would be called upon to supply a large part of the wheat consumption in the United States, there were many who laughed at the predictions and ridiculed the idea of wheat reaching the dollar point and staying there. Both of these predictions have come to pass. Dollar wheat is here—and it is not only here, but is here to stay; and at the same time, whatever unpleasant sensations it may arouse in the super-sensitive American, Central Canada is already being called upon to help keep up the bread supply, and within the next five years will, as James J. Hill says, literally "become the bread-basket of our increasing millions."

There are few men in the United States better acquainted with the wheat situation than Mr. Hill, and there are few men, if any, who are inclined to be more conservative in their expressed views. Yet it was this greatest of the world's railroad men who said a few days ago that "the price of wheat will never be substantially lower than it is today"—and when it is taken into consideration that at that time wheat had soared to \$1.20, well above the dollar mark, the statement is peculiarly significant, and doubly significant is the fact that in this country the population is increased at the rate of 65 per cent., while the yield of wheat and other products is increasing at the rate of only 25 per cent. For several years past the cost of living has been steadily increasing in the United States, and this wide difference in production and consumption is the reason.

This difference must be supplied by the vast and fertile grain regions of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. There is now absolutely no doubt of this. Even the press of the country concedes the fact. Results have shown that no other country in the world can ever hope to equal those provinces as wheat producers, and that no other country can produce as hard or as good wheat. Said a great grain man recently, "If United States wheat maintains the dollar mark, Canada wheat will be well above a dollar a bushel, for in every way it is superior to our home-grown grain."

With these facts steadily impinging their truth upon our rapidly growing population, it is interesting to note just what possibilities as a "wheat grower" our Northern neighbor possesses. While the United States will never surrender her prestige in any manufacturing or commercial line, she must very soon acknowledge, and with as much grace as she can, that she is bound to be beaten as a grain producer. It must be conceded that a great deal of the actual truth about the richness of Canada's grain producing area has been "kept out of sight," as Mr. Hill says, by the strenuous efforts of our newspapers and magazines to stem the exodus of our best American farmers into those regions. It is a fact that up to the present time, although Canada has already achieved the front rank in the world's grain producers, the fertile prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have as yet scarcely been scratched. Millions of acres, free for the taking, still await our American farmers; and when these millions are gone there are other millions in regions not yet opened up to immigration. A few years ago the writer, who has been through those wheat provinces several times, laughed with others of our people at the broad statement that Canada "was bound to become 'John Bull's Bread Basket.'" Now, after a last trip (and though he is a staunch American) he frankly believes that not only will Canada become John Bull's bread-basket, but it will within the next decade at least BECOME THE BREAD-BASKET OF THE UNITED STATES. Perhaps this may be a hard truth for Americans to swallow, but it is a truth, nevertheless. And it is at least a partial compensation to know that hundreds of thousands of our farmers are profiting by the fact by becoming producers in this new country.

The papers of this country have naturally made the most of the brief period of depression which swept over Canada, and now there is not a sign of it left from Winnipeg to the coast. Never have the three great wheat raising provinces been more prosperous. Capital is coming into the country from all quarters, taking the form of cash for investment, industrial concerns seeking locations, and, best of all, substantial and sturdy immigrants come to help populate the prairies. Towns are booming; scores of new elevators are springing up; railroads are sending out their branch lines in all directions; thousands of prosperous farmers are leaving their prairie shelters for new and modern homes—"built by wheat" everywhere is a growing happiness and contentment—happiness and contentment built by wheat—the "dollar wheat," which has come to stay. Notwithstanding this, the Canadian Government is still giving away its homesteads and selling pre-emptions at \$3.00 an acre, and the Railway and Land Companies are disposing of their lands at what may be considered nominal figures.

Backache

Give women some of her most miserable and wretched hours, along with the headache, generally come headache, waist pain, nervous feelings, irritability, nervousness and the blues. Have you these periodical troubles? Then you may know that they are due to disease of some of the most important organs of your body, organs that should get help or, in time, through medicine, will wreck your health and life. Help them to health with

CARDUI

WOMAN'S RELIEF

When Mrs. Blanche E. Stephan, of 42nd St., Chicago, was afflicted with a constant pain in my back and right side and although my husband employed several of the best doctors in this great city, not one could give me relief. At last I took Wins of Cardui, which relieved my pain, prevented an operation and restored me to health. It is a wonderful cure for all women's ailments.

At all Druggists \$1.00

Look Here!

I am Paying the Highest Market Price for all kinds of Junk.

Iron, Bones, Rags, Rubber, Copper, Brass, Zinc, Pewter, Tin, Lead, Tea Lead, Block Tin, Rabbit, Tallow, Crackles, Sheep Pelts, Hog Hides, Cow Hides and Horse Hides.

Skunks—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Minks—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Coons—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Opossum—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Muskrat—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Fall, winter and spring.

If you have got a good second-hand stove to sell call up

F. L. ALGOOD

PHONE 276.

2 blocks north and 2 blocks west of north side school.

This is just the time of year when you are most likely to have kidney or bladder trouble with rheumatism and rheumatic pains caused by weak kidneys. Delays are dangerous. Get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and the more you get what you ask for. They are the best pills made for backache, weak back, urinary disorders, inflammation of the bladder, etc. They are antiseptic and act promptly. We call and recommend them. Sold by all druggists.

Chronic Rheumatism Cured in 3 Days.
Morton L. Hill, Lebanon, Ind., says: "My wife had inflammatory rheumatism in every muscle and joint. Her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed for six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. DeWitt's Relief for Rheumatism. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life."

Sold by Mrs. P. Fall druggist.

The costumes for the "Singing Skule Regiment" will be funny enough to be worth the price of admission, of admission, if the "skollars" dont do anything but wear them. Some have been in service for more than fifty years while others are as dainty as the conical ones are funny. The "Singing Skule" simply has to be seen to be appreciated.



They Taste Very Much Like Hot Cakes

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER STRAPS

Sanctorial Frankness. Some "ads." have a double meaning which their originators do not intend to give them. For instance, in the window of a certain clothing store there is displayed, in the midst of a large array of clothes, this sign: "Un-sold for garments."

Around the County

Allenville
A number of our citizens attended the ball game at Coles Sunday afternoon. The game was played by the Neoga and Coles teams. The game resulted in 9 to 2 in favor of Neoga.

Pejcy Martin is building an addition to his house.

The one o'clock train was supposed to have set the west elevator on fire Sunday and it was burned to the ground. By the wind being so strong and blowing the burning shingles, H. H. Hoskins's ice house and the bank building were also burned. The M. E. people saved the chairs from the bank building. Montoney's restaurant, the town house, Hoskins's grocery, LeGrand's hardware store, Martin's car-loading shop and barn, and the depot also caught fire, but they were saved.

H. H. Hoskins was a Sullivan visitor Saturday.

Born, Monday, to P. D. Preston and wife, a daughter.

The infant daughter of Palo Hall and wife died Tuesday morning with whooping cough.

Mollie Reedy returned Saturday from an extended visit with relatives in Edgar county.

There was a very good sized crowd at the Christian church last Sunday night. Orvil Buxton was the speaker.

Hughie Wickiser and wife of near the Masonic Home, visited relatives here Sunday.

Wm. Bruce and John Wheeler are painting this week on Jonathan Creek.

Fred French preached his first sermon Sunday night at the French church. It is his intention to go to school this fall and study to be a minister.

Some of our boys are talking of organizing a Sunday school baseball team.

Rev. Reynolds of Bethany preached at the French church Monday night.

Clem Romes and family of Fullers Point spent Sunday with Mrs. Julia Black.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation, DeWitt's Regula operates easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

Gays.
Robert Ely, a Big Four engineer, has been seriously ill at his home in Mattoon from an attack of ptomaine poisoning. His condition is much improved.

Farmers are busy now that the rain has ceased.

Mort Armantrout is having some papering done. Homer Shelby is doing the work.

Preaching at the M. E. church, Sunday, by the pastor, Rev. Monson.

Elder J. S. Rose filled his regular appointment at the Christian church Sunday.

Wm. Wilson started for the south Tuesday morning to look after his land interests in Texas.

Elder J. S. Rose was called to Arthur Saturday to preach the funeral of one of the oldest citizens of that community.

Cleaning of the house is now here. Oh, my, I'm glad it don't come but twice a year.

Health in and around Gays is good.

Mrs. Lib Jeffries was called to Charleston Saturday on account of the death of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Jeffries.

Henry Philpott, our butcher, is now in the J. J. Wilson property on north side of Front street; a good location.

Memorial services will be held this year at the M. E. church at Gays.

Clarence Woods is visiting his parents at Gays during his vacation.

Harry Gardner went to Mattoon Tuesday.

Owen Gleason died at his home in Pata, May 2, at an advanced age. He was an uncle of Joseph Smith of Gays. Mrs. Smith attended the funeral Saturday.

It is not probable that the fruit crop is materially damaged.

E. C. Harrison was near Quigley a few days ago writing insurance. Give him a call when you want reliable insurance. The old "Security" is the company that makes quick settlements.

"Suffered day and night the torment of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used DeWitt's Ointment. It cured me permanently." Hon. John R. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.

Conclusion.
"It's better to have sold at cost than never to have sold at all."



When you divide the price by the number of extra months that

XTRAGOOD

CLOTHES FOR BOYS

give extra wear you'll see the economy of giving enough to get enough. Built honestly—so the makers include their label. If the value were lacking so would the labels be.

The XTRAGOOD label is a pledge of "money back when you're disappointed." The safest clothes sold.

ALL XTRAGOOD knee pants are lined all through, which means that seat and seams will hold twice as long and the pants will drape twice as gracefully. Only the price is ordinary—the clothes.

C. F. WHITFIELD

IMPORTED PERCHERON STALLION

GERANT, (Old Country No. 78,100, American No. 55-950) will make the season of 1909 at the Birch barn in Sullivan. Breeders should come and see this grand young Stallion before booking elsewhere.

His Description and Pedigree

Gerant was foaled in France, March 25, 1908, so he is three years old. Mare b. 1908, weighs 1,850 pounds. Was imported by J. Crouch & Son, July, 1908; color very dark gray. Has fine style and action, can go out and trot like a road horse. Sire, Monton (57,601); dam, Juliette (57,547); second dam, Cocotte (17,461). For full particulars see large bills.

TERMS:—\$15.00 to insure living colt.

Moving or selling mare after she has been bred causes service fee to become immediately due and payable. Colt to stand good for season. Care taken to prevent accidents, but will not be held responsible should any occur. I risk the horse, you risk the mare.

JOHN BARNES,
Owner and Manager,
Barn Phone 67. Residence 246.

Bruce.
H. R. Reed was a Sullivan visitor Saturday of last week.

Mrs. Locke, who has been quite sick, is reported better.

Rev. D. H. Munson preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. James Carter, of near Fletcher, Monday.

Susie Sampson was a Sullivan visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Ingram and son returned to their home in Dugger, Ind., Saturday.

Charles Erwin has been quite sick, but is better now.

Quarterly conference will be held here Saturday, May 8, at 2 p. m.

John Wernsing of Allenville was in this vicinity Sunday.

Arthur Hollenbeck and wife spent Sunday with Walter Bean and family near Kirksville.

Strickland
Edwin Bayne, who has been in North Dakota for the past two months returned home Monday. His wife met him at Villa Grove.

Miss Ellen Montgomery, after spending several weeks with her niece, Mrs. Etta Underwood, and family returned to Sullivan Tuesday, where she will spend a few days.

Guy Pifer attended the show in Decatur Monday night.

Clyde Lehman, who has been in St. Louis for the past few weeks, returned home Thursday.

Clarence Underwood was the guest of Wm. Sherburn and family Sunday. Shirley Armantrout and family visited Mrs. Armantrout's mother, Mrs. Lehman, Sunday.

Lovington
Fern Mamma died Wednesday night, April 26. She was 13 years of age, and the daughter of S. R. Mamma and wife. Interment in the Lovington cemetery Thursday.

Claud Hoffman of Arthur was in our city Tuesday.

Mrs. S. Donavan has recovered from her serious illness.

Cona O. Porter was in Decatur on Monday.

Wm. Porter saw "Ben Hur" at Decatur Tuesday.

William Bartlett died at his home in Lovington Sunday night. He leaves a wife and one child. The funeral discourse was by Rev. Lyles at the M. E. church, Monday at 2 p. m. Interment at Keller cemetery. His uncle, Mr. Bartlett, of Decatur attended the funeral.

Jan. D. Brown, who was stabbed in Hutchinson, Kan., April 11, dying the 13th, and buried the 20th, at Pratt, Kan., was a son of Curt Brown and wife of this city and left here about three years ago to join his sister, Mrs. Rollo Funston in Guymon, Okla. We are not able to give the particulars of his death at this writing.

Ben Hur.
School will close the 13th of May. There will be four graduates from the high school, Ora Hood, Sarah Mentzer, Herman Ray and Harold Ray. The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached at the Baptist church May 9, at 7:30 p. m., by Rev. Mundell.

Jan. Lawrence and Fred Beckman and wife attended the opera, Ben Hur, at Decatur, Tuesday night.

Clive Terry, who has been home on a furlough, returned Monday evening.

The editor of the Graphic Clarion is on the sick list.

Clarence Lewis, who got his leg broken, is able to be out.

Edith Reedy, Mabel Hoel and Ed Serts were in Arcola Sunday.

There were twenty-five Arthur people attended the opera, Ben Hur, at Decatur Tuesday.

Mr. Sadoo of Chicago, a dentist, will commence practicing in Arthur sometime soon.

Todds Point.
Mr. and Mrs. Royal Wilson from near Towerhill spent Sunday with Ed Jones and family.

Mrs. Nan Brown of Mt. Vernon who has been here for several weeks the guest of her niece Mrs. W. H. McKinney, returned home on Saturday.

Miss Glenia Jones, who has been several weeks with her sister near Towerhill came home on Sunday.

C. H. Beck was called away on business one day last week and James Nuttall taught for him for the day.

Mrs. Jacob Bloom was called to the bedside of her aged father in Tolono, one day last week.

Frank Nuttall and wife were in Bethany Friday.

C. O. McKinney and wife spent Sunday with the latter's parents.

From Canada.
A few notes from a letter written to us by Miss Sadie Clavin, now living in that far away home, may interest some of her school mates:

"Mamma has been very ill but is better. We are having a very late spring; cold and extremely windy. We had a nice winter. I am going to school. I have attended every day, although it was very cold and windy. I like the schools here just fine. They are good and very different from the schools in Moultrie. Here in Morris, we have to go two years longer and attend normal before we are licensed to teach."

SADIE CLAVIN.

LEGAL NOTICES
STATE OF ILLINOIS, Moultrie County, is in the County Court, in Probate, May term A. D. 1909.

In the matter of the estate of George W. Ballard, deceased. To the heirs, distributive creditors and all persons interested in said estate. You are hereby notified that the undersigned administrators of said estate will apply to the County Court of the county of Moultrie, state of Illinois, on the 22nd day of May A. D. 1909 at 10 o'clock A. M. for an order authorizing them to sell or compound the following notes belonging to said estate, to wit:—One note signed by J. E. Esterline, amount \$200.00; One note signed by J. E. Esterline, amount \$50.

Dated this 6th day of May A. D. 1909.
H. F. Kirk, Franklin Howell, Administrators of the estate of George W. Ballard, deceased.
Harbaugh & Thompson, Attorneys. 19-2

Patten's Private Wire
Chicago, May 5.—Shorts were nervous when the gong sounded in the wheat pit this morning, and the story that Wheat King Patten has a private quotation wire opened from Chicago to the ranch in New Mexico, whither he went a week ago, caused great excitement.

July and May options advanced half a cent soon after the opening.

CONTINUED 6 DAYS

The Economy Store will continue the May Sale till the close of business Saturday, May 15. All prices and discounts will hold good from the big bills.

More new Dry Goods added and you will find bargains everywhere.

Best Calico 2 to 10 yd lengths special.....	4c	Special \$1.25 curtain stretchers for.....	98c
Special lot Ladies' black petticoats \$1.25 for.....	79c	Eastman's Talcum Powder 2 packages.....	25c
Special \$1.25 Shirt waists for.....	98c	All our Curtains reduced 20 per cent.	
Best assortment of mill ends we have ever shown.		All Embroidery reduced 20 cts on the dollar.	
All Enamel ware reduced 20 per cent.		All China reduced 20 cts on the dollar.	
All Ladies' Corsets reduced 15 cents on the dollar.			

Many bargains await you on every hand.

THE ECONOMY

C. A. DIXON, Prop. SULLIVAN, ILL.
N. B. Butterick Patterns and The Delinicator.

STOP, LOOK! BEST IN SULLIVAN

ICE CREAM.

Per pint.....	15c	Per quart.....	30c
Per 1/2 gallon.....	55c	One gallon.....	\$1.00
2 gallons, per gal.....	95c	3 gallons, per gal.....	90c
4 gallons, per gal.....	85c	5 gallons, per gal.....	80c
10 gallons, per gal.....	75c	15 gallons, per gal.....	70c
20 gallons, per gal.....	65c	Dealers only, per gal.....	60c

Cream packed and delivered any where in town, at prices named in this advertisement.

Our ice cream is pure and good, and is second to none.

Brick Cream in Colors a Specialty

Strict attention given; and deduction made on special orders in quantities, for weddings, banquets, socials etc. See us before purchasing.

We never disappoint, orders will be delivered promptly, and on time.

See STEVEN BROS. at
CANDY KITCHEN

There is nothing away from the fact that Bradley & Vrooman Pure Paint goes further than any other kind. It wears longer, too. Make the other fellow prove to the contrary, before you buy the inferior paint he tries to sell you. Bradley & Vrooman Paints for sale, by JOHN R. POGUE.

Other Baking Powders may make broad claims, but when it comes to the production of real delicious biscuit, cakes and pastry

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

proves its real worth. This is because of its much greater leavening power and the strict purity of its ingredients. It costs only a trifle more than the cheap and big can brands and much less than the Trust Baking Powders.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition Chicago, 1907.



Brain Grows Lighter. The brain of the male begins to lose weight at 40, while that of the female starts ten years earlier.

Women Brick Workers. Trustees brick yards employ nearly 4000 women.