A Materialist on Marriage. General Young, at a wedding in Washington, was condemning materialists and materialism.

"What, precisely, is a materialist?" a young girl asked.

"A materialist," said General Young, "Is one who sees only the material side of things, one to whom the spiritual He looked about him at the happy

bridal party.
"Thus a materialist," he went on "would call marriage merely a state wherein you give a woman half your victuals to have the other half cooked."

Mrs. Winslow's Scothing Strup for Children sething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, at app pain, cures wind colic. 25 centra bottle.

Stayed Away Too Long.

From the New York Weekly. From the New York Weekly.

Stranger—"Pardon—my—my hesitating speech—but the fact is, I been haf—
I hav been avay so long I haf a'most
frigot by natif language."

Philadelphian—"Ah! Been many
years in Europe I suppose?"

"No. I haf living been—I haf been

Mytng in Chicago."

BOY'S TERRIBLE ECZEMA.

Mouth and Eyes Covered with Crusts -Hands Pinned Down-Miraculous Cure by Cuticura

"When my little boy was six months old, he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks, large enough to put es with a spoon, for his mouth was have itched most fearfully.

"We finally thought nothing could heip, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put Lord be blessed, matters came differ-We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and within decided improvement. Just as quickly with Hill to the Italian quarter, find the man whose photograph we have got, and began to disappear, and within ten you come with us?"

"I think not. I fancy we can attain our and his skin was smooth and white as never before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa. June 5, 1905."

Christie, Bucket-Shop King.

And now we come to C. C. Christie, the man who so truly said "the 'bucket shop' is a thief." Christie was formerly a legitimate broker at Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., but a predilection for crooked work brought about his expulsion from regular exchanges, and he went to the "buckets" as natuarally as a hog goes to the swill-trough. Be began bucketshopping in the '90s, under the style of "Christie Grain and Stock company," which still is the name of his syndicate.

John Hill, jr., who so ably managed the
great crusade the Chicago board of trade
made against bucket shops in the first years of this century, caught Christie stealing quotations by means of a delicately adjusted telephone receiver con-cealed behind the blackboard in a legiti-mate broker's office, and connected with his own "plant" by hidden wires. This thievery was broken up, and in 1900 Christie began suit against the Chiboard of trade to restrain it from cided he was a bucket-shopper, and he dost his suit. May 8, 1905, the United States supreme court, in a decision already quoted, enjoined Christie and his om stealing Chicago board grade quotations. Christie then established the National Board of Trade of Kansas City for use as a "quotation foundry,"

FACTS GUARANTEED

Neuralgia and Anæmia are Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

For nearly a generation the people of this country have known Dr. Williams Pink Pills, during which time proof of thousands of cures by this remedy has been published and confirmed and not one person has been harmed in the slightest degree by their use. The pills contain no opiate, narcotic or stimulant, por any drug which could injure the most delicate constitution.

"For over a year," says Miss Charlotte Van Salisbury, of Castleton, N.Y., "I unifered from narralgia and reinitation

suffered from neuralgia and palpitation of the heart. My skin was pale and sal-low and I was troubled with dizziness, fainting spells and fits of indigestion. I was very nervous and would start at the slightest sound. At times a great weak-ness would come over me and on one occasion my limbs gave way under me and I fell to the sidewalk.

"Of course I was treated by our local physicians and also consulted a noted doctor at Albany, but nothing they gave me seemed to benefit me. One day I read in a newspaper about Dr. Williams' Pink Pilk For Pale People and I immediately many them a vivil I group follows: diately gave them a trial. I soon felt much better and my color had begun to return. I continued asing the pills and by the time I had taken eight boxes I was entirely cured.

"My sister, Sarah Van Salisbury, suffered terribly from anæmia. She was pale and thin and we feared that she would become a victim of consumption. She tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and in a short time she began to gain in strength and weight. Sho is now strong and well and we both heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who are in ill health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y. Descriptive pam-phlets free on request.

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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NAPOLEONS .- Continued.

Holmes had taken several notes during Mr. Harding's evidence, and I could see that he was thoroughly satisfied by the turn which affairs were tak-ing. He made no remark, however, save that, unless we hurried, we should be late for our appointment with Les-trade. Sure enough, when we reached Baker street the detective was already there, and we found him pacing up and down in a fever of impatience. His look of importance showed that his day's work had not been in vain.
"Well?" he asked. "What luck, Mr. Holmes.

Holmes."

"We have had a very busy day, and not entirely a wasted one," my friend explained. "We have seen both the retailers and also the wholesale manufacturers. I can trace each of the busts now from the beginning."

"The busts!" cried Lestrade. "Well, well, you have your own methods, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and it is not for me to say a word against them, but I think

say a word against them, but I think have done a better day's work than u. I have identified the dead man." "You don't say so?

"And found a cause for the crime."

We have an inspector who makes specialty of Saffron Hill and the Italian quarter. Well, this dead man had some s finger into. The food had to be giv- Catholic emblem round his neck, and that, was from the south. Inspector Hill knew covered with crusts as thick as a fin-fin the moment he caught sight of him ger, and whenever he opened the His name is Pietro Venucci, from Naples, mouth they began to bleed and sup-purate, as did also his eyes. Hands, Mana, which, as you know, is a secret arms, chest and back, in short the political society, enforcing its decrees by whole body, was covered over and murder. Now, you see how the affair begins to clear up. The other fellow is over. We had no rest by day or night.
Whenever he was laid in his bed, we of the Mana. He has broken the rules had to pin his hands down; otherwise in some fashion. Pietro is set upon hitrack. Probably the photograph we found in his pocket is the man himself. an open sore. I think his face must so that he may not knife the wrong per-have itched most fearfully. ter a house, he waits outside for him, and wound. How is that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

Holmes clapped his hands approvingly. "Excellent, Lestrade, excellent!" he ried. "But I didn't quite follow your exunder good medical care there. But, planation of the destruction of the busts. "The busts! You never can get those busts out of your head. After all, that is ently, and we soon saw a miracle. A nothing; petty larceny, six months at the friend of ours spoke about Cuticura most. It is the murder that we are really investigating, and I tell you that I am gathering all the threads into my hands."

"And the next stage?" as the sickness had appeared it also arrest him on the charge of murder. Will

> end in a simpler way. I can't say for certain, because it all depends—well, it all depends upon a factor which is com-pletely outside our control. But I have great hopes—in fact, the betting is exactly two to one-that if you will come with us tonight I shall be able to help

> you to lay him by the heels."
> "In the Italian quarter?"
> "No, I fancy Chiswick is an address which is more likely to find him. If you will come with me to Chiswick tonight, Lestrade I'll promise to go to the Italian Lestrade, I'll promise to go to the Italian quarter with you tomorrow, and no harm will be done by the delay. And now I think that a few hours' sleep would do us all good, for I do not propose to leave pefore 11 o'clock, and it is unlikely that we shall be back before morning. You'll dine with us, Lestrade, and then you are welcome to the sofa until it is time for us to start. In the meantime, Watson, I should be glad if you would ring for an express messenger for I have a letter to send, and it is important that it should go at once." Holmes spent the evening in rummaging among the files of the old daily papers with which one of our lumber rooms was packed. When at last he descended, it was with triumph in his eyes, but he said nothing to either of us as to the result of his researches. For my own part, I had which he had traced the various windings of this complex case, and, though I could uot yet perceive the goal which we would reach, I understood clearly that Holmes expected this grotesque criminal to make an attempt upon the two remaining busts, one of which I remembered, was at Chis wick. No doubt the object of our journe was to catch him in the very act, and could not but admire the cunning with clue in the evening paper, so as to give the fellow the idea that he could con-tinue his scheme with impunity. I was

I should take my revolver with me. He had himself picked up the loaded hunting crop, which was his favorite weapon.

A four-wheeler was at the door at 11, and in it we drove to a spot at the other side of Hammersmith bridge. Here the cabman was directed to wait. A short cabman was directed to wait. A short walk brought us to a secluded road fringed with pleasant houses, each standing in its own grounds. In the light of a street lamp we read "Laburnum Villa" upon the gate-post of one of them. The occupants had evidently retired to rest, for all was dark, save for a fanlight over the hall door, which shed a single blurred circle on to the garden path. The wooden fence which separated the grounds from the road threw a dense black shadow upon the inner side, and here it was that we

'I fear that you'll have a long wait." Holmes whispered. "We may thank our stars that it is not raining. I don't think from you.
we can even venture to smoke to pass the time. However, it's a two to one chance that we get something to pay us for our trouble."

Mr. Sandeford. But I have named that price, so I intend to stick to it."

"Well, it is very handsome of you, Mr.

not to be so long as Holmes had led us to fear, and it ended in a very sudden and singular fashion. In an instant with the last we see that the standard property of the standard property in the st fear, and it ended in a very sudden and opened his bag, and at last we saw placed singular fashion. In an instant, without upon our table a complete specimen of the least sound to warn us of his the least sound to warn us of his coming, the garden gate swung open, and a lithe, dark figure, as swift and active as an ape, rushed upon the garden path. We saw it whisk past the light thrown from over the door and disappear against the black shadow of the house. There was a long pause, during which we held our breath, and then a very gentle creaking sound came to our ears. The window was being onened. The noise ceased, and again being opened. The noise ceased, and again there was a long stience. The fellow was making his way into the house. We saw the sudden flash of a dark lantern inside the room. What he sought was evidently not there, for again we saw the flash through another blind, and then through

"Let us get to the open window. We will

But before we could move, the man had emerged again. As he came out into the glimmering patch of light, we saw that he carried something white under his arm. He looked stealthily all around him, Turning his back upon us he laid down his burden, and the next instant there was the burden, and the next instant there was the tound of a sharp tap, followed by a clat-

VIII-THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIX | ter and rattle. The man was so intent upon what he was doing that he never heard our steps as we stole across the grass plot. With the bound of a tige Holmes was on his back, and an instan later Lestrade and I had him by either wrist, and the handcuffs had been fas ned. As we turned him over I saw a hideous, sallow face, with writhing, furlous features, glaring up at us, and I knew that it was indeed the man of the photograph whom we had secured

was not our prisoner to whom Holmes was giving his attention. Squatter on the doorstep, he was engaged in most careful examining that which the mar had brought from the house. It was a bust of Napoleon, like the one which we had see that morning, and it had been broken into similar fragments. Carefully Holmes held each separate shard to the light but in no way did it differ from any other shattered piece of plaster. He had just completed his examination when the hall lights flew up, the door opened, and the owner of the house, a jovial, rotund figure in shirt and trousers, presented

"Mr. Josiah Brown, I suppose?" said

"Yes, sir; and you, no doubt, are Mr. Sherlock Holmes? I had the note which you sent by the express messenger, and I did exactly what you told me. We locked every door on the inside and awaited developments. Well, I am very glad to see that you have got the rascal. I hope, gentlemen, that you will come in and have some refreshment."

However, Lestrade was anxious to get his man into safe quarters, so within a few minutes our cab had been summoned and we were all four upon our way to London. Not a word would our captive say, but he glared at us from the shadow of his matted hair, and once, when my hand seemed within his reach, he snapped at it like a hungry wolf. We stayed enough at the police station to learn that a search of his clothing revealed nothing save a few shillings and a long sheath knife, the handle of which bore copious

traces of recent blood.
"That's all right," said Lestrade, as we parted. "Hill knows all these gentry, and he will give a name to him. You'll find that my theory of the Mafia will work out all right. But I'm sure I am exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Holmes, for the workmanlike way in which you laid hands upon him. I don't quite understand it all yet."

"I fear it is rather too late an hour for explanations," said Holmes. "Besides, there are one or two details which are not finished off, and it is one of those cases which are worth working out to the very end. If you will come round once more to my rooms at 6 o'clock tomorrow, I think I shall be able to show you that even now you have not grasped the entire meaning of this business, which presents some features which make it absolutely original in the history of crime. If ever I permit you to chronicle any more of my little problems, Watson, I foresee that you will enliven your pages by an account of the singular adventure of the Napoleonic

When we met again next evening, Lestrade was furnished with much informa-tion concerning our prisoner. His name, it appeared, was Beppo, second name un-known. He was a well-known ne'er-do-well among the Italian colony. He had once been a skillful sculptor and had earned an honest living, but he had taken to evil dourses and had twice already been in gaol-once for a petty theft, and once, as we had already heard, for stabbing a fellow countryman. He could talk English perfectly well. His reasons for destroying the busts were still unknown, and he refused to answer any questions upon the subject, but the police had discovered that these same busts might very well have been made by his own hands, since he was engaged in this class of work at the establishment of Gelder & Co. To all this information, much of which we already knew, Holmes listened with polite attention, but I, who knew him so well, could clearly see that his thoughts were elsewhere; and I detected a mixture of mingled uneasiness and expectation beneath that mask which he was wont to assume. At last he started in his chair, and his eyes brightened. There had been a ring at the bell. A minute later we heard steps upon the stairs, and an el-derly, red-faced man with grizzled sidewhiskers was ushered in. In his right hand he carried an old-fashioned carpet hag which he placed upon the table.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?" My friend bowed and smiled. "Mr. Sandeford, of Reading, I suppose?" said

"Yes, sir, I fear that I am a little late, the fellow the idea that he could continue his scheme with impunity. I was not surprised when Holmes suggested that

> "I have your letter here. You said, "I desire to possess a copy of Devine's Na-poleon, and am prepared to pay you ten pounds for the one which is in your posssion.' Is that right?"
> "Certainly."

"I was very much surprised at your letter, for I could not imagine how knew that I owned such a thing." "Of course you must have been sur-prised, but the explanation is very simexplanation is very Mr. Harding, of Harding Brothers, said that they had sold you their last copy, and he gave me your address." "Oh, that was it, was it? Did he tell

you what I paid for it?"
"No, he did not." "Well, I am an honest man, though not

a very rich one. I only gave fifteen shill-ings for the bust, and I think you ought to know that before I take ten pounds "I am sure the scruple does you honor



HE BLUSHED AND STAMMERED WHEN HE CAME AND REALLY WAS MOTVERY, VERY



SHE HELPED HIMOUT, THAT YOUTH SO TAME.
AND LATER ON HER FATHER DID THE SAME that bust which we had already seen more than once in fragments.

Holmes took a paper from his pocket

nd laid a ten-pound note upon the table. "You will kindly sign that paper, Mr. Sandeford, in the presence of these witnesses. It is simply to say that you trans-fer every possible right that you ever had in the bust to me. I am a methodical man, you see, and you never know what turn events might take afterwards. Thank you, Mr. Sandeford; here is your money, and I wish you a very good evening."

When our visitor has disappeared, Sher-lock Holmes' movements were such as to rivet our attention. He began by taking a lean white cloth from a drawer and lay ing it over the table. Then he placed his newly acquired bust in the center of the cloth. Finally, he picked up his hunting-crop and struck Napoleon a sharp blow on the top of the head. The figure broke into fragments, and Holmes bent eagerly over the shattered remains. Next instant, with a loud shout of triumph he held up one splinter, in which a round, dark object was fixed like a plum in a pudding.
"Gentlemen," he cried, "let me introduce
you to the famous black pearl of the Bor-

Lestrade and I sat silent for a moment, and then, with a spontaneous impulse, we both broke out clapping, as at the wrought crisis of a play. A flush of color sprang to Holmes pale cheeks, and he bowed to us like the master dramatist who receives the homage of his audience. was at such moment that for an instant ceased to be a reasoning machine, and betrayed his human love for admiration and applause. The same singularly proud and reserved nature which turned away with disdain from popular notoriety was capable of being moved to its depths by spontaneous wonder and praise from a

friend.
"Yes, gentlemen," said he, "it is the most famous pearl now existing in the world and it has been my good fortune, by a connected chain of inductive reason ing, to trace it from the prince of Colonna's bedroom at the Dacre hotel, where it was lost, to the interior of this, the last of the six busts of Napoleon which were manufactured by Gelder & Co., of Stepney. You will remember, Lestrade, the sensation caused by the disappearance of this valuable jewel, and the vain ef-forts of the London police to recover it. I was myself consulted upon the case, but I was unable to throw any light upon it. Suspicion fell upon the maid of the princess, who was an Italian, and it was proved that she had a brother in London, but we falled to trace any connection be tween them. The maid's name was Lu-cretia Venucci, and there is no doubt in my mind that this Pietro who was murdered two nights ago was the brother. I have been looking up the dates in the old files of the paper, and I find that the disappearance of the pearl was exactly two days before the arrest of Beppo, for some crime of violence—an event which took place in the factory of Gelder & Co., at the very moment when these tusts were being made. Now you clearly see the sequence of events, though you see them, of course, in the inverse order to the way in which they presented themselves to me. Beppo had the pearl in his possession. He may have stolen it from Pietre, he may have been Pietro's confederate, he may have been the go-between of Pierto and his sister. It is of no consequence to us which is the correct solution.

"The main fact is that he had the pearl and at that moment, when it was on his person, he was pursued by the police. He made for the factory in which he worked, and he knew that he had only a few min-utes in which to conceal this enormously valuable prize, which would otherwise be found on him when he was searched. Six plaster casts of Napoleon were drying in the passage. One of them was still soft. In an instant Beppo, a skillful workman, made a small hole in the west plaster, dropped in the pearl, and with a few touches covered over the aperture once more. It was an admirable hiding place No one could possibly find it. But Beppo was condemned to a year's imprisonment, and in the meanwhile his six busts were scattered over London. He could not tell which contained his treas ure. Only by breaking them could he see. Even snaking would tell him nothing, for as the plaster was wet it was probable that the pearl would adhere to it—as, in fact, it has done. Beppo did not despair, and he conducted his search with consid-erable ingenuity and perseverance. Through a cousin who works with Gelder, he found out the retail firms who had bought the busts. He managed to find employment with Morse Hudson, and in that way tracked down three of them. The pearl was not there. Then, with the help ng out where the other three busts had gone. The first was at Harker's There he was dogged by his confederate who held Beppo responsible for the loss of the pearl and he stabbed him in the scuffle

"If he was his confederate, why should he carry his photograph?" I asked.

"As a means of tracing him, if he wished to inquire about him from any third per after the murder I calculated that Beppo would probably hurry rather than delay his movements. He would fear that the police would read his secret, and so he hastened on before they should get ahead of him. Of course, I could not say that he had not found the pearl in Harker's bust. I had not even concluded for certain that it was the pearl, but it was evident to me that he was loking for some thing, since he carried the bust past the other houses in order to break it in the garden which had a lamp overlook it. Since Harker's bust was one in three, the chances were exactly as I told you—two to one against the pearl being inside it. There remained two busts, and it was obvious that he would go for the London one first. I warned the inmates of the house, so as to avoid a second tragedy and we went down with the happiest re-sults. By that time, of course, I knew for certain that it was the Borgia pearl that we were after. The name of the murdered man linked the one event with the other—there only remained a single bust—the Reading one—and the pearl must be there. I bought it in your presence

from the owner—and there it lies."
We sat in silence for a moment.
"Well," said Lestrade. "I've seen you handle a good many cases, Mr. Holmes, but I don't know that I ever knew a more workmanlike one than that. We're not jealous of you at Scotland Yard

"Thank you!" said Holmes. "Thank you!" and as he turned away, it seemed to me that he was more nearly moved by the softer human emotions than I had ever een him. A moment later he was the and practical thinker once more. "Put the pearl in the safe, Watson," said he, "and get out the papers of the Conk-Singleton forgery case. Goodby, Lestrade. If any little problem comes your way, I shall be happy, if I can, to give you a hint or two as to its solution."

According to the late returns, there are 1,756 distinct trades being carried

on in London and its suburbs.

Looking Backward

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

From the Independent,
[Dur'ng Whittier's residence in Philadelphia, 1833-1848, a young lady friend, of that city, herself the writer of pleasing verse, Miss Elizabeth Nicholson, began a manuscript collection of his poems, including literally everything he had published at that time. This collection also included many sportive and satirical verses, never published, but circulated among his friends. She was helped in securing his earliest work, his boyish poems, by Mr. Whittier's sister Elizabeth, who spent some months in Philadelphia, while he was editing the Pennsylvania Freeman. While the collection was making Whittier was not aware of it, and gave no help. He was naturally annoyed when a handsomely bound volume of neat manuscript was handed him with a request that he would write a preface for it. He had hoped that the "vain dreams and follies of his early times" had been consigned to oblivion, and did not relish the raising of their ghosts while he was engaged in serious work. But at is was in manuscript only, and for the perusal of intimate friends, he consented to furnish the desired preface, with the result given below. The lines have a value as showing the attitude of the poet in middle life toward the less unselish ambitions of his youth. The unique volume refered to, with its introduction in Whittier's handwriting, is now in the possession of Miss Nicholson's relatives.

Sins of my luckless boyhood! Ghosts of

Sins of my luckless boyhood! Ghosts of rhymes! Vain dreams and follies of my early times! Fruits of brief respite from the student's

lore, Or conned at intervals of labor o'er When stretched at ease where oaken shad-

ows lay.

And the stream winded at my feet;
The unconscious ox that panted at my side, The dog that fondly his young master

And, on the boughs above, the forest bird Alone rude snatches of their measure heard— Or uttered when the world's eachantment On dazzled eye or kindling spirit burst; When flattery's voice in woman's gentlest

Woke thoughts and feelings heretofore unknown: When halls where wealth and beauty, wit

when halls where wealth and feauty, wit and mirth,
And taste refined, and eloquence and worth
Felt and diffused the intellect's high joy,
Opened to welcome even a rustic boy;
Or where ambition's lip of flame and fear Burned like the tempter's at my listening ear.

ear, And a proud spirit, hidden deep and long, Rose up for strife, stern, resolute and strong, Conscious of power, and proudly looking To the high places of the land with hope.

The idle dreams of the enthusiast boy, The idle dreams of the enthusiast boy, Imagination's sorrow and its joy— Woes upon paper, misery in reams, D'stress in albums, and despair in dreams— The dim world of the ideal—all the vain And shadowy tribulations of the brain— The Berkleyism of poetry, which sees The real dream, and dreams reallites— Thoughts born of feelings now disowned and spurned.

and spurned. Breathings of hopes for which my spirit

yearned-I look upon ye with no kindly gaze-Ye frail mementos of my boyish days!

I love not now, with manhood soberer eye
To read the lesson of your vanity.

Record of time misspent, of mind abused,
Of God-given powers in folly's service
used!

Oh for the power to dedicate anew Heart, soul and spir't to the right and true— To offer up on Duty's holy shrine

The morning incense of a heart like mine! But vain the wish! Let the time past suffice For idle thoughts and worse than vanities. Thy will, Oh Father! hath it not been shown? shown?
Thy gentle teachings have they not been known?
Have I not heard amid life's stormy d'in The voice of bland entreaty entering in, When midst my selfish aims of power and fame.

fame.
The mournful sighing of the captive came,
And a proud heart through all its triple
steel

steel
Melted at others' woe, and learned to feel?
Oh for Thine aid to bend anew the knee;
And turn my spirit wholly unto Thee;
Fo.give up all—nay cease to claim as mine
In pride of heart, powers which alone are Thine; To Thee the abused and wasted gifts re-

store, Nor dare abuse Thy holy bounty more! And thou whose partial hand hath kindly penned se frail and wayside offerings of a Who, cold and calm in outward seeming, Hath never learned a kindness to forget— Thou unto whom is given that gift of

mind
Which, pure itself, delighteth still to find
Beauty in all things, anxious to make Another's gifts, while careless of thine

Vorgive me, if in gazing coolly now, With manhood's cautious eye and thought-worn brow, Even with a grateful sense of secret gladness, There blends the shadow of regretful sad-

HOW CHOCTAWS HUNT DEER. Hounds Run Animal to Cover and Indian Kills It with a Stone.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat A better illustration of the primitive methods of the Choctaw Indian hunters could not be given than the following story, as told by eye witnesses of the feet. A squad of huntsmen had been hunt-

ing nearly six hours one day, just be-ore the first fall of snow. The moun-ains and valleys were covered by a heavy frost. A deer which had evidently been shot had just passed down the mountain and headed for the creek talf a mile below. The hunters followed the scent as fast as possible.

Reaching the heavy growth of brush and trees which swept the bank of the streem they saw a young Indian the stream, they saw a young Indian rid-ng right toward the creek. Several hounds were baying, and when they approached closer they saw that the logs had run the deer to cover. He was a beauty, and presented a grand sight as he backed into the creek from the great red rocks, with the pack of nungry Indian dogs following him and parking loudly. The Indian quickly sir, we are very proud of you, and if you come down tomorrow, there's not a man, from the oldest inspector to the youngest constable, who wouldn't be giad to shake you by the hand."

In the linding loudly. The Indian quickly prang from his pony and picked up to show the size of a base ball. It stone about the size of a base ball. He drew back deliberately, just like a you by the hand."

the stone through the air.

It struck the deer squarely between the eyes and down the animal fell in a foot of water. Like a cat, Quick Eye, is the Indian was called, rushed to its ide and pulled the dogs off. The stone and done its work. As though it was a sual occurrence, the Indian picked up he carcass, tossed it over his shoulder and carried it to his horse, after which the rode toward his home. ie rode toward his home.

shall be happy, if I can, to give you a hint or two as to its solution."

(Continued Next Week)

Her Mind Made Up.

Catholic Standard and Times: "Pa," said Miss Strong, "I wish you would stay in this evening. Mr. Tardey will want to speak to you."

"So he has really proposed at last, eh?"

"No," replied the daughter, with an air of determination, "but he will tonight."

Just as a Guarantee.

This story is told of what befell a sommercial traveler at a Perry, O. K., at over the called a waiter to him and said: "Waiter, look here. Isn't this to cow's hair in my butter?" The waiter to kup the butter. examined the patron with a nod of satisfaction. "Yes, sir," he said, "that's a genuine ow's hair. We serve them with our outer, sir, to show that it ain't oleonargarine."

nargarine. Antwerp is to spend \$40,000,000 in orler to secure the most up-to-date port in the world.

Word to the Wise From the Chicago News, After a swing around the happy couple had settled down in a cozy flat.

One morning as she took her customary place at the breakfast table, the bride placed a large revolver by the side of her plate.

"W-why, my dear," stammered the astonished husband, "w-what does that

"It means, George," replied her bridelets, "that we have biscuits of my own construction for breakfast and that no adverse criticism will be tolerated.'

Farm Facts

Fall pigs may pay some feeders, but they require special care and urging to get them to amount to anything. To get the most out of clover hay it must be sweet smelling, free from dirt, and it must have the bulk of the leaves left on.

If you have a big clover hay harvest start cutting early, otherwise you will have a lot of over-ripe, woody stuff, not fit for anything except bedding.

One should be careful when turning stocks on rape for the first few days. Better have the animals fill themselves up on some old hay or straw, before go-ing into the rape field.

Don't be afraid to bear down on the

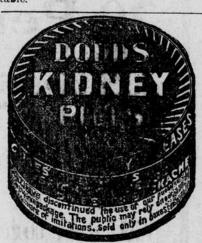
curry-comb and brush. Vigorous grooming will do more to keep the work team in condition than an extra allowance of grain or hay.

Fence rows unmowed are an abom-

ination to any farm. Clean them up befere the weeds go to seed; and while you have the mower out run up and down the roadway a few times.

Persistent spraying during July and August, using the bordeaux mixture, is the best preventative of blight in pota-toes. Keep the disease in check early and you will not have much trouble. Here is one of the worst leaks on many farms—allowing the rain to carry the fertility out of the manure. This manure question is now the most important one in all farming operations.

If you want to be real comfortable these hot evenings, screen off a por-tion of the porch. Beside making a nice place to rest, free from insect pests, it's a fine place to set the dinner table.



"Where's Willie?" asked Mr. Spratt, arriving home from business the other

"Oh, John," replied Mrs. Spratt with a troubled countenance, "something very, very distressing happened today. I left 2 cents lying on the dining room table and Willie took it and went out table and Wille took it and went out to the corner and bought candy with it. I taxed him with the crime and he owned up. I corrected him and sent him to bed. You must have a serious talk with him in the morning. Oh! I am so distressed about Willie! I believe I should die, John, really, if the boy grew up dishonest." And Mrs. Spratt wiped a tear out of her eye.

"Oh! I wouldn't worry," soothingly replied the husband. "I will talk to the little sinner in the morning. Willie is only 6 years old, you know, and

the little sinner in the morning. Willie is only 6 years old, you know, and
most children of that age are apt to
yield easily to temptation. Their ideas
of right and wrong are not firmly fixed
as yet. But what have you been doing
today, love?"
"Oh! I have been shopping; and,
Lohn the funniest think happened. I

John, the funniest think happened. I rode all the way up town in a surface car and it didn't cost me a cent. The conductor never once asked me for my

fare."

"And did you offer it to him?"

"Of course not, goosie. It was his business to ask me for it, wasn't it?"

"Do you think that was quite—er—er honest?" ventured John.

"Why, of course it was." tartly—replied Mrs. Spratt. "What is the conductor paid for, I should like to know? It isn't my hustness to make him cell.

ductor paid for, I should like to know? It isn't my business to make him collect his fares, is it?"

"Well, now, in Willie's case," ventured the amused husband.

"Why, John, how can you talk so silly?" rejoined his wife. "The cases are entirely different. You are absurd. Really I don't think men have their sense of right and wrong any more firmly fixed than children. If the conductor had asked me for my fare I should have given it to him, of course, "Oh, yes, certainly. Of course, my "Oh, yes, certainly. Of course, my ear," replied John with a queer look

CLEVER DOCTOR

Cured a 20 Years' Trouble Without Any Medicine. A wise Indiana physician cured twenty years' stomach disease without

any medicine, as his patient tells: "I had stomach trouble for twenty years, tried allopathic medicines, patent medicines and all the simple remedles suggested by my friends, but grew

worse all the time. "Finally a doctor, who is the most prominent physician in this part of the State, told me medicine would do me no good, only irritating my stomach and making it worse-that I must look

to dlet and quit drinking coffee. "I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking coffee!' why, 'What will I drink?'

"'Try Postum," said the doctor; 'I drink it and you will like it when it is made according to directions, with cream, for it is delicious and has none of the bad effects coffee has."

"Well, that was two years ago and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again, and I know Doctor hit the nail on the head when he decided coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it years ago and drank Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co.,

Battle Creek, Mich. Never too late to mend. Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason.

Look in pkgs, for the famous little took, "The Road to Wellville."