

# QUEER DISEASE IS IN UNITED STATES

Many Here Afflicted With Odd Ailment, Says Prof. Munyon.

GREWSOME CREATURES VERY COMMON, FINDS EXPERT.

Many persons in the United States are afflicted with a queer disease according to a statement yesterday by Professor James M. Munyon. He made the following remarkable and rather gruesome statement:

"Persons who are suffering from one of these creatures become nervous, weak and irritable, and tire at the least exertion. The tired person has a general loss of vitality and strength, but they are rarely fatal.

"The most common symptom of this trouble is an abnormal appetite. At times the person is ravenously hungry and cannot get enough to eat. At other times the very sight of food is loathsome. There is a gnawing pain called in the pit of the stomach, and the victim has headaches, fits of dizziness and nausea. He cannot sleep at night and often thinks he is suffering from nervous prostration.

## Serinity.

"The true religious man, amid all the ills of time, keeps a serene forehead and entertains a peaceful heart. This, going out and coming in amid all the trials of the city, the agony of the plague, the horrors of the thirteenth century, the fierce democracy abroad, the fiercer ill at home—the saint, the sage of Athens, was still the same. Such a one can endure hardness; can stand alone and be content; a rock amid the waves—lonely, but not moved. Around him the few or many may scream, calumniate, blaspheme. What is all to him but the cawing of the seabird about that solitary, deep-rooted stone?"—Theodore Parker.

## Reason Enough.

"What's the trouble, old man?" asked the sympathetic friend. "Well," answered the judge, "you see, my wife and I have never been able to get along very well. The relationship has become so unbearable that we both want a divorce."

## A Complication.

Bessie found getting well much more tiresome than being sick. She was becoming very impatient about staying indoors and eating soups.

## Cement Talk No. 1

Buyers of Portland cement should remember that there are various brands of Portland cement on the market and that all Portland cement is not the same.

Every manufacturer prints on the sacks the name of the brand and the trade mark. If you find the trade mark printed above and the name Universal on the cement sacks, you may know it is the best Portland cement possible to make.

UNIVERSAL PORTLAND CEMENT CO. CHICAGO-PITTSBURG. NORTHWESTERN OFFICE, MISSOURI. ANNUAL OUTPUT 10,000,000 BARRELS.

# The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC. ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS.

CHAPTER I. Destiny and the Babu. Breaking suddenly upon the steady drumming of the trucks, the prolonged and hoarse roar of a locomotive whistle saluted an immediate grade-crossing.

Heard by this sound from his solitary musings in the parlor car of which he happened temporarily to be the sole occupant, Mr. David Amber put aside the magazine over which he had been dreaming, and looked out of the window, catching a glimpse of woodland road shining white between somber walls of stunted pine. Lazily he consulted his watch.

His gaze, again diverted to the flying countryside, noted that it had changed character, pine yielding to scrub-oak and second-growth—the ragged vestments of an area some years since denuded by fire. This, too, presently swung away, giving place to cleared land—arable acres golden with the stubble of garnered harvest or sentimental with unkept shocks of corn.

Eagerly the young man leaned forward, dark eyes lightening, lips parting as if already he could taste the savour of the sea.

Then, quite without warning, a deep elbow of the bay swept up almost to the railway, its surface mirror-like, profoundly blue, profoundly beautiful. "I think," said the traveler softly—"I think it's mighty fine to be alive and here!"

He lounged back comfortably again, smiling as he watched the wheeling landscape, his eyes glowing with expectancy. For his cares were negligible, his content boundless; he was experiencing, for the first time in many years, a sense of freedom akin to that felt by a schoolboy at the beginning of the summer vacation.

Slowly jolting across a rutted, dusty road, the cars stopped. Amber, alighting, found himself upon a length of board-walk platform and confronted by a distressingly matter-of-fact wooden structure, combining the functions of waiting room and ticket and telegraph offices.

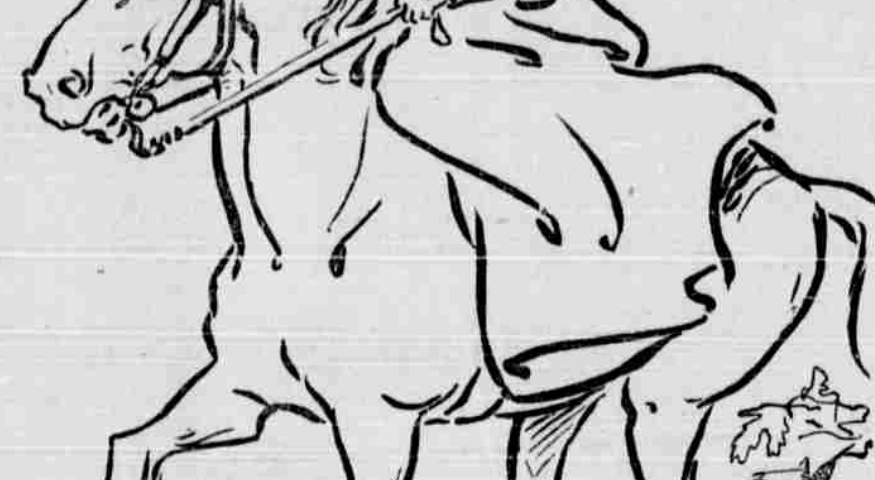
By degrees the platform cleared, the erstwhile patrons of the road and the station loafers—for the most part half-marked natives of the region—straggling off upon their several ways, some afoot, a majority in dilapidated surreys and buckboards. Amber watched them go with unassuming indifference, their type interested him little.

trees, the horse—a vigorous black brute with white socks and muzzle—running freely, apparently under constraint neither of whip nor of spur. In the saddle a girl leaped low over the horn—a girl with eyes rapturous, face brilliant, lips parted in the least of smiles.

Without thinking Amber coughed his remark in the same tongue: "Count yourself lucky you are not dog!"

"That is quite true," the girl cut in over Amber's shoulder. "I don't think he intended to harm me, but it's purely an accident that he didn't."

At a little distance from the girl, in the act of addressing her, stood a man, obese, gross, abnormally distended with luxurious and sluggish living, as little common to the scene



So She Passed and Was Gone.

as a statue of Phœbus Apollo had been. A babu of Bengal, every inch of him, from his dirty red-and-white turban to his well worn and cracked patent-leather shoes. His body was enveloped in a complete suit of emerald silk, much soiled and faded, and girt with a sash of many colors, crimson predominating. His hands, fat, brown, and not overclean, alternately fluttered apologetically and rubbed one another with a suggestion of extreme urbanity; his lips, thick, sensual, and cruel, mouthed a broken stream of babu-English; while his eyes, nearly as small and quite as black as shoe buttons—eyes furtive, crafty, and cold—suddenly distended and became fixed, as with amazement, at the instant of Amber's appearance.

Instinctively, as soon as he had mastered his initial stupefaction, Amber stepped forward and met the girl, placing himself between her and this postoperative apparition, as if to shield her. He held himself wary and alert, and was instant to halt the babu when he, with the air of a dog cringing to his master's feet for punishment, would have drawn nearer.

"Stop right there!" Amber told him crisply; and got for response obedience, a low salaam, and the Hindu salutation accorded only to persons of high rank: "Huzoor!" But before the babu could say more the American addressed the girl. "What did he do?" he inquired, without looking at her. "Frighten your horse?"

"Just that." The girl's tone was edged with temper. "He jumped out from behind that woodpile; the horse shied and threw me."

"No'rent hurt, I trust?" "You're not hurt, I trust?" "That's reasonable enough." Amber returned undivided attention to the Bengali. "Now then," he demanded sternly, "what've you got to say for yourself? What do you mean by

frightening this lady's horse? What are you doing here, anyway?" Almost groveling, the babu answered him in Urdu: "Huzoor, I am your slave."

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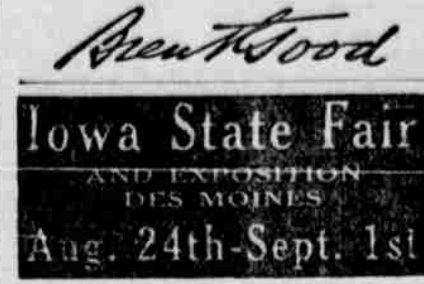
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knew the dog, and succeeded in coaxing it to quietness. Sympathetic Burglar. A thoughtful burglar who broke into the house of Joseph Brown, Stream Highroad, last week, has earned the gratitude of Mr. and Mrs. Brown by returning through the post two highly-prized miniatures, whose intrinsic value to the thief was inconceivable.

# Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.



Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

## Low State Fair

AND EXPOSITION DES MOINES. Aug. 24th-Sept. 1st.

## DAISY FLY KILLER

Pat Went Without His Steak, but at That Everything Was Not Lost.

## AS A RULE.



"What is an income tax, pa?" "A wife, my son."

To Be a Good Cook. "To be a good cook means the knowledge of all fruits, herbs, balsams and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, savory in meats; it means carefulness, inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, French art and Arabian hospitality; it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always ladies (Misses) of the house."

A Personal Matter. "You must have studied political economy pretty thoroughly to be so impressed with the infamy of the trusts."

A Hopeful Fellow. "What is an optimist?" "A man whose bump of hope is bigger than the rest of his head."

AT THE PARSONAGE. Coffee Runs Riot No Longer. "Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers."

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