

A Telling Retort.
A telling retort was made by a commercial traveler to an unkind remark made by a young woman whom he had met at the house of a friend.

The young woman, of New England origin, inquired the occupation of the young man.

"I am a commercial traveler," quietly remarked the young man.

"Ah, indeed!" she returned, in a very patronizing manner. "Do you know that in my part of the country commercial travelers are not received in good society?"

"Nor are they here, madam," quickly replied the young man, bowing politely.

An Honest Opinion.

Mineral, Idaho, Oct. 16. (Special).—That a sure cure has been discovered for those sciotic pains that make so many lives miserable, is the firm opinion of Mr. D. S. Colson, a well known resident of this place, and he does not hesitate to say that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills. The reason Mr. Colson is so firm in his opinion is that he had those terrible pains and is cured. Speaking of the matter, he says:

"I am only too happy to say Dodd's Kidney Pills have done me lots of good. I had awful pains in my hip so I could hardly walk. Dodd's Kidney Pills stopped it entirely. I think they are a grand medicine."

All Sciotic and Rheumatic pains are caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys and healthy kidneys strain all the Uric Acid out of the blood. With the cause removed there can be no Rheumatism or Sciatia.

Point of View.

Dismal Dave—I ain't got no sympathy fer dem guys wot goes on er strike.

Flooding Pete—Wot! youse don't mean ter say dat youse blame fellers fer quitting work?

Dismal Dave—Now; but fellers can't strike 'less dey's at work—an' dey ain't got no bizness ter be workin' in de first place. See?

Watch the Lawmakers.

It is a settled fact that none of the family medicines, or "patent" medicines, would ever have a large sale unless they gave satisfaction to the people using them. Standard patent medicines that were advertised and sold extensively when the man and woman of 50 or more at this time were boys and girls are yet advertised and sold in large quantities. Had they possessed no merit they would have been forgotten long ago. And yet certain sensational magazines are engineering a crusade against such preparations. It will be well for the people, if they do not wish to be deprived of the right to use family preparations of that character, to keep an eye on their representative in the Legislature next winter.—Mitchellville (Iowa) Index.

Circumstantial Evidence.

At a lawyer's dinner the subject of circumstantial evidence was discussed. One lawyer, says the New York Tribune, said that the best illustration of circumstantial evidence as proof was in a story he had recently heard.

A young and pretty girl had been out walking. On her return her mother said:

"Where have you been, my dear?"

"Only walking in the park," she replied.

"With whom?" pursued her mother.

"No one, mamma," said the young girl.

"No one?" her mother repeated.

"No one," was the reply.

"Then," said the older lady, "explain how it is that you have come home with a walking-stick when you started with an umbrella."

Merely Rusting.

More than half the folks who thus think that they are wearing out are just rusting out, says the Norwich, Conn., Bulletin. Right with a feeling of weakness comes a spirit of resignation. You know what this is—a yielding to conditions—a tumbling down. The chances for a person in this world are fighting chances. Most that is won is achieved by activity and energy. The only time to be resigned is when you have to be. You do not have to be so long as there is a fighting chance. When you feel like being resigned it is time to summon resolution; that will serve you ten times as well and keep your spirits from giving out.

COFFEE NEURALGIA.

Leaves When You Quit and Use Postum
A lady who unconsciously drifted into nervous prostration brought on by coffee says:

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life, and used it regularly three times a day.

"A year or two ago I became subject to nervous neuralgia, attacks of nervous headache and general nervous prostration, which not only incapacitated me for doing my housework, but frequently made it necessary for me to remain in a dark room for two or three days at a time.

"I employed several good doctors, one after the other, but none of them was able to give me permanent relief.

"Eight months ago a friend suggested that perhaps coffee was the cause of my troubles, and that I try Postum Food Coffee and give up the old kind. I am glad I took her advice, for my health has been entirely restored. I have no more neuralgia, nor have I had one solitary headache in all these eight months. No more of my days are wasted in solitary confinement in a dark room. I do all my own work with ease. The flesh that I lost during the years of my nervous prostration has come back to me during these months, and I am once more a happy, healthy woman. I enclose a list of names of friends who can vouch for the truth of the statement." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.
Ten days' trial leaving off coffee and using Postum is sufficient.

Camping Song.
Has your dinner lost its savor?
Has your greeting lost its cheer?
Is your daily stunt a burden?
Is your laughter half a sneer?
There's a medicine to cure you,
There's a way to lift your load,
With a horse and a saddle and a mile of open road.

Is your eyeball growing billous?
Is your temper getting short?
Is this life a blind delusion,
Or a grim, unlovely sport?
There's a world of health and beauty,
There's a help that cannot fail,
In a day behind the burros,
On a dusty mountain trail.

Come out, old man, we're going
To a land that's free and large,
Where the rainless skies are resting
On a snowy mountain range.
When we camp in God's own country,
You will find yourself again,
With a fire and a blanket and the stars upon the plain!—Bliss Carman in the Reader.

The Last Watch on the "Empress"

Strained, tempest-buffed, leaking at a dozen seams, her foretopmast gone, her yards splintered, her sails in rags, and with four feet of water in her lower hold, the old bark Empress, three weeks overdue with a cargo of rice from Calcutta, came lurching heavily into the lower harbor through the fog of the May afternoon.

At her wheel stood the captain, and amidst him two weary Swedes were pumping desperately. Brushing aside pilot boats, tugs and quarantine steamer, heedless of the hoarse warnings screamed from a half-dozen metal throats, she made straight for the crescent of Hospital Bank, and there ran hard and fast aground.

As she settled she made a bed for herself in the soft mud, so that when the tide left, her she stood nearly upright.

During the next week her rat-riddled cargo was lightened off. Then her owners weighed its fate in council and their verdict was, "Strip and burn." For five days more the swarming riggers worked havoc with knife and hatchet and marlinspike, until, on Friday afternoon, the decks were littered with food for the junk shop and the oakum factory, and the three masts rose bare of their feathered trapezes of rope and spar.

At three o'clock on that very Friday, Emerson Hardy, just turned twenty-two, licensed engineer of the gasoline launch belonging to Smith & Cutcliffe, the firm that owned the bark, had finished cleaning up his boat, after a short trip, and had moored it securely off the foot of the landing stairs. The machinery needed some repairs, so for two or three days his craft would be out of commission.

He had not the slightest objection, therefore, when his employers asked him to act as watchman for a single night in place of the colored steward, who had for the past ten days stood grand over the vessel, but who had that morning sailed on a fruit ship bound for Jamaica. Smith & Cutcliffe knew well that the bark was safe from harbor thieves so long as the engineer had charge of it.

It was already dark, and a dense fog blanketed the day, when the tug Orion, on its way out to watch all night for incoming vessels, steamed up close to the Empress to set Hardy on board. He scrambled up the low side, and was on deck in a moment.

"Don't let the rats eat you up, Emerson!" called out the pilot, as the tug swung away. "I'll give you a call in the morning on the way in, to see if you are all there."

Hardy flung back a jest in reply. The first things he did after the Orion had vanished in the mist and its distant puffing died down to an asthmatic whisper, were to light his lantern and load his revolver. Then he straightened up and looked about him.

The bark was entirely dismantled. Her ragged sails were bundled up, the cordage lay along the deck in coils and lines, extending from the cabin top forward. In short, the vessel had been stripped of everything of value in preparation for the final trips of the lighter. The only spot above decks not covered with debris was the roof of the forecastle.

With the advance of night the fog grew thicker. Back and forth paced the engineer. He consulted his watch; it was eight o'clock. He came to a stop near the end of the cabin, where the ship's bell hung tongueless.

The fancy came to him to strike the hours upon it, as if he were keeping watch during an ocean voyage; it would break the monotony of his light. With a rusty iron marlinspike, picked up from the deck, he beat out eight clear, silvery notes from the sea-mellowed brass.

The night wore on. Every thirty minutes Hardy paused near the binnacle, and the bell pealed out its warning beneath his vigorous arm—once stroke at half past eight, two at nine, and so on.

But the hours moved slowly. He was just on the edge of the channel, and up to midnight there was plenty of passing—passenger-boats, freighters, tugs towing lines of barges; he could hear and tell them all, although the fog hid them from view. Toward

twelve o'clock they thinned out, and it would have been lonely enough on the deserted hulk but for the rats.

They were present in scores, great, gray, leaping bewiskered fellows, scurrying about decks and quarreling with one another, no half-tame inoffensive house animals, but savage, impudent brutes, born and bred on shipboard.

For want of anything better to do, Hardy watched them. Finally he grew tired, and at midnight, after eight strokes on the bell, went down into the cabin. In the middle of the floor stood a huge rat. The watchman shouted at it. The beast lifted its head inquiringly without a sign of fear, and then trotted leisurely into the captain's stateroom.

Hardy stretched himself out in a dilapidated haircloth armchair, the sole remaining article of furniture, set his lantern down near by and tried to fancy himself in command of the bark on a foreign voyage. He lost consciousness for a time, but was suddenly roused by a sharp pain in the right hand. Springing up, he flung from him with a shudder of disgust a rat which, emboldened by his silence, had leaped into his lap and bitten the knuckle of his middle finger.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly two o'clock, the time when man's life forces are said to be at their lowest ebb. Over the decks above, Hardy could hear numberless feet pattering and racing, while the air was rent by shrill, continuous squeals. In the cabin itself were fully a dozen rats, darting in and out of the open staterooms. Taking his lantern, Hardy went up the companionway.

The tide, which was almost high, gurgled steadily into the hold through the open seams, driving all the rats upward. Until a few days before, the animals had had enough to eat from the cargo to keep them from being hungry, but now lack of food had made them savage. The decks were literally alive with them, running, squealing, fighting.

Hardy had no sense of fear, but the incessant squabbling wearied him and he longed for the approach of morning. He almost wished that the harbor thieves would put in an appearance. They could easily be frightened off by a show of his revolver; and almost any human interruption would be welcome to vary this ceaseless squealing.

The turmoil on the decks increased. The watchman started forward, and trod on the tail of one of the rats. The animal turned upon him and sank its teeth into his ankle with a shriek.

There was something about that note different than the others. As its sound a dead silence suddenly fell upon the bark, and Hardy was aware that every rat turned toward him. Another shrill, vicious call from his assailant, and in an instant the engineer found himself the object of attack by scores of foes.

Against the binnacle leaned a wooden capstanbar. Hardy seized this with his right hand, and with the lantern in his left, vaulted upon the cabin roof, which rose about four feet above the deck.

He gained thereby a momentary respite, but soon his enemies discovered his whereabouts. Up they swarmed, clamoring over the festoons of rigging along the edge of the cabin top. The watchman set down his lantern, grasped the capstanbar tightly with both hands, and began to lay about him with long, sweeping blows that sent rat after rat flying over the rail into the sea.

As first the engineer despised his assailants. It seemed absurd to think that his safety could be seriously endangered by such contemptible animals. They assailed him from behind and he wheeled to meet them, raining his blows in every direction, and striving to shake himself free from their attack. But they pressed him hard, with an ominous, deadly earnestness, and it did not take him long to realize that he was fighting for his very life.

Hardy's wiriness now stood him in good stead. A bigger, clumsier man could not have handled himself so quickly. Up and down, right and left, swept the capstanbar like a fall. He grew sick of the massacre. He could see nothing outside the little mist-walled circle illuminated by the lantern. Slay as many as he might, their numbers seemed unthinned, and their assault continued with undiminished vigor. His arms were wearied with wielding the bar, but he had to fight on.

Had Hardy cared, he would have jumped overboard; but he was only a very ordinary swimmer, the water was cold, and the shore nearly a mile away.

But something must be done at once. His breath was coming short. He stumbled and almost fell. Once down! He shuddered at the thought and wielded his bar desperately.

An incautious sweep caught the lantern, and whirled it over the rail with a jingling crash of glass.

The watchman's face was now turned toward the bow. As he shot a glance forward through the mist, he caught a glimpse of the forecastle, rising above the littered decks. Once on its top he would be safe. Could he gain it? One jump took him off the cabin to the break; another planted his feet on the main deck amidst ships. His enemies pursued him. The black square of the open hatch yawned before him. Round it he darted, threading his way among the rope coils. Once or twice he was almost thrown headlong.

Close before him rose the forecastle. It was six feet high. Could

he reach its summit? He must.

Up he leaped and flung his hands over the edge. Beneath him the rats bit at his feet and hung at the bottoms of his trousers. With a mighty effort he threw his left leg up over the side of the roof, caught his heel, and a moment later lay there in safety, half-fainting.

There Hardy spent the remainder of the night. With the coming of dawn a fresh landbreeze dispersed the fog, and as the tide fell the rats disappeared into the hold to search for scattered rice grains. When the Orion took the watchman off at six o'clock the decks showed no signs of life.

Late that evening, as the lighter drew away toward the city with its last load, a match touched to a ball of rags soaked in kerosene lighted up a beacon visible afar over sea and land, the funeral pyre of the Empress. The flames danced along her bulwarks and streamed up her masts, until she stood in lurid outline against the surrounding gloom.

But before the conflagration touched them the rats leaped overboard, and soon the frellt surface was alive with swimming forms. Few reached the shore, however, for the sea was rough through the long mile they had to traverse. Meanwhile the old bark burned far into the night, until her upper works were consumed; and it was well toward morning when the rising tide put out the flames.—*Youth's Companion.*

HENRY SLADE DEAD.

The Noted Spiritualistic Medium Dies in a Michigan Sanatorium, Aged 80.

Henry Slade, the noted spiritualistic medium, who died recently in the Belding, Michigan, Sanatorium with nobody to claim his remains, as stated by a despatch from there to supposed relatives at Lockport, N. Y., was a Niagara county man. He was one of the most noted slate writers in the world and created a great sensation years ago. He exhibited his weird and so-called occult powers before most of the crowned heads of Europe. Some of his performances, it is said, baffled the close investigation of scientists.

Henry Slade was about 80 years old at the time of his death. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Slade of Johnson's Creek, and was born in that little hamlet in the town of Hartford, Niagara county, when most of the county was a wilderness. The Slades were among the first settlers. Henry attended the district school and later went to a local seminary.

One of Henry's schoolboy friends was Abe Taylor, the patriarch of Johnson's Creek, he is now over 80. Mr. Taylor relates that Slade, when a mere youth, used to exhibit his strange powers in a manner that made their blood creep. He could make a table with a lighted lamp lean toward him by a mere motion of the hands. The table, which he did not touch, would incline to an angle of 45 degrees, yet the lighted lamp would maintain its equilibrium and never upset. He could place his hand on top of a piano when 21 years of age and lift both piano legs off the floor.

Over animals he presented a marvelous influence. He was known as a great colt breaker and bull tamer. He used to entertain his young friends by slate writing and many of them held him in absolute awe.

Slade left Lockport when about 21 and began his tours later. In New York he turned away great crowds. He went to Europe and Kings and Queens and their courts gave him audiences. Emperor Napoleon III. gave him a three carat diamond. It is said he was at one time worth \$2 million.—*New York Sun.*

A Tragedy of Foolhardiness.

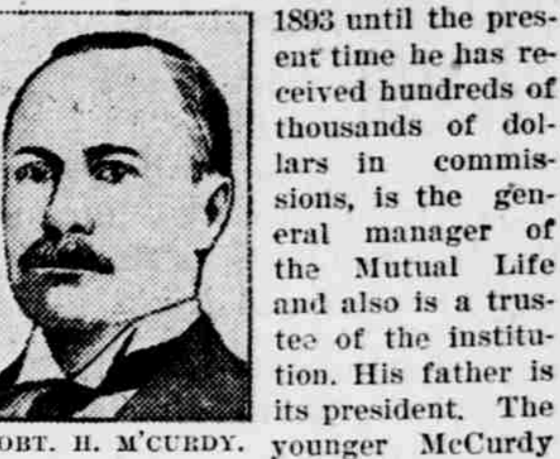
As a result of the foolhardy practice of inexperienced persons entering the cages of wild beasts, a terrible tragedy was yesterday found to have taken place at Blackpool. When, during the day, a butcher went to the stockyard of the Blackpool Tower Company at South Shore, where sick and reserve animals for the menagerie are kept, he was terrified to find the three lions roaring at will about the yard. He obtained assistance, and drove them back to the cage, where the mangled and half-eaten body of a man was then discovered. On the remains being recovered, they were found to be those of a carter named Livesey, who was in the employ of the Tower Company. He had been heard to express his intention of going into the cage where the lions were kept, and late on Saturday night he was seen to enter the stockyard with another man. Cries of fear were afterward heard, coming from within, and shortly afterward a man was seen running away from the stockyard. The manager of the Tower Company states that Livesey had no right to go into the cage.—*London Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Yankee Doodle" an Irish Jig.

Mr. W. H. Grattan Flood writes: Will you allow me to point out to you that the tune of "Yankee Doodle" is an old Irish jig of the early eighteenth century, well known in Ireland still as "All the Way to Galway." Your statement that it was composed by Dr. Schuckburgh is a slip. You probably meant that he wrote the doggerel words, which is generally admitted, but he merely adapted his verses to the Irish jig, which was printed as "Yankee Doodle" in 1782, and was subsequently introduced by Arnold into his "Two to One."—*London Truth.*



Robert H. McCurdy, who testified before the insurance investigating committee in New York, that from



1893 until the present time he has received hundreds of thousands of dollars in commissions, is the general manager of the Mutual Life and also is a trustee of the institution. His father is its president. The younger McCurdy began his insurance career in 1881, after his graduation from Harvard, in the Metropolitan agency of the Mutual Life, and five years later he was made superintendent of the foreign department. In 1903 he was chosen general manager. Mr. McCurdy was born in New York City, May 26, 1859. Besides his position in the Mutual Life he is a director of the Astor National Bank, of the Windsor Trust Company, and of the Casualty Company of America, and also is connected with other financial and business corporations.

Waldo Story, the Boston-London sculptor, who is to execute a statue of the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt for the House of Commons, is the first American to be thus honored.

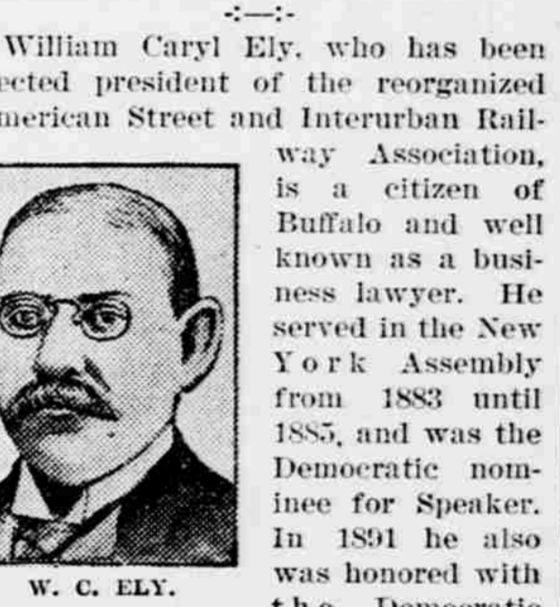
Francis Kossuth, under whose leadership the coalition parties in Hungary are said to be desirous of effecting organization in Austria, is a son of the celebrated revolutionist, Louis Kossuth. For years he has been an influential leader of the Hungarian independent party and the champion of popular rights. Formerly he was a civil engineer, but abandoned that profession to enter politics, and for a long time has been a thorn in the flesh of the government. On several occasions it has been reported that Francis Kossuth would be made premier. For a time in 1849 the elder Kossuth was governor of Hungary, which he declared its independence, but he was compelled to flee from his native country and lived in exile many years.



FRANCIS KOSSUTH.

Gen. G. W. Mindil, United States appraiser of diamonds that come into New York, declares that they have advanced 50 per cent in value in ten years, and that the increase will continue.

William Caryl Ely, who has been elected president of the reorganized American Street and Interurban Railway Association, is a citizen of Buffalo and well known as a business lawyer. He served in the New York Assembly from 1883 until 1885, and was the Democratic nominee for Speaker. In 1891 he also was honored with the Democratic nomination for justice of the Supreme Court. He was one of the promoters of the Niagara Falls Power Company and of the Buffalo and Niagara Falls Electric Railway. Mr. Ely was born at Middlefield, N. Y., in 1856, and is a graduate of Cornell. In 1882 he was admitted to the bar. He is a Mason.

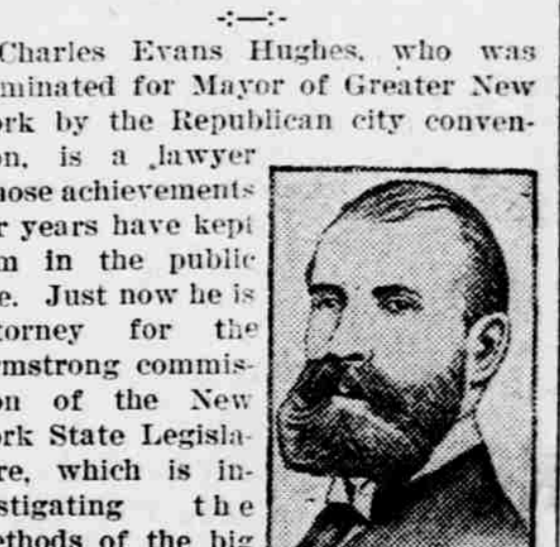


W. C. ELY.

The late Gen. Sherman was one of the men that haunted the cloakroom of the House and Senate for a good story.

Dr. Victor Nilsson of Minneapolis has been chosen to edit the new monthly musical journal of the American Union of Swedish Singers.

Charles Evans Hughes, who was nominated for Mayor of Greater New York by the Republican city convention, is a lawyer whose achievements for years have kept him in the public eye. Just now he is attorney for the Armstrong commission of the New York State Legislature, which is investigating the methods of the big life insurance companies, and it was under his direction that the commission has been able to bring out so much evidence of how the public's money is juggled for the benefit of the officers and their friends. Mr. Hughes was born at Glens Falls, N. Y., April 11, 1862.



CHAS. E. HUGHES.

The late Hermann Nothnagle, the famous surgeon, wrote an essay some years ago in which he endeavored to prove that the moment of dying was in most cases absolutely painless. His own death evidently confirmed his doctrine.

Rev. G. W. McPherson, one of the best known evangelists of New York City, plans the building of a great evangelistic hall seating 2,000 persons and having in connection with it a training school for evangelists.

A COUNTRY THAT IMPROVES ON ACQUAINTANCE.

Crop Conditions in Western Canada Were Never Better than They Are Today.

In order to secure the attention of the reader to any special article that is brought before the public it is often the custom to lead the reader on by the introduction of an interesting story until by one bold jump he is introduced to the subject that it is desired shall be brought to his notice. This is not fair to the reader, and it is not the intention to do that in this article. It will discuss in the briefest way "Western Canada" and its possibilities for settlement. For the past six or seven years the government of the Dominion of Canada has talked of the resources of Western Canada to the readers of this and thousands of other papers throughout the United States. The quality of the soil was spoken of, the large area of fertile lands was discussed, the possibilities of the country as a grain-growing district were talked of, and the story of the success of farmers from the United States was told. The story is not yet an old one. The two hundred thousand from the United States, who have made Western Canada their home, who have taken advantage of the 160 acres of land that the government gives free to actual settlers are telling the story today to their friends. They have proven the statements made through these columns, and by the government agents. They have produced from their lands twenty, thirty, forty and more bushels of wheat to the acre, and netted profits ranging from three to ten and more dollars on every acre tilled. They have found the climate fully as good as they were told it would be, schools were convenient and easily organized, railways were not far distant, and markets close at hand. The social conditions were such as they chose to make them, and law and order were observed. Many of them bought land, because it was low-priced and good, and hundreds of cases could be cited where the purchase price of the land was paid out of the first crop. The writer knows of cases this year where the farmer, as a result of the yield on his farm, was put in a position that would enable him to increase his holdings three extra acres for every acre cropped and pay cash for it. Is it any wonder that one grows enthusiastic when speaking about Western Canada?

But what may be said of this year? We are now in a position to speak regarding it. The conditions throughout Manitoba and the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan have been remarkably favorable. Had conditions been no better than in past years, there would have been every cause for congratulation. We find, though, all previous records broken, and that from a four million acre crop of wheat there will be one hundred million bushels of a yield, or 25 bushels to the acre. Could anything better be desired? Covering the entire country the same splendid reports are being received. The following dispatch was sent by Mr. F. W. Thompson, Vice President of the Ogilvie Milling Co., one of the most careful grain men in America: "Have just returned from covering 'several hundred miles of the crop district. I never saw anything like it in 'this country before. The average yield and quality far exceeds our 'earlier expectations. It is an immense crop. The weather is extremely favorable.' Up to three weeks ago it was Mr. Thompson's opinion that the crop would not reach general expectations.

F. W. Thompson sends another telegram from Winnipeg to-night, saying that his estimate of the wheat crop is now one hundred million bushels. Before he went west he thought it would fall considerably short of that figure.

The moral of this story is that there should be no hesitation in making a decision if you wish to better your condition; or, if you have a family of boys that you wish to become settled on farms, it is a safe proposition to call upon the nearest authorized Canadian government agent, and get particulars as to most suitable districts and railway rates.

The Great Man.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

FOR WOMEN.

Much that Every Woman Desires to Know Is Found in Cuticura — "Cuticura Works Wonders." Too much stress cannot be placed on the great value of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills in the antiseptic cleansing of the mucous surfaces and of the blood and circulating fluids, thus affording pure, sweet and economical local and constitutional treatment for weakening discharges, ulcerations, inflammations, itchings, irritations, relaxations, displacements, pains and irregularities peculiar to females, as well as such sympathetic affections as anemia, chlorosis, hysteria, nervousness and debility.

Too Personal.

Hixon—I ain't going to have that doctor any more. He gets too personal. He signs all his prescriptions "Kurem, M. D."

Dixon—What's wrong with that?
Hixon—Wrong! Don't "M. D." stand for money due?

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children (Coughing): softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

In all eras and all climes a woman of great genius or beauty has done what she chose.—Quida.