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If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease, mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank. Our doctors will carefully diagnose your case, and if you can be cured you will be told so; if you cannot be cured you will be told so. You are not obligated to us in any way, for this advice is absolutely free. You are at liberty to take our advice or not, as you see fit.

Munyon's, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Outraged.

From the Washington Star.
Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the splendid "silencer," said in the course of a recent interview in New York:

"That infringement case, too, was won. The opposition had a lot of witnesses, but they were all badly coached. As badly coached, indeed, as I visited a village. He offered to examine any one's bumps for a dime. A burly blacksmith's helper said he would have his bumps examined, and as he took his place, another man whispered in the phrenologist's ear:

"That's very fond of you!"
"At this hint the phrenologist nodded gratefully. He then read out the blacksmith's bumps, crediting him with all sorts of virtues, and finally he said in a loud, boisterous tone:

"Now, I come to your diet, Gents, if there is one thing in the world our subject dotes on, it is veal. Why—
"But the sentence was never finished. The blacksmith rose suddenly and knocked the phrenologist down.
"Blas't ye!" he roared. "What's it got to do with you if I did steal a calf?"

Rough on Rats fools the rats and mice, but never fools the buyer. The secret is, you (not the maker) do the mixing. Take a hint, do your own mixing; pay for poison only, then you get results. It's the unbeatable exterminator. Don't die in the house. 15c, 25c, 75c.



UP-TO-DATE.

Hostess (at Christmas party)—Tommy, won't you have some more ice cream?
Tommy (aged 6)—No; but I'd give a dollar for a quiet smoke.

And it Surely is.
From Everybody's Magazine.
Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history and she asked if anyone could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.
"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a groundhog is."
"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."

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the system effectually;
assists one in overcoming
habitual constipation
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If your Druggist cannot supply you, write us direct.

THE WILD GEESE BY Stanley J. Weyman.

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.
Colonel John reflected that Uncle Ulick was no romantic young person to play at mystery for effect. There was a call for secrecy, therefore. The O'Beirnes slept in a room divided from his only by a thin partition; and to gain the stairs he must pass the doors of other chambers, all inhabited. As softly as he could, and as quickly, he dressed himself. He took his boots in his hand; his sword, perhaps from old habit, under his other arm; in this guise he crept from the room and down the dusky staircase. Old Darby and an underling were snoring in the cub, which in the daytime passed for a pantry, and both by day and by night gave forth a smell of sour corks and mice; but Colonel John slid by the open door as noiselessly as a shadow, found the back door—which led to the fold-yard—the latch, and stepped out into the cool, starry morning, into the sobering freshness and the clean, rain washed air.

The grass was still gray hued, the world still colorless and mysterious, the house a long black hulk against a slowly lightning sky.

Colonel John paused on the door step to draw on his boots, then he picked his way delicately to the leather hung wicket that broke the hedge which served for a fence to the garden. On the right side of the wicket a row of tall Florence yews, set within the hedge, screened the pleasure, such as it was, from the house. Under the lee of these he found Uncle Ulick striding to and fro and biting his finger nail in his impatience.

He wrung the Colonel's hand and looked into his face. "You'll do me the justice, John Sullivan," he said, with a touch of passion, "that never in my life have I been over hasty? Eh? Will you do me that?"

"Certainly, Ulick," Colonel John answered, wondering much what was coming.

"And that I'm no coward, where it's not a question of trouble?"

"I'll do you that justice, too," the Colonel answered. He smiled at the reservation.

"The big man did not smile. "Then you'll take my word for it," he replied, "that I'm not speaking idly when I say you must go."

Colonel John lifted his eyebrows. "Go?" he answered. "Do you mean now?"

"Ay, now, or before noon!" Uncle Ulick retorted. "More by token," he continued, with bitterness, "it's not that you might go on the instant that I've brought you out of our own house as if we were a couple of rapparees or horse thieves, but that you might hear it from me who wish you well, instead of from those who maybe'll not put it so kindly, nor be so wishful for you to be taking the warning they give."

"Is it Flavia you're meaning?"

"No; and don't you be thinking it," Uncle Ulick replied with a touch of heat. "Not the least bit of it, John Sullivan! The girl, God bless her, is as honest as the day, if—"

"If she's not very wise," Colonel John said smiling.

"You may put it that way if you please. For the matter of that, you'll be thinking she's not the only fool at Morrinstown, nor the oldest, nor the biggest. But the blood must run slow, and the breast be cold, that sees the way the Saxons are mocking us and locks the tongue in silence. And sure there's no more to be said but just this—that there's those here you'll be wise not to see! And you'll get a hint to that end before the sun's high."

"And you'd have me take it?"

"And he was mad not to take it!" Uncle Ulick replied frowning. "Isn't it for that I'm out of my warm bed, and the mist not off the lake?"

"You'd have me give way to them and go?"

"Faith and I would!"

"Would you do that same yourself, Ulick?"

"For certain."

"And be sorry for it afterward?"

"Not the least taste in life!" Uncle Ulick asserted.

"And he was sorry for it afterward," Colonel John repeated quietly. "Kinsman come here," he continued, with unusual gravity. And taking Uncle Ulick by the arm he led him to the end of the garden, where the walk looked on the lake and bore some likeness to a roughly made track. Pausing where the black masses of the Florence yews, most funeral of trees, still sheltered their forms from the house, he stood silent. Here and there on the slopes which faced them a cotter's hovel stood solitary in its potato patch or its plot of oats. In more than one place three or four cottages made up a tiny hamlet from which the smoke would presently rise. To English eyes the scene, these oases in the limitless brown of the bog, had been wild and rude, but to Colonel John it spoke of peace and safety and comfort, and even of a narrow plenty. The soft Irish air lapped it, the distances were mellow, memories of boyhood rounded off all that was unsightly or cold.

"I pointed here and there with his hand and with seeming irrelevance. "You'd be sorry afterward," he said. "For you'd think of this, Ulick. God forbid I should deny that even for this too high a price we'd be paid. But if you play this way in wantonness—if that which you are all planning comes about, and you fall, as they failed in Scotland three years back, it is of this, it is of the women and the children under these roots that will go up in smoke, that you'll be thinking, Ulick, and I know, Ulick, he continued, dropping his voice. "It is because we lie so poor and distant and small, they give no heed to us! We know! And that's our burden."

"The big man's face worked. He threw up his arms. "God help us!" he cried.

"He will, in His day! I tell you again, as I told you the hour I came, I, who have followed the wars for 20 years, there is no deed that has not its reward in the time is ripe, nor a cold heart that is not paid for a hundredfold!"

Uncle Ulick looked sombrely over the lake. "I shall never see it," he said. "Notwithstanding, I'll do what I can to quiet them—if it be not too late."



He detected ragged fellows who were not cripples.

enough to excuse, if you cannot approve, the presence of the shepherd among his sheep. The law forbids, but—still smiling, he finished the sentence with a gesture in the air.

"I approve all men," Colonel John answered, quietly, "who are in their duty, father."

"But wool and wine that pay no duty?" the priest replied, turning with a humorous look to his companions, who stood beside him unsmiling. "I'm not sure that Colonel Sullivan extends the same indulgence to free traders, Captain Machin."

Colonel John looked closely at the man thus brought to his notice. Then he raised his hat courteously. "Sir," he said, the guests of the Sullivans, whoever they be, are sacred to the Sullivans."

Uncle Ulick's eyes had met the priest's as eyes meet in a moment of suspense. At this he drew a deep breath of relief. "Well said," he muttered. "Bead, it is something to have seen the world."

"You have served under the king of Sweden, I believe?" the ecclesiastic continued, addressing Colonel John with a polite air. He had a book of offices in his hand, as if his purpose in the garden had been merely to read the service.

"Yes."

"A great school of war, I am told?"

"It may be called so. But I interrupt you, father, and with your permission I will bid you good morning. Doubtless we shall meet again."

"At breakfast, I trust," the ecclesiastic answered, with a certain air of intention. Then he bowed and they returned it, and the two pairs gave place to one another with ceremony, Colonel John and Ulick passing out through the garden wicket, while the strangers moved on toward the walk which looked over the lake. Here they began to pace up and down.

With his hand on the house door Uncle Ulick made a last attempt. "For God's sake, be easy and go," he muttered, his voice unsteady, his eyes fixed on the others, as if he would read his mind. "Leave us to our fate! You cannot save us—see what you see, you know what it means. And, for what I know, you know the man. You'll make our end the blacker."

"And the girl?"

Uncle Ulick tossed his hands in the air. "God help her!" he said.

Steambotting on the Missouri.

From the Technical World Magazine.

If difficulty has been experienced in navigating the Missouri, it is because through long disuse its bed has become blocked in places with trees and snags. This has caused the water to seek other channels. But the government has wakened to the necessity of clearing away these obstacles. Government snagboats have been working for nearly a year between Kansas City and St. Louis. Last year business men of Kansas City organized a boat company and successfully carried freight and passengers between the two cities. There was no profit in the business for the reason that the boats could run only in the daytime, and even then they had to be guided carefully and slowly. But the experiment proved to the satisfaction of congress that the river is navigable and needed only the attention that any other self-respecting river should have. It was the strongest in-

fluence in getting an appropriation to pay for improvement work, and it opened the way for the large scheme of transportation now maturing in Kansas City, which contemplates the organizing of a transportation company with a capital of \$1,000,000.

The Need of Farmers.

From the New York Times.

A Georgia newspaper commenting on the cry from one of the counties of that big state for 1,000 more farmers, remarks that there are 146 counties in the state which need as many. All the eastern and northern states sadly need good farmers, competent, intelligent, and get from it the largest and best crops with the least possible expenditure of toil and money. New York state needs farmers of the best sort as badly as Georgia needs them, though perhaps not so many.

cripples and vagrants who lounged about the entrance he detected six or eight ragged fellows whose sunburnt faces were new to him and who certainly were not cripples. In the doorway of one of the two towers that fronted him across the court stood O'Sullivan Og, whistling a stick and chatting with a sturdy idler in seafaring clothes. The Colonel could not give his reason, but he had not looked twice at these two before he got a notion that there was more in that tower than the broken boat which commonly filled the ground floor above. Powder? Treasure? He could not say which or what; but he felt that the open door was a mask that deceived no one.

And there was a stir, there was a bustle in the court; a sparkle in the eyes of some as they glanced slyly and under their lashes at the house, a lilt in the tread of others as they stepped about the fro. Some strange change had fallen upon Morrinstown and imbued it with life.

He caught the sound of voices in the house, and he turned about and entered. The priest and Captain Machin had descended and were standing with Uncle Ulick, warning themselves before the wood fire. The McMurrough, the O'Beirnes and two or three strangers—grim-looking men who had followed a glance told him, the trade he had followed—formed a group a little apart yet near enough to be addressed. Agill was not present for Flavia.

"Good morning, again," Colonel John said. And he bowed.

"With all my heart, Colonel Sullivan," the priest answered cordially. And Colonel John saw that he had guessed aright; the speaker no longer took the trouble to hide his episcopal cross and chain or the ring on his finger. There was an increase of dignity, too, in his manner. His very cordiality seemed a concession.

Captain Machin bowed silently, while the McMurrough and the O'Beirnes looked darkly at the Colonel. They did not understand; it was plain that they were not in the secret of the morning encounter.

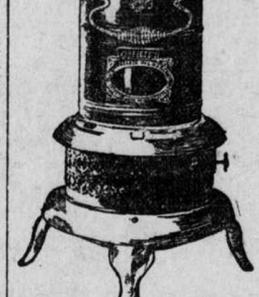
"I see O'Sullivan Og is here," the Colonel said, addressing Uncle Ulick. "That will be very convenient."

"Convenient?" Uncle Ulick repeated, looking blank.

"We can give him the orders as to the Frenchman's cargo," the Colonel said, calmly.

(Continued Next Week)

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Professor James' Confidence.
Extremely significant, following upon European scientists' acceptance of the supernatural phenomena in the seances of the Italian medium, Eusapia Palladino, as outlined in this column the other day, are the admissions of William James, for 35 years professor of philosophy at Harvard and recognized as one of the greatest living psychologists. Professor James contributes "The Confidences of a Psychical Researcher" to the current issue of McClure's. There is "something in" these phenomena, he declares, rather unwillingly, and concludes that it is in this field of physical research that the greatest scientific conquests of the coming generation will be achieved. Some excerpts from Professor James' article follow:

For the 25 years I have been in touch with the literature of psychical research, and have had acquaintance with numerous "researchers." I have also spent a good many hours (though far fewer than I ought to have spent) in witnessing (or trying to witness) phenomena. Yet I am, therefore, no "further" than I was at the beginning; and I confess that at times I have been tempted to believe that the creator has eternally intended this department of nature to remain baffling, to prompt our curiosities and hopes and suspicions all in equal measure, so that, although ghosts and clairvoyances and raps and messages from spirits, are always seeming to exist and can never be fully explained away, they also can never be susceptible of full corroboration.

I wish to go on record for the presence, in the midst of all the humbug, of really supernormal knowledge. By this I mean knowledge that cannot be traced to the ordinary sources of information—the senses, namely, of the automatist. In really strong mediums this knowledge seems to be abundant, though it is usually spotty, capricious and unconnected. Really strong mediums are rarities; but when one starts with them and works downward to the less brilliant regions of the automatic life, one tends to interpret many slight but odd coincidences with truth as possibly rudimentary forms of this kind of knowledge.

Out of my experience, such as it is (and it is limited enough) one fixed conclusion dogmatically emerges, and that is this, that we with our lives are like islands in the sea, or like trees in the forest. The maple and the pine may whisper to each other with their leaves, and the Cornucopia and Norway spruce hear each other's fogs. But the trees also commingle their roots in the darkness underground, and the islands also hang together through the ocean's bottom. Just so there is a continuum of cosmic consciousness, against which our individuality builds but accidental fences, and into which our several minds plunge as into a mother sea or reservoir. Our "normal" consciousness is circumscribed for adoption to our external earthly environment, but the fence is weak in spots, and fitful influences from beyond leak in, showing the otherwise unverifiable common connection.

Vast, indeed, and difficult is the inquirer's prospect here, and the most significant data for his purpose will probably be just these dingy little mediumistic facts which the Huxleyan minds of our time find unworthy of their attention. But when was not the science of the future stirred to its conquering activities by the little rebellious exceptions to the science of the present? Hardly, as yet, has the surface of the facts called "psychic" begun to be scratched for scientific purposes. It is through following these facts, I am persuaded, that the greatest scientific conquests of the coming generation will be achieved.

Mr. JAMES C. LEE, of 1100 9th St., S.E., Washington, D.C., writes: "Thirty years ago I fell from a scaffold and seriously injured my back, a condition which has troubled me ever since. I had every plaster I could get with no relief. Sloan's Liniment took the pain right out, and I can now do as much harder work as any man in the shop, thanks to

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Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints. Price, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, is a free. Address
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Once More.
Once more has Autumn's magic brush Made beautiful the earth, And painted every dying leaf More lovely than at birth.

Once more October's sunlight falls On fields of golden corn, And trow'ring stalks of gather'd grain, And meadows, lately shorn.

Once more, afar from haunts of men, I hear the Bob White calling; Where wild plums sweeten in the sun, And brown, ripe nuts are falling.

Once more the blackbirds' notes I hear, In chorus loudly swelling; And the red squirrel scolds at me, From out his hidden dwelling.

Once more, where laughing waters run, And blooms the bright frost flower, My heart is full of thankfulness, To the Almighty Power.

—Tom Allison.
No vegetable left from dinner should go to waste. A combination of almost any of the summer vegetables with the addition of a bit of salad dressing will make a salad as nourishing as it is tasty.

The man who goes through two fortunes is something of a traveler himself.

Polaritis is a new disease. In its early stages a man doubts everything that is told him.

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