

RESULT OF GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATION

Government Investigation Shows That Stock Foods Now on the Market Have Little Value.

The recent Government investigations have shown that preparations now being sold to farmers and feeders as stock foods are almost valueless, and are sold at an enormous profit, thereby enriching themselves at the expense of the farmer. A good tonic and worm destroyer, as well as a stomach and bowel conditioner, that you can mix at home or have your druggist mix for you, and from good honest ingredients, will certainly prove a boon to farmers and feeders. You can get a splendid formula for a medicine of this kind, which is no experiment, together with a booklet on feeding and care of hogs, by sending your name and address, together with a Post Office order for fifty cents to cover cost of printing and mailing, to W. T. Cutler, 17 N. 3rd St., Lafayette, Ind.

DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE TIME.

Colored Fisherman Most Satisfied When the Bites Were Few.

Riding across the country one day, Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing silently from the stream beneath. For some time he watched him from a distance, but finally, overcome by the old fellow's unmoved patience, he rode up and accosted him.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?"
 "Fishing", sah," came the reply.
 "Not getting many, are you?"
 "No, sah."
 "Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite."
 "I doesn't want no bite, cap'n."
 "Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"
 "Huh! this a way, cap'n: when I gits a lots o' bites, hit takes all meh time to git the fish off'n meh line, an' I coudn't have no time foh fishin'."—Success Magazine.

NOT THE RIGHT MAN.



The Rejected—And will nothing make you change your mind?
 She—Myes, another man might.

An Ambitious Mother.

"Hubby," said the observant wife, "the janitor of these flats is a bachelor."
 "What of it?"
 "I really think he is becoming interested in our oldest daughter."
 "There you go again with your pipe dreams! Last week it was a duke."
 —Everybody's Magazine.

WANTED TO KNOW

The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you hear about a thing, it's what you know that counts. And correct knowledge is most likely to come from personal experience.

"About a year ago," writes a N. Y. man, "I was bothered by indigestion, especially during the forenoon. I tried several remedies without any permanent improvement."

"My breakfast usually consisted of oatmeal, steak or chops, bread, coffee and some fruit."

"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts, I concluded to give it a trial and find out if all I had heard of it was true."

"So I began with Grape-Nuts and cream, 2 soft boiled eggs, toast, a cup of Postum and some fruit. Before the end of the first week I was rid of the acidity of the stomach and felt much relieved."

"By the end of the second week all traces of indigestion had disappeared and I was in first rate health once more. Before beginning this course of diet, I never had any appetite for lunch, but now I can enjoy a hearty meal at noon time." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

When the Tide Turned

By George Harvey

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The following story is true in all its details, real names alone being omitted for obvious reasons.

Henry Bradford left his Old Colony home on a bright summer day to seek his fortune in New York.

He had the best wishes of everybody, for he was a decent boy, and all who knew him liked his many ways. But he found the metropolis a tough proposition. The fierce, pushing, fight-for-life workseekers jostled and crowded him beyond all his previous conceptions, and he, not having the faculty of retaliating in kind, found himself pushed to the wall.

He got employment, it is true, but he could not hold it for any length of time, owing largely to his lack of knowledge of urban conditions, and also to much bad luck.

So, after four years' struggle, he gave it up and acknowledged himself beaten. The struggle had been continuous and altogether one-sided, and as he sat upon the string-piece of an East river pier, it was borne in upon him that he had made as good a fight as he knew how. And lost!

And now, when failure had completely enveloped him in her somber cloak, he felt there was nothing else to do but to return to the old town. There, at least, he could live, and he among those who knew him and would sympathize with him. Of the two dollars which he possessed, one dollar would pay his fare to Providence, and it would be a small matter for him to walk the intervening miles to his old home.

This plan he carried into effect, and the evening of an early October day found him in Plymouth, which adjoined his home town. He was tired, footsore and discouraged. Plymouth always held a fascination for him, and he betook himself to the burial hill and there, on a lonely bench, he looked down upon the lights of Market square, to the riding-lights of a few craft lying at anchor in the harbor, and further, to that great light on the Garnet whose effulgent rays guided and warned local and coastwise mariners. Long he sat and brooded. One by one the lights were extinguished, and as the town went to sleep he felt the necessity of doing likewise. He stumbled down the narrow path to Market square, across the main street and, as though drawn by some magnet, to the water's edge. There the gray canopy with its iron gate, which shields Plymouth Rock from the vandal and the relic hunter, reared its head. Everything was familiar to Henry, yet his eye dwelt longingly on each object. Here was a short strip of pebbly beach, and drawn high up on it was a fisherman's dory. The boat contained a pair of oars, a sprit-sail and mast, a coiled seine, and, in the stern, a small breaker of fresh water. Without hesitation he stepped aboard, and, adjusting the thwarts and oars and arranging the sail so that it would act as a cover for him, he lay down and in two minutes was sound asleep.

Henry Bradford was a sound sleeper, a very sound sleeper, else this story might never have been written. He knew naught of the stealthy rise of the tide nor of the lift of the dory as she became water borne, nor did he know that in his earlier arrangements he had loosened the noosed painter from the boulder over which it had been slipped. He did not feel the impact of the gentle southwest wind which wafted the dory slowly but surely to the point of the beach.

The outgoing tide in Plymouth harbor is much like a mill-race as it hurries to the greater waters of Barnstable bay.

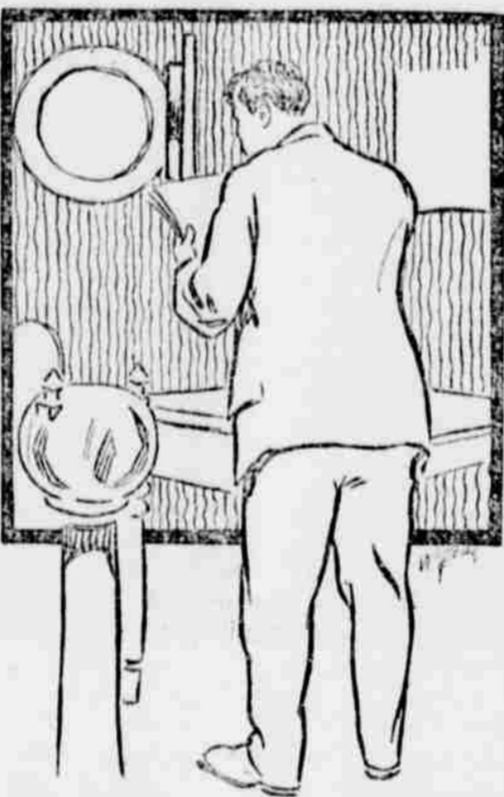
Henry Bradford slept the sleep of utter weariness. The dory is, perhaps, the best sea boat ever designed, and will stand more wind and weather and sloppy seas than any other small craft. If he was somewhat jostled and shaken it only served to accentuate a deeper sleep. But there are some happenings of nature which no man, sleeping or waking, may allow to pass unnoticed. As he slept, a giant hand seemed to reach from infinity and, grasping his frail boat, carry it and him up, up, up till all the world became dark, and then, without warning, dropped him into an abyss so deep and awful that it seemed as though a cleft in solid earth had been opened to engulf him forever.

Henry Bradford awoke, with chattering teeth and staring eyes, to find his boat being lifted again by the mighty hand of his dream. His rudely aroused senses apprised him of the situation. He knew himself to be in the dory, and he also realized that the dory was afloat and ceasing with a phase of ocean disturbance with which he was not familiar. The next uplift was of much less volume than

its predecessor, and after three or four minor fluctuations he felt that his boat was rising and falling to the normal Atlantic swell. The air was heavy, damp and clammy, and was filled with many odors difficult of description, but all of the briny sea. He cautiously raised himself to a standing position and surveyed the horizon. The arc of sea and sky before him was utterly blank. As he slowly swung his body to complete his view of the horizon, he saw on his starboard quarter, and well astern of him, the well-known gleam of Race point light. At the same moment there burst on his ear a thunderous, reverberating roar, such a sound as might be caused by a mighty wind devastating a great forest, or by the discharge of a thousand field pieces in a mighty cavern.

Tense and strained, Henry sensed everything which came to ear, eye or nostril. He realized that there had been a mighty upheaval of the ocean. That thunderous sound was undoubtedly the impact of a tidal wave upon a distant shore, that strange, clammy smell, the tang of which was still in his nostrils, was no doubt caused by the depths of ocean being hurled to the surface by this marine cataclysm.

It was very dark, the clouds obscured the sky and a light wind came from the northeast. Henry had now



A Hurried Examination of the Papers.

got his bearings. His dory had shipped but little water during the awful tumult. He was in the act of stepping the mast, when a new sound broke upon his ear. It was the stalling of a vessel's sails, and in his immediate proximity. His strained eyes discerned a blotch upon the blackness of the night, slightly on his port bow and becoming momentarily plainer to his vision. A moment later he was able to make out a schooner, with all sail set, riding deeply in the water and nearly hove-to. Henry dropped the mast and shipped the oars, a few strokes of which brought him on her weather quarter, whence he lustily hailed: "Schooner, ahoy!" which, being repeated and varied with "Aboard the schooner," bringing him no reply, he again seized his oars and brought the dory alongside. He leaped lightly on board, painter in hand. He trailed his boat astern and secured the painter firmly. The schooner was on the starboard tack with all sail set, including fore and main gaff topsails, foretopmast staysail, jib and flying jib. About 20 feet of her midship bulwark was torn away and her decks were wet and slippery from recent inundations.

A hasty inspection of the cabin berths and its single stateroom disclosed no sign of life. An inspection of the deck forecastle produced similar results, and Henry Bradford realized that he was the only living being aboard that ill-fated schooner.

His mind was now intensely alert and he was on familiar ground. As fast as halyards could be handled, he clewed up both gaff topsails, and hauled down and furled the flying jib, jib and foretopmast staysail. Then, after stopping both gaff topsails, he returned to the deck and in a few min-

utes had the schooner upon the proper course for Boston light.

Daylight had come and the wind had freshened slightly. A hurried examination of the papers in the captain's stateroom disclosed the vessel's manifest, which gave the information that the schooner Clara Bates, 450 tons register, owned by Bates & Joyce of Boston, commanded by Capt. Ezra Perry of Salem, and a crew of five men, was carrying 530 tons of coal consigned to the owners of the vessel in Boston. A small sum of money in the captain's desk and the usual instruments of navigation were the things of most value which caught Bradford's eye during his hurried examination. The demands of the inner man were satisfied with a substantial breakfast, consisting of ham, fried potatoes and hot coffee.

The wind held true, and Bradford's mind had already worked out a plan of operations. He led his jib down-haul and jib halyards—secured by a slip noose—ast, and, once in smooth water, he made ready his sheet anchor, secured by a cat-stopper only, and overhauled a few fathoms of chain. At four o'clock that afternoon, he brought the Clara Bates into the wind on South Boston flats, hauled down his jib and, as the vessel lost way, slipped his cat-stopper and anchored!

The rest is mere detail. It was in the fall of the great coal strike, and coal was coal. Henry sent word to Bates & Joyce by the harbor master's tug, and an hour later the corpulent and genial Mr. Joyce was on board and had heard Henry's wonderful story. At 11 o'clock the next day, Henry Bradford signed a release and accepted a lump sum of \$5,000 in lieu of all services rendered and salvages expected. There is one more happy detail. The 20 feet of bulwark that was torn away from the side of the Clara Bates acted as a life raft for the members of her company, who were swept overboard at the same time. They were picked up a few hours later by an ocean-going tug with a tow of coal barges and bound for Salem.

At the earnest request of Henry Bradford, his name was suppressed from the newspaper accounts of the salvaging of the Clara Bates, and his appearance among his townspeople a few days later was received as the home-coming of a man who had gone out, done battle with the great world and returned successful.

He Got Something Good.

A writer who went to get an interview from Gen. John F. Weston, who succeeded Gen. Wood as commander of the Philippine division, says:

"It was a scorching hot day in early September. The family was away, and he was sitting on the front porch alone, with a palm leaf fan and a big cigar, trying in his cheerful way to make the best of things. Always the soul of courage and hospitality, he came down the steps to meet me, at the same time calling to a servant to take my horse. When we were comfortably seated, 'Well,' he said, 'and what can I do for you?'
 "'Well,' I answered, 'the truth is, general, that I came just for a talk with you; and if you would be so kind as to give me something good—'
 "'My young friend,' interrupted Weston, sniffing the air, 'do you smell that mint bed? Just you step right inside with me, and in two minutes I'll have you a drink fit for the gods, sir, and not beneath the notice of a cavalryman!'
 "'I met my editor friend at the Army and Navy club that evening. 'Well,' he said, 'did you see the general and get something good?'
 "'I did—very,' I replied, feelingly, 'but of such a nature as would hardly fill the bill for publication.'—Army and Navy Life.

None Left Alive.

Senator Beveridge, in the course of an eloquent after-dinner speech in Boston, said of child labor:

"When we consider the indifference with which so many of our great men look upon the child labor evil, we can't help wondering if these men are so very great after all."

Senator Beveridge paused, and smiled.

"An orator," he said, "was addressing an assemblage of the people. He recounted the people's wrongs. Then he passionately cried:

"Where are America's great men? Why don't they take up the cudgel in our defense? In the face of our manifold wrongs, why do they remain cold, immovable, silent?"
 "'Because they're all cast in bronze,' shouted a cynic in the rear."

An Eel as Thick as a Cat.

New York.—The aquarium has acquired a sea monster, a spotted moray, which is a formidable name for a species of eel. It is eight feet long, as large in diameter as a fat cat, and resembles an enormous eel, except that its head, with a mouth like an under-shot bulldog, is crowned with a ridge of spikes. It came from Bermuda. A often the moray has been taken for a sea serpent by green fishermen, as it lives near the surface, and often lies

with its head on the rocks, seeking blinds' eggs and crabs.

Superintendent Morgan says this moray is not extraordinarily large, as they grow to 15 feet, and often swim with head elevated above the sea.

Speaking of Tides.

Teacher—Tommie, can you tell me what effect the moon has on the river?
 Tommie—Yes'm; makes it moon-light!—Yonkers Statesman.

DRAGS YOU DOWN.

Backache and Kidney Trouble Slowly Wear One Out.

Mrs. R. Crouse, Fayette St., Manchester, Ia., says: "For two years my



back was weak and rheumatic. Pains ran through my back, hips and limbs. I could hardly get about and lost much sleep. The action of the kidneys was much disordered. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and the result was remarkable. The kidney action became normal, the backache ceased, and my health is now unusually good."

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

Hard Work.

Patience—That Miss Fussenfeather holds her head quite high since her father got an automobile.

Patrice—Yes; she's trying to keep her nose above range of the smell of the gasoline.

GIRL WAS DELIRIOUS

With Fearful Eczema—Pain, Heat, and Tingling Were Excruciating—Cuticura Acted Like Magic.

"An eruption broke out on my daughter's chest. I took her to a doctor, and he pronounced it to be eczema of a very bad form. He treated her, but the disease spread to her back, and then the whole of her head was affected, and all her hair had to be cut off. The pain she suffered was excruciating, and with that and the heat and tingling her life was almost unbearable. Occasionally she was delirious and she did not have a proper hour's sleep for many nights. The second doctor we tried afforded her just as little relief as the first. Then I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and before the Ointment was three-quarters finished every trace of the disease was gone. It really seemed like magic. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, Brentwood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907."

The World a Blank.

We feel sorry for the woman who has no confidence in either her husband or her dressmaker.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. WASHINGTON, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

At the time he casts his first vote a man is too young to realize that he doesn't know it all.

A SUDDEN GOLD.



Miss Helen Sauerbier, of 815 Main St., St. Joseph, Mich., writes an interesting letter on the subject of catching cold, which cannot fail to be of value to all women who catch cold easily.

PERUNA ADVISED FOR SUDDEN COLDS.

It Should be Taken According to Directions on the Bottle, at the First Appearance of the Cold.

St. Joseph, Mich., Sept., 1901.—Last winter I caught a sudden cold which developed into an unpleasant catarrh of the head and throat, depriving me of my appetite and usual good spirits. A friend who had been cured by Peruna advised me to try it and I sent for a bottle at once, and I am glad to say that in three days the phlegm had loosened, and I felt better, my appetite returned and within nine days I was in my usual good health.

—Miss Helen Sauerbier. Peruna is an old and well tried remedy for colds. No woman should be without it.