

The House of the Black Ring

By F. L. Pattee

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"Plainer 'n two and two," continued Lem with growing conviction. "Jest you see here wunst. Al Farthing falls out with the Squire 'cause he wants to be king. That's number one. The Squire falls out with Al Farthing 'cause he wants to stay king. That's number two. Both of 'em's mad at each other as their skins can hold. That's number three. Al Farthing's a pow-wower, and what does a pow-wower do when he gets mad? Heigh? Why, he jest goes and gets his bible and key and silk threads and all that kind of stuff and he ups and pow-wows wunst. That's number four. Rose is the only child the Squire's gut a-ready, and he sets more store by her than anything else in the world still. Now, that's five—counting on his fingers. 'Now, you-uns look here. When he pow-wows who will he pow-wow? Won't it be Rose? Heigh? Ain't that clear's mud? Now you jest think of it a minute. He spends his time and makes her fall crazy in love with him. Can't you hear the old pow-wower laugh over that? Don't you see it's for the old man to kick Rose out of his house and home or else leave all of his property to the Farthings? Heigh? Oh, I tell you, a long old head ciphered that out, and I'm willing to bet my leg that it was planned up in the old Heller cabin. Silck? Oh, my, ain't it silck?"

"You folks make me sick, by gorry!" snapped Amos, who had been keeping remarkably still for him. "I can't, if I did help thinking I'm in a nigger shack down South. Pow-wow! Cat's foot! Say, what do you know about Rose and her doings, anyway? Pshaw! I don't want to hear another word about it. I'll tell you one thing, though. Rose is a broad he has to be breaking her heart over any man; not this week. She's mighty capable of taking care of her own business, and that's jest the point where you folks is weak."

"Say," spoke up Lem again, utterly ignoring Amos, "have any of you-uns noticed how Tom Farthing's been shining up to Loney lately? Noticed that, have yeh? How do you cipher it out?"

"He waited an impressive moment. 'Well, suh, I want to know my idea?' I can see it jest as clear as day. I could tell a mighty good deal if I wanted to, but I won't. I'll jest say this much: if Loney Heller'd lived 200 years ago she'd have been in a little bonny-fire some fine evening. Mmh-huh. He nodded his head impressively and shut up one eye. 'There's some strange things goes on down in that old house in the Run still—some mighty strange things. I've saw some of 'em with my own eyes, and I'll tell you this: it would be as much as my life is worth to tell about some of 'em still. She's a queer girl, Loney is. She's the last of the Hellers, and she owns this walley in the devil's right. You-uns knows that. Now you think of this: 'fore Al Farthing a broad he has to be taking account of Loney. Ain't that clear's mud? Before he could tech the Squire or Rose he had to buy her off. I tell you even the devil can't do nothing in this walley still without askin' Loney. Now, if he had any one thing, Amos Hard'n, he lowered his voice and spoke in a shuddering whisper, 'that white face you and Dan seen in the old Heller house winder that night was Loney's? 'Fore God, it was. I know.'"

A shuddering "Ah-h-h-h-h-h!" came from the crowd.

"Yessuh, that white face was Loney Heller's. 'Fore God that's the truth, and I know what I'm saying. I could prove it if I had to. And where did she go to? Answer that. There's no doubting the sincerity of the man. He belived what he was saying."

"Tommy rot! Oh, pshaw!" ejaculated Amos. "I'm mighty glad I'm a Yankee and haven't got none of this infernal superstition."

"The only persons ever hung for witches in this country still was hung by Yankees," retorted Lem. "I knows some things, if my ancestors did come over the hullflower."

"Wal, the Yankees hung 'em. They didn't listen to 'em with their mouths wide open like corn poppers."

"But how about that night up in the Heller house, Amos? How about that? Lem ain't no liar; Dan's fair minded, and he ain't no liar either."

"An infernal trick, done by wires and electricity. You can do anything with electricity. Al Farthing's trying to be smart. That's all there is to that."

"Oh, my! Talk about Dutch dumbness! burst out Lem. 'By chimney! Yar-r-r-r-r! e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e. Ho, ho! Oh, my! How's that, Lem? Say, Amos, that's what I call Yankee dumb. Where's the wires? They ain't in sight, and if there was wires a man couldn't dig 'em trench without us knowin' it. And what about that great black ring? Heigh?"

"There's an underground hole to the Farthings, or somewhere else," maintained Amos desperately.

"Oh, chimney gracious! Ulie was getting angry. 'When did they dig it? And didn't Dan say you-uns went down cellar and joggled every inch of the wall and stamped the ground? Say, Amos, do have a little common sense, if you be a Yankee.'"

"Wal, there's some infernal trickery about it, I know that. It's jest like slight or hand; you can't tell, if you die, how it's done, but you know it's a trick all the same, and it's always easy enough when you hear it explained." Amos was in his last ditch.

"Yessuh, you're right; it is infernal. That's jest what it is. Ain't there witches in the bible still? Heigh? Ever read of the Witch of Endor? Didn't Job meet the devil wunst? Ho, ho, ho! down the earth a-ready?—But, Lord, what's the use? By-and-by you'll be saying the bible ain't true a-ready 'cause it's all chuekful of fish stories."

"How do you think it's coming out, Lem?" asked one of the crowd.

"What'll Loney do with Tom? Marry him?"

"O-o-o-oh, no! No, sir! Such critters don't marry. I know Tom pretty well, and he's a decent fellow in spite of his father's dickerings with the devil. I don't know nothing about Jim, but Tom's a decent feller that's been jumped off of the checker board to get Al Farthing into the king row. That's clear's mud to me. Have yeh ever saw Loney wunst? Kinder wicky and snaky, ain't she? Ever saw anything like them eyes of hers, black and sharp's a rat's, and that hair? 'Taint natural. Ever notice how she don't speak to yeh, but goes off kinder and ways and soft, and sneaks out of sight? There's months at a time that you don't see nothing of her at all! Where is she then? Heigh? And where does she get them clothes, let me ask yeh that? Not round here. Oh, I tell yeh there's more'n seven devils in that critter still, and you-uns 'll know it some day. She's the last of the Heller's a-ready, and Tom's in her grip. Yessuh. She's fascinated him jest like a rattlesnake. She looks like an angle to Tom, but I tell you-uns she's a

wiper—yessuh, a wiper. I know her through and through, and I could tell a pile more if I dast to. She's like one of them awful vampires I've read about, all black and snaky, that come down in the dark and suck your life-blood before you know it. Ah-h-h!"

He looked about him furtively; there was real terror in his face. He lowered his voice to a whisper. "Oh, I tell you, you ought to be wakin' up by and by like a man with the night-mare and find her grippin' his throat—harder and harder, and he can't shake her off till he's dead—dead with his eyes bright and his mouth open. The man was actually shaking with a shudder that was audible ran round the circle."

"Say, Lem, if I knew half as much as you do about the lower regions I'd write a dictionary," snapped Amos. "I don't know of any first class in a category of pow-wovin' and spells and hell-carry, and here's a chance to make a fortune. But see there—there's the preacher riding like Peter. Jest see him."

The approach of the minister called for a change of topic. Amos was an adept at this.

"Say," he continued, "I heard a good one on the preacher last week. You know somebody got into his barn a chick, and he stole every blessed chick he had to his name. Wal, Al Siebert that lives over to the Furnace sez to him the next day, sez he, 'Say, reverend, it serves you jest right, sez he. 'A Methodist minister hain't got no right to keep chickens. Don't you get chicking to eat every night and eat away from home, and that's about twice a day? Wal, give somebody else a chance, sez he. 'You've ate so much chicking now that the pin feathers is growing behind your ears,' sez the reverend. 'You were asked to look a hen in the face,' Wal, wail, elder, you here?' He turned with a surprised look as if he had just caught sight of the man. 'Which way did you come, I'd like to know? I was jest on my way to tellin' you that. I thought you'd preach this mornin' on the good old text, 'The voice of the turtle is heard in the land'—spring sermon kinder, don't you know? Wal, I s'pose we'll find the text out 'fore some of 'em keep awake.'"

Five minutes later not a soul was in sight, and the drowsy notes of "Duke Street" were floating out of the open windows and over the Sabbath fields.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE POW-WOW AT ROARING RUN.

The habitation of Poppy Miller at the mouth of the run had been seen by few of the valley people—at least by day. The children of the region for half a century and more had been taught to avoid the uncanny place that now stood utterly forgotten to the prescribed way; at dead of night, in dark of the moon, in storm, if possible, and never by the road. No one in the region confessed to having made the fearful trip, but a strange tale it might be worth to know.

The seat of power in the old cabin was Gran'maw Miller, a mysterious, dreaded personage whom few had ever seen, save those who had visited her on midnight missions. Of her origin and antecedents there were only traditions. She was not a native of the valley. She and Poppy Miller had suddenly appeared one summer, so long ago that the date had been forgotten. He was manifestly "Dutch," but she knew—she knew—utterly foreign to the region, and in half a century or more she had not once been seen outside of the limits of the Run farm. Of the surmises and conjectures of the years, that had now grown into a solid body of tradition by many accepted as veritable history, it is needless to say.

One thing, however, was certain: Gran'maw Miller had power—not the power that removes disease, for all must know that what brings disease and disaster will not remove it, but the power that touches the hearts of agencies. For ordinary diseases, for rheumatism, and warts, and "liver-grow'd" children, and such like, there were many pow-wowers, but when it came to dealings with the unknown and the occult, Gran'maw Miller could do what was firmly believed that she had in her possession one of the few copies now extant of that fearful volume, "The Seventh Book of Moses," the book which in the motherland in the old days of Ulie, was so many times and which a few, it is well known, took with them at the risk of body and soul in their flight to the new world.

Thus the little valley and a wide circle beyond it had ever their court of last appeal. Word a mis-nay has the spell removed, or a maiden win back her faithless lover, or a father rescue his wayward son—who could avail but Gran'maw Miller? And there were dark whispers of vengeance wreaked on enemies, of lightning called from the skies, of men and women suddenly cut down by infernal agencies—deeds too horrible even to think about. All these things men averred had been done on black nights in the Miller kitchen, and there are those even to-day who contend it to be known, carry on their breasts ghastly scars of crosses and cabalistic symbology done at midnight when the lightning was gleaming on the rocks of Roaring Run.

As to the origin of this belief, so potent in the Seven Mountains and beyond, one might say much. One might trace the incantations and witch lore to the German Palatinates, whence this race sprung; then he might study with certainty the wild fetiche elements added by the African, and the still more awful lore borrowed from the Indian. But this is not a treatise.

The night of the 27th of May was dark and stormy. There was no moon; the rain came in spurts and swirls, the fog had smeared out every track of light as with an inky tumb. From the top of Heller's Ridge and from the neighboring gaps came down ever and anon the whimpering of the wind among the snags, rising at times to long whines. The trees along the pike shuddered and twisted, though they were as invisible as if in a cavern.

It was almost midnight. The last light in the valley farm houses had gone out hours before; the storm and the night dominated completely the landscape. In all the region there was not a soul astray save at one single point; at the mouth of Roaring Run a woman, muffled beyond recognition, was stealing through the wet shrubbery.

She did not pause or hesitate. As she rounded a projection, guided utterly by the sense of touch, and by the snarl of the wind close on her left, a ray of light flashed into her eyes—a single thin ray as from a dark lantern. She quickened her pace and walked more confidently. A moment and the outlines of a window became visible. The light was filtering through a hole in a blind, but it gave no hint

of the surroundings. After a false step which landed her cruelly in a snarl of thorns, she found the door and knocked. The blows echoed with hollow boom.

Instantly, as if her knock had caused it, the ray of light winked out. There was no sound. She stood a moment listening, and then she knocked again. Utter silence. Suddenly there came a sharp whisper out of the dark, in her very ear.

"Who's there?" She jumped convulsively.

"Who is it?" the voice insisted sharply.

"It's me," she faltered.

"What name?"

"Rose Hartwick."

"Alone?"

"Yes. I want to see Gran'maw." The door swung open as of its own accord.

"Come in." It was utterly dark.

"The way?"

She followed blindly the sound of shuffling feet through what was evidently a narrow passage. A sharp turn and they came into a large apartment lighted by a bed of coals in a fireplace. The half light disclosed her guide, a bowed, hoary old man who walked feebly. He shambled to a corner, and after a shaky struggle, drew out a handful of something which he threw onto the coals. It smoldered a moment, then burst into flame, revealing a figure crouched by the hearth—Poppy Miller. The apartment was a kitchen, long and low, with a fireplace, an enormous affair of stone, taking up nearly all of one side.

Rose gave a single curious glance around, then centered her attention upon a figure crouched by the hearth. It was a woman, thin and bowed, incredibly old as the frelight revealed it, and smoking a corn-cob pipe. It did not move or speak.

"This here's Rose Hartwick come to see yeh wunst." The old man shuffled over to her, and spoke in an unexpectedly high pitched voice.

"Humph!"

"I want you to help me, Gran'maw." Rose went close to her and bent over eagerly. "I'm in such trouble and I don't know what to do. She stopped; there was no response or movement.

"Can't you help me, Gran'maw?" she went on again, a growing nervousness in her tone.

"Humph!" Again silence, so complete that Rose could hear the whine of the Run outside. She fixed her eyes on the still figure and waited breathlessly. After a time she caught a low rumble:

"She lets him come; she laughs and plays; she looks into his eyes; and she says, 'You give him your soul for her, she would have him, and he can't!—Too late! Too late! Too late!—and she comes to me! Ha—ha—ha! She comes to me!' She broke into a mirthless chuckle, then subsided again into silence."

"But, Gran'maw," Rose cried eagerly, "I couldn't help it; I didn't want him to come." Again silence, and again the mumble of the voice.

"Ha, ha, ha! She comes here to me. She didn't want him to come. But she knew—she knew—utterly foreign to the region, and in half a century or more she had not once been seen outside of the limits of the Run farm. Of the surmises and conjectures of the years, that had now grown into a solid body of tradition by many accepted as veritable history, it is needless to say."

"And there's no help? You mean there's no help?" Rose, in her earnestness, put her hand on the woman's shoulder, but she withdrew it instantly.

"She would send him away. There's another I see him—ah, there he is. The eyes—I've seen those eyes; they have revenge in them—eyes with revenge in them, and they have looked into hers, and she cannot sleep."

"Oh, Gran'maw! Oh, I'm afraid!"

"I'll send him away—he'll die for her, but I'll send him away—I'll send him away—Ah, those eyes! They send him away! See, see those eyes!" She held out her hand shakily.

"Where?"

"There's but one way! It's his life—I'll touch his life. See there! Oh, God! what's that? Ah, he lies on the floor—and his eyes are wide open, too bad, oh, too bad—too bad." She repeated the words over and over in a scrawl of wail.

"Oh, oh, Gran'maw," she gasped, scrambling to her feet and taking a swift step back, "I want to go!"

"But he shall—he shall go. It's easy—shall go away. It's easy—as death."

"But, Gran'maw," she broke out excitedly, "you don't understand. It's not Karl; I don't want you to touch Karl. It's father I come about—I want you to make father—feel different. I don't want you to touch him." The old figure was rocking back and forth, now slowly. It was as if she were alone and had not heard Rose.

(Continued Next Week)

The Bird in the Hand.

From the Washington Star.

John La Farge, the famous mural painter, received last month in New York from the Architectural League a gold medal. In his speech of acknowledgment Mr. La Farge said dryly that he was thankful to get in his old age a medal for mural painting from a society of men who, in his whole life long, had refused to give him any mural painting to do.

"I dined with Mr. La Farge the other day," said a mural painter to a reporter, "and he talked again about his medal. He said he would have been better pleased with work in the obscure days when he needed it."

"Then," he smiled grimly, and said he was a little like a famous actress. A woman offered the actress \$1,000 a week to make a tour of the world. She insisted on \$1,500. But the manager said \$1,000 was all he could give and he reminded her of the fabulous jewels that South American millionaires, Russian grand dukes and Indian rajahs are wont to lavish on the ladies of the stage when they are touring.

"Go home," said the manager; think the matter over, and let me know your decision in the morning."

"In the morning," the actress sent the manager this wire:

"Give me my terms and you can have the jewels."

Philosophusings.

The discontented man is often his own cloud raiser and sunshine obscurer.

Harsh criticisms of neighbors generally arises from self-consciousness of like defects.

Marriage is a failure to people who are failures.

It is the deepest furrowing in soils and minds that brings about the best results of harvests.

Nothing so disturbs the devotions of a man as the fact that his neighbor's hat beats her own a feather or two.

New Zealand's drink bill in 1908 was \$13,750,000, \$420,000 more than in 1907.

Hair grows at the rate of three-millionths of a yard a second.

"THE NEW COLUMBIA" TO REVOLUTIONIZE SOCIETY IN THE RE-UNITED STATES

On and after January 1, 1914, if the people of America do their duty, and lands not actually occupied and used will be open for occupancy by actual settlers in such quantities as they may desire for actual occupancy and use, but not for rent or speculation. All surplus labor will be employed by the government in internal improvement and paid at the uniform rate of \$5 for each six-hour day's service in government certificates of service, legal tender in payment of all debts and exchangeable for all other labor products at their economic value as fixed by the government department of production and distribution at par and without profit.—The American Party.

Sloux City is to be the capital of the United States.

"The New Columbia, or The Re-United States," a book by Patrick Quinn Tangent, of Findlay, Ohio, says so, and the American party, a new non-partisan political organization, is going to see that it is so.

In introducing his New Columbia, Mr. Tangent says: "While it may not be verified by any translation of the Book of Genesis, we have reason to believe that our first parents were shoved out of the Garden of Eden backward; and that none of their descendants have ever yet discovered the necessity, or propriety, of facing about."

Following which, Mr. Tangent proceeds to open the eyes of the public to a number of things about which they have been going forward backward.

Author Prominent Attorney.

These statements and the remedies proposed have weight because the author is the man who began the proceedings against the Standard Oil company in Ohio, under the Valentine anti-trust law of that state, and made for Wade H. Ellis the reputation which put him in Taft's trust busting contingent as chief satchem. The book represents the very pioneer thought on social economic lines, but is written in

the seat of government, Sloux City, at the public expense, and shall be paid at the rate of \$5 for each six hour day's service devoted to the public business.

The governors will adopt and promulgate a code of uniform general laws which shall apply and operate universally throughout the territorial domain, to be known as the revised statutes of the Re-United States, the first section of the first chapter of which shall read as follows: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men that should do you, do to them, for so they shall be the law and the prophets."

Work Six Hours Daily.

They will establish a legal standard of value which shall consist of a six hour day's service, upon which they will fix an arbitrary exchange value of \$5.

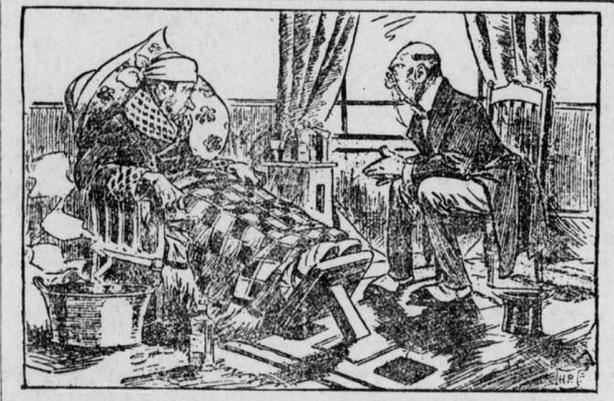
They will maintain no embassies or foreign consulates and no government, all institutions or enterprises abroad, except upon the expressed invitation of the majority of the citizens of such nations, and then only for the purpose of social and commercial interchange which shall involve no element of profit.

They will impose no impost duties. They will give their surplus product to any foreign people at the cost of their production, and transportation, and if they can produce more than they need, and furnish it to them, for cheaper than we can produce it, we will gladly receive it.

No Speculation.

No person will be permitted to hold land for speculative purposes, nor to levy or collect rent; and all unoccupied land shall be in the control at all times of the county land agency. Whenever the occupant of an unregistered land shall abandon the actual occupancy, or actual use, as above specified, for the period of one year, it shall then be subject to entry and record by any person who may desire.

The governors will construct, equip, operate, and maintain with the greatest efficiency and security a system of trunk line railways traversing the entire domain, north and south, east and west, with intersecting branches affording convenient means of passenger and commodity transportation to all



DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

Dr. Fox: "Now, my dear sir, I can't cure you unless you promise to do everything I tell you."

Mr. Sickleigh: "I promise."

Dr. Fox: "Good! Now, first of all, pay me my last year's bill."

A style and treats each subject in a way which cannot fail to provoke necessary thought upon these grave present day problems, pressing for solution.

All Have Equal Rights.

The features of the work are equal rights, responsibilities and opportunities for all men and women; abolition of the organization of metals, substitution of government service certificates for all existing forms of circulating medium, governmental postal banks with loans of money to aid individual enterprise with interest, abolition of state governments, employment of all surplus labor in internal improvement, free education and maintenance in governmental industrial schools, substitution of six hour days service as legal standard of value, with arbitrary valuation of \$5 a day, the annexation of Canada to form the New Columbia or the Re-United States, and the change of the seat of government from Washington to Sloux City, Ia., with all legislative, executive and judicial power in a congress of governors, two elected from each state annually, one man and one woman, with a complete democratization of government and home rule to the last degree.

Our literature, and the curriculum of our educational institutions," says Mr. Tangent, "are made up very largely of the history of persons and events long ago. We send our sons to college at the risk of their health, their morals, and in these days of hazing and football, their lives and limbs—and what for? To learn dead languages, and the history of dead things. To learn how man has undertaken in the past to divide God's footstool and man's habitation, by some arbitrary rule, and without God's authority, into fragments and sections."

Everything a Mistake.

"With this sort of mental training and discipline, it is not at all remarkable that we jump at the conclusion that the older a thing or an institution, the better and safer it is, whereas, in actual practice, we discover that the universal trend of all things is toward improvement, and that essential perfection is the ultimate destiny of all things."

The history of the past is but an endless sequence and succession of mistakes and injustices, both of men, and of institutions, and the only conceivable use of its study is to avoid its errors. It is high time that all men and all nations adopt the precept of Paul, the great, if not the greatest, apostle, when he said, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Sioux City Exact Center.

In the New Columbia it is explained that Sloux City will be the new capital, for the Re-United States will include Canada, and Sloux City will be at the exact geographical center.

All governmental powers and functions, legislative, executive, administrative and judicial, will be vested in a board or congress of governors, two of whom, one man and one woman, shall be elected every year by the electors of each state; and all citizens, male and female, above the age of 18 years, who shall have resided for one year within the state of their residence, will be electors.

The governors shall be maintained at

parts of the country as fast as they are needed; rates of transportation shall be established by the department from time to time at the actual cost of the service as determined by economic statistics.

Will Improve Waterways.

Telephone and telegraph will be managed in the same manner. All highways shall be maintained by a bureau. All unused land is government land and the government shall provide for reclamation, irrigation and fertilization and shall furnish railways as needed for settlement. Waterways shall be improved. Electricity shall be a federal commodity, sold at cost and developed as fast as practical in every part from water power. There will be no charity for, where distributive justice prevails, no one will need charity. Fuel and light will also be governmentally controlled, all fuel to be furnished at the same just, economic cost to all, without regard to distance transported.

Lawyers Are Barred.

Agriculture will be largely directed by the government, saving by large operations. Township justices shall be two, a father and a mother. Electioneering for office in the public service for any elective office will be a misdemeanor. There will be no state governments. Although the author is a lawyer, there will be no lawyers under the new form. Insurance will be governmental. There will be no real or personal taxation and no tariff. Liquor may not be drunk where it is sold and a black list of heavy drinkers will be observed. Postal banks will care for the circulating medium.

The New Columbia, therefore, completely changes the present system and starts every one out at the age of 18 with a prospect of \$60,000 in wages for his life work, and a chance to have peace, home life and the pursuit of happiness.

The new American party has its headquarters in Room 9, Clean House, Olean, N. Y., and its headquarters in the Cusack block, Findlay, Ohio. The head of it is George H. Phelps, who has labored many years for the uplift of the people.

The True Beginning.

When Phyllis looks
Thro' story books,
And skips the immer stages,
And deep immersed
Peruses first
The Author's final pages,
To see if there
Is to be a fair
Is to the Hero wedded;
And if the two
Fond lovers true
Escape the Villain's clutches,
I'm much inclined
No fault to find,
And would not criticise her;
For it may be
Than others she
Is infinitely wiser.

For as I read
Of real life's endless spinning
I can't deny
The marriage tie
'S the love tale's true beginning
—New York Times.

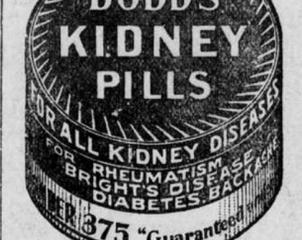
Roughly speaking, it might be said that the annual importations into the United States of coffee, tea and cocoa amount to \$100,000,000 a year; three-fourths coffee, and the remainder about equally divided between cocoa and tea.

A Wrong Reading.

From the New York Tribune.

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, at a recent banquet, said of charity: "Too many of us, perhaps, misinterpret the meaning of charity as the master misinterpreted the scriptural text: 'This master a pillar of the Western church, entered in his journal: 'If a man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' Today, having caught the hostler stealing my potatoes, I have given him the sack.'"

Mexico's rubber industry is proving less profitable than was originally expected.



New York has raised \$1,075,000 for the Hudson-Fulton celebration which begins September 25 next, and \$15,000 of the amount will be devoted to aeronautic features. The reproduction of Fulton's little steamboat will have a right setting with fast motorboats and airships skimming around as it moves upstream.

At the funeral of Fred Cavalla, a London costermonger, the open hearse was drawn by six horses. One of the leading horses was ridden by a postilion dressed in black, while four bearers carrying white wands walked beside the hearse.

The coming summer is loudly heralded as a season of color.

To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

LAND—IRRIGATED—LAND.

Perpetual water right; fine water; productive soil; crop failures unknown; 50 bushels wheat per acre; 3 1/2 to 5 tons alfalfa; beautiful climate; free timber; easy terms. Write now. Linwood Land company, Rock Springs, Wyo.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all house flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, conventional, convenient, economical, harmless, lasts all season. Guaranteed to kill every fly, mosquito, or other insect that touches it. Guaranteed to kill every fly, mosquito, or other insect that touches it. Guaranteed to kill every fly, mosquito, or other insect that touches it.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genius Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Paxtine

TOILET ANTISEPTIC

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleaning, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouth wash, cleanses the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, SOC. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL. LARGE SAMPLE FREE! THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

It afflicted with THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Sore Eyes, use THOMPSON'S EYE WATER