

Syrup of Figs
and **Elixir of Senna**
Cleanses the System Effectually, Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company
CALIFORNIA
Fig Syrup Co.
By whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.
One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

ITCHING RASH 18 YEARS.
Gie's Rash spread and Grew Worse Under Specialist's Care—Perfect Cured by Cuticura Remedies.
"When my daughter was a baby she had a breaking out behind the ears. The doctor said that she would outgrow it, and it did get somewhat better until she was about fifteen years old, and after that she could get nothing that would drive it away. She was always applying something in the way of salves. It troubled her behind the knees, opposite the elbows, back of the neck and ears, under the chin, and then it got on the face. That was about three years ago. She took treatment with a specialist and seemed to get worse all the time. We were then advised to try the Cuticura Remedies, and now I don't see any breaking out. M. Carley, 11-19 Sixteenth St., May City, Mich., May 20, 1906."

Illusions Realized.
"Are you ready, dear?"
"In no minute, darling."
"Matrimony does not dispel our illusions," he muttered as he lit a cigar.
"Before we were married I thought every moment I had to wait for her was an eternity, and so it turned out to be."—Baltimore American.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
I, Frank J. Cheney, make oath that he is a partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before me and subscribed to my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1905.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

His True Friend.
The news-rang with his praises and men passed them from mouth to mouth; a gloom hung over the community, and the child, his friend, wept bitterly.
The busy man said, "I saw him on the street not long ago, and he looked ill and down-hearted. I wish I'd crossed over to speak to him, but I was just hurrying for my train. He was a good friend of mine, and I might have cleared him up a bit and told him how we missed him everywhere. It's too bad, too bad."
The thoughtful man said, "I can never forgive myself. I knew he was sick for a week, but I had this great sneezing to arrange for, and it just slipped my mind. He stood by me nobly when I was in trouble years ago. I never can forgive myself."
The child pressed a tear-stained face against the window.
"Why did you want so much to take him that flower last Sunday?" asked her mother.
"Because I loved him," said the child, simply.
She was watching the wonderful array of flowers, which men had sent, as they were carried into the church.
"O mother, how beautiful they are! I wish I could go with you to the church; but I suppose I might disturb people by crying. And anyway," she added, "I don't mind so much, you see; for I've given him my flower. He had that to enjoy."—Youth's Companion.

SCHOOL TEACHERS
Also Have Things to Learn.
"For many years I have used office and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher.
"Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning."
"The troubles were constipation, fluttering of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head and, at times after exertion, a general 'gone' feeling with a topor's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years."
"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years ago I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all."
"This time, however, my friend made the Postum, according to directions on the package, and it won me. Suddenly I found myself improving in a most decided fashion."
"The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter, but stubborn facts which I am glad to make known."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION
BY J. FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER XIII.
While his comrades were sleeping in perfect forgetfulness of their hardships and dangers, the slumbers of Dunwoodie were broken and unequal. After spending a night of restlessness, he arose, unrefreshed, and, without awaking any of the group around him, he wandered into the open air in search of relief. The soft rays of the moon were just passing away in the more distinct light of the morning. He strolled toward the scene of the Skinners' punishment, musing upon the embarrassments of his situation, and uncertain how he should reconcile his sense of duty with his love. In this disturbed state of mind, the major was stopped in his walk by arriving at the base of those rocks which had protected the Skinners in their flight. He was about to turn and retrace his path to his quarters, when he was startled by a voice, bidding him:
"Stand or die!"

Dunwoodie turned in amazement, and beheld the figure of a man placed at a little distance above him on a shelving rock, with a musket leveled at himself. A second look was necessary before he recognized the man; and, when the peddler stood before him, comprehending the danger of his situation, the youth cried firmly:
"If I am to be murdered, fire! I will never become your prisoner."
"No, Major Dunwoodie," said Birch, lowering his musket, "it is neither my intention to capture nor to slay."
"What then would you have, mysterious being?" said Dunwoodie.
"Your good opinion," answered the peddler, with emotion; "I would wish all good men to judge me with lenity."
"To you it must be indifferent what may be the judgment of men; for you seem to be beyond the reach of their sentence."
"God spares the lives of his servants to his own time," said the peddler, solemnly; "a few hours ago I was your prisoner, and threatened with the gallows; now you are a man; but, Major Dunwoodie, you are free. There are men abroad who would treat you less kindly. Of what service would that sword be to you against my weapon and a steady hand? Take the advice of one who has never harmed you, and who never will. Do not trust yourself in the skirts of any wood, unless in company and mounted."
"And how do you come here, who have assisted you to escape?"
"No one, I am alone truly—none know me but my God and Him."
"And who?" asked the major, with an interest he could not control.
"None," continued the peddler, recovering his composure. "But such is not your case, Major Dunwoodie; you are young and happy; there are those that are dear to you, and such are not far away—danger is near them who love most—danger within and without; double your watchfulness; strengthen your patrols—and be silent. With your opinion of me, should I tell you more, you would suspect an ambush. But remember and guard them you love best."
The peddler discharged the musket in the air, and threw it at the feet of his astonished auditor. When surprise and the smoke allowed Dunwoodie to look again on the rock where he had stood, the spot was vacant.
The youth was aroused from the stupor created by this strange scene by the tramping of horses. A patrol was drawn to the spot by the report of the musket. Without entering into any explanation, the major rushed quickly to his quarters, where he found the whole regiment under arms. The officer whose duty it was to superintend such matters, had directed a party to follow the sign of the Hotel Flanagan, and the post was already arranged for the execution of the spy. On hearing from the major that the musket was discharged by himself and was probably one of those dropped by the Skinners, his officers suggested the propriety of executing their prisoner before they marched. Unable to believe that all he had seen was not a dream, Dunwoodie went to the place which was supposed to contain the peddler.
"Well, sir," said the major to the sentinel who guarded the door, "I trust you have your prisoner in safety."
"He is yet asleep," replied the man, "and he makes such a noise, I could hardly hear the sentinel on duty."
"Open the door and bring him forth."
The order was obeyed; but to the utter amazement of the honest veteran he found the room in no little disorder—the coat of the peddler, where his body ought to have been, and part of the wardrobe of Betty scattered in disorder on the floor. The washerwoman herself occupied the pallet, in profound mental oblivion. The noise of their entrance and the exclamations of the party awoke the woman.
"Is it the breakfast that's wanting?" said Betty, rubbing her eyes; "but patience a little, darlings, and ye'll see such a fry as never was."
"Fry!" echoed the sergeant; "we'll have you roasted, Jezabel!—you have helped the peddler escape."
"Jezabel! back in your teeth, Mister Sergeant!" cried Betty; "what have I to do with plders, or escapes?"
"Silence!" said Dunwoodie. "This must be inquired into closely, gentlemen; there is no outlet but the door, and he could not pass, unless the sentinel condescended at his escape, or was asleep on his post. Call up the guard."
As these men were yet paraded, curling their tongues quickly to the main place, and they one and all denied that any person had passed out. The sentinel acknowledged that Betty had gone by him, but pleaded his orders in justification.
"You lie, you thief—you lie!" shouted Betty, who had impatiently listened to his accusation; "would you see skinnerie a lone woman? by saying she walks a camp at midnight?—Here have I been elapsing the long night!"
"Here, sir," said the sergeant, turning respectfully to Dunwoodie, "is something written on a slip of paper."
One of the officers read aloud: "These certify, that if I suffered to get free, it is God's holy alone, to whom divine aid I humbly beseech myself. I am forced to take the woman's clothes, but in her pocket is a risonance.—Witness my hand—Harvey Birch."
"What!" roared Betty, "has the thief robbed a lone woman? Hang him—catch him and hang him, major; if there's law or justice in the land."
"Examine your pocket," said one of the youngsters, who was enjoying the scene.
"Ah! faith," cried the washerwoman, producing a guinea, "but he is a jewel of a plder! Long life and a bribe trade to

"Payton—Major Dunwoodie," she said, "can you ever forget the sacred cause in which you are enlisted? Duty both to your God and to your country forbids you doing anything rashly. The latter has need of your services; besides—" but her voice became choked, and she was unable to proceed.
"Besides what?" echoed the youth, springing to her side. Frances having, however, recovered herself, coldly repulsed him, and continued her walk homeward.
"Is this our parting?" cried Dunwoodie, in agony; "am I a wretch, that you treat me so cruelly? You have never loved me, and wish to conceal your own fickleness by accusations that you will not explain."
"Hear me, Major Dunwoodie, for the last time; it is a bitter knowledge when we first discover our own inferiority; but it is a truth that I have lately learnt. Against you I bring no charges. Were my claims to your heart just, I am not worthy of you. It is not a feeble, timid girl like me, that could make you happy. No, Payton, you are forced for great and glorious actions, deeds of daring and renown, and should be united to a soul like your own: one that can rise above the weakness of her sex. I should be a weight to drag you to the dust; but with a different spirit in your companion, you might soar to the very pinnacles of earthly glory. To such a one, therefore, I resign you freely, if not cheerfully; and pray, oh, how fervently do I pray! that with such a one you may be happy."
"Lovely enthusiast!" cried Dunwoodie, "you know not yourself, nor me. It is a woman, mild and gentle, and dependent as yourself, that my very nature loves; deceive not yourself with visionary ideas of generosity, which will only make me miserable."
"Farewell, Major Dunwoodie," said the maiden girl, raising for a moment to gaze for breath; "forget that you ever knew me—remember the claims of your bleeding country; and be happy."



"FRANCES, WHY THIS DISTRESS?"
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Painful as were the feelings of Dunwoodie at this unexpected termination of the interview, they were but light compared with those which were experienced by the fond girl herself. Frances had, with the keen eye of jealous love, easily detected the attachment of Isabella Singleton to Dunwoodie. Delicate and retiring herself, it never could present itself to her mind that this love had been unsought.
Dunwoodie had no sooner disappeared than his heroine felt all the misery of her situation; and if the youth found some relief in the cares of his command, Frances was less fortunate as the permanence of a duty imposed on her by filial piety. The removal of his son had nearly destroyed the little energy of Mr. Wharton, who required all the tenderness of his remaining children to convince him that he was able to perform the ordinary functions of life.
(To be continued.)

FOND OF HORSE SAUSAGES.
Thousands of Animals Exported to the Continent for Food.
Thousands of the best horses in the United Kingdom, thrown out of employment by the advent of the motor car, are being exported to the continent for food, many of them being made into sausages.
The United Kingdom, the largest importer in the world of cattle and sheep for slaughtering purposes, is oddly enough, now the largest exporter of horses for the same purpose.
Consul D. W. Williams at Cardiff says the number of horses, which now average one for every twenty-two inhabitants, has varied very little from 2,100,000 for fifteen years, but the number exported for all purposes rose from 27,612 in 1901 to 47,708 in 1905 and 60,414 in 1906.
The exporting of horses for breeding and other purposes had been profitable for many years, but the increase since 1901 is altogether due to the trade in horse meat in certain continental countries.
This is apparent from the fact that only 10,990 of the number exported in 1905 were valued at more than \$100 each.
Belgium seems to be the principal buyer of old horses and the British exports to that country in 1905 showed 3,005 at under \$25 and 18,454 at \$25 to \$50. The average price of ordinary horses, ponies excepted, is \$27.35, but fat horses have sold for \$50 or more.
The best horseflesh is sold for 10 to 12 cents a pound, poorer parts for 7 1/2 to 9 1/2 cents, and the residue is made into sausage. This sausage is redder than the ordinary kinds and is "dimpled with pieces of fat." It is said to be the staple food of many people.
It appears that the trade in the Netherlands is also growing, for the British exports were 2,333 in 1904, valued each under \$25, and 3,838 at \$25 to \$50, and in 1905 the number was 11,161 under \$25 and 3,033 at \$25 to \$50.
The growing demand for horse meat on the continent is due chiefly to the shortage and high prices of other meats.
Sausage is also a popular term of meat in several countries among classes who for various reasons have no inclination to buy canned meats.
Heard Out of Meeting.
"I never hear you abasin' the devil!"
"Too wise. How do I know but he may be the feller that'll have the last lick at me?"—Atlanta Constitution.

"JEZEBEL BACK IN YOUR TEETH."
attempting a smile, which its treacherousness of her muscles smothered in its birth.
"Am I a villain, Miss Wharton, that you receive me with such language? When have I ever deceived you, Frances?"
"Why has not Major Dunwoodie honored the dwelling of his intended father with his presence lately? Did he forget it contained one friend on a bed of sickness, and another in deep distress? Has it escaped his memory that it held his intended wife? Or is he fearful of meeting more than one that can lay a claim to that title? Oh, Payton—Payton, how have I been deceived in you!"
"Frances, I see how you have deceived yourself," cried Dunwoodie, his face in a glow of fire; "you do me injustice; I swear by all that is most dear to me that you do me injustice."
"Swear not, Major Dunwoodie," interrupted Frances; "the time is gone for me to credit such a claim."
"Miss Wharton, would you have me a coxcomb—make me contemptible in my own eyes, by boasting with the hope of raising myself in your estimation?"
"Flatter not yourself that the task is so easy, sir," returned Frances, moving toward the cottage; "we converse together in private for the last time; but—possibly—my father would welcome my mother's kinman."
"No, Miss Wharton, I cannot enter his dwelling now. You drive me from you, Frances, in despair. I am going on desperate service, and may not live to return. Should fortune prove averse, at least do my memory justice; remember that the last breathings of my soul will be for your happiness." So saying, he had already placed his foot in the stirrup, but his youthful mistress turning on him an eye that pierced his soul, arrested the action.

EDITORIALS
OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGES.
"What seems to be greatly increased frequency, the newspapers of all parts of the country report 'clandestine marriages,' 'runaway matches,' 'romantic elopements,' and 'impromptu weddings.'
This class of news is almost always treated lightly, as if the whole affair was a huge joke. There are few remarks about the astonishment of friends of the young couple, and laudatory speculations as to whether or not papa and mamma will forgive them. Usually there are pictures of the bridal pair.
To a sensitive nature the handling about of the most serious and sacred event in life must, in itself, be repugnant. But it is not this alone, nor the unpleasant gossip that follows, which makes a runaway or clandestine marriage a thing to be avoided. Such marriages are often but the impulse of a moment, an irrevocable act committed without proper deliberation.
More than this, there are the parents to be considered. Young people can hardly imagine, much less know, what it means to a father or mother to get the first news of the marriage of a son or daughter from a telegram or the columns of a newspaper. No right-minded child will ever strike such a blow.
Neither clergy nor civil officers have been blameless in this matter. There are cities in both the Eastern and the Western States where young people can be married at any hour and without having to answer too many questions. In almost every large city can be found one or more ministers who stretch their high calling by their readiness to perform the marriage ceremony with complacency for all who apply.—Youth's Companion.

HOW RATES MAY BE LOWERED.
"THE Texas Farmers' Union asks the Legislature to lower freight rates. Probably most similar bodies the country over would do the same if the subject were brought before them. It has been abundantly demonstrated, however, that nearly all farming communities have it within their own power materially to lower freight charges.
Practically speaking, no farm produce reaches market without having passed over a common road, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, at the current level of freight rates, the road-haul is as important to the farmer as the rail-haul. It has been shown that the same force which will move one ton on a poor earth road will move four tons on a good macadam road. In a horse, as in a locomotive, there are just so many ton-miles. Team, wagon and driver are simply engine, cars and crew in little. The railroads find it profitable to level the terrain in straightening curves and reducing grades in order to get the greatest possible service out of their equipment. The farmer would find the same policy, applied to roads, equally profitable, but often doesn't see it clearly.
Respectable authority has opined that to move a ton a

mile over the common roads of the country must cost, on an average, 25 cents. If that be so, then it costs the farmer on an average as much to haul a bushel of grain twelve miles to market as the railroads charge him to haul the same bushel a thousand miles, from Chicago to New York.
Figure the average haul to market at five miles, or a dollar and a quarter a ton; take the annual marketed quantity of grain, cotton, hay, live stock, dairy products from the Agricultural Department's Year Book and get a rough idea of what the farmers pay yearly for the road-haul. Nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, in England, it was noted that by improved roads the hauling of grain was done with little over half the number of horses formerly used.
This subject is not less important to the farmer than freight charges, and to deal with it is within his own power.—Saturday Evening Post.

DEARTH OF SMALL BANK BILLS.
CONCERNED with the publication of the Comptroller of the Currency's report for September, showing a national bank note circulation outstanding of \$903,987,114, comes a report of an impending famine in small bills. This is a complaint of almost annual occurrence, caused by the necessities of the crop moving, which makes an unusual demand from interior bankers for bank notes of small denomination. The problem of dealing with the harvest requirements has been perplexing, both for bankers and the Washington authorities, more particularly, however in times of great prosperity, when money is longer retained in the pockets of the people than on other occasions. From the Northwest it is reported that some harvest lands have been induced to accept forms of checks or due bills. Some extension of this system under proper restrictions might solve the problem.—New York Herald.

ARE SKYSCRAPERS SAFE?
"ON commenting upon the Quebec disaster, an Eastern paper makes some very pertinent remarks upon the safety of the enormous skyscrapers now in course of erection in New York and elsewhere:
"If the stress and strain theory must be modified in the case of bridges reaching certain dimensions, may it not be perilous to go on constructing tall buildings to an indefinite, unlimited height? The twenty-story structure may be safe; the thirty-story structure may be almost as safe. But when we reach the forty-five-story or fifty-story skyscraper, who knows but that the building will topple like a house of cards, just as the Quebec bridge fell into that 'terrible pile of scrap,' which leaves the whole engineering profession agghast and unnerved?"—Food for thought.—Illustrated Home Journal.

THE JAY CLERK

NUPITAL CUSTOMS.
Bridal Etiquette for Correct Autumn and Winter Weddings.
The coming of fall and winter means the marriage time for many girls who find themselves confronted with new and vexing problems of what are the correct forms for such occasions, says the Washington Star.
To begin with, the bride may be as autocratic as she wishes about arrangements for the ceremony, for her word should be law. The bridegroom-to-be becomes almost an unimportant factor as far as having anything to say about details or plans is concerned.
He elects his own ushers and the gifts for them, also the flowers carried by the bride. Beyond that and paying the clergyman he has nothing to do except to be on hand at the required time.
The decorations, if flowers are to be used, are chosen by the bride and her parents pay for them. In fact, they pay for everything—the carriages for the bridal party, the sexton if it is a church wedding, the luncheon or supper and the organist.
It is the bride's privilege to select the color, material and fashion of the bridesmaids' gowns, and it is even correct to present them as gifts if she wishes and can afford it. She is supposed to give her attendants a souvenir of the wedding, and the frock may be considered as such token. It is not necessary that she shall give anything expensive, but she should not omit a trifle of some kind.
In laying down the law as to what they shall wear she should show kindness and tact, remembering that a girl who looks well in one color may appear quite hideous in another. One that suits all should be chosen, and the gown should be so made that it can be worn afterward to receptions or parties, or adapted to some use to justify the original expense.
Whether invitations or announcement cards are sent out, they should be engraved and are in the names of the parents or guardians of the bride. As a literal fact a bride does not invite people to her wedding, but some one else does it for her. In the case of announcement cards of the marriage of a widow the announcement may be made without using other names, but it is not as good form as to have friends or relatives do it for her.
If the church wedding is to be a large one and only a few friends are to be invited to the house afterward, a separate card of invitation to the home should be enclosed. At-home cards announcing the dates when the bride will be ready to receive her friends may be included or sent out later.
It is not the part of the bride's parents to furnish her new home unless they wish to do so as a gift. Strictly speaking, the bridegroom is supposed to supply the new home in all particulars except linen and silver. Both of these a bride provides as part of her trousseau.
In the receiving line at the reception after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom stand first, and next them are the bride's parents. Those of the bridegroom come next and then the bride's attendants.
The ushers are not in line, as they bring the guests to the receiving party and make what introductions are necessary.
We enjoy fall more than any other season. In the fall we can confidently look forward to big crops next year.

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In laying down the law as to what they shall wear she should show kindness and tact, remembering that a girl who looks well in one color may appear quite hideous in another. One that suits all should be chosen, and the gown should be so made that it can be worn afterward to receptions or parties, or adapted to some use to justify the original expense.
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If the church wedding is to be a large one and only a few friends are to be invited to the house afterward, a separate card of invitation to the home should be enclosed. At-home cards announcing the dates when the bride will be ready to receive her friends may be included or sent out later.
It is not the part of the bride's parents to furnish her new home unless they wish to do so as a gift. Strictly speaking, the bridegroom is supposed to supply the new home in all particulars except linen and silver. Both of these a bride provides as part of her trousseau.
In the receiving line at the reception after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom stand first, and next them are the bride's parents. Those of the bridegroom come next and then the bride's attendants.
The ushers are not in line, as they bring the guests to the receiving party and make what introductions are necessary.
We enjoy fall more than any other season. In the fall we can confidently look forward to big crops next year.

THE JAY CLERK

NUPITAL CUSTOMS.
Bridal Etiquette for Correct Autumn and Winter Weddings.
The coming of fall and winter means the marriage time for many girls who find themselves confronted with new and vexing problems of what are the correct forms for such occasions, says the Washington Star.
To begin with, the bride may be as autocratic as she wishes about arrangements for the ceremony, for her word should be law. The bridegroom-to-be becomes almost an unimportant factor as far as having anything to say about details or plans is concerned.
He elects his own ushers and the gifts for them, also the flowers carried by the bride. Beyond that and paying the clergyman he has nothing to do except to be on hand at the required time.
The decorations, if flowers are to be used, are chosen by the bride and her parents pay for them. In fact, they pay for everything—the carriages for the bridal party, the sexton if it is a church wedding, the luncheon or supper and the organist.
It is the bride's privilege to select the color, material and fashion of the bridesmaids' gowns, and it is even correct to present them as gifts if she wishes and can afford it. She is supposed to give her attendants a souvenir of the wedding, and the frock may be considered as such token. It is not necessary that she shall give anything expensive, but she should not omit a trifle of some kind.
In laying down the law as to what they shall wear she should show kindness and tact, remembering that a girl who looks well in one color may appear quite hideous in another. One that suits all should be chosen, and the gown should be so made that it can be worn afterward to receptions or parties, or adapted to some use to justify the original expense.
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Lower California is Valuable.
The impression that Lower California, which, it is said, the United States is seeking to acquire from Mexico, is an arid and rocky waste is erroneous, says an American who owns property at San Carlos, near Magdalena Bay. There are indeed deserts on the north coast and in the interior, but the Pacific coast is wonderfully fertile. The mountains rear their lofty peaks against a cloudless sky, the climate is the most delightful to be found anywhere, and it is the hunter's paradise. Mountain sheep, mule-deer, antelope, cotton-tail deer, elk, brown and black bear, mountain goats, wild goats, wolves, all kinds of game can be found there in endless quantities, and the mountain streams—clear, cold bodies of purest water—contain the finest trout that ever delighted an angler's eye. There are millions and millions of ducks—canucks, mallard, teal—and it is not uncommon for one man to bag as many as 800 in a single day. Several rich men of this country who are fond of hunting have bought game preserves in Lower California and make annual trips there. I hope, and do not doubt, that the United States eventually will acquire the peninsula, and then the people will learn what a great and rich country it is.

Traced Down.
"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, with outstretched palm, "but 'ave'n't you forgotten something?"
"No," replied the departing guest, "but I'm trying to forget it. Good day!"—Catholic Standard and Times.
Alas! a Creation.
Jinks—That halting suit is quite a creation, isn't it?
Winks—Well, let's see. A creation is made out of nothing, isn't it? Yes; that's almost a creation.—Judge.