

NERVOUS HEADACHE

MARRIED A YOUNG WOMAN'S HAPPINESS FOR SEVEN YEARS.

Interfered With Her Social Duties and Threatened to Cause Her Retirement—How She Was Cured.

Every sufferer from nervous headache knows how completely it unfits one for the duties and pleasures of life. Any little excitement, or over-exertion, or irregularity brings it on. Sometimes the pain is over the whole head. Again it is like a nail driven into the brain, or a wedge splitting it open, or a band tightening about it. At one time it is all in the top of the head, at another it is all at the base of the skull.

Most headaches can be traced to some faulty state of the blood. When the blood is scanty or charged with poison, and the nerves are imperfectly nourished and the digestion weak, one of the commonest results is frequent and severe headaches.

The important thing is to get rid of the diseased condition of the blood that causes the attack by the use of a remedy that will do the work quickly and thoroughly. What is that remedy? The experience of Miss Ellen McKenna furnishes the answer. She says:

"For more than seven years I was a great sufferer from nervous headache and dizziness. My stomach was disordered, and I became so restless that I could not sit still any length of time. Dizziness interrupted my work greatly. At first the attacks were not so severe, but they gradually grew more violent, and finally became so acute that I was on the point of relinquishing my membership in the different organizations to which I belonged."

"What saved you from that necessity?"

"A very simple thing; the call of a member of one of the clubs, who strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills before giving up. I acted on her suggestion at once, and after steadily using this great blood and nerve remedy for two months, my headaches and my dizziness entirely disappeared."

Miss McKenna is secretary of the Associated Ladies' Guild, and resides at No. 48 West street, Roxbury, Mass. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many hundreds of similar cases, and can be confidently recommended to drive all poisons from the blood and to give needed strength to the nerves. Every drugstore keeps them.



DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S
BALM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.



THE BEST WATERPROOF CLOTHING IN THE WORLD

REAR'S THIS TRADE MARK
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
MADE IN BRITAIN
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
CANADA
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS
R. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA.



10,000 Plants for 16c.

More gardens and farms are planted to John A. Salzer's seeds than any other in America. There is a reason for this. A certain cure for Consumption in its first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

For 16 Cents Postpaid
1000 Early, Medium and Late Cabbages,
1000 Red and Green Tomatoes,
2000 Bunching Celery,
2000 Bush Rutabagas,
1000 Bunching Spinach,
1000 Bare Leafed Lettuce,
1000 Bunching Lettuce,
1000 Bunching Peas.

Above seven packages contain sufficient seeds to furnish a family of five persons, together with our special catalog, telling all about flowers, roses, small fruits, etc., all for 16c in stamps and this notice.

John A. Salzer Seed Co.,
GND, La Crosse, Wis.

College Football Ethics.

New York World: By far the blindest contribution to the intermittent controversy over modern college football is contained in President Eliot's annual report. The distinguished head of Harvard university is a friend of college athletics. There is no prejudice in his report. His criticisms are founded solely in the ethics of manhood and the age. The main objection to football as it is played lies against the moral quality. It is an evil thing, in the immoderate desire to win games ill-feeling is created between colleges. Then again, the mass play affords temptation to foul play, since violation of the rules may be hidden. Finally, the game has become assimilated to war, as to its struggles, stratagems and deceptions.

Never Done in Oil.

Puck: The Portrait Painter—I'm glad to hear you admire my work, Mr. Porckham. Have you ever been done in oil? Mr. Porckham—Not on your life! Whenever them Standard guys float anything, your Uncle Hiram dons a cork vest and then keeps off.

Force of Habit.

Public Ledger: "I asked that drug clerk if he had any 5-cent stamps, and he said no, but he could give me something just as good."
"Ah! Force of habit, eh?"
"No; he meant it. He gave me two 2s and a 1."

LATEST JOKES FROM THE STAGE

Quite Quips That Are Doing Duty in Metropolitan Theaters.

It is a fact that brighter and funnier things are said by actors off the stage than when they utter the lines written by some one else. Take Maurice Barrymore, for instance. He was talking to two friends about the benefit to be given at the Academy of Music. One said: "Say, Barry, what is the Actors' Order of Friendship?"

"Two beers," replied Barry.

At the Lambs' club the other night Dixey told a new story about Stetson. He had engaged a song and dance man who was fearfully bad. "The artist" was just making his exit, singing the last bars of "Where Are the Friends of My Youth?" when Stetson, who was standing in the wings, said: "Take the rest of the week and find them."

George Fuller Golden, at Keith's, tells of the man who was sent in haste for the doctor to attend his mother-in-law. "She's at death's door, doctor," said he, "and I'm afraid you can't pull her through."

John Kernell says he called on a friend and was treated to the most delicious sausage he ever ate. "I asked them where he got them, and he gave me a pointer."

There are many new jokes in the revised "Evangeline" at the Garden theater. Fred Solomon at one stage of the play announces that he will recite a poem composed by himself. Striking an heroic attitude, he declares: "Mary had a little calf, So she couldn't put on bloomers."

Another version of the prevalent political joke is heard in the same burlesque, Bigelow, made up as David B. Hill, announces that he must take the 12:44 train to Albany.

Bigelow—Why, I thought you were a gold man.
Bigelow—So I am.
Solomon—Then why do you take the 12 to 1 train?

Frederick Bond, in "My Friend from India," gives Perkins a pair of trousers, remarking that they are a good fit.

"Good fit for a man of my years," replies Perkins, "but for any other man they would be a convolution."

Most of Francis Wilson's jokes in "Half a King" pertain to the play. A few of his witty epigrams, however, deserve to be quoted:

"A man can say things in four minutes that he would spend forty years in regretting."

"If people would stop to think before they get married, children would become obsolete."

Sam Reed, who plays Judge Lynch in "Sue," was asked by a new acquaintance if his name really were Reed.

"Certainly; why do you ask?"

"Well, there are so many actor folks who take facetious names that I thought maybe you did, too."

Dick Golden, at Keith's, says an Irish man bet 10 cents he could eat more oysters than the dealer could open. After swallowing ninety of the bivalves, Pat laid a dime one counter and said: "Bedad, you've won. I can't eat any more."

Speaking of oysters reminds me of Dixey's story of the man who entered a country store on a cold day. A group of loungers were huddled about the stove, and the stranger could not get near enough to get warm. "Got any oysters?" he asked the proprietor, and receiving an affirmative reply said: "Take a dozen on the half shell out to my horse."

All hands crowded to the door to see a horse eat oysters, and the stranger secured the most comfortable seat. The proprietor returned soon, and said the horse refused to eat the shell fish. "Well, give 'em to me, then," said the foxy visitor, secure in his resting place.

In "Brian Boru" Richard Carroll has some bright lines. "I've had enough to drink today," he says, "but I'll take one more, in case I should be thirsty tomorrow."

"My face is my fortune," declares Annie Summerville.

"Then you have a blessed small income," is Carroll's ungallant retort.

"Getting married is like going around a corner; you can't tell whom you are likely to meet," says Miss Summerville.

"Then I'll go over the roof."

In one of his songs Carroll refers to a man who was so lazy his liver would not work.

Ezra Kendall at Keith's says he went to a hotel, got into a row with the clerk and was thrown down stairs. While he was falling a policeman who was attracted by the noise, asked him what he was doing. "Looking for a place to stop," he said.

Ed Favor and Edith Sinclair in their sketch at Keith's exchange bright repartee.

"She misses her husband," he declares, "but doesn't tell what she threw at him."

"Why don't you get up early?" she asks. "My brother got up early the other day and found \$10."

"The man who lost it got up earlier."

Fritz Williams is responsible for this: A ventriloquist out of work, hungry and penniless, entered a restaurant and ordered dinner. He had with him a dog which apparently gave an order for steak, much to the surprise of the waiters. Throughout the meal the dog kept up a brisk conversation, and the proprietor of the place made an offer to buy the supposed talking canine. A bargain was struck, and \$200 was paid the ventriloquist. "Have you sold me?" the dog appeared to ask. "Yes, Jack, for \$200." "Then I'll never say another word," said the dog sadly, as the trickster departed.

"Is this ring valuable?" asks Minnie, French of Charlie Evans in "A Parlor Match."

"I should say it is. I got \$75 on it in pawn—seventy-five times at a dollar a time."

Doing Good.

Frederica Bremer.

"We should not preach so much to people, we should give them an interest in life, something to love, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, or put them on the way to happiness; then they would unquestionably become"

IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

Copyright 1901 by T. Fitzgerald Malloy

Author of "The Die of Destiny," "An Excellent Knave," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Next day before rising, Valerius had the morning papers brought him, and hurriedly opening them one after another, read in all the same account of George Bostock's progress toward recovery. The comments which were appended he left unheeded; only the actual state of the patient interested him, and he failed by distinctly the calm which had set in upon him as a result of the long hours of mental combat he had endured the previous night.

The early afternoon was spent in reading old letters long stored away for some time in a chest in the attic, and which he now burned. And as his eyes dwelt upon them it seemed as if old friends came back, old days returned. Various chapters in his life opened out before him as a book; some almost forgotten, others remembered well, but seen now in a new light—a light which had come too late.

And as the flames consumed each separate sheet it was as though a year of his existence had escaped his grasp, had changed to ashes and turned to nothingness, until but a memory remained of that past which had seemed so eventful, freighted as it had been with a thousand incidents of the inward, rather than the outward life. The task was in itself a wrenching of the past from the present; a farewell to what had been and might be never more; a burying of the dead. And the pain which it brought lay deep in his heart, but was accepted by him as part of that which he had set himself to accomplish.

Outside the world was full of gloom, for a dense fog had settled over the city since morning—a fog which the electric light of his rooms was scarcely able to pierce. Once or twice he went to the windows and stared over the park, where all things were vague and indistinct; the trees, the seldom and slow passing figures, the cabs with their lighted lamps.

To the table which was served with the same regularity as if nothing of vital importance was happening, he sat down and ate with appetite, then continued his work. When the early edition of the evening papers were handed him he turned to one part and read of George Bostock's gradual recovery, a fixed expression on his face. And presently, late in the afternoon, he went out. His man had some difficulty in finding him a cab, for the atmosphere was now black and heavy, so that traffic became dangerous, if not impossible. But having secured a hansom, Valerius drove to Sir Pugin Tate's house in Harley street.

To the famous surgeon, being well known to him, Valerius determined to call upon him and receive from Sir Pugin a statement regarding Bostock which might implicitly be relied upon. Sir Pugin's footman admitted that his master was at home, but feared he was engaged.

Valerius wrote some words upon a card, which he asked the servant to give his master, the result being that Galbraith was shown into the library, the surgeon entered a moment later.

"I hope you will excuse me, Sir Pugin," Valerius said as he shook hands with the surgeon. "I fear I have disturbed you, but I promise not to keep you more than five minutes."

"Pray sit down."

"Thanks," replied Valerius, whose excitement was beginning to overcome his studied calmness. "I came to you for your own lips, for the truth of the statement made regarding George Bostock."

The surgeon glanced at him with surprise, noting which Valerius hurried to say:

"So much concerned in the case, Mrs. Dumbarton, you will perhaps remember, is my cousin."

"Yes, I know that."

"And a great deal I cannot now explain hangs upon the death or recovery of the man who has confessed to murder."

"No doubt—no doubt," answered Sir Pugin.

"Therefore, I want to hear your opinion as to whether George Bostock will live."

"Unless something unforeseen occurs, Galbraith will certainly recover."

Galbraith heard this reply stated in an authoritative voice, heard it with a tenseness of the nerves, with a tightening of the heart. It was the answer he had expected to receive, yet its pronouncement produced upon him a despair such as criminals may feel when the anticipated death sentence is read upon their heads.

"That is your conviction?" Valerius said in a slow, hoarse voice.

"Certainly. The loss of motor power is gradually disappearing, and it's quite plain that consciousness is returning. Tomorrow or in a day he may be able to answer questions."

"Tomorrow or next day?" repeated Valerius.

"I expect so."

"That settles the question, Sir Pugin."

"It has been a particularly interesting case to me."

"I am sure it has; it could not fail to be."

"Why did you save him?" asked Valerius in a voice that sounded full of reproach and full of pain. "Why did you save him?"

"Because it was my duty," replied Sir Pugin stiffly. "It was not for me to take into consideration what might happen on his recovery, but to bring him back to life, if possible."

"And you have done your duty," remarked Galbraith, with covert bitterness as he rose to take his leave.

"I have done my duty," repeated the great man, somewhat puzzled by his visitor's tone and the expression of his face.

"Forgive me for having troubled you, Sir Pugin. Thank you, and good night," said Valerius, as he quitted the library.

He drew the collar of his coat around his neck as he descended the steps and made his way to the cab that awaited him. Through the fog he could see little save the yellow, hazy lights of street lamps and the black figures of wayfarers wrapped and muffled, that for a second passed into narrow circles of radiance and disappeared again into blackness beyond—phantom-like figures that turning neither to right nor left with bent heads, hurried on their course.

The dense fog muffled all sounds, and hung black, heavy and almost palpable like a vast pall covering a silent city of the dead. Something there was in the murky atmosphere that harmonized with the resolution he had taken which now as the hour for its accomplishment drew near, heavily weighed upon his spirits and filled his heart with fear. Though the cab drove slowly as a funeral coach, he thought it carried him to his home with needless haste.

He dined lightly, and drank but little wine that evening; then passing into his study he gave orders that he was not to be disturbed.

Electric light strove to brighten this cosy room with its thick carpet and heavy hangings, its bookshelves containing rare and handsomely bound volumes, many of them first editions and presentation copies from their authors. Fencing foils he had brought from Toledo hung over his portrait, and around the library were other curiosities he had gathered in various cities and continents—an ivory idol smuggled from a Persian temple; a Turkish scimitar, which had severed a Christian head; a funeral statuette in green glazed pottery he had unearthed in Egypt; a mosque lamp of ancient date; a scarab of the time of Amenemhat II. Each had some pleasant recollection attached to it; all he valued. Therefore he looked upon them with sad eyes, reluctant to say farewell.

As he lay back in his chair before his desk, the despair that blinds hope, fetters joy, and crushes vitality, came upon him; but striving to rise above these feelings, he set himself to his work. He had already destroyed sketches and mementoes of his past life as he deemed too sacred for other eyes to look upon when he had gone. And next he made a will leaving pensions to his servants, dividing his valuables among a few friends, and bequeathing all else he possessed to Olive Dumbarton.

It was hard that while in the enjoyment of vigor and vitality he should make preparations for what was to happen a few hours later when he would count him among the dead. He was intelligent enough to know life could not end here, and the dread of what might come was full upon him. Yet he did not flinch from his purpose.

With overwhelming sadness he began a letter to his cousin, whom he might never see again, and whom he addressed now for the last time. And while he wrote, the pain and despair within him grew until tears blinded his eyes and fell upon the page. More than once he laid down the pen as if unable to continue, and then again began, eager to finish his task, yet reluctant to say the final word farewell to her he loved. And this was what he wrote:

"My Dear Olive: I begin by imploring you to forgive me for the cruel wrong I have done you, which now, at this hour, is all going to be righted. When a few days ago you said George Bostock had not committed murder, your woman's instinct was right; your faith in him was justified, for it was I who killed your husband."

and summoning all my presence of mind, coolly directed him to the spot. I did not know what had happened, nor did I dare return. In the morning I learned all, when my grief for your condition and remorse for my act prompted me to confess, but my cowardice overcoming this impulse, I persuaded myself that you could not fail to prove your innocence, and that I need not suffer for my deed. I therefore returned to Paris. None knew I had been in England. I had not given my name at the hotel, and I assured myself I should never be suspected."

"On reaching Paris I immediately started for Brindisi, whence I telegraphed to you. The dastardly part I had played in permitting you to bear the blame, followed; and again and again I told myself your innocence could and must be proved without my confession. And then I hoped that now being free you might give me the love I had been my lifelong desire to obtain. So when the woman Mezza appeared I felt convinced the blame might be shifted on her husband, who I suppose had returned to his own country, where he would probably never be found. And this notion, growing false, Bostock's confession assured me you need not suffer nor I confess."

"Imagine then my despair on finding you would not believe him guilty; that you would have his confession proved, and that you loved him. I hated him for the noble example he had set me, and because he had succeeded where I had failed in winning your love. All this drove me mad, and I said such words to you as I would now give all the world to have left unsaid. Then came news of the second operation and his recovery, when I resolved to set you and him free from all imputations of guilt by my confession, and then to evade the disgrace and punishment I have not the courage to face."

"I know my life has been a waste, and I feel it might have been otherwise, but I loved pleasure too much and tasted happiness too long for the happiness I sought in my youth I was never able to gain. I see now the fault was wholly mine, for had my love for you been great, and strong, and noble, it would not have failed to win your own. I have brought trouble, sorrow, and disgrace upon you, and little as I deserve your forgiveness I hope you will not refuse it, made, as it is, in this, my last hour."

"Be merciful, and pardon me, is the last request of one who, though I have deeply wronged you, loves you with a deeper and better love than he has ever felt before. I die in the belief you will not withhold it from me. Farewell, dear Olive, farewell. God bless you now and forever."

He read through the letter, which he carefully sealed, and then, that it might reach her without fail next morning, he went out and dropped it into a neighboring letter box. As it fell with a clink into the receptacle, it seemed as if he had sealed his fate. Feeling his way through the dense fog, he regained his study and then sat down to write a second confession, giving the particulars of details which would prove the truth of his assertion. This which was intended for the public, he directed to George Coris.

Everything was done now save the most important of all, but from this he did not flinch; all preparations had been made. From a drawer in his desk he took a bottle of chloroform, and held it between him and the light. There was more than sufficient there to send him into a sleep from which in this case he would be no awaking. He thought it strange he should feel so calm and collected now, in contrast to the disturbance he had suffered before finally resolving to seek death.

The strong odor of the drug nearly sufficed him as he raised it to his lips and then sat it down once more, lest he had left undone anything which he might remember and wished to do when it was too late. No, nothing had been forgotten, and with regret he recognized that there was nothing to do but his last moments. He took the bottle again, lifted it slowly, then with a sudden effort boldly swallowed its contents. His life had now practically ended; the drug must soon begin to paralyze his brain.

As he passed a mirror he started at his reflection as though he had seen a phantom. Then he deliberately looked into the glass at the face which a little time ago he could bear small resemblance to its present aspect. He could not help recognizing that it was comely, while his rounded throat and broad shoulders showed strength. And he remembered how women had smiled on him, how men had welcomed him, how readily friendship had been extended to him, how the world had been a pleasant place to him, the world he was voluntarily quitting.

He crossed the room to a couch on which he flung himself, thinking now of Olive and of the surprise which awaited her next morning when he would have gone—where? He closed his eyes wearily, and presently opened them with a start, to find how long they had been shut, and all unwilling to lose a moment of the consciousness that was left to him. Olive would surely feel sorry, and she would forgive and pity him, and remember him when others forgot, and when soothing feeling was passing through his veins; he felt himself sinking through an abyss of darkness, and then suddenly started to wakefulness as if he had received a shock.

He now came to the terrible consciousness that he was going to his death, that nothing could save him that he could retain his fading senses to lounge.

Then he became absorbed into darkness, silent, yet surging as if with hidden life—a suffocating and appalling darkness through which he sank down and down, and down to death.

(Continued Next Week.)

English Good Enough.

New York Times: Professor Adolph Cohn of Columbia university recently in discussing the teaching of French and German in the public schools, said that the attitude of a good many people on that subject was explained to him aptly by a remark he had overheard in a street car. Two elderly Irish women were talking about their children, when one remarked: "I won't let my child be taught French."

"Why not?" inquired the other.

"Sure," replied the first, "if English was good enough for St. Paul to write the bible in it's not good enough for me."

Why It Was a Baptist Fish.

Sun Francisco Argonaut: During a recent Baptist convention held at Charleston, Rev. Dr. George Greene of Washington strolled down to the battery one morning to take a look across the harbor at Fort Sumter. An old negro was sitting on the sea wall using Dr. Greene watched the tall fisherman and finally saw him pull up an odd looking fish, a cross between a trout and a catfish.

"What kind of a fish is that, old man?" inquired Dr. Greene.

"Dey calls it de Baptist fish," replied the fisherman, as he tossed it away a deep disgust.

"Why do they call it the Baptist fish?" asked the minister.

"Because dey spill so soon after dey comes outen de water," answered the fisherman.

Unusual.

Public Ledger: "He has really written a very remarkable novel."
"In what respect?"
"It is simply impossible to dramatize it."

A New Idea.

Philadelphia Press: "What on earth has come over Meekley? He was almost impudent to me this morning."
"I'll tell you. He answered the advertisement of a correspondence school of Jiu Jitsu last night and arranged to take the course."

Six Months Behind Time.

But still persevering, says the London Express, George M. Schilling of Pittsburg, who is walking around the world in seven years for a £1,000 wager, has arrived in Liverpool. He left New York in 1897, penniless and wearing a newspaper suit.

Changed His Mind.

Lippincott's Magazine: A tramp, dirty and ragged to the last degree, called at a house on the door of which was a doctor's sign. A large, rather masculine-looking woman opened the door.

"Scuse me lady," said the tramp, "but I just called to ask if the doctor had any old clothes he'd let me have. You see, I'm kind o' bad off for all kinds of clothes an' I'd be much obliged fer anything the doctor could let me have, an' I ain't perticklar as to the fit."

The woman smiled and made reply: "I am the doctor!"

"Sufferin' Moses!" ejaculated the tramp, as he made a beeline for the gate.

Found at Last.

Alston, Mich., March 13th.—(Special.)—After suffering for twenty years from Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles, and spending a fortune in doctors and medicines that brought him no relief, Mr. James Culet of this place has found a complete cure for all his aches, pains and weakness, in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Naturally Mr. Culet feels much elated over his cure and gives great credit to the remedy that gave him health.

"Yes," Mr. Culet says, "My Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles are all gone and I feel like a new man. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it. Before I used them I spent a small fortune on doctors and one remedy and another. I cheerfully recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure sick kidneys. Healthy kidneys take all uric acid—the cause of Rheumatism—out of the blood. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Rheumatism.

Force of Habit.

There was once a penman so queer He wrote on a typewriter clear; And when he had to do a thing, Pray what did he do But hang it up over his ear.

—New York Sun.

Commissioner Garfield's Report.

It Is Found to Be Favorable to the Great Packers.

The report of Commissioner of Corporations Garfield on the beef industry, after about eight months' investigation in Chicago and elsewhere, shows that there has been an enormous amount of exaggeration in the statements that have appeared for some time past in regard to the beef business. This investigation was set on foot by a resolution of the House of Representatives adopted March 7, 1904, and the ascertained facts after a most rigid examination of the methods and general conduct of the business are contained in a report covering 308 pages. Its figures and tables conclusively show that the popular belief in enormous profits made by the large packers, such as Armour & Co., Swift & Co., and Nelson Morris & Co., and in the exclusive control of the business which many think they enjoy, is really without foundation.

The report made to President Roosevelt by Commissioner Garfield is really the first official statement of the actual conditions of the beef business that has been made, and as all the conclusions arrived at are based, as shown by him, upon data officially obtained, there seems to be no reason why they should not be regarded as reliable and in all respects trustworthy.

This report shows why the price of both cattle and beef advanced to the highest level ever known after the short crop of 1901, and states that because of the decrease in number of cattle and also in decreased weight, "the high prices of beef which caused so much complaint among consumers at this time were attributable wholly to these abnormal cattle prices."

All the figures of the live weight and live cost of all dressed beef cattle were obtained from actual killing records and all information of every kind obtained by the Commissioner was voluntarily and freely offered by the packers, all books of record and papers connected with the business having placed at his disposal.

To make certain that the results of the investigation should be absolutely accurate, the Commissioner states that a double method of ascertaining profits was adopted, and, without going into detail here, it is found that the conclusion arrived at shows an average profit of 90 cents per head. The Commissioner says "the close parallelism in the results of the two methods of ascertaining the profits confirms completely the correctness of the general conclusions." It is clearly established that "western packers do not control more than half of the beef supply of the United States," the conclusion of the Commissioner being that the business done by them amounts to "about 45 per cent" of the total slaughter of the country.

The whole report is extremely interesting and well worthy of careful perusal. As an official report it may be regarded as worthy of confidence and it certainly leads the reader to the conclusion arrived at by the Commissioner when he states that "the capitalization of none of these concerns is excessive as compared with its actual investment" and that from thorough and rigid examination of original entries in books and papers to which he had access there was also "indirect evidence that the profits of the packers in their beef business are less than is frequently supposed," as shown by comparison between the total profits and the total amount of sales.

English Good Enough.

New York Times: Professor Adolph Cohn of Columbia university recently in discussing the teaching of French and German in the public schools, said that the attitude of a good many people on that subject was explained to him aptly by a remark he had overheard in a street car. Two elderly Irish women were talking about their children, when one remarked: "I won't let my child be taught French."

"Why not?" inquired the other.

"Sure," replied the first, "if English was good enough for St. Paul to write the bible in it's not good enough for me."

Why It Was a Baptist Fish.

Sun Francisco Argonaut: During a recent Baptist convention held at Charleston, Rev. Dr. George Greene of Washington strolled down to the battery one morning to take a look across the harbor at Fort Sumter. An old negro was sitting on the sea wall using Dr. Greene watched the tall fisherman and finally saw him pull up an odd looking fish, a cross between a trout and a catfish.

"What kind of a fish is that, old man?" inquired Dr. Greene.

"Dey calls it de Baptist fish," replied the fisherman, as he tossed it away a deep disgust.

"Why do they call it the Baptist fish?" asked the minister.

"Because dey spill so soon after dey comes outen de water," answered the fisherman.

Unusual.

Public Ledger: "He has really written a very remarkable novel."
"In what respect?"
"It is simply impossible to dramatize it."

A New Idea.

Philadelphia Press: "What on earth has come over Meekley? He was almost impudent to me this morning."
"I'll tell you. He answered the advertisement of a correspondence school of Jiu Jitsu last night and arranged to take the course."

Six Months Behind Time.

But still persevering, says the London Express, George M. Schilling of Pittsburg, who is walking around the world in seven years for a £1,000 wager, has arrived in Liverpool. He left New York in 1897, penniless and wearing a newspaper suit.

Changed His Mind.

Lippincott's Magazine: A tramp, dirty and ragged to the last degree, called at a house on the door of which was a doctor's sign. A large, rather masculine-looking woman opened the door.

"Scuse me lady," said the tramp, "but I just called to ask if the doctor had any old clothes he'd let me have. You see, I'm kind o' bad off for all kinds of clothes an' I'd be much obliged fer anything the doctor could let me have, an' I ain't perticklar as to the fit."

The woman smiled and made reply: "I am the doctor!"

"Sufferin' Moses!" ejaculated the tramp, as he made a beeline for the gate.

Found at Last.

Alston, Mich., March 13th.—(Special.)—After suffering for twenty years from Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles, and spending a fortune in doctors and medicines that brought him no relief, Mr. James Culet of this place has found a complete cure for all his aches, pains and weakness, in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Naturally Mr. Culet feels much elated over his cure and gives great credit to the remedy that gave him health.

"Yes," Mr. Culet says, "My Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles are all gone and I feel like a new man. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it. Before I used them I spent a small fortune on doctors and one remedy and another. I cheerfully recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure sick kidneys. Healthy kidneys take all uric acid—the cause of Rheumatism—out of the blood. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Rheumatism.

Force of Habit.

There was once a penman so queer He wrote on a typewriter clear; And when he had to do a thing, Pray what did he do But hang it up over his ear.

—New York Sun.

Commissioner Garfield's Report.

It Is Found to Be Favorable to the Great Packers.

The report of Commissioner of Corporations Garfield on the beef industry, after about eight months' investigation in Chicago and elsewhere, shows that there has been an enormous amount of exaggeration in the statements that have appeared for some time past in regard to the beef business. This investigation was set on foot by a resolution of the House of Representatives adopted March 7, 1904, and the ascertained facts after a most rigid examination of the methods and general conduct of the business are contained in a report covering 308 pages. Its figures and tables conclusively show that the popular belief in enormous profits made by the large packers, such as Armour & Co., Swift & Co., and Nelson Morris & Co., and in the exclusive control of the business which many think they enjoy, is really without foundation.

The report made to President Roosevelt by Commissioner Garfield is really the first official statement of the actual conditions of the beef business that has been made, and as all the conclusions arrived at are based, as shown by him, upon data officially obtained, there seems to be no reason why they should not be regarded as reliable and in all respects trustworthy.

This report shows why the price of both cattle and beef advanced to the highest level ever known after the short crop of 1901, and states that because of the decrease in number of cattle and also in decreased weight, "the high prices of beef which caused so much complaint among consumers at this time were attributable wholly to these abnormal cattle prices."

All the figures of the live weight and live cost of all dressed beef cattle were obtained from actual killing records and all information of every kind obtained by the Commissioner was voluntarily and freely offered by the packers, all books of record and papers connected with the business having placed at his disposal.

To make certain that the results of the investigation should be absolutely accurate, the Commissioner states that a double method of ascertaining profits was adopted, and, without going into detail here, it is found that the conclusion arrived at shows an average profit of 90 cents per head. The Commissioner says "the close parallelism in the results of the two methods of ascertaining the profits confirms completely the correctness of the general conclusions." It is clearly established that "western packers do not control more than half of the beef supply of the United States," the conclusion of the Commissioner being that the business done by them amounts to "about 45 per cent" of the total slaughter of the country.

The whole report is extremely interesting and well worthy of careful perusal. As an official report it may be regarded as worthy of confidence and it certainly leads the reader to the conclusion arrived at by the Commissioner when he states that "the capitalization of none of these concerns is excessive as compared with its actual investment" and that from thorough and rigid examination of original entries in books and papers to which he had access there was also "indirect evidence that the profits of the packers in their beef business are less than is frequently supposed," as shown by comparison between the total profits and the total amount of sales.

English Good Enough.

New York Times: Professor Adolph Cohn of Columbia university recently in discussing the teaching of French and German in the public schools, said that the attitude of a good many people on that subject was explained to him aptly by a remark he had overheard in a street car. Two elderly Irish women were talking about their children, when one remarked: "I won't let my child be taught French."

"Why not?" inquired the other.

"Sure," replied the first, "if English was good enough for St. Paul to write the bible in it's not good enough for me."

Why It Was a Baptist Fish.

Sun Francisco Argonaut: During a recent Baptist convention held at Charleston, Rev. Dr. George Greene of Washington strolled down to the battery one morning to take a look across the harbor at Fort Sumter. An old negro was sitting on the sea wall using Dr. Greene watched the tall fisherman and finally saw him pull up an odd looking fish, a cross between a trout and a catfish.

"What kind of a fish is that, old man?" inquired Dr. Greene.

"Dey calls it de Baptist fish," replied the fisherman, as he tossed it away a deep disgust.

"Why do they call it the Baptist fish?" asked the minister.

"Because dey spill so soon after