

Some men are as hard to get along with as balky horses.

In Japan it is extremely bad form for a woman to contradict her husband. Banzai!

France and Germany should note how Sweden and Norway settle their little differences.

A monument is to be erected to John Smith. Not you, gentle reader—the Pocahontas Smith.

A German chemist has invented a kind of beer that contains no alcohol. But why should he call it beer?

War is a serious matter and not a picnic, as you might imagine from the way some European nations behave.

Now that the automobile has been invented the next thing is to have it tamed and made the servant of man.

The Italian singer who mistook nitrate of silver for water must have been in the habit of taking his drinks solid.

There is in New York a policeman who has made \$250,000 in real estate. Evidently he was not always asleep on his beat.

Dr. Wiley has gone into executive session to pursue an investigation of limburger cheese. Science also has its martyrs.

Now old Pelee is impolitely elbowing in between the dove of peace and Tom Lawson for a front seat in the glare of the limelight.

It cost an Ohio man \$20 to swear at a woman over the telephone. Here is a case where long-distance bravery did not triumph.

Here's hoping that a sudden turn of events won't make the dove of peace feel that it has got mixed up in a pigeon-shooting match.

Henry James may be right in saying that the American newspapers use "sloppy English," but at least it can be generally understood.

"Men do not die of hard work," says the Boston Globe. We knew a man once who died of hard drink, though. A cake of ice fell on him.

Fashion struck a death blow to the waiting hoopskirt industry when it decreed that only women who are over thirty should wear the things.

Garden seed four thousand years old have been discovered in Egypt, but Egyptian Congressmen are not sending them out to their constituents.

Who knows? If Russia's dream of an alliance with Japan is realized, some day the czar may be friendly enough with the mikado to call him "Mik."

"We owe an immense debt to medical science," says the Detroit Free Press. Same here, brother, and the doctor is beginning to get disagreeable about it.

We have noticed that since the result of the ocean yacht race was announced, Sir Thomas Lipton isn't talking so much about taking part in the next one.

Human nature is queer. Thousands of people now would like to see those photographs with the newspaper girl's picture in them that the president has ordered to be destroyed.

A literary critic says in painting women, she must be made "either angelically radiant or heroically diabolic." Let us strike the golden mean and say "angelically radiant."

"Smacks of Treason" is the caption of an editorial in the Washington Post. We have not read it, but presume it treats of the kisses bestowed by a married man on the pretty housemaid.

A French engineer thinks a railway could be built around the earth, including a tunnel under Bering strait, for \$250,000,000. Probably a few more things might cause him to alter his figures a little.

The Boston Globe invites us to "imagine a daily newspaper written in the style of Henry James." But if they cannot imagine such a thing in Boston, we don't see how we can be expected to do so.

The Birmingham Age-Herald says: "A Richmond pastor has induced the women members of his congregation to leave their hats at home. The plan will work all right until next April. Then there will be trouble."

Young Willie Ziegler proposes to use his \$30,000,000 for the purpose of discovering the north pole. In this cool manner probably he will be able to escape the accusation, when it is all over, of having "burned up" his money.

Perhaps the young English scientific man who by putting radium and sterilized bouillon in a test tube has succeeded in producing some of the phenomena of generation is on the verge of a great discovery, and perhaps he is only enthusiastic.

The London academy says that it knows of at least one man who has no literary ability whatever and yet is able to make a moderate livelihood out of the construction of plots which he sells to professional writers. Question: What is literary ability?

"How did the splendid word 'royal' ever come to be applied to the blood in a human being's veins?" asks the Los Angeles Times. This reminds us of the old lady who was enthusiastic about Adam's discrimination in picking out such a fit name for the hog.

Morris Mansion Demolished

Old Landmark. Connected Closely with Revolutionary Days. Torn Down to Make Room for Railroad

(From the New York Herald.) Another New York landmark of the Revolution is about to pass into history. The famous Gouverneur Morris mansion, recently purchased by the new Haven railroad is being demolished. The new Haven corporation may grade down the commanding site and straighten its tracks swinging around from the New Rochelle branch of the road into the network of freight lines that crowd the Harlem river in front of the old Morris homestead. This brings a noted place before the public again. What a world of

"Nature had fully accomplished her part in affording him one of the finest sites in the world, embracing a beautiful variety of ground, a prospect of intermingled islands and waters, and in the distance the wide expanse of Long Island Sound. The plan of his house conformed to a French model and, though spacious and well contrived, was suited rather for convenience and perhaps splendor within than for a show of architectural magnificence without."

This same old mansion, where Washington and the first men of the time visited and were hospitably en-

terted, has been standing for more than a century, and until recently the ancient furniture, tapestries, imported hangings, decorations and French furniture remained practically the same as in the old days. For years surviving members of the family, disliking publicity of their affairs, refused inspection of the premises unless visitors came well recommended or really desired to add contributions of value in historical reference to the Morris estate.

It was a melancholy visit that I made to the old homestead the other day, wandering through the deserted halls, viewing the matchless scene through groves of venerable trees from the large windows with sails twinkling on the distant Sound and smaller craft floating lazily in the placid bays of the Long Island shores. The famous banquet room, the great ball room, its waxed floors still resplendent, the broad stairway, all deserted and silent, could tell a rare story were they able to speak of Louis Philippe, his brothers and other royal princes and distinguished men and women of Europe; of greater ones here—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Livingston, Schuyler, Jay and scores of others, men now famous in history—who were among those entertained under the ancient roof.

Here is what a visitor once wrote about it. The house stands to-day, with some of the rooms as Morris left them, with much of the old furniture which he used in his rooms in the old French days intact, one of the few historical houses in this land which is still, and which has been continuously, in the hands of the descendants of the original family.

The library is especially interesting. The floor is parquet, imported from France, and dark and polished as it is, one wonders that a one legged man (Morris lost his leg in a runaway accident) did not find it slippery and dangerous, but his long residence in France had made it easy for him to walk on slippery ground. He put parquet floors all through the house, having imported them.

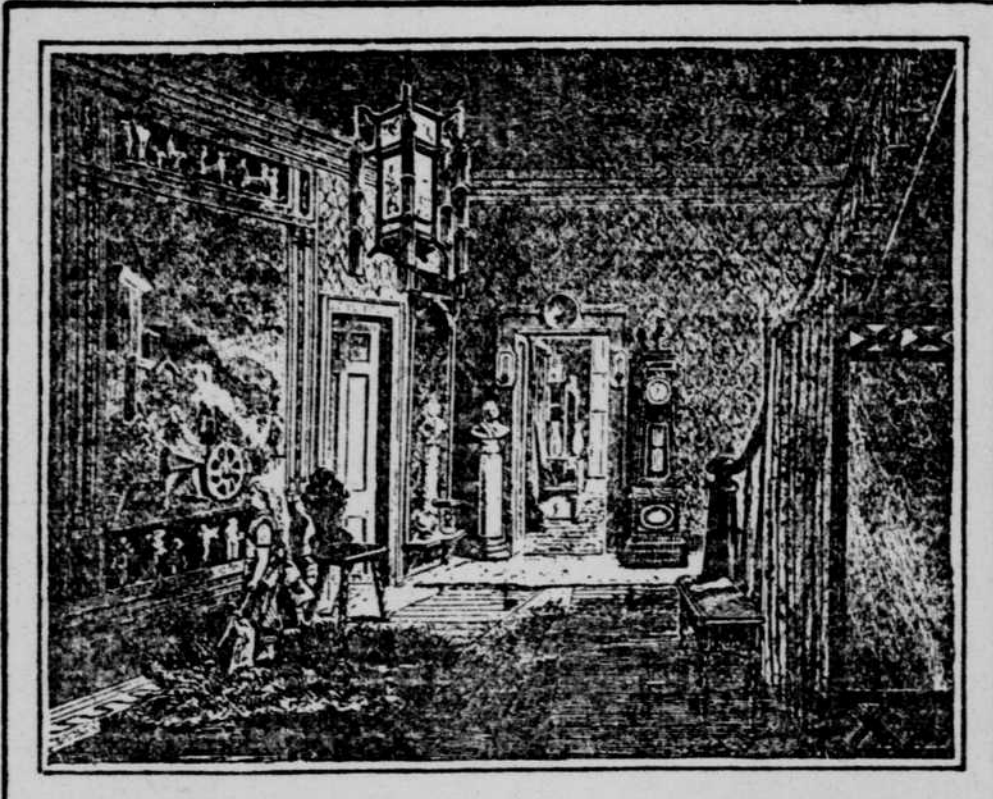
The desk at which he sat and wrote all his letters and dispatches during the Reign of Terror is in this room. Here may be the secret drawer where he deposited the 748,000 livres which he poor, weak king sent him to aid in the

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ENTRANCE HALL, "OLD MORRISIANA," FROM ART JOURNAL MARCH 1879



SPRING HOUSE AND WATER CRESS PIT

memories cluster about the ancient Morris house, known for more than a century as Morrisiana, once the family headquarters of the colonial manor estate owned by the Morrises, a vast territory stretching from the Harlem river to Fordham and beyond, and from the Hudson to Long Island Sound, and one of the largest of the original grants from the British Crown to English settlers.

Of the several sons of old Lewis Morris, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Gouverneur Morris was the chief. He was a man who did things. Associated with Jay, Hamilton, Schuyler, Livingston and the illustrious men of that period, he wrote the constitution of the state, and, originating the Erie Canal, urged its speedy building, long before De Witt Clinton was heard of. Morris was Washington's friend and confidant; he gave instructions to Franklin, became our minister to France and was intimate with the best known people of Europe.

His friend the Queen. Had Marie Antoinette, his dear and personal friend, followed his advice, she would have escaped the mob and her horrible end in the Reign of Terror. He remained in the French provinces during that awful period of night and anarchy.

Gouverneur Morris was not only an originator, but the most up to date, practical man of his time. Though graduated from King's College (now Columbia), then partisan for England, the aristocracy and church and state, he became the most pronounced of Americans, and as the ablest lawyer of his day achieved much for the young republic. He was extraordinarily bold and aggressive, and when he wrote a letter it was full of gray matter and dynamite. He was so successful as a financier that he not only made plenty of money for himself and friends, but he helped raise funds for Washington's armies and devised our first system of American finance on a sound basis, and was of incalculable service in putting our bankrupt treasury into a solvent working condition, enabling the impoverished government, sorely beset by schemers and financial moonshiners, to make the Revolution and the government a success.

And Gouverneur Morris, the man who did all this, though living half his life in the service of his country, between New York, Philadelphia and Paris, never forgot the home of his father. He rebuilt the old Morris mansion in 1800, decorated it with the art and splendor of a Versailles palace, and never wearied of extolling life in his chateau on the Harlem between two shining rivers.

To Mme. de Stael, when she proposed visiting America in 1807, he wrote: "As soon as you arrive you will come to Morrisiana, partake of what our dairy affords and refresh yourself. In the beginning of July you shall set out to visit your lands and the interior country, and return by the middle of September to repose after your fatigues, to gather peaches, take walks, make verses, romances—in a word, do what you please."

Of this colonial residence the biographer of Gouverneur Morris said this many years ago:

Conductor Barnes' Passenger. Conductor Barnes of the Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine road is rather diminutive. He seldom has any trouble with disagreeable passengers. One day a great bulk of humanity staggered into the smoker of Barnes' train and sank instantly into a deep sleep. He was intoxicated, unmistakably.

Barnes came along just as the train was getting under way and tried to impress his new passenger with the necessity of giving up a ticket or cash. Then he tried to ascertain the probable destination. This finally brought forth the statement that he was going to a clime of perpetual heat.

Barnes moved on, but as the train approached a flag station he signaled the engineer to make the stop. As the train slowed down Barnes shook up his passenger, and, in the most good-natured tones, said: "Come on, old man, you've got there."

Patrick Gleason Paid the Bet. Patrick Gleason, the well-known shoe manufacturer of Brockton, is very particular as to the work that

leaves his factory. One day he hired a laster who was a very poor workman. The first shoe the man took off his last was so badly lasted he did not dare put it on his rack for inspection, but hid it under his bench, intending to make a better job of it during the noon hour. The second shoe was not much better, but he thought it would pass, and started on the third.

Mr. Gleason, coming along just then, picked up the shoe that lay on the rack and examined it. Then, turning to the laster, he said, angrily: "I'll bet you \$10 you can't show me a shoe in this factory as badly lasted as this."

"I'll take you on that bet," said the laster, and, reaching down, he took the first shoe from under his bench and handed it to Mr. Gleason. Mr. Gleason paid, but the laster lost his job.—Boston Herald.

Severe on Auto Driver. In the case of an arrested motor driver at Hailsham, England, the police swore that he was driving at the rate of 87 1/2 miles an hour, and they refused, under cross-examination, to take off even the one-half.

Curative Serum for Typhoid. Dr. William Royal Stokes and Dr. John S. Fulton of the Maryland Board of Health, insist that they have discovered a curative serum for typhoid fever, after a four years' search.

Why Webster Was Great. Webster's father was much chagrined and pained when Daniel refused a fifteen-hundred-dollar clerkship in the court of common pleas in New Hampshire, which he had worked hard to secure for him after he left college. "Daniel," he said, "don't you mean to take that office?" "No, indeed, father; I hope I can do much better than that. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen. I mean to be an orator, not a register of other men's acts." Sublime self-faith was characteristic of this giant's career.

Without self-faith and an iron will man is but the plaything of chance—a puppet of circumstances. With these he is a king, and it is in childhood the seeds must be sown that will make him a conqueror in life.—Success.

Records of Illinois Regiments. The Twenty-eighth Illinois, recruited from Pike, Fulton, Schuyler, McDonough, Mason, Scott and Menard counties, lost its battle standard after a fierce fight at Metomas, and its officers and men lived in daily and hourly distress over the thought of the "terrible disgrace." But this regiment never faltered in its whole subsequent history, and when at Shiloh it captured three battle standards, all of them belonging to the best-known Southern regiments, its soldiers were fully satisfied that they had wiped out every stain and redeemed their record.

The Seventy-ninth Illinois, two of the battle flags of which organization, as well as the United States flag owned by it, were returned by the Confederates at the close of the war, to the government, like the One hundred and Fourth, met its first disaster—in fact, its only disaster—at its first battle. This regiment was recruited from Clark, Douglas, Edgar and Vermilion counties by order of Gov. Yates, and a few weeks after it was mustered in, it was part of a body of troops that met the enemy at Stone River. Here the Union cause suffered a disastrous defeat, and af-

ter losing many of its men the Seventy-ninth was dispersed, and only came together again some weeks after the fight.

From that time on its history was one to be proud of. Nothing in the annals of the civil war is more stirring than the story of the work of this regiment at Mission Ridge, where, after it was isolated from the rest of the Union army through an unfortunate misapprehension of orders, it captured several pieces of artillery, turned them on the enemy and never gave a foot of ground during that memorable battle. Its colonel, Sheridan P. Read, and several of its leading officers, were killed in the early stages of the war, but the regiment was fortunate enough to be able to supply from its own ranks leaders of great ability and marked courage, and under their guidance it distinguished itself many times during the four years of its active service.

The other regiments of the state that are known to have lost their battle standards to the Confederates were the Thirteenth, which was part of the force beaten at Murfreesboro Dec. 31, 1862; the Sixty-second, Fifty-eighth and the Sixty-first.

Hannibal Hamlin as a Soldier. In the fall of 1864, at the time the Alabama was agitating the people on the New England coast, Company A, Capt. Morse, of the coast guards, from Bangor, was ordered to Fort McClery, Kittery Point, for guard duty. Hannibal Hamlin was then vice president. During the recess of Congress, as he was a member of this company, he went with it as a private for sixty days.

We used to draw our rations from Fort Constitution, on the New Hampshire side of the river. A young lieutenant was in charge of the quartermaster's department. He was not overparticular as to the quality of rations he issued to the boys at Fort McClery, and we used to get more than our share of sour bread. The boys used to demur, but the quartermaster said it was good enough for soldiers.

OLD OF THE VETERANS

His Romance. Death was flin' at his head—Minnie balls a-kissin'—Up the dust in little spots, Bustin' shells a-hissin'—Seen him flop his arms an' drop—Near the rattlin' drummers, An' I bent an' took these words From the lips of Summers: "Goin', Jim—it hit me here!" "Blood was spurtin' from it—Shell wound in his side—as he put his head upon it— "Take this letter back to her— "Baby—Dick—and Harry." Then his voice sank lower, "Jim, Who'll take care of Mary?"

That was at Antietam. When the war was ended Hunted by his widdler an' Tears an' sorrow blended, Leaned to kiss the baby, but "Mind o' shee hid 'er. An' I lost my bearin' an' Bent an' kissed the widdler. Seemed like treachery to Joe, But her eyes were heaven. What did I keer if there was Five, or six, or seven Children in her hands, an' if Summers says a ary Word aginst it I can say I've took care of Mary."—Detroit Tribune.

Silly Stories of Mutiny. "Those reports of a proposed revolt in the Russian army in Manchuria," said the colonel, "made a good many old soldiers smile. The idea of any part of an army 5,000 miles from home cutting itself loose from the government that held transportation lines and supplies, as well as authority, was absurd, but the report was circulated all the same. As a matter of fact it is not possible for an army organized on the modern plan to revolt, but in every war there is talk about armies throwing down their arms or refusing to fight or declining to do this or that.

"More such talk was indulged in concerning the volunteer army of the civil war than of any other army that ever did any real fighting. The talk began in the army, where it passed for mere bluster and extended to the politicians and the people at home, to whom it seemed very menacing indeed. In the earlier years of the war I was in the engineer corps and was pretty close to headquarters. After Antietam I was informed confidentially that McClellan was to be sent to Washington and that Burnside was to take command of the Army of the Potomac.

"It was explained to me by a regular army officer that McClellan really had been removed from command, but the president, fearing a mutiny in the army, desired to have the soldiers believe that Little Mac had been called to Washington to take the place of Gen. Halleck. I was informed also that when McClellan started rearward there would be open revolt against Burnside, and the end of things would come soon. I did not believe a word of all this, and said so. But I was asked to wait. I waited, and I saw McClellan go without demonstration of any kind and Burnside welcomed everywhere with cheers.

"The truth was that the Army of the Potomac was made up of American citizens who were in the army to fight, not for McClellan nor for Burnside, nor Pope, nor Hooker, but for the Union, and most of them, much as they liked McClellan, felt that the time had come for him to go. There was absolutely no thought of mutiny on his account, but hundreds of men who knew better hinted that there was the gravest peril in slighting McClellan because the army as an army was so attached to him that it would resent injustice by refusal to obey orders of another.

"Rattle-pated officers of this school often misled the people, as well as the officers in command. I remember one case in which the field officers of two regiments in Virginia intimated to the general in command that their men were in ugly mood because a deserter from one of the regiments was to be shot. They expressed a fear that if the men were ordered out to witness the execution they would mutiny, and suggested that it might be well to not insist that the regiments be present.

"The general heard them in amazement, but said he would consider the matter. The day of the execution the two regiments were ordered out without arms, and each was placed in the square opposite to a regiment fully armed and equipped. No one understood the situation except the officers who had talked to the general of mutiny, and to them it was a rebuke that stung like a blow in the face.

"The truth was there had been no excitement in either regiment about shooting the deserter, and absolutely no disaffection or no thought of mutiny. This was made known to the general in good time, and he sent for the recreant officers and told them bluntly that they must get over their old women's notions or he would recommend their dismissal from the service. They never hinted at mutiny, after that."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Ammunition in Plenty. It was a stirring account which the captured Russian gave of the sinking of the Borodino. It was the fight of fanatics, of men who had determined to "do their utmost." And they did all that men were capable of doing. They fought to the full capacity of human beings inspired. The Russian's account of the way it rained shot reminds us of a conversation between a Northern man and a Confederate some years after the war. They were discussing a noted battle, when the Confederate remarked that the trouble on their side was that they were short of ammunition. "Short of ammunition!" exclaimed the Yank, "why, man alive, I was on the other side, and I never saw as much ammunition fall in all my life. I didn't know there was as much ammunition in all the world. Short ammunition in all the world? The very air was loaded with it, and it fell like hail—and like h—l."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

For Next Commander. The contest for commander-in-chief at the thirty-ninth annual encampment at Denver in September next seems to be narrowing down to two or three candidates. In the East Corporal James Tanner seems to be in the lead, but in the West he will find a strong opponent in General James R. Carnahan is well known nationally as commander-in-chief of the military branch of the order of the Knights of Pythias. The Carnahan boom has a lively literary annex. Another strong candidate from the West is Past Department Commander Robert P. Brown, a veteran editor of Zanesville, Ohio.—New York Press.

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One day Hamlin said to Capt. Morse: "I want you to send me after rations to-morrow with the boys, and we will try and find out what is the trouble with the rations." He did so and said to the quartermaster: "The bread you have been sending us is sour. Does the requisition call for sour bread?"

"No, but it is good enough for soldiers," was the reply.

Mr. Hamlin then said: "You must not send over any more sour bread to Fort McClery."

"Who are you?" asked the young quartermaster.

"My name is Hamlin, a private soldier in the service of my country, and you will not send over to Fort McClery any more rations that are not suitable for men in the ranks," was the response.

The young quartermaster wilted and almost went down on his knees. "Mr. Hamlin," he said, "I will see to it that Fort McClery is served with first-class rations from this out." And he did.

It was this service at Fort McClery, guarding the Kittery Navy Yard, that made Hannibal Hamlin eligible to the ranks of the G. A. R.

Fought With Uncle Sam. A Dutchman in a Pennsylvania regiment was severely wounded at Chancellorsville and was left on the field. After the battle a Confederate soldier insisted that the wounded man ought to surrender not only his gun, but his blouse and hat. The Dutchman protested that that was no way to treat a wounded man, when the rebel turned on him with the question, "What did you come down here for, anyhow?"

The wounded man replied that he came down into Virginia to fight.

"Why in hell," said the reb, "didn't you fight in Pennsylvania? What right had you to come down into Virginia to fight?" After a minute the Dutchman said: "Vel, I fights mit Uncle Sam, and Uncle Sam he goes eferwhere."

This struck the inquisitive reb as being very good, and the Dutchman lived to tell the story of how he got the best of a rebel by his own comrades. In one regiment, at least, the saying, "I fights mit Uncle Sam" was as common as "I fights mit Sigel" was in others.

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Calumet Baking Powder

The only high grade Baking Powder sold at a moderate price. Complies with the pure food laws of all states.

Trust Baking Powder sell for 45 or 50 cents per pound and may be identified by this exorbitant price. They are a menace to public health, as food prepared from them contains large quantities of Rochelle salts, a dangerous cathartic drug.

A Note to Novel Readers. Well worth pondering, by a generation of novel-readers too apt to impute a code of ethics from irresponsible purveyors of fiction, are these words in Harper's Magazine from William Dean Howells, himself the dean of American novelists:

"If a novel flatters the passions, and excites them above the principles, it is poisonous; it may not kill, but it will alone exclude an entire class of fiction, of which eminent examples will occur to all. Then the whole spawn of so-called unromantic romances, which imagine a world by the penalties following, swift or slow, but inexorably sure, in the real world, are deadly poisons; these kill. The novels that merely tickle our prejudices and lull our judgment, or that coddle our sensibilities, or pamper our gross appetite for the marvelous, are not so fatal; but they are unwholesome, and clog the soul with unwholesome vapors of all kinds. No doubt they, too, help to weaken the mental fibre, and make their readers indifferent to pleading perseverance and plain industry, and to matter-of-fact poverty and commonplace distress."

One miner is killed for every million tons of coal raised.

Proved Beyond a Doubt. Middlesex, N. Y., July 3.—(Special)—That Rheumatism can be cured has been proved beyond a doubt by Mrs. Betsey A. Clawson, well known here. That Mrs. Clawson had Rheumatism and had it bad, all her acquaintances know. They also know she is now cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it. Mrs. Clawson tells the story of her cure as follows:

"I was an invalid for most five years caused by Inflammatory Rheumatism, helpless two-thirds of the time. The first year I could not do as much as a baby could do, then I rallied a little bit and then a relapse. Then a year ago the gout set in my hands and feet. I suffered untold agony and in August, 1903, when my husband died I could not ride to the grave.

"I only took two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and in two weeks I could walk on myself and saw my own wood. I dug my own potatoes and gathered my own garden last fall. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills put the Kidneys in shape to take all the uric acid out of the blood.

The wedding ring doesn't always right in their doctrine of non-resistance. Some natures never develop save in an atmosphere of strife.

The Union Pacific Railroad Passenger Department has put before the public a folder of the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland. It is wonderfully neat and attractive, colors having been employed in the printing. Contents embrace a very complete description of the exposition and its attractions, including a bird's-eye view of the beautiful grounds and buildings, done in numerous colors. Scenes in and around Portland are strikingly portrayed, and all contemplating visiting the exposition this summer should have a copy of the folder in order that they may know of points where the greatest enjoyment and satisfaction may be found.

If one man is just as good as another he doesn't have to insist that such is the case.

Those Who Have Tried It will use no other. Defiance Cold Water Starch has no equal in Quality or Quantity—16 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

Intellectuality is a hopeless splinter.

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. Hutchins* In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought.

We suffer most from evils that never happen.—Gascolgne Proverb.

Superior quality and extra quantity must win. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Throat Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION