

**On the Overland Trail.**

Here's a song for the days, the heroic  
old days

When the west tried the mettle of  
resolute men,  
Ere the sun of progression had melted  
the haze

Of the mystery hiding the land from  
our ken.

Here's a song for the heroes, the  
"cusses" so tough,

Who popped their great whips when  
the schooners set sail  
And sang their wild songs as their  
pipes they would puff

While pounding along on the Over-  
land trail.

Not a snap of their calloused old fin-  
gers cared they

For the dangers awaiting them out  
or the plains

As they yelled at their bulls and went  
rolling away

In the alkali dust of the slow-mov-  
ing trains.

Away through the billows of flicker-  
ing heat,

Upheld by a courage that never could  
fail.

With a sneer for the perils they knew  
they would meet

While pounding along on the Over-  
land trail.

The signal from scouts who were  
sleuthing ahead;

The parking of wagons with panic-  
less haste;

The wild savage yells that would  
waken the dead;

The Indian sally defiantly faced.

The battle, the flight of the reds in  
defeat;

Some graves over which the coyotes  
would wail;

And on moved the train through the  
shimmering heat

That quivered and danced on the  
Overland trail.

Where now are the heroes who swung  
the great whips

That popped o'er the backs of the  
laboring bulls,

Who chose not the language that rolled  
from their lips

When the wheels furrowed sand in  
the hardest of pulls?

But few yet are dodging the Reaper's  
keen blade,

Yet totter down life's ever-narrowing  
vale—

Yet linger and dream of the parts  
that they played

While pounding along on the Over-  
land trail.

Here's a song for the lively old days  
that are gone.

Are now but a blur upon memory's  
page.

When the fastest of freight was by bull  
power drawn

And the fastest express was the  
lumbering stage.

The tourist who now in rare luxury  
rolls

In palace car over the glittering rail  
Gives never a thought to the valiant  
old souls.

Who pounded along on the Over-  
land trail.

—James Barton Adams in Denver Post.

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**

France seems to be the center of the  
pictorial postcard fad. It is estimated  
that 88,000,000 are handled by the pos-  
tal service of that country annually.

Street cars run under ground in the  
center of St. Petersburg and overhead  
in the suburbs. The fare is 2.57 and  
3.9 cents for inside seats, and half  
a cent less for outside seats.

In the valley of Petruffe, in Luxem-  
bourg, Germany, stands the largest  
single span of any masonry bridge in  
the world, with a length of 277 feet  
and a height of 102 feet.

Camille Flammarion, the astron-  
omer and social reformer, has intro-  
duced a bill in the French chamber of

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a full-sized ONE-DOLLAR package of VITÆ-ORE, by mail, POSTPAID, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. VITÆ-ORE is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about 20 years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Diphtheria, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has done for hundreds of COMMONER readers if you will give it a trial, which none should hesitate to do on this liberal offer. **SEND FOR A \$1.00 PACKAGE AT OUR RISK.** You have nothing to lose if the medicine does not benefit you. **WE WANT NO ONE'S MONEY WHOM VITÆ-ORE CAN NOT benefit.** Can anything be more fair? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two to four for chronic, obstinate cases. Investigation will bear out that we **MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY** in this announcement and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, so that we may give you special directions for treatment if same be necessary, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer. This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills and diseases, which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. Address, **THEO. NOEL CO., B. C. Dept, Vitæ-Ore Building, Chicago, Ill.**

deputies for the rationalizing of the calendar. He wants the year to start with the vernal equinox and to consist of 364 days.

Gosnold, the smallest town in Massachusetts, comprises those little specks of land which, beginning at Wood's Holl, at the "shoulder" of old Cape Cod's right arm, extend seaward till they terminate in that fatal reef of the Sow and Pigs.

The French industry of raising flowers for the manufacture of perfume has been greatly injured by the chemical odors and artificial ethereal oils produced in Germany, as the latter sell at a lower price and are hardly distinguishable from the genuine.

The principal routes taken by mi-

gratory birds, as registered in books of natural history, show a wonderful geographical instinct on the part of the feathered bipeds, as they take, for the most part, the seas and oceans at their narrowest and the river valleys at their longest.

Miss Minnie Schenck of Williamsport, Pa., is declared to be the champion woman rifle shot of the world, having just established a record of 20 consecutive bullseyes at 200 yards. Miss Schenck, who uses a 32-calibre rifle, is a terror to sparrows. Out of 56 shots she did not miss one, using a 32-calibre rifle.

The state of Minnesota has no valid inheritance law on its statute books. Judge Bunn of the Ramsey county

court holds that the law of 1901 is unconstitutional and invalid, and decisions of other courts have already found irreparable flaws in the laws of 1897 and 1902, so that there is no inheritance law whatever.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**PRINCIPAL ASSETS.**

The giant among trusts, the Standard Oil company, issues certificates which earn 80 per cent dividends on a hundred millions of stock.

The only picture on these certificates is a picture of the capitol at Washington, in which congress sits, and that picture is an apt indication of the Standard Oil trust's principal asset.—Chicago American.