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Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago

"The House That Tells The Truth."

Write for Catalogue of Monte Carlo Coats for Women

15

"The Old Kentucky Home."

The Weekly Record of Bardstown, Ky., gives this history of the beautiful old song, "My Old Kentucky Home": The song was written by Stephen Collins Foster, a resident of Pennsylvania, while he and his sister were on a visit to Judge John Rowan, a short distance east of Bardstown. One beautiful morning, while the darkies were at work in the cornfields and the sun was shining with a mighty splendor on the waving grass—first giving it a color of light red, then changing it to a golden hue—there was seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan homestead two young people—a brother and a sister. High up in the top of a tree was a mocking bird warbling its sweet notes. Over in the hidden recesses of a small bush the thrush's mellow song could be heard. A number of small negro children were playing not far away. When Foster had finished the first verse of the song his sister took it from his hand and sang in a sweet, mellow voice:

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home;
Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'm by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

On her finishing the first verse the mocking bird descended to a lower bough. The feathery songster drew his head to one side and appeared to be completely enraptured at the wonderful voice of the young singer. When the last sweet note had died away upon the air her fond brother sang in a deep bass voice:
Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more today;
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.
The darkies had laid down their hoe and rake; the little tots had placed themselves behind the large, sheltering trees, while the old black women were peeping around the corner of the house. The faithful old house dog never took his eyes off the young singers. Everything was still, not even the stirring of the leaves seemed to break the wonderful silence. Again

the brother and sister took hold of the remaining notes and sang in sweet accents:

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the 'coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkies may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days to "tote" the weary load—
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

As the song was finished tears flowed down the old darkies' cheeks; the children crept from their hiding places behind the trees, their faces wreathed in smiles; the mocking bird and the thrush sought their homes in the thicket, while the old dog still lay basking in the sun.

Incomprehensible Reprehensibility.

We wish that these bumptious American generals would stop giving the army such a bad name. There was General Miles. He began it by saying that the war had been waged with "undue severity"—as if this were possible! Only this week we were compelled to print the judge advocate general's report that one in every twenty soldiers was a convicted offender—a thousand for desertion and theft, and another thousand for drunkenness, murder, rape and other cheerful crimes. We leave it to anybody if this is not an outrageous slander on our distant heroes, whatever the statistics may show. And now comes General Davis, the commander of all the troops in the Philippines, who has had to be-

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gin his regime by issuing an order calling attention to the "carelessness of the officers and men in the matter of dress and discipline," and characterizing the neglect in these respects as "extraordinary." How General Davis could thus contradict Secretary Root, and in the middle of a political campaign, we are at a loss to understand. We can only put it down to the fact that, being a soldier, he is not quite used to the war department's policy of suppression, and silence, and misrepresentation, with which it has been so admirably successful up to this time. Moreover, it was a reflection on General Chaffee, his predecessor, and anyway what was the use? Did not Chaffee and MacArthur issue similar orders and admonitions? It ought to be understood by this time that our army has the royal prerogative of inability to do wrong. It is high time for these talkative generals to "shut up" and stop furnishing campaign material to democrats by making far more sweeping charges than were ever preferred by any "Bryanite" or fussy anti-imperialist.—New York Post.

Dig to Aid the Church.

Women of Beaver Dam, Wis., have discovered a novel way to raise funds, says an exchange, for churches. A delegation had asked a certain merchant for funds. He was tired of buying tickets to fairs, suppers and theatricals, so he made a proposition. He offered to give \$20 to the Presbyterian church if the women of the congregation would dig potatoes for two hours and allow spectators.

The offer was accepted and a large number of tickets worded as follows were sold:

.....
: The holder of this ticket :
: is entitled to a reserved seat :
: on Mrs. Waldner's fence to :
: see the ladies of the First :
: Presbyterian church :
: DIG POTATOES :
: from 2 to 4 p. m. today, :
: Tuesday, Sept. 7, 1902. Pro- :
: ceeds of sale to go to the :
: church. Price of ticket from :
: 25 cents up, according to the :
: liberality of purchaser. :
:

A farmer living near the city gave permission to have his field used and the other afternoon 30 of the women marched to the scene of the "mar-

tyrdom." The party was made up of "maids and matrons." There were girls of 12 and women of 70, all eager to dig potatoes and secure the money for the church. The procession moved through the city, the women marching two by two, each carrying her own implement. A large sum was realized.

Quay and the Coal Trust.

That the republican party as a national party is not to blame for the hard coal situation is true, as Mr. Spooner says. But when he charges the blame to the commonwealth of Pennsylvania he is speaking too generally. The republican party of Pennsylvania is blamable because it did not bring the coal operators to book long ago. Pennsylvania is governed by republicans, and has been for years. Senator Quay has but to wink one of his drooping eyelids, and the illegal coal combine would have been attacked in the courts, with every probability that competition and cheaper coal would have followed the attack.

The coal operators in the last essence are not the most guilty men in all this deplorable business; they acted as they did from self-interest. Senator Quay and the Pennsylvania state legislature and its law officers were paid to guard the interests of the people, and they deliberately neglected their duty. Their neglect brings shame on the republican party of Pennsylvania.—Detroit Journal.

TO STAMP OUT CONSUMPTION

Work of Research Society Gives New Hope.

The Journal Research Society, 589 American Tract building, New York city, has been established for the purpose of preventing the spread of consumption. The Society is sending free to consumptives and sufferers from bronchitis, asthma and catarrh, the prescription of Professor Hoff of Vienna, Austria, together with a bottle of the medicine and a book containing a full account of the cure of Frederick Hamman by Professor Hoff as published in the New York Journal. Hamman was selected from 100 consumptive patients at the Vanderbilt Clinic and sent at the Journal's expense to be treated by Professor Hoff, and returned home after three months, completely cured.