

One or two things one must possess—either true piety or true philosophy. One must either have learnt to say, "Father! Thy will be done!" or else, "Nature, I revere thy laws, even when I am crushed beneath them!"

The training of princes is to fit them to get on with people of all sorts; why should not other people be brought up in the same way?

Time is not tied to a post like a horse to a manger.

AN EVERY-DAY STRUGGLE.

Men and Women of Every Occupation Suffer Miserably from Kidney Complaint.

J. C. Lightner, 703 So. Cedar St., Abilene, Kansas, is one of the thousands who suffer from kidney troubles brought on by daily work. "I first noticed it eight or ten years ago," said Mr. Lightner. "The dull pain in the back fairly made me sick. It was hard to get up or down, hard to straighten, hard to do any work that brought a strain on the back. I had frequent attacks of gravel and the urine was passed too often and with pain. When I used Doan's Kidney Pills, however, all traces of the trouble disappeared and have not returned. I am certainly grateful."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Advice after mischief is like medicine after death.

An Interesting Letter.

Mary Bagduly, of 117 Peach St., Syracuse, N. Y., writes to tell of the terrible suffering of her sister, who, for the past 24 years, had been tormented with side ache from female trouble, keeping her weak and ailing. "She took Wine of Cardui and is now well. Cardui has been a Godsend to us both," she writes. For all women's troubles, Cardui is a safe, efficient, reliable remedy. At druggists; \$1.00.

There can be no finality to truth that comes to fallible men.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BUSINESS ADVICE.

Don't walk a mile to save a nickel if you value your time worth more than five pennies.

Don't sacrifice your honor. If you can't make people love you, at least have them respect you.

Don't forget that a well written business letter is brief. It is also so explicit that little time is consumed in reading it.

Don't wait for fortune to smile on you. Fortune doesn't smile all the time. When she does she usually favors those who hustle and not those who wait.

Don't talk all the time. Give the other man a chance. If he opens his mouth to make an objection let him make it. It's better out than sticking in his mind.

Don't forget that mirth is God's medicine. The man who hasn't a hearty laugh hasn't much sympathy with humanity and his chances for success are small.

Don't let opportunity knock at your door and find you asleep. If she does she will pass on and you may not have some watchful friend to catch her by the ear and bring her back.

Don't forget to get acquainted with yourself. To know one's self is no small part of success. You may not be all that you thought you were but don't let that worry you. You may have a chance to make yourself like the other man before you have a large circle of business friends.

REPAIRING BRAIN

A Certain Way by Food.

Every minister, lawyer, journalist, physician, author or business man is forced under pressure of modern conditions to the active and sometimes overactive use of the brain.

Analysis of the excreta thrown out by the pores shows that brain work breaks down the phosphate of potash separating it from its heavier companion, albumen, and plain common sense teaches that this elemental principle must be introduced into the body anew each day, if we would replace the loss and rebuild the brain tissue.

We know that the phosphate of potash, as presented in certain field grains, has an affinity for albumen and that is the only way gray matter in the brain can be built. It will not answer to take the crude phosphate of potash of the drug shop, for nature rejects it. The elemental mineral must be presented through food directly from nature's laboratory.

These facts have been made use of in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts, and any brain worker can prove the value of the proper selection of food by making free use of Grape-Nuts for ten days or two weeks. Sold by grocers everywhere (and in immense quantities). Manufactured by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

AGENTS OF SULTAN OF TURKEY BLAMED FOR CRUEL MURDER

Macedonian Refugees in Minneapolis Slaughtered in Hovel They Called Home.

ROBBERY CLEARLY NOT MOTIVE FOR CRIME

Fact That Currency and Valuables Were Found with Bodies Proves This—International Politics at Bottom, Is Theory of Police Officials.

Minneapolis.—Again the old saying that "murder will out" bids fair to be disproved.

In the heart of Minneapolis, busy city of the great Northwest, six apparently inoffensive men have been cruelly put to death, and all the efforts of men bred to the unraveling of ghastly mysteries have been unavailing, either to find the murderers or to discover a motive for the crime.

The slayers have disappeared as completely as if, indeed, they were the fabled invisible cloaks.

Love—
Revenge—
At the bidding of a secret order—
Because the Turkish government wanted them out of the way.

These are the various theories formed by the police. And at theories they stop.

All that is positively known is that six men, marked for murder, lie in their graves in Minneapolis—all six killed by orders of some one while they slept.

Motives Apparently Absent.

Everything seems to point to politics. It was not money, because the men's money and other valuables were all found intact. It was not revenge, because they knew no one in Minneapolis. It was not love, because they had no women, either as wives or sweethearts, in this country.

There is but one explanation—they were put out of the way by order of some high political power on the other side of the water. This is what the police believe. What were the intricacies abroad no one dares surmise. And dead men tell no tales.

The six were found lying quite dead in a ramshackle old wooden house, No. 245 South Tenth avenue, Minneapolis. So little known were they thereabouts that the police had a hard time in finding out the names of the six. Finally it was found that two were father and son, Nicolo and Kirle Demetri, and that the other four were Kerstan Yovke, Krivie Mete, Nikola Jales and Andri Jales.

Bodies Not All Together.

The knives, the blood-stained hatchet, the splashes of blood everywhere, the disorder, the signs of a struggle, told the story as plainly as words could tell it. Four of the bodies lay about the front room on the second floor; the other two—those of the De-

metris—lay in a dirty, muddy basement, where they had been dumped by the murderers.

Not a thing was found on any of the men to give absolute proof of their identities. Even the landlord, H. Magnusson, didn't know their names. All he cared about was that the men had paid four months' rent in advance when they came there a week before. The men ate, slept and lived in the

little rooms on the upper floor. They never drank liquor and were apparently of the most peaceable disposition. They went out regularly every day and returned with equal promptitude in the evening.

Even the people who lived below heard nothing on the night of the murder. It was only guessed at because the men didn't appear on the second morning after the murder. Some one notified the landlord and he summoned the police. They broke in.

Peter Stuyanoff knew the dead men. He was arrested as a suspect at first, but there was nothing to prove against him. In fact, he gave the police all the little they do know. He said the men never had a quarrel in their lives and never carried weapons. He said they were all men who had come over here to make their fortunes, and had no thought of anything else but of making money and of sending for their loved ones on the other side of the world.

Pathetic Sight at Morgue.

It was a pitiful sight at the morgue when poor Stuyanoff went there to identify his dead friends. The sight of the gaping wounds moved him to tears. He knelt before each body and made the sign of the cross as he breathed a prayer.

Then he arose to his feet and kissed each dead man on the brow. When he finally came to the body of his cousin, young Yovke, he was completely overcome. Great tears rolled down his swarthy cheeks; his big red handkerchief was soon soaked with them. He took the head of the murdered boy in his arms and kissed the still face again and again. Then he left the room shaking with grief.

"They would not hurt a fly; would not hurt a fly!" he moaned over and over.

Fought Hard for Life.

When the house of slaughter was searched a lamp was found burning in the rear room upstairs. A light had been seen there the night before. It looked, however, as if the bodies found in the cellar had been dead longer than the others. This only added to the mystery.

Both bodies were terribly hewed and hacked. In all, the six bodies between them bore more than 100 wounds, almost any one of them sufficient to kill any able-bodied man. There were great

splashes of blood all over the walls and floors, and it seemed as if the dead, aroused from their sleep, had made a desperate fight for life, but in vain.

Two big bowie knives were found in the room with the four. Two more lay in another room. A fifth, in its sheath, lay in the basement beside the Demetris. Then there was the hatchet and not another clew.

"Robbery!" said the police, as a first guess, but that was knocked in the head when a money belt was found in plain sight, containing \$502, besides many other articles of value.

Finally the knives were traced by trade marks upon them. Thomas Wilson, clerk of the Kelley Hardware Company, in Duluth, identified them as having been bought at the store by a party of six foreigners a week before the murder. That these were the six murderers, one for each of the intended victims, there can now be no doubt.

Plainly the dead six had been marked for vengeance.

Their trail has been followed from far across the seas to the hidden fastness of the far Northwest by men who evidently had sworn to kill. They had traced their quarry to Albion, Minn., a tiny town, and from thence to Duluth. When the six came to Minneapolis they were hunted still.

Had Fled Far to Find Safety.

Adding to the mystery, the vestments of some order, religious or secret, were found in the house. What had these to do with the strange deaths? But most remarkable of all was the plain proof that the six had fled half-way around the world to escape their mysterious pursuers.

Passports proved this without doubt. The papers bore the earmarks of

to go to their death had not given in without a whimper. Every body bore wounds enough to kill a dozen men.

Imagine it, then—the semi-darkness, lighted dimly by one feeble kerosene lamp at the window, the silent entrance of the murderers into the gloom; the sudden awakening of some one of the doomed when his wound did not kill him at the first blow; his cries to the others, their sudden awakening, too; the clash of the steel, the cries of the unarmed victims as they vainly tried to fight off the knives, the grappling, wrestling, biting, scratching of men fighting weapons with only their hands; the thrust at head and heart; the death rattle of one after another until there was none left to die.

Then the dragging of two of the bodies to the mouth of the black pit that passed for a cellar, the dumping of them down into the hole, and finally the flight into the murky darkness of the dawn.

Evidences of Conflict.

It was a sight to terrify when the police broke in. The six were stone dead, but there was plenty of evidence that every one had fought for his life till, weak from loss of blood in the unequal contest, he had fallen at the feet of his enemy to receive his coup.

After satisfactory identification had been made, and the authorities had

made their preliminary inquiries, the bodies were buried together. A Minneapolis medical college attempted to get them for dissection, by right of a law allowing them the bodies of all paupers without kith or kin, but when the \$502 was shown the college had to give in.

The police have worked hard, but nothing turned up. They have been to Chicago and to Duluth, where there are other Macedonians, but not a single clew has come to anything.

And now, "Who killed the six?" seems to bid fair to go down into history as one of the greatest murder mysteries of the century.

Strengthened Theory of Politics.

And this pointed to the politics of the case. The Macedonian rebellion took place about two years ago. The police at once accepted this theory and went to work on it. But the murderers had covered their tracks too well.

This much the police believe: That the victims were leaders of the rebellion and fled to this country and that their murderers were agents of the Turkish government. The idea is that they fled here, well knowing they would be followed, but hoping to escape into the far Northwest, where perhaps they might be safe. They went West in the guise of railway laborers to escape pursuit.

But those whose appointed task was to kill were cleverer than they and were always close behind. Though the chase led half way around the world, the Turkish agents found their quarry in an obscure corner of Minneapolis and then went deliberately about the job of killing. They bided their time. When all six were rounded up together and asleep, and when all was quiet and deserted without, they stole inside and upstairs to finish the job for which they had come so far.

The dead men were not caught entirely by surprise. There are plenty of signs that they struggled desperately against overwhelming odds. All the furniture was upset, showing that there was a struggle before the men who had been aroused from their sleep

made their preliminary inquiries, the bodies were buried together. A Minneapolis medical college attempted to get them for dissection, by right of a law allowing them the bodies of all paupers without kith or kin, but when the \$502 was shown the college had to give in.

The police have worked hard, but nothing turned up. They have been to Chicago and to Duluth, where there are other Macedonians, but not a single clew has come to anything.

And now, "Who killed the six?" seems to bid fair to go down into history as one of the greatest murder mysteries of the century.

Strengthened Theory of Politics.

And this pointed to the politics of the case. The Macedonian rebellion took place about two years ago. The police at once accepted this theory and went to work on it. But the murderers had covered their tracks too well.

This much the police believe: That the victims were leaders of the rebellion and fled to this country and that their murderers were agents of the Turkish government. The idea is that they fled here, well knowing they would be followed, but hoping to escape into the far Northwest, where perhaps they might be safe. They went West in the guise of railway laborers to escape pursuit.

But those whose appointed task was to kill were cleverer than they and were always close behind. Though the chase led half way around the world, the Turkish agents found their quarry in an obscure corner of Minneapolis and then went deliberately about the job of killing. They bided their time. When all six were rounded up together and asleep, and when all was quiet and deserted without, they stole inside and upstairs to finish the job for which they had come so far.

The dead men were not caught entirely by surprise. There are plenty of signs that they struggled desperately against overwhelming odds. All the furniture was upset, showing that there was a struggle before the men who had been aroused from their sleep

made their preliminary inquiries, the bodies were buried together. A Minneapolis medical college attempted to get them for dissection, by right of a law allowing them the bodies of all paupers without kith or kin, but when the \$502 was shown the college had to give in.

The police have worked hard, but nothing turned up. They have been to Chicago and to Duluth, where there are other Macedonians, but not a single clew has come to anything.

And now, "Who killed the six?" seems to bid fair to go down into history as one of the greatest murder mysteries of the century.

Strengthened Theory of Politics.

And this pointed to the politics of the case. The Macedonian rebellion took place about two years ago. The police at once accepted this theory and went to work on it. But the murderers had covered their tracks too well.

This much the police believe: That the victims were leaders of the rebellion and fled to this country and that their murderers were agents of the Turkish government. The idea is that they fled here, well knowing they would be followed, but hoping to escape into the far Northwest, where perhaps they might be safe. They went West in the guise of railway laborers to escape pursuit.

But those whose appointed task was to kill were cleverer than they and were always close behind. Though the chase led half way around the world, the Turkish agents found their quarry in an obscure corner of Minneapolis and then went deliberately about the job of killing. They bided their time. When all six were rounded up together and asleep, and when all was quiet and deserted without, they stole inside and upstairs to finish the job for which they had come so far.

The dead men were not caught entirely by surprise. There are plenty of signs that they struggled desperately against overwhelming odds. All the furniture was upset, showing that there was a struggle before the men who had been aroused from their sleep

made their preliminary inquiries, the bodies were buried together. A Minneapolis medical college attempted to get them for dissection, by right of a law allowing them the bodies of all paupers without kith or kin, but when the \$502 was shown the college had to give in.

The police have worked hard, but nothing turned up. They have been to Chicago and to Duluth, where there are other Macedonians, but not a single clew has come to anything.

And now, "Who killed the six?" seems to bid fair to go down into history as one of the greatest murder mysteries of the century.

Strengthened Theory of Politics.

And this pointed to the politics of the case. The Macedonian rebellion took place about two years ago. The police at once accepted this theory and went to work on it. But the murderers had covered their tracks too well.

This much the police believe: That the victims were leaders of the rebellion and fled to this country and that their murderers were agents of the Turkish government. The idea is that they fled here, well knowing they would be followed, but hoping to escape into the far Northwest, where perhaps they might be safe. They went West in the guise of railway laborers to escape pursuit.

But those whose appointed task was to kill were cleverer than they and were always close behind. Though the chase led half way around the world, the Turkish agents found their quarry in an obscure corner of Minneapolis and then went deliberately about the job of killing. They bided their time. When all six were rounded up together and asleep, and when all was quiet and deserted without, they stole inside and upstairs to finish the job for which they had come so far.

The dead men were not caught entirely by surprise. There are plenty of signs that they struggled desperately against overwhelming odds. All the furniture was upset, showing that there was a struggle before the men who had been aroused from their sleep

made their preliminary inquiries, the bodies were buried together. A Minneapolis medical college attempted to get them for dissection, by right of a law allowing them the bodies of all paupers without kith or kin, but when the \$502 was shown the college had to give in.

The police have worked hard, but nothing turned up. They have been to Chicago and to Duluth, where there are other Macedonians, but not a single clew has come to anything.

And now, "Who killed the six?" seems to bid fair to go down into history as one of the greatest murder mysteries of the century.

Strengthened Theory of Politics.

And this pointed to the politics of the case. The Macedonian rebellion took place about two years ago. The police at once accepted this theory and went to work on it. But the murderers had covered their tracks too well.

This much the police believe: That the victims were leaders of the rebellion and fled to this country and that their murderers were agents of the Turkish government. The idea is that they fled here, well knowing they would be followed, but hoping to escape into the far Northwest, where perhaps they might be safe. They went West in the guise of railway laborers to escape pursuit.

But those whose appointed task was to kill were cleverer than they and were always close behind. Though the chase led half way around the world, the Turkish agents found their quarry in an obscure corner of Minneapolis and then went deliberately about the job of killing. They bided their time. When all six were rounded up together and asleep, and when all was quiet and deserted without, they stole inside and upstairs to finish the job for which they had come so far.

The dead men were not caught entirely by surprise. There are plenty of signs that they struggled desperately against overwhelming odds. All the furniture was upset, showing that there was a struggle before the men who had been aroused from their sleep

made their preliminary inquiries, the bodies were buried together. A Minneapolis medical college attempted to get them for dissection, by right of a law allowing them the bodies of all paupers without kith or kin, but when the \$502 was shown the college had to give in.

The police have worked hard, but nothing turned up. They have been to Chicago and to Duluth, where there are other Macedonians, but not a single clew has come to anything.

And now, "Who killed the six?" seems to bid fair to go down into history as one of the greatest murder mysteries of the century.

Strengthened Theory of Politics.

For Healthful Existence.

A sunny, cheerful view of life—resting on truth and fact, co-existing with practical aspirations ever to make things, self and men better than they are—that, I believe, is the true healthful poetry of existence.

Already Perfect.

Let no man venture to lay hand on Shakespeare's works thinking to improve anything essential; he will be sure to punish himself.—A. W. Schlegel.

WORST CASE OF ECZEMA.

Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged—Marvelous Cure by Cuticura.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us, and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dry rot. A friend teased me to try Cuticura, and I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; and in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1906."

The man who is too good for anything is often good for nothing.

Torture of Women.

It was a terrible torture that Mrs. Gertie McFarland, of King's Mountain, N. C., describes, as follows: "I suffered dreadful periodical pain, and became so weak I was given up to die, when my husband got me Wine of Cardui. The first dose gave relief, and with 3 bottles I am up doing my work. I cannot say enough in praise of Cardui." A wonderful remedy for women's ills. At druggists; \$1.00.

He who lays out each day with prayer leaves it with praise.

Try Garfield Tea! It purifies the blood, cleanses the system, brings good health.

The wisdom from above will be known by its works below.

U. S. NAVY enlists for four years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 25 as apprentice seamen; opportunities for advancement; pay \$16 to \$70 a month. Electricians, machinists, blacksmiths, coopering, yeomen (clerks), carpenters, shipfitters, firemen, musicians, cooks, etc., between 21 and 35 years enlisted in special ratings with suitable pay; hospital apprentices 18 to 23 years. Retirement on three-fourths pay and allowances after 20 years service. Applicants must be American citizens.

Free transportation from place of enlistment to Naval Station, and free outfit of clothing, amounting to \$45, furnished every recruit. Upon discharge, free transportation to place of enlistment. For full particulars address Navy Recruiting Station, Postoffice Building, Omaha, Neb., or Navy Recruiting Station, BUREAU BLOCK, 12th and O Sts., Lincoln, Neb.

You cannot measure a man's righteousness by his reticence.

Lewis' Single Binder Cigar has a rich taste. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Righteousness is never better for taking a rest.

A Strange Story.

Mrs. Isaac W. Austill, of Chestnut Ridge, N. C., tells a strange story of great suffering. "I was in bad condition for months, but got no relief. My periods had stopped, all but the pain. After taking part of a bottle of Wine of Cardui, nature worked properly and without pain. I advise all suffering women to use Cardui." A pure specific remedy for women's ills. \$1.00, at druggists.

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S PHIL-O-SOPHY.

We have now the production which is all scenery, costumes, mechanics, humbugs and cheap literature.

We are altogether too prone to think evil of our neighbors and to try to do them evil. We scowl too much; we smile too little.

Well bred people nowadays dine at home before they go to a dinner party, and then rush off after dinner to an unloving game of bridge.

In certain sections of New York City the sun never penetrates to the streets, and the germs, therefore, are not destroyed by its beneficial rays.

When hats and indifference have killed love, this earth will become as cold as the moon, and there will be nothing living but a few big, cold, slimy, bloodless slugs.

When you have climbed to the top of the hill, if you keep on going you must go down the other side, or else turn around and go down the side you have climbed up, or else sit down on top and freeze.

It is very difficult to keep on striking twelve every night. The bell tongue wears out after awhile.—Chicago American.



KERSTAN YOVKE
KRIVIE METE
NICOLO DEMETRI
NIKOLA JALESS
ANDRI JALESS
KIRLE DEMETRI

