

THE NORTHWESTERN.

BENSCHOTER & GIBSON, Eds and Pubs.
LOUP CITY, ILL. - NEB.

There is only one place where gold rusts, and that is in the heart.

He who drinks to drown his despair is trying to extinguish a fire with fuel.

We are apt to condemn in others what we practice ourselves without scruple.

There are times when a charitable heart can do more good than a charitable hand.

Life is like a mirror. It reflects the face you bring to it. Look out lovingly upon the world, and the world will look lovingly in upon you.

There is a time when you may say nothing and a time when you may say something; but there never is a time when you should say all things.

The dowager empress has decided upon an imposing funeral for Baron von Ketteler. There are people who would be glad to do as much for her highness.

The gentleman who is to be mayor of Atlanta belongs to the old school of Southern chivalry. Besides he doesn't make a continuous performance of his thirst.

An immense dockyard is to be constructed at Antwerp to cope with the exigencies of the rapidly increasing shipping trade of that port. When completed it will cover no less than sixty-seven acres. The scheme has received the financial support of several of the most prominent shipping owners in Germany.

The Houston Post says that a strange feature of the Galveston calamity is the absolute disappearance of the natural scavenger of the country—the buzzard—just when he is most needed. Not one is to be seen anywhere, though it would be natural to suppose that the bodies of so many dead animals and human beings would attract thousands of buzzards from distant parts.

Paris' latest innovation in street lighting is oil lamps. They are not the sort of lamps used a hundred years ago when the cry was "aristocrats a la lanterne," but enormous structures that give out 1,000 candle power each. They have been set up on the river side of the Tuilleries gardens and light up the gardens and the opposite bank of the Seine as far as the new Gare d'Orleans.

A life-size statue of Apollo, which by its style is supposed to date from the Fifth century, B. C., has just been found near Athens. It is said to be in an excellent state of preservation. The find is an important one, for the figure is larger and finer in workmanship than the statue which is treasured in the Munich museum, and it has many claims to a place in the first rank of antique sculpture.

An educational society in Manila has sent three Filipino youths in Ann Arbor for an American education. They have already learned to like apples and pumpkin pies, but do not approve of the irregular method in which our nouns are pluralized. The youngest of the three, who is eleven years of age, says he wants to see the snow and ice, of which he has heard so much. In these respects the Philippine youths are not unlike other boys.

Nearly twenty years ago congress passed a special act giving an 880-pound cannon to a Grand Army post at Attleboro, Mass., and the piece was mounted on the top of a tall granite shaft as a soldiers' monument. Recently a gang of thieves carted the cannon away in broad daylight, and parts of it have just been recovered from a junk dealer who innocently purchased the same. Most of the metal has been melted up and run into various kinds of castings.

On every side the Alps send down rivers, leaping from the rocks, and in the lower lands, especially on the Italian side, spreading out into beautiful blue lakes. Recently the stored-up energy of these Alpine streams has been brought under control, in many instances, for the production of electric power. The river Adda at Paderno already furnishes 12,000 horse-power, and works are now under way on the river Ticino, below its point of issue from Lake Maggiore, which will, it is expected, furnish 12,000 effective horse-power to be distributed among a string of manufacturing towns reaching down into the plain of Lombardy. It was originally intended to send this power to Milan, but all of it has been eagerly seized by the intervening smaller towns. The Alps are yet rich in unused energy of this kind.

David R. Hosterman of Springfield, O. and Miss Mary Herpat of Gil City, Pa. have just been married. Forty-four years ago Miss Herpat was a girl, living at Shippenville, Pa., and Mr. Hosterman was a school teacher. The young couple became engaged. There was a quarrel, and they separated. He married, but death a few years ago left him a widow. Last spring Mr. Hosterman wrote to Postmaster McKim, enquiring about the Herpat family. The letter was turned over to Miss Herpat, who replied, and the old attachment was renewed.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HOSHEBA'S HEROIC DEED, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Draws a Useful Lesson from the Rescue of Joash from the Murderous Athaliah—The Saving of Souls—Perpetuity of the Bible.

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The text is II. Kings xi., 2, 3: "Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Ahaziah, took Joash, the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain, and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years."

Grandmothers are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At 40 years of age if discipline be necessary chastisement is used, but at 70 the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic and disposed to substitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than childhood. Grandmother takes out her pocket handkerchief and wipes her spectacles and puts them on and looks down into the face of her mischievous and rebellious descendant and says, "I don't think he meant to do it. Let him off this time. I'll be responsible for his behavior in the future." My mother, with the second generation around her, a bolsterous crew, said one day: "I suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to bring up grandchildren." But here in my text we have a grandmother of a different type.

I have been at Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the king's palace. Here in the text it is old Athaliah, the royal murderer. She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a king. Her husband was a king. Her son was a king. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes and princesses. On all sides are shrieks and hands thrown up and struggle and death groan. No mercy! Kill, kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace run with carnage and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror a fleet-footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehosheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grandchild that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this compassionate abduction. Get her out of the way as quick as you can, for she carries a precious burden, even a young king. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden time, unwraps the young king and puts him down, sound asleep as he is and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened, and there for six years he is secreted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smacks her lips with satisfaction and thinks that all the royal family are dead. But the six years expire, and it is time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne and to push back into disgrace and death old Athaliah.

The Crowning of Joash.
The arrangements are all made for political revolution. The military come and take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy Joash and stand around for his defense. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Everything is ready. New Joash, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders, scared at the vociferation of his admirers, is brought forth in full regalia. The scroll of authority is put in his hands, the coronet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped and waved and huzzaed and trumpeted.

"What is that?" asked Athaliah. "What is that sound over in the temple?" And she flies to see, and on her way they meet her and say, "Why haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Joash has come to light." Then the royal murderer, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatters and cried until she foamed at the mouth: "You have no right to crown my grandson. You have no right to take the government from my shoulders. Treason, treason!"

While she stood there crying that the military started for her arrest, and she took a short cut through a back door of the temple and ran through the royal stables, but the battleaxes of the military fell on her in the barnyard, and for many a day when the horses were being unloosed from the chariot after drawing out young Joash the fiery steeds would snort and rear passing the cage as they smell the place of the carnage.

Cannot Be Extinguished.
Well, my friends, just as poor a girl does the world always make of extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says, "I will just put an end to pure religion." Domitian slew 49,000 Christians, Diocletian slew 344,000 Christians. And the scythe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the flames blazed, and the guillotines chopped, and the Bastille groaned, but did the fogs of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Alban, the first British sacrifice, or Zwingli, the Swiss re-

former, or John Oldcastle, the Christian nobleman, or Abdallah, the Arabian martyr, or Anne Askew, or Sanders, or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus some Joash would spring up and out and take the throne of power and wield a very scepter of Christian dominion.

Perpetuity of the Bible.
How many individual and organized attempts have been made to exterminate that Bible? Have its enemies done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible society? Have they exterminated the thousands of Christian institutions whose only object it is to multiply copies of the Scripture and spread them broadcast around the world? They have exterminated until instead of one or two copies of the Bible in our houses we have eight or ten, and we pile them up in the corners of our Sabbath school rooms and send great boxes of them everywhere. If they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millennium. Yes, if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known Bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these lamps of life that blaze in our pulpits and in our families extinguished, in the very day that infidelity and sin should be holding jubilee over the universal extinction, there would be in some closet of a backwoods church a secreted copy of the Bible, and this Joash of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Athaliah of infidelity and persecution would fly out the back door of the palace and drop her miserable carcass under the hoofs of the horses of the king's stables. You can not exterminate Christianity. You cannot kill Joash.

The second thought I hand you from my subject is that there are opportunities in which we may save royal life. You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled monarchs and of young princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young king saved. How Jehosheba, the clergyman's wife, must have trembled as she rushed into the imperial nursery and snatched up Joash! How she hushed him lest by his cry he hinder the escape! Fly with him, Jehosheba! You hold in your arms the cause of God and good government. Fall, and he is slain. Succeed, and you turn the tide of the world's history in the right direction. It seems as if between that young king and his assassins there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising this bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us the imperiled children of a great king. They are born of Almighty parentage and will come to a throne or a crown if permitted. But sin, the old Athaliah, goes forth to the massacre. Murderous temptations are out for the assassination. Valens, the emperor, was told that there was somebody in his realm that would usurp his throne and that the name of the man should begin with the letters T, H, E, O, D. and the edict went forth from the emperor's throne, "Kill everybody whose name begins with T, H, E, O, D." And hundreds and thousands were slain, hoping by that massacre to put an end to that one usurper. But sin is more terrific in its denunciation. It matters not how you spell your name, you come under the knife, under its sword, under its doom, unless there be some omnipotent relief brought to the rescue. But, blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul. Who will snatch away Joash?

Instruction for Children.

This afternoon in your Sabbath school, class there will be a prince of God, some one may yet reign as king forever before the throne; there will be some one in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be some one in your class who has a father and mother who do not know how to pray; there will be some one in your class who is destined to command in church or state, some Cromwell to dissolve a parliament; some Beethoven to touch the world's harp strings, some John Howard to pour fresh air in the lazarettos, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle wounds, some Miss Dix to soothe the crazed brain, some John Frederick Oberlin to educate the best-odest, some David Brainerd to change the Indian's warwhoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to make queens turn pale, some Joash to demolish idolatry and strike for the kingdom of heaven. There are sleeping in your cradles by night, there are playing in your nurseries by day, imperial souls waiting for dominion, and whichever side the cradle they get out will decide the destiny of empires. For each one of those children sin and holiness contend—Athaliah on the one side, Jehosheba on the other. But I hear people say, "What's the use of bothering children with religious instruction? Let them grow up and choose for themselves. Don't interfere with their volition." Suppose some one had said to Jehosheba, "Don't interfere with that young Joash. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not; whether he wants to be king or not. Don't disturb his volition." Jehosheba knew right well that unless that day the young king was rescued he would never be rescued at all. I tell you, my friends, the reason we don't reclaim all our children from worldliness is because we begin too late. Parents wait until the children

He before they teach them the value of truth. They wait until their children swear before they teach them the importance of righteous conversation. They wait until their children are all wrapt up in this world before they tell them of a better world. Too late with your prayers. Too late with your discipline. Too late with your benediction. You put all care upon your children between twelve and eighteen. Why do you not put the chief care between four and nine? It is too late to repair a vessel when it has got out of the drydocks. It is too late to save Joash after the executioners have broken in. May God arm us all for this work of snatching royal souls from death to coronation.

Work of Soul Saving.
Can you imagine any sublimer work than this soul saving? That was what flushed Paul's cheek with enthusiasm; that was what led Munson to risk his life amid Bornesian cannibals; that was what sent Dr. Abee to preach under the consuming skies of China; that was what gave courage to Phocas in the third century. When the military officers came to put him to death for Christ's sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out and in his own garden dug his grave and then came back and said, "I am ready." But they were shocked at the idea of taking the life of their host. He said, "It is the will of God that I should die," and he stood on the margin of his own grave, and they beheaded him. You say it is a mania, a foolhardiness, a fanaticism. Rather would I call it a glorious self-abnegation, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Joash from death and raising him to coronation.

The third thought I hand to you is that the church of God is a good hiding place. When Jehosheba rushes into the nursery of the king and picks up Joash, what shall she do with him? Shall she take him to some room in the palace? No, for the official desperadoes will hunt through every nook and corner of that building. Shall she take him to the residence of some wealthy citizen? No, that citizen would not dare to harbor the fugitive. But she has to take him somewhere. She hears the cry of the mob in the streets; she hears the shriek of the dying nobility; so she rushes with Joash into the room of the temple, into the house of God, and there she puts him down. She knows that Athaliah and her wicked assassins will not bother the temple a great deal. So they are not apt to go very much to church, and so she sets down Joash in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshippers year after year; there he will breathe the odor of the golden censers; in that sacred spot he will tarry, secreted until the six years have passed and he come to enthronement.

The Best Hiding Place.
Would God that we were all as wise as Jehosheba and knew that the church of God is the best hiding place! Perhaps our parents took us there in early days. They snatched us away from the world and hid us behind the baptismal fonts and amid the Bibles and psalm books. O glorious inclosure! We have been breathing the breath of the golden censers all the time, and we have seen the Lamb on the altar, and we have handled the vials in which are the prayers of all saints, and we have dwelt under the wings of the cherubim. Glorious inclosure! When my father and mother died and the property was settled up, there was hardly anything left. But they endowed us with a property worth more than any earthly possession because they hid us in the temple. And when days of temptation have come upon my soul I have gone there for shelter, and when assailed of sorrows I have gone there for comfort, and there I mean to live. I want, like Joash, to stay until coronation.

Christian Association.
Ah, when you pass away—and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away, it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them die in the sacred precincts. When you are on your dying bed and your little ones come to take up your last word and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the church's benediction. I do not care how hard you are; that is so; I said to a man of the world: "Your son and daughter are going to join our church next Sunday. Have you any objections? 'Bless you!' he said. 'Objections? I wish all my children belonged to the church. I don't attend to those matters myself—I know I am very wicked—but I am very glad they are going, and I shall be to see them. I am very glad, sir; I am very glad. I want them there.' And so, though you may have been wanderers from God and though you may have sometimes caricatured the church of Jesus, it is your great desire that your sons and daughters should be standing all their lives within this sacred inclosure.

Church of God, be a hiding place to all these people! Give them a seat where they can rest their weary souls. Flash some light from your chandeliers upon their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs. Oh, church of God, gate of heaven, let me go through it! All other institutions are going to fail, but the church of God—its foundation is the Rock of Ages, its charter is for everlasting years, its keys are held by the universal Proprietor, its dividend is heaven, its president is God!

A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, NOV. 4—LUKE XVI: 1-13.

The Unjust Steward—"Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon"—Luke XVI: 13—Parable of the Rich Man and the Talents.

1. "And he said also unto his disciples." The "also" implies that these words were spoken at the same gathering at the Pharisee's table, where Jesus had spoken the three parables of the last chapter. (1-8.) "A certain rich man." This parable is rather an illustrative narrative. "Which had a steward." An agent, or factor, the manager of his estates, "entrusted with large discretionary powers." "The same was accused unto him that he had wasted (R. V., 'was wasting') his goods."

2. "How is it (R. V., 'what is this') that I hear?" Is it true? "Give an account." Make your statement, and you will know whether the accusation is true. "Then the steward said within himself, 'What shall I do?' He did not repent, but only sought the shrewdest way of escaping out of the trap. 'I cannot (dit., 'have not strength to') dig.' 'Yet manual labor will do honestly.' 'I will dig between him and utter destitution.' 'To beg I am ashamed.' It would be too great a degradation from his high position."

4. "I am resolved." "I know, I have found out, I have it at last"; as if the bright idea had just struck him.—So Bruce, "That 'I will dig' (the lord's debtors) may receive me into their houses." And out of gratitude, or from fear of exposure, give him a home, or provide one out of part of the dishonest gains he had enabled them to acquire.

5. "So he called every one." All together, or more probably, each one by himself, so that the others would not know what he did for any one. "This would be much the safer way." "How much owest thou?" How much is your unsettled account?

6. "An hundred measures (baths) of oil." Olive oil from the olive orchards. A "bath" is about nine gallons, and worth about \$20.—Int. Crit. Com. "Take thy bill." Lit., "writings." "The document in the steward's hands, showing the obligation."—Rev. Com. "Quickly." Lest some one come in and detect the fraud.

7. "An hundred measures of wheat." Measures here is not the same word as in v. 6, but is the "homer" equal to 19 baths, or 35 quarts each, i. e., 350 quarts, or 11 bushels, so that the whole debt was about 1,100 bushels of wheat, worth \$50 to \$60, according to Int. Crit. Com.—So Cambridge Bible, and others. But the bath and homer varied at different times, and the Bible dictionaries vary. "Take thy bill, and write fourscore." He deducted 20 measures, or 20 bushels.

8. "And the (this) lord." The lord whose steward this man was, "Commended the unjust (unrighteous) steward, because he had done wisely." Shrewdly, prudently. The lord had expected that his steward would be dishonest; now he is amused at his talent, dexterity, and cleverness, which the man shows in escaping from his difficulty. (8-3.) "For the children of this world." This is the comment of Jesus upon the action of the steward and the praise of his master. "Are in their generation wiser, or rather for, or towards, in reference to their own generation, the affairs of this world, their dealing with other worldly men, in reference to worldly things, but they are wiser in attaining to their ends, more skill, more ingenuity, more far-sightedness, and far-reaching plans, shrewder dealings 'than the children of light.'" Those who have received the light of heaven and of God, are walking in the light of truth and the wide revelation of God.

9. "Make to yourselves friends (by means) of the mammon of unrighteousness." Mammon in the Syriac means money. It represents wealth, gains, money. It is called the mammon of unrighteousness, either because it refers to wealth even when gained unrighteously (Bruce), as was the case with the steward; or because it tempts to unrighteousness, is the frequent cause of fraud, is full of danger. "That, when ye fall." Die and can no longer use your wealth, or when you lose what you have gained, as often happens. "I will receive you into everlasting habitations." Those whom you have helped will welcome you in heaven. Heaven will be sweeter, brighter, happier to you on account of them. Even in this world, giving to them brings you into the spirit of heaven, and gives you a foretaste of the future blessedness. It enlarges the soul, it increases forever the capacity for enjoyment. It brings one into Beulah land and shows visions from the Delectable Mountains.

10. "He that is faithful in that which is least." Lest it should seem strange that so much importance is attached to the proper use of perishing and unrighteous wealth, remember the great principle: "He that is faithful in that which is least, will be faithful in that which is much." Faithfulness is a permanent characteristic and runs through everything. "He that is unjust." This is the reverse of the other picture. "These are the ones that did not stand the test."

11. "If therefore." Here Jesus makes an application of the principle just stated. "Faithful in the unrighteous mammon." The riches of this world. "Who will commit to you trust the true riches, the riches of spiritual and heavenly things, either in this world or the next."

12. "Faithful in that which is another man's." The worldly things God has entrusted to you as stewards. "Who shall give you that which is your own?" The true riches, which are a part of your being, enlarged talents, noble character, great ability, heavenly wisdom, the graces of life. The steward of the parable had tried to serve two masters, his lord and himself. But he tried to do the impossible, for (v. 13) "no servant can serve two masters." For they are distinct and opposite in character and demands. They belong to different kingdoms, each with its own separate interest. "Either he will hate the one, and love the other." Because they are diametrically opposed to one another. "And despise the other." By refusing to obey his commands or carry out his principles. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," or riches. One or the other must be supreme. There are many things which may be used for either master. And we cannot always tell by the mere outward acts whether the user serves God or mammon.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

The Rev. D. C. Greene, a missionary in Japan, says that the religious drift in Japan is toward pantheism.

Ira D. Sankey has been making a revival tour of Ireland, and receptions in his honor have been frequent throughout the island.

Bishop Sharrett of Havana is expected to arrive in this country soon, accompanied by a number of students for the Catholic University in Washington, and who will be in Washington, D. C., for it.

New York Yale Men's New Home.

The New York Yale club's new club house, on West Forty-fourth street, near Fifth avenue, will be eleven stories high, and will have a facade of brick, with limestone trimmings and a granite base. The building has been estimated to cost \$250,000. The basement will be used as a bicycle room. The first floor will be used as a grill room. The parlors will be on the second floor. The third to the eighth floor will be used as apartments for members, and the ninth floor as a private class and dining room. The meeting rooms will take up the tenth floor, and the kitchen and servants' rooms the eleventh floor. A garden will be provided for on the roof.

WHEN YOUNG MEN GO CALLING

What to Wear, How to Act, When to Arrive and Depart.

In making an afternoon call a man usually leaves his overcoat, umbrella or stick, hat and gloves in the hall before entering the drawing-room. He may, if he choose, carry his hat and stick into the room at a first or formal call, if it is to be very brief, except at a reception. He removes his right glove before offering to shake hands. He never offers his hand first, but waits the invitation of his hostess. If she is behind her tea-table, she may not rise to greet him, but gracefully includes him in the conversation and perhaps bows her adieu. It is an evidence of good breeding to enter and leave a room unobtrusively. It is not usual to introduce a guest upon his entrance to more than one other. He never shakes hands when presented to a woman, but always when introduced to a man. He may leave upon the arrival of other guests after fifteen minutes, turning his back as little as possible upon the company and bowing comprehensively at the door. A woman never accompanies a man to the vestibule, but takes leave of him in the drawing-room. It is no longer customary to press one's guest to call again. The lady always gives the invitation to call. A man must not go beyond an evident pleasure in her society by way of suggestion. Sometimes a woman friend will exert herself for him. The sooner the call follows the invitation the greater the compliment. A fortnight is the usual interval.—Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in the October Ladies' Home Journal.

POLICE BUDGE 66.

Attempt to Break Hoodoo Spell by Turning It Upside Down.

Star 66 of the Los Angeles police force would seem to be a hoodoo. The first officer who wore star 66 was a man named Maguire. He had worn it only a few months when a distressing combination of business and family troubles drove him to suicide. They found him one morning lying on the sward, with a bullet hole in his breast. After Maguire's untimely end no one appears to have worn it regularly for several months. Then it came to be the badge of John Craig. Craig was a handsome man, tall and attractive. He married a daughter of Hunter, a pioneer living out near Tropico. For a time Craig was prosperous. Then alcohol sent him to the dogs at a break-neck speed. Even his wife, after infinite endurance, had to leave him and seek refuge, with her children, in her father's house. For a while Craig amused himself with annoying her pettily, until one day he borrowed enough money to get drunk and buy two revolvers. He drove out to Hunter's house, shot his wife dead as she was approaching the screen door at which he stood; then turned another revolver on her brother, inflicting frightful wounds, from which he will never recover. The madman then jumped into his buggy and drove at top speed to the town house of the Hunters on Buena Vista street, found the old man Hunter and his aged wife sitting on the front porch, and shot them both dead in their chairs. From Craig, star 66 seems to have been transferred to Stephens, one of the best-known and most popular of the older officers. He wore it until a severe and seemingly incurable inflammatory rheumatism carried him onto the retired list long before his time and left him a crippled pensioner. After Stephens was retired the star of misfortune was given to Fowler. What happened to Fowler is recent history. After a multitude of troubles with the police commission he still clung to the unlucky star, and one night three officers—without right, Fowler asserts—by force took it away from him and locked him up. Now he is suing them for heavy damages. The officers up at the police station are now handing star 66 around, but no one is willing to admit that he is afraid to wear it. Nevertheless they all seem a bit squeamish about the thing! The other day an officer was wearing the star upside down, with the "66" reversed. He appeared to be No. 99. Will that charm away the hoodoo of star 66?—Los Angeles Times.

LIBBY'S FOOD PRODUCTS LEAD

The Grand Prix d'Honneur and two gold medals have been awarded by the International Jury of Awards at the Paris Exposition, to Libby, McNeill & Libby, of Chicago, for the purity, excellence and superiority of their canned foods. Here in America, the "Libby" brand has always been recognized as typical of the highest standard of excellence attained in the preservation of meats, and it is a noticeable fact that the products of Libby, McNeill & Libby have received the highest awards at every Exposition held in the United States during the past two decades. This firm issues a book "How to Make Good Things to Eat," which will be mailed free on request. Drop a postal to Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Ill., for it.