

### CAPT. GRAHAM'S CURE.

Sores on Face and Back—Tried Many Doctors Without Success—Gives Thanks to Cuticura.

Captain W. S. Graham, 1321 Eoff St., Wheeling, W. Va., writing under date of June 14, '04, says: "I am so grateful I want to thank God that a friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment to me. I suffered for a long time with sores on my face and back. Some doctors said I had blood poison, and others that I had barbers' itch. None of them did me any good, but they all took my money. My friends tell me my skin now looks as clear as a baby's, and I tell them all that Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment did it."

#### Why H Was Chosen.

A well known lecturer, who had been invited to serve as a substitute in a country place, felt some nervousness, knowing he was to fill the place of a more famous man. This feeling was not diminished when he heard himself thus announced by a long limbed, keen eyed farmer: "This man is our substitute. I don't know what he can do. Time was short, and we had to take what we could get!"

With the coming of May, Hudson River navigation opens, and both the day line and the night boats—palaces of elegance and models of comfort—will be once again in active service. Travel the earth over one will find no more beautiful water trip than this journey up or down the historic river that flows majestically through a valley of peace, still bearing the foot-prints and scars of battle; still echoing with the sounds of war.—From "Vest Pocket Confidences," in Four-Track News for May.

#### The Lions Fied.

Addressing a Church House meeting, the Bishop of Chichester alluded to the prospects of Rhodesia, and told a good story of the Bishop of Mashonaland. His lordship, it appeared, once vanquished three lions by reading aloud to them the Thirty-nine Articles. On the bishop reaching the Article concerning justification by faith the lions turned and fled.—English Exchange.

#### The Days of Ship Carving.

Years ago, when ship carving was considered one of the fine arts, sure to return rich financial rewards, boys were encouraged to learn it. An old ship carver says when he was a young man he was kept busy from early morning till late at night and it was a poor season when he was unable to earn \$4 a day, and from that to \$5, \$7 and even \$8 a day when business was brisk.

#### The Prospect Pleasing.

Ain't it good to be a-livin' in this great old world today, when the light is all around you an' when heaven ain't fur away? When a feller feels like flyin' with the bright wings of a bird, An' his soul sings "Hallelujah!" an' he means it!—every word!

—Atlanta Constitution.

#### Good Artist vs. Bad Man.

Alfred Gilbert, the artist, told his Royal Academy audience—according to the report in the London Pall Mall Gazette—that the good artist never was a bad man, and the bad man never was a good artist. And what does Mr. Gilbert think of the artistic ability of that champion, all-round bad man, Benvenuto Cellini?

#### Beans a Japanese Dainty.

Beans, which looked like the ordinary liver bean of this country, cooked tender and given a coating of sugar, were among the sweetmeats served at a Japanese entertainment the other day. They are said to be a common Japanese dainty.

#### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Charles H. Littlejohn* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

#### Girl Turns Out Lights.

The Strassburg police were puzzled for some time by the fact that every night a number of street lights were turned off. They finally succeeded in catching the culprit—a young girl, who gave as her excuse for her strange conduct that it amused her.

#### Trades Are Independent.

A bankrupt lawyer recently stated in a London court that his trade had been ruined by the advance in the price of sugar. Confectioners and candy manufacturers were economizing by doing without wooden boxes and cases.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. EXDLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

#### Truth, or Libel?

"If a woman was as careful in selecting a husband to match her disposition as she is in selecting a dress to match her complexion there would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world."—Exchange.

#### A Nickel's Worth of Jumps.

A small boy came into my store the other day," remarked the druggist, "and asked for five cents' worth of 'jumps.' Now what do you suppose he wanted?" When everybody gave it up the druggist told them what the boy had been sent for was hops.

## To-Morrow

There are wonderful things we are going to do  
Some other day;  
And harbors we hope to drift into  
Some other day.  
With folded hands, and ears that trail  
We watch and wait for a favoring gale  
To fill the folds of an idle sail.  
Some other day.  
We know we must toil, if ever we win,  
Some other day;  
But we say to ourselves, there's time to begin  
Some other day;  
And so, deferring, we loiter on,  
Until at last we find withdrawn  
The strength of the hope we leaned upon,  
Some other day.  
—Selected.

# A Ghost Story

BY J. C. PLUMMER

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We had passed out of the channel and were heading southwest bound on our long voyage to the Pacific. Just as night fell one of those sudden accidents occurred which mark the narrow boundary between life and death with the sailor. The mate had sent a man, Adolf Svendsen by name, out on the jib boom on a minor duty and by some means he lost his hold and fell. Life preservers were thrown over but the man seemed to make no effort to save himself and was drawn under by the suction of the vessel and lost before a boat could be lowered. The misfortune cast a gloom over the crew for death is very impressive to the few men cooped up between the rails of a ship, and some of the elder sailors began boding ill-luck for the voyage.

"We'll never turn the Horn," said old Pete, a confirmed pessimist. I had been cast in the second mate's watch and was glad of it for I had sailed the previous voyage under Mr. Owens, and he had taken a fancy to me. We had many a yarn while walking up and down the decks during the dreary hours of the night watch. When he came aboard at the India docks I noted a great change in his manner. In place of the hearty, jovial man I had known he appeared down to the water line with trouble. His face was care-worn and his head drooped as if he had a cargo of pig iron stowed on the back of his neck. During the watches he made no offer of talking and of course a foremast hand has no business speaking first to an officer.

The night after Svendsen's death I came up with my watch and began my tramp up and down the starboard side. Mr. Owens passed me several times without a word, then he suddenly grasped my arm.

"Ave you seen Svendsen?" he asked, in a strained voice.  
"Svendsen," I exclaimed, "why, the poor devil's drowned."  
"They come back," he said, in a low voice, "drowned people come back. Hi'm expectin' to see 'im any minute." I am not superstitious, but the earnestness of his speech and the utter silence of the sea made me look fearfully around.

"The dead never come back," I said, but not very assuredly.  
We took a turn or two along the deck he still grasping my arm and saying nothing.  
"Hi wish Hi was in Svendsen's place," he said, suddenly, "then Hi'd be hout of the trouble that's to come."  
The manner of the man made my flesh creep.

"What's the matter, Mr. Owens?" I asked.  
"Hi've no wife nor child," he said, "but Hi've a sister that Hi've taken care of since she was a kid. She married Jack Porter, as good a seaman as ever cussed a sogerin' sailor, who's now mate hof the Skylark. They've a nice little 'ome in South-ark and she's a kid that's just beginnin' to talk. Hof course when I'm ashore Hi stay there and the night before Hi comes aboard this 'ere hooker Hi was a sittin' in my room a listenin' to Kate singin' the kid asleep. There's a big 'ouse cat that always makes friends with me and 'e was sittin' on the rug in front of me a dozin'."

"Well?" said I, for he remained silent.

"Hi don't want you to laugh at what Hi'm going to tell," he said savagely. "Hi won't stand hit from no man."  
"I never laugh at any man's troubles," I said, "and I see you have some."  
"Well, the big cat sat dozin' on the rug and Hi was a listenin' to Kate when the cat puts hup 'is back and begins to growl."  
"What's hup?" says I.  
"E got hup and began to creep towards the door, growlin' with 'is back hunched and 'is tail a swellin'." Hi was afraid 'e'd go hin the room where the kid was and wake 'im so Hi catches



"His face was dead white."

"Hi'm by the scruff of the neck and brings 'im back to the rug."  
"You're goin' to 'ave a fit," says Hi, hand Hi watched 'im. Hi was a startin' to bring 'im back again when 'e starts to back away from the door comin' towards me a growlin' like has if 'e saw somethin' a comin' hin the door.  
"E backs until 'e reaches my cheer and then Hi looks haroud the room to see hif there was anythin' to make the bloomin' cat act that haway and when Hi claps my eyes on 'im agaln 'e was a backin' haway from me. 'is heyes was fixed on my cheer and they was glowin' like stars, 'is back was hunched and 'is tail was as big as my harm. Hi was gettin' hup to leave 'im hout o' the window for Hi was sure 'e was mad when Hi feels a tap hon my shoulder. Hi looks haroud and there stood Jack Porter. That of hitef was strange enough for Jack is somewheres in the Hindian Hoocean bound 'ome which 'e can't reach for two months yet, but the way 'e looked made my 'eart stop. 'is face was dead white and 'is heyes 'ad that stare that a drowned person's has. 'E was drippin' wet and 'is 'air was plastered on 'is forehead. The sight was such 'orror to me that Hi 'id my face hin my 'ands like a skeered kid. When Hi raised my 'ead the thing was gone and the cat was sittin' hon the rug. Now, the drift of hit is that poor Jack's drowned and 'e came to tell me."

"That's an easy course to lay," said I, "you fell asleep and dreamed it."  
"Hi tell you Hi was wide awake has Hi ham now, and," with a disgusted intonation, "do you think Hi'd dream hof a cat?"  
"Did you tell your sister?" I asked.  
"Hi 'adn't the 'eart," he replied, gloomily. "Hif Hi could Hi'd a stayed 'ome with 'er, but Hi'd been advanced some money on this voyage and 'ad to go. When Hi thinks of poor Kate cryin' over 'er 'usband and that little kid Hi wishes Hi was drowned, too."

"Svendsen's a wife hin Norway," he continued, after a pause, "and that's what brings hit so sharp to my mind. What's that?"  
"Only the creaking of this brace," I said, but I had started as he did at the sound.  
We bowled south at a good rate, but Mr. Owens became gloomier each day and I feared he would leap overboard. It was his settled conviction that his brother-in-law was drowned.  
One right morning a man aloft shouted "sail ho!" and we began to rapidly raise a bark on our lee quarter. She came within hailing distance when Owens gave a cry.  
"Hi's the Skylark!" he exclaimed.  
"Hall her, Mr. Owens," said the mate, who was chipping tobacco.

but couldn't utter a sound. He handed to the mate, helplessly, and leaned against the rail.  
The mate sent his strident voice over the water.  
"Skylark, Rangoon for London," came back an answer to the hail.  
"Hask 'im if Jack Porter's aboard," said Owens, huskily, then he snatched at the mate's arm, "No, don't ask. Hi'm a-said to 'ear." It was too late, the interrogation had been thundered through the trumpet.  
"Yes, hearty as roast beef, that's him on the fo'c'stack," was the reply, and the bark filled away.  
Two years later I was a guest at the christening of Mr. Jack Porter's second son, and Owens whispered to me at the church door: "Hi'd die 'appy hif 'i knew what that there cat saw."

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#### BOY STRICTLY UP TO DATE.

Knew His Value and Was Able to Impress It on Others.  
A boy came briskly into the office, doffed his hat and turned to the boss. "I understand that you want a boy, sir?" he said.  
"What sort of a place do you want?"  
"Where there is as little work and as much pay as the house can stand."  
"Most boys who come here are willing to take all work and no pay."  
"I'm not most boys."  
"You expect to get the kind of a job you want?"  
"No, sir; nobody gets what he wants exactly, but it doesn't hurt him to expect a good deal."  
"What pay do you think you should have?"  
"Three per week."  
"The other boys have only been paid \$2."  
"How many did you have last year?"  
"Eight or ten."  
"I thought so. That's the kind of a boy a two-dollar boy is. I'm not that kind. I come, I hang up my hat and stay."  
"Suppose we should bounce you?"  
"I'll be glad of it, sir. Yes, sir; if the house isn't satisfied with the right kind of a boy it isn't the right kind of a house for the right kind of a boy to be in. It's time I was going to work if I'm going to work, and if I'm not, it's time I left."  
"Well," concluded the boss, "hang up your hat and go to work."

Dividing the Work.  
Elder Edgecomb was for many years pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Vienna, Me., in which town lived a simple-minded man named Perry Wood.

One hot Sunday in summer the parson had occasion to admonish some of his hearers for going to sleep during the service. The next Sunday, while the minister was in the midst of his sermon, he heard something whiz across the room and strike the wall. He continued his sermon, but kept one suspicious eye on the congregation. Soon he saw the simple-minded Perry, who was sitting in the stove room in the rear of the church, rise, take an apple from his pocket and bring his arm back preparatory for a throw at the head of a sleeping deacon.  
"Perry Wood," exclaimed the irate parson, "you put that apple up, and if you ever throw another one in this church I'll—"  
"You hold right on, elder," broke in the excited Perry, "you tend to your preaching and I'll keep them awake."

What Was the Use?  
There was once a man who said that he would show his wife how to clean house; that he could do it in half the time and with half the trouble she could. He would do it, he said, for the sake of avoiding the annual upheaval and disturbance in their home.  
And she dared him to do it.  
So he pitched in and took up carpets and beat them, and mopped floors and washed windows, and dusted pictures and cleaned cupboards—and he finished the work in less than half the time she took to do it.  
But it availed naught.  
For she went all over the house after he had finished, taking up carpets and taking down pictures and clearing out cupboards, to see if he had done the work properly.  
Even when a reformer accomplishes anything his accounts have to be audited.

How It Turned Out.  
I went because it seemed to be a pleasant place to stay—  
Where I could go and drink some tea  
And while the hours away.  
The girl appeared to be a quite refined and modest sort,  
But though I went there every night  
I did not go to court.  
We sat upon the sofa and  
The lights were burning low,  
At times I even held her hand—  
No harm in that, you know;  
I surely thought so, anyway;  
It had no real import,  
And I'm sincere now when I say  
I didn't go to court.  
I never thought she would be so unprincipled and base;  
To me it was an awful blow.  
That breach-of-promise case,  
To pay her damages was gall,  
For payin' not my forte,  
I had to pay, though. After all  
I had to go to court.

Helen's P. S.  
Helen had been taught to say her prayers every night, and the little prayer beginning, "Now I lay me down to sleep," was the prayer used. One day an old friend of the family, "Auntie Benson," came to spend the day, and on leaving asked Helen to remember her in her prayers. Helen agreed. That night, after asking that a blessing should rest on her mother, father, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, friends, etc., Helen rose from her knees. She walked across the room, and jumped into bed. Then like a shot she jumped out again, sank down on her knees and exclaimed: "Post-script, and Auntie Benson!"

### PAPA'S JUDGMENT WAS OFF.

His Boy Very Much Like Other Boys, After All.  
On the day The Boy was eleven years old he visited an artist friend who likes boys. The artist entertained him royally. He gave him a gun and cigarette coupons worth \$2.50. The Boy was proud of the gun, but he thought still more of the coupons.  
"What are you going to get with them, son?" asked The Boy's mother. "I don't know," said The Boy.  
His mother was about to offer a few suggestions but The Boy's father interfered.  
"Just you let Bob alone, he said. 'Let him pick out his own prize. He knows what he wants.'  
"But he'll get something foolish," argued the practical mother.  
"No, he won't," said the father. "That boy's got the best judgment of any boy I ever saw. He won't throw his money away. He'll come home with something useful—something that he needs right on the spot. I wouldn't be afraid to bet on that."  
So the mother finally gave in. On Saturday The Boy went down town to exchange his coupons for a prize. When he came home the family was gathered at the dinner table talking about him.  
"Come, dear," said his mother, "show mama what her little boy got."  
They sat expectant while the boy unwrapped his prize. After a little they spoke. The mother said, "Oh! oh! oh!" and the father said, "Well, I'll be blessed!"  
The boy had bought a razor.

Music.  
The Jews have an old tradition that when the world was done,  
And God from His work was resting, He called to Him, one by one,  
The shining troops of the angels, and showing the wonder wrought,  
The Master asked of His servants what they of the vision thought.  
Then one white angel, dreaming o'er the marvel before him spread,  
Bent low in humble obeisance, lifted his voice, and said:  
"One thing only is lacking—praise from the new-born tongue,  
The sound of a hallelujah by the great creation sung."  
So God created music—the voices of land and sea,  
And the song of the stars revolving in one vast harmony,  
Out of the deep uprising, out from the ether sent,  
The song of the destined ages thrilled through the firmament.  
So the rivers among the valleys, the murmur of wind-swept hills,  
The seas and the bird-thrilled woodlands utter their voices still;  
Songs of stars and of waters, echoes of vale and shore—  
The voice of primeval nature praising Him evermore.  
And the instruments men have fashioned since time and the world were young,  
With gifted fingers giving the metal and wood a tongue,  
With the human voice translating the soul's wild joy and pain,  
Have swelled the undying psalm, have raised the immortal strain!  
—Ruble T. Wayburn.

The Sinner's Balance Account.  
John Harvey Treat, who has given largely to Harvard College library, and whose "Villa de St. Prie," on Lake Cuscutic, in Maine, is the show place of the Rangeley region, was formerly in business in Lawrence, Mass.

One of the firm's customers, a painter, had contracted a debt which ran along for a year or more without any signs of being liquidated. Several dunning letters failed to bring about a settlement. One day while glancing over the religious notices in a local paper Mr. Treat saw something which gave him an inspiration, whereupon he sat down and wrote the following missive to the debtor:  
"Mr. —: My Dear Sir—I see in the local press that you are to deliver an address on Friday evening before the Y. M. C. A., on 'The Sinner's Balance Account.' I inclose yours, as yet unbalanced, and trust that I may have the pleasure of attending your lecture. Yours truly,"  
A check came by the next mail.

Her Astral Spouse.  
An unmarried woman of my acquaintance was drawing dangerously near the threshold of that age where the unmatrimonial must abandon every matrimonial hope.  
Belonging as she did to that large contingent of women to whom marriage represents the only possible career, her anxiety, as she saw her chances of achieving it dwindling to the vanishing point, became keen, and in her distress she began to seek for comforting reassurances among that fraternity who, for a suitable consideration, obligingly offer to reveal the secrets of the future.  
In the course of an interview with one of these "wise women" she was told: "My dear, you already are married on the astral plane, and it is your astral husband who is keeping the earth men away from you."  
"Oh," cried the ungrateful bride, "please tell him not to!"—Sunday Magazine.

Acid from Sweets.  
That was a very fair retort of a pretty girl annoyed by the impertinence of a conceited beau at a wedding party.  
"Do you know what I was thinking of all the time during the ceremony" he asked.  
"No, sir; how should I?"  
"Why, I was blessing my stars I was not the bridegroom."  
"And I have no doubt the bride was doing the same thing," said the girl, and left him to think it over again.—Chicago Journal.

Didn't Mind.  
"I suppose, Jerry," said the eminent statesman, looking through his pocket-book for a new dollar bill, "like a lot of other folks nowadays, you would rather have clean money?"  
"Oh, that's all right, Senator," said the cabman, "I don't care how you made your money."

### HAPPY WOMEN.



Mrs. Pare, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent resident of Glasgow, Ky., says: "I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides a bad back, I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way."  
For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

The practical man is he who turns life to the best account for himself; the good man, he who teaches others how to do so.—Lord Lytton.

Investigation of the Packers.  
Very general interest has been manifested in the government investigation now in progress into the mode of conducting business by the large packers located in Chicago and elsewhere. Much has been written upon the alleged illegal and improper modes of business procedure connected with the packing industry; but it seems that so far no definite charge of any kind has been sustained and no proof of illegal or inequitable methods has been discovered to the public. While a wave of severe criticism of this great industrial interest is now passing over the country it might be well to remember that the packers have had as yet no opportunity to make specific denial, the many indefinite charges of wrongdoing having never been formulated so that a categorical answer could be made.  
The recent report of Commissioner Garfield, which embodied the results of an official investigation undertaken by the Department of Commerce and Labor of the United States, was a vindication of the Western packers, but this result having been unexpected attempts in many quarters to discredit it were made.  
In view of the situation as it now stands, however, attention may properly be called to a few facts that owing to popular clamor are now being apparently overlooked. Fair treatment in this country has heretofore been accorded to all citizens whose affairs assume prominence in the public eye and some of the facts that bear upon the relation of the packers to the commerce of the country may at this time be briefly alluded to. It would be difficult to estimate the benefits gained by the farmers of the country resulting from the energetic enterprise of the packers, for whatever is of benefit to the farmer is a gain to the entire commerce of the country. And connected with their continuous aggressive work no feature perhaps has been more important than their efforts in seeking outlets all over the world for the surplus products of the farmer. Our total exports of agricultural products have gained but little in the past twenty years, and leaving out corn, the total of all other farm products was far less in 1903 than in 1891. But in packing house products there was considerable gain during this period, because an organized and powerful force has been behind them seeking new and broader markets.  
Besides the benefits reaped by farmers on account of the enterprise and energy exercised by the packers in attaining commercial results by foreign trade, the great development in the manufacture of packing house by-products has added enormously to the value of all live stock raised in the United States. The waste material of twenty years ago, then an expense to the packer, is now converted into articles of great value, and, as an economic fact, this must correspondingly increase the value to the farmer of every head of cattle marketed at the numerous stockyards of the country. Let these facts be remembered while now it is so popular to regard the great packing industry as deserving of condemnation. At least it must be admitted that, so far, there is no adequate reason for the almost unquenchable howl that may be heard everywhere in the face of the Garfield report above alluded to which practically exonerates the packers from the obscure and indefinite charges that have been for some time past made the subject of popular comment.—American Homestead.

You cannot walk the way of the world and not know its woe.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 4-oz. packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 oz." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Once upon a time there was an automobile—which ran slowly and carefully through the streets of the city. \* \* \*—Fillegende Blaetter.

You never hear anyone complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity; 15 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.