

## MUNYON'S Eminent Doctors at Your Service Free

Not a Penny to Pay for the Fullest  
Medical Examination.

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."

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly  
on the bowels; cleanses  
the system effectually;  
assists one in overcoming  
habitual constipation  
permanently.

To get its beneficial  
effects always buy the  
genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY THE  
**CALIFORNIA  
FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50¢ BOTTLE

For Liver, Bladder, Kidney  
and Stomach Troubles

TAKES  
**Gold Medal  
Haarlem Oil  
Capsules**

"Odorless and Tasteless."

You will find that relief follows the use of the first capsule. This time-honored and effective "home remedy" has a reputation of over 100 years back of it. GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

Holland Medicine Co., Scranton, Pa.  
Dear Sirs: I must say that your Gold Medal Haarlem Oil is the greatest medicine in the world. My back was in a bad fix for six weeks, and I have been taking your Haarlem Oil two nights, and the pain is all gone. Will do all I can for you. Wishing you good luck, I remain,  
Your friend,  
ANTHONY C. MORAN,  
Hastings-on-Hudson,  
P. O. Box 201, Feb. 19, 1905. New York

Capsules 25 and 50 cents. Bottles 15c and 50c, at all druggists.  
**HOLLAND MEDICINE CO.**  
Sole Importers  
If your Druggist cannot supply you, write us direct.

## THE WILD GEESE BY Stanley J. Weyman.

(Copyright, 1903, by Stanley J. Weyman.)

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 Morristown, 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 plan 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."

"Too late?"

"Ay, too late, John. But anyway, I'll be minding what you say. On the other hand, you must go, and this very day that ever is."

"There are some here that I must not be seeing?" Colonel John said, shrilly.

"And if I do not go, Ulick? What then, man?"

"Whisht! Whisht!" the big man cried in unmistakable distress. "Don't say the word! Don't say the word, John, dear."

"But I must say it," Colonel John answered, smiling. "To be plain, Ulick, here I am and here I stay. They wish me gone because I am in the way of their plans. Well, and can you give me a better reason for staying in my room?"

"What argument Ulick would have used, what he was opening his mouth to say, remains unknown. Before he could reply the murmur of a voice near at hand startled them both. Uncle Ulick's face fell, and the two turned with a single movement to see who came."

They discerned, in the shadow of the wall of yew, two men, who had just passed through the wicket into the garden.

The strangers saw them at the same moment and were equally taken by surprise. The foremost of the two, a sturdy, weatherbeaten man, with a square, stern face and a look of power, laid his hand on his cutlass—he wore a broad blade in place of the usual rapier. The other, whom every line of his shaven face, as well as his dress, proclaimed a priest—and perhaps more than a priest—crossed himself and muttered something to his companion. Then he came forward.

"You take the air early, gentlemen," he said, the French accent very plain in his speech, "as we do. If I mistake not," he continued, looking with an easy smile at Colonel John, "your Protestant kinsman, of whom you told me, Mr. Sullivan, I did not look to meet you, Colonel Sullivan; but I do not doubt you are man of the world."

"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."

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"Shall not we too help her?"

"We cannot."

"It may be. Still, let us do our duty," Colonel John replied. He was very grave. Things were worse, the plot was thicker, than he had feared.

Uncle Ulick groaned. "You'll not be bidden by an angel," Colonel John answered, steadfastly. "And I've seen none this morning, but only a good man whose one fault in life is to answer to all men. 'Sure, and I will!'"

Uncle Ulick started as if the words stung him. "You make a jest of it!" he said. "Honest, we do not sorrow for your willfulness. For my part, I've small hope of that same." He opened the door, and, turning his back upon his companions, went heavily and without any attempt at concealment, past the pantry and up the stairs to his room.

To answer "yes" to all comers and all demands is doubtless, in the language of Uncle Ulick, a mighty convenience and a great softener of the angles of life. But a time comes to the most easy when he must answer "no," or go open eye to ruin. Then he finds that, from long disuse, the word is not taken for naught. That time had come for Uncle Ulick. Years ago his age and experience had sufficed to curb the hot blood about him. But he had been too easy to dictate while he might, and today he must go the young folks' way, seeing all too plainly the end of it.

But Colonel John was of another kind and another mind. Often in the Swedish wars had he seen a fair country-side changed in one day into a naked creature with wolfish eyes stole out at night, maddened by their wrongs, to wreak a horrid vengeance on the passing soldier. He knew that the fairest parts of Ireland had undergone such a fate within living memory. Therefore he was firmly minded, as one man could be that, not again should the corner of Kerry under his eyes, the corner he loved, the corner entrusted to him, suffer that fate.

Yet, when he descended to breakfast, his face told no tale of his thoughts, and he greeted with a smile the unusual brightness of the morning. Nor, as he sunned himself and inhaled with enjoyment the freshness of the air, did any sign escape him that he marked a change.

But he was not blind. Among the

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 flanked the entrance 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 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 met in a moment of suspense. At this he drew a deep breath of relief. "Well said," he muttered. "Benedicite, 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.

Steamboating 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.

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the following mixture makes a bran bag that adds refreshment to the bath: A pint and a half of new bran, three-quarters of a pound of almond meal, eight ounces of powdered orris root and five ounces of grated castile soap. Make the bags five or six inches square and fill each with three table-spoonfuls of the mixture. The quantity given will supply seven bags.

The way some skeletons are padded up and painted when there are guests around, would indicate that they had broken out of the closet and into a modern boudoir.

Most women prefer to be bossed rather than worked.

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia, write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 3, Notre Dame, Ind.

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,