GONE BEFORE.

"So poor old Jinks, who survived so many operations, has at last died?"

"Yes. He has followed his appendix to a better world."

A Solar Plexus.

On one occasion Sam Berger, the brawny manager of James J. Jeffries, was in a small California town, sounding some of the residents as to the possibility of holding a prize fight. The local police force, a clownish-looking individual with a huge badge, heard of Sam's investigations.

"You can't hold no prize fight in this here town," said the police force, threateningly, in his best "I-be-the-marshal" tones. "It is agin' the law, and I won't stand for it."

"Aw, beat it," said Berger, 'n disgust. "What do you know about law? Why, your very appearance in public is a misdemeanor."—Lippincott's.

Technically Discussed.

"So there is to be a divorce," said the woman who discusses everybody. "It seems but a little while since he asked for her hand."

"Yes," replied the rude man. "He got the hand alf right. But it turned out to be a misdeal."

Unless you have more spare time than you know what to do with it's foolish to try to convince a fool that he is foolish.

HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabattus, Maine.—"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and we are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said 'Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you.' I thank you for your kindness in advising me and give you full permission to use my name in your testimonials."—Mrs. H. W. Mitchell, Box 3, Sabattus, Me.

Another Woman Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. Charles Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Trial Bottle Free By Mail

FITS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Trial 32 Bottle of Dr. May's

Epileptoide Cure

It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory Under Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906 Guaranty No. 1871. Please write for Special Free 32 Bottle and give AGE and complete address

DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York.

Please mention this paper. Druggists fill orders.

KOW-KURE

is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a COW CURE. Barrenness, retained after-birth, abortion, scours, caked udder, and all similar affections positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without KOW-KURE. It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "Cow Money" sent FREE. Ask your local dealer for KOW-KURE or send to the manufacturers.

DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO. Lyndonville, Vt.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

PISO'S

is the word to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS & COLDS

MILL BUILT BY WASHINGTON

Old Building Erected by the First President Still Stands in Pennsylvania.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Near the little village of Perryopolis, Pa., stands a grist mill which was erected by George Washington. The mill is in daily operation, after only two changes since the days of Washington.

Originally it was run by two overshot water wheels of rude construction. These have been discarded and a more modern wheel provided. This wheel, with the chimney at the end of

Washington's Grist Mill.

the building, are the only improvements made since the mill was erected.

The mill is on a small stream known as Washington run. Residents of this place, which was laid out by Washington, take great pride in showing visitors the old grist mill.

GREAT RIVER'S MANY NAMES

Various Aliases Under Which the Hudson Has Been Known in Past Centuries.

In the course of the last 400 years the Hudson has been known by at least 20 different names, and even today, in New York, at any rate, it is indifferently referred to as the Hudson and the North river.

While Henry Hudson is universally acclaimed as the discoverer of the noble river which bears his name, it is well known that nearly a century before Hudson's successful exploitation, John da Verrazano, a Florentine, entered the mouth of the Hudson and reported that he had passed up the river about a league in a boat, not venturing to sail his vessel, the Dauphine, up a river with which he was unfamiliar.

A sudden squall impelled him to return to his ship. Verrazano called the Hudson "the river of steep of hills." This was in 1524. Some years later Verrazano's brother made a map of the region, and he named the mouth of the Hudson "San Germano."

In 1525 a Spaniard named Gomez, who came to America on an exploring trip, made a chart upon which he designated the Hudson as "San Antonio."

When, some 80 years later, Henry Hudson, in his efforts to reach the East Indian possessions of the Dutch East India Company by a northwest route, accidentally ran into the Hudson, he promptly dubbed it the "Manhattes," from the name of the Indians who dwelt at its mouth.

Hudson sailed slowly up the river as far as Albany, and his experiences with the Indians and his observations of the surrounding country were so gratifying that he returned home with glowing reports of the new-found country.

WILL WED ENGLISH COUNT

Mis Margaretta Drexel, Latest American Heiress Who Will Acquire a Foreign Title.

Baltimore, Md.—Word has been received in this city by cable that Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, who are in London, had announced the engage-

ment of their daughter, Miss Margaretta Armstrong Drexel to Guy Montague George Finch-Hatton, viscount Maidstone, and heir to the earldom of Winchelsea and Nottingham.

Appropriate Text.

The large choir had attempted an elaborate anthem that morning, an anthem with high flights for the sopranos, thunderous roarings for the bassos and both vocal and physical acrobatics for the tenors, while the contraltos squawked along at a steady pace, each one apparently taking her choice of time and key. Finally all parts got together on the chorus, though the majority of the participants had started with a few seconds' handicap. Then it was clear sailing; on, up, came the jangle of sounds, to a terrific finale, ending with a fortissimo crash.

In the stillness that followed the pastor came forward deliberately to the desk, where the Bible lay open to the morning's text. Sweeping an abstracted look above the hats of the congregation, he read in distinct and earnest tones:

"And, after the uproar had ceased—"

Truthful, but Vague.

Sheriff—Is it true that a crowd has just been dispersing and that there was a wholesale lynching bee out here?

Truthful James—Wall, there's b'en a few fellers hanging about hyer.

He Whom Diogenes Sought

By BELLE MANIATES

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

It was fully expected that the verdict would be "Not Guilty." Not that the evidence demanded such verdict, but the case had resolved purely and simply into a political affair, and the jurymen were all of the party in power. The defendant was Walter Ledeen, a popular young politician, clubman and society man. His air of confidence waned as the jury continued to remain out. When night came with no returns, he grew nervous. By morning he was white-faced and his finger nails were gnawed to the skin.

At last the foreman announced that there was no possibility of an agreement. The last, and in fact all of the ballots, had stood eleven to one for acquittal. When it was divulged that Jerry Winters was the one who had stood out, amazement and indignation ran high among Walter's clique. Jerry was an associate of the defendant, and, moreover, was said to be engaged to the defendant's sister, Edith.

To all remonstrances, inquiries and demands, Jerry had one answer: "The evidence showed that he was guilty. I did my duty."

It was clearly borne in upon the obdurate young juryman that any political aspirations he might have entertained were doomed. It was to be expected that Walter would consider him an enemy, but all Riverton watched with much curiosity to see what Edith would do. Jerry proceeded immediately to justify himself.

"I couldn't do otherwise, Edith," he said, manfully. "I strained every point I could. I tried my best to find a flaw in the evidence. There was none. I could not perjure myself."

"Jerry Winters", flashed the girl, "it was my brother you wanted to convict!"

"Don't, Edith!" he pleaded with a harassed look. "I tried my best to for-

get that fact. I had to give an unbiased opinion."

"Jerry!" she exclaimed, wildly, "don't ever dare speak to me again. I hate you! We are not only strangers henceforth, but enemies."

"Edith," he said, sadly, "nothing could make me your enemy."

As time went on, Walter had a new trial and was acquitted. His vindictiveness toward Jerry, however, did not diminish, and he did his best to injure his former friend. Still there were men who respected Jerry for his action. But neither the animosity of Walter and his coterie, nor the approbation of law abiders mattered much to Jerry. All he wanted or cared for was Edith and Edith's love. But she cut him publicly and with disdainful demeanor.

One day in early autumn, when baseball enthusiasm waxed high, when crowds gathered and waited and stampeded in front of the places where the scores were shown, a crucial game was played at Riverton. The home team, the Stalwarts, were to play against the Lions. This was to be the game of games, for if the Stalwarts won it meant the pennant. All Riverton turned out to witness the game and shouted for the Stalwarts.

A gay young crowd was on the grand stand behind the plate. Among them were Walter and Edith. To their right, alone, was Jerry.

"'Grand, gloomy and peculiar, the secretary sat alone,'" quoted Walter with a sneer and a glance at Jerry.

Edith looked, but she did not sneer. She found herself looking surreptitiously and longingly at the lean-faced, honest-eyed man who had squared his shoulders at society's disapprobation.

There seemed to be some delay in the starting of the game.

"The umpire's sick, and they're looking up another," reported Walter after a tour of investigation.

In a few minutes the manager for the Stalwarts approached Jerry, who had played two seasons ago with the Stalwarts and was considered expert authority in all matters pertaining to the popular game. After a short conference Jerry left the stand and went down to the ground.

"Oh, Jerry's going to umpire!" exclaimed some one sitting near Edith, whose interest in the game was now intensified.

"The manager of the Lions won't consent," said Walter, "to have an ex-member of the opposing team act as umpire."

But the manager of the Lions knew of Jerry's proficiency in the game. He had heard also of his stanchness in the Ledeen case. He took Jerry's measure at a glance and announced that he was perfectly satisfied with the choice.

It was a close game, and people were breathless in their intensity and crazy in their cheering. At last came an awful moment. It was the last inning, and to that point the game was a tie. Then came a play that called for a close decision. It was so close that the spectators, and even some of the players, could not determine whether or not the man was "out."

Jerry decided for the Lions. The Stalwarts were manly and abided stoically by the umpire's decision, but hisses, jeers and groans came from the bleachers and from that part of the grand stand where Walter and his friends sat.

Jerry's decision in the Ledeen trial had made him unpopular only with a certain class, but now he felt that every one was against him. He knew he was down and out for evermore in Riverton.

Angry groups were gathering here and there on the way out of the grounds.

"You'd better not go down the street just now, Winters,' said the manager of one of the teams. "You know what crazy fools a baseball mob is made up of."

Jerry's jaw came forward and he said decisively that he would go now. He went.

There were mutterings as he passed out of the gate and walked down the street. He walked alone until he was a block from the grounds. Then some one stepped up behind him—a girl—a very fair, tremulous girl, who said, timidly and softly:

"Jerry!"

"Edith!"

"I am going with you, Jerry, if you will let me. I've shut my eyes and my heart all this time, and something has opened them. I don't know enough about baseball to judge professionally of your decision, but a baseball friend sat right behind me, and when every one was mad and yelling at you this man said: 'By ——! There is the man Diogenes was looking for! There's nothing so rare nowadays as an honest man!' I wanted to hug him, but I'll hug you instead, Jerry—if you will—if you will care."

He turned to her with a wonderful light in his eyes.

"Edith, you are all I do care for!"

Odorless Garbage Wagons.

Boston, in the interests of health and economy, is being provided with odorless garbage wagons. One of these wagons is already in use. It consists of a steel frame on four wheels, containing three cylindrical tanks which rest upon trunnions. In form the tanks are somewhat like milk cans, greatly enlarged, each tank having a capacity of one ton of garbage. To the lid of each is attached a lever, which, in turn, is connected by a chain with a hinged portion of the footboard, resembling a treadle, upon which the men stand to empty their pails. As the attendant steps upon the treadle, his weight raises the cover, and when he steps off after emptying his load the released lever pulls the lid down again. The load being divided into three parts, only one-third is exposed at a time, and then only momentarily.

Impressing the Public.

"A statesman never looks really impressive," said the student of human nature, "unless he has a distinctive beard or mustache or a bald head."

"I suppose," replied the suffragette contemptuously, "that you are trying to think up another silly reason why women should not go into politics."

The Real Home of Liberty

"Yes," said the Englishman, who has been some years a resident of the states, "America can fairly claim to be the freeest country on earth. I used to think England was. I believed that in spite of your boasted republican institutions and your universal suffrage and lots of other things, we had more real freedom and more personal rights on the other side than you had here. But I've changed my mind. The American has more liberty than the Briton.

"The advantage is not due to the form of government, or political institutions, or the tariff, or the size and youth of the country. It's just in the matter o peanuts.

"It is the sacred, hereditary and inalienable right of every free-born American citizen to eat peanuts when and where he pleases, and to throw the shells on the floor.

"I was crossing the river the other day on one of the ferryboats. The deck hands had just swept out the gentlemen's cabin, and were even then washing the floor. Two young men came in, sat down on the side which had just been washed and began to eat peanuts. The men who were sweeping were not afraid to do their duty. They were gritty enough to subdue a drunken tough who got boisterous, and they plainly saw the young men throw the peanut shells on the floor, but they no more thought of objecting than they would think of dictating to a man what kind of clothes he should wear.

"I've seen the same thing in elevated trains and cable-cars, in public halls, in theaters, and once even in church. It is always taken as a matter of course that the man who eats peanuts shall throw the shells on the floor wherever he happens to be.

"We poor Englishmen are slaves and bond-servants besides you Yankees."—Youth's Companion.

Easter Lilies

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The Cross In History, Art And Legend

AT THIS season when all the world over people of many races and tongues are meditating on the Cross of Christ; when long services are being held in memory of the greatest tragedy on Golgotha, and processions are solemnly marching to the stations of the Cross, bearing banners and crucifixes, and bowing reverently before altars and pictures commemorating the sorrowful walk to Calvary; when in the Holy Land thousands of pilgrims from every nation are treading the very "Via Dolorosa" on which he trod as he left the Holy City forever, carrying his cross to the "Accursed Hill" outside the walls; it may be of interest to consider the history and traditions of this wonderful symbol under which we live and in the name of which so much has been wrought of world-wide good to humanity, and, alas! of great harm through Christian fanaticism.

Perhaps there is no other object on earth about which there has been more controversy, more dissensions and more superstitions than about this one great object for reverence on the one side, and for derision on the other.

Ever since the crucifixion it has left a strong impress on the history of the nations and has been revered in the religion of all the sects bearing the name of Christ. It has been surrounded by traditions and mysticism and endowed with supernatural and miraculous attributes. It has been taken as the emblem of a faith under the banner of which great deeds of heroism have been done, as in olden days when pioneer messengers of the Story of the Cross filled with religious zeal entered bravely into uncivilized and barbarian lands, fearlessly ignoring great dangers.

Heralded by Christian banners the procession of civilization has spread to all parts of the world. Romans carried it to the Britons and Saxons. The worship of the sun as observed by the Incas was brought to an end through the ascendancy of Spanish bearers of the cross.

In more recent times Spanish monks, with peace in their hearts, amid many hardships, wrested from the aborigines the western coast of our own country, where they erected many missions to spread the teachings of Christianity. The influence of the cross so entirely filled the minds of its followers that it became the center subject of the paintings of the old masters and in time permeated not only the spirit of this art, but also that of architecture, for we find throughout the great Christian architecture of the Middle Ages and in all forms of mediaeval decoration this sign of the cross standing out conspicuously. The very foundations of the edifices which were erected in commemoration of faith in this symbol followed the lines of a cross, so that the very walls from their foundations upward might carry with them as they rose the image of the sacred sign, to receive its crowning figure displayed in the ridge line of its roofs. Crosses, in an endless variety of forms, still surmount the loftiest and finest parts of the architecture of the cathedrals and churches of Europe. Above the tombs of the departed or even in the pavements of the church above the monumental vaults in these cathedrals this same sign proclaims the faith of those who rest beneath.

Being the keynote and the "glory" of the Christian religion this emblem soon became prized in other directions besides those ecclesiastic. With the triumph of Christianity the cross at once was recognized as a universal symbol of highest nobility and honor. It was now considered to add dignity to the crowns and scepters of emperors and princes. It became the proudest ensign of knightly rank. The greatest warriors were proud to see the cross on the hilts of their swords as well as on the banners under which they fought. It also became a sign of merit for valor and bravery—a reward for deeds of honor, as the iron cross of Prussia established by William III. for patriotic bravery in war.

It was worn also as a protection in times of trouble. To denote the consecration of those devoted to the aid of the suffering and needy; the Red Cross was the confederation of societies in different countries for the betterment of conditions of the wounded soldiers in campaigns on land and sea. In Crusader days, beginning with Peter the Hermit, in 1094, starting out to deliver the Holy Land from the dominion of the infidel, the brave warriors were thus named because of the red cross they wore as badges on their right shoulders.

The archbishop's crozier—the ensign of his office—is the staff with a cross head, distinguishing it from the "pastoral" staff of bishops and abbots, which have a shepherd's crook.

Thus has been experienced the saying of Justin Martyr so many years ago—that "the sign of the cross was impressed upon the whole of nature. There is hardly a handicraftsman also but uses the figure of it among the implements of his industry. It forms a part of man himself." Man has been created in this form as has been beautifully illustrated by Emily Collier in the painting depicting the Holy Child's expression of his love—"So wide is my love."

In the middle ages and in Crusaders days the cross was the distinctive symbol of the Christian in contradistinction to the Crescent of the Mohammedan.

The custom of marking one's signature by a cross was first adopted by Christians in the year 110 to distinguish them from the pagans, and it stood for a silent oath.

The early Christians immediately used this sign, which was connected with their religion, as a secret message to one another in their first days of persecution. Mingling with the persecutors of their faith, they could thus make themselves known to each other without calling the attention of those around them. In visiting the catacombs in Rome, where they hid from fear of their persecutors, it is intensely interesting to notice that the sign so sacred to them is carved and engraven all around the walls of their prison cells and above the tombs of their brethren.

Easter.

Like a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the field of Christmas night
When the Babe was born.

Then 'twas sepulchred in gloom
Till above His holy tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom—
Flower of Easter morn.

Birthday of Hope

Why Easter Morning is the Symbol of the Soul's Resurrection.

Easter morning is the symbol of the soul's resurrection; the birthday of the hope, the natal day of its spiritual life. From the first moment of its dawning light sunshine illumined the world's sorrow and music cheered its march to the tomb. Every conqueror in Christ goes through life with a song and a smile, while his heart and his hope are anchored in the skies.

The miracle of the Easter lily is nature's parable of this truth. Its lustrous whiteness come out of the black refuse at its roots, its fragrance out of the foulness of decay. By some mysterious alchemy the lovely transformation was wrought. The touch of heaven gave it its purity and sweetness. Such is the spiritual Easter of the soul. And in that miracle Jesus lifts humanity back to God.—D. M. Pratt.

A big bowl of **Quaker Oats** is the best dish you can serve.

Delicious and nourishing.

Good for all ages and all conditions.

Economical and strengthening. 62

A New Version.

Apropos of George Washington and the cherry tree story, Senator Beveridge said at a dinner in Indianapolis:

"I asked a little boy what this story was the other day, and he actually didn't know. He said he knew, though, the story about the judgment of Solomon, and he proceeded to tell it to me.

"Solomon," he said, "was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarreling about a baby. The first woman said, 'It is my child.' The second said, 'No, it is mine.'

"But Solomon spoke up and declared:

"'No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make twins of him, so that each of you will be supplied.'"

State of Ohio City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. (Seal)

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Hard Worker.

Tramp—I'd like ter do something to pay for all this, but I'm a cripple, mum.

Housekeeper—You don't look it. What's the matter?

Tramp—Writer's cramp, mum. I've been keeping a list of all the people wot offered me work, mum.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Honest Truth.

This isn't a comic paper joke; it actually happened on Eliot street in the South end yesterday. A hardware dealer hung a sign outside his door reading: "Our skates are guaranteed in every way." A newsboy tore it down and hung it up in front of a liquor store next door.—Boston Journal.

All Old Folks

That take NATURE'S REMEDY (NR tablets) tonight will feel better in the morning. It sweetens the stomach, corrects the liver, bowels and kidneys, prevents biliousness and eliminates the rheumatism. Better than Pills for Liver Ills, because it's different—it's thorough, easy—sure to act. Get a 25c Box. All Druggists. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis.

A Personal Definition.

Penley (stuck for a word)—Let's see! What is that you call a man who marries more than one wife?

Grump—An idiot, I call him.—Boston Transcript.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Consistency.

"It seems to me that your husband is not of a very even temper."

"Oh, he certainly is. He growls the whole time."—Rire.

Pettit's Eye Salve 100 Years Old,

relieves tired eyes, quickly cures eye aches, inflamed, sore, watery or ulcerated eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros. Buffalo, N.Y.

A woman waters her grief with her tears and it springs into a lovely flower; a man salts his with bitterness and it turns to a thorn.

HEAD, BACK AND LEGS ACHE?

Aches all over? Throat sore, with chills? That is La Grippe. *Perry Davis' Painkiller* will break it up if taken promptly. All dealers, 25c, 50c and 50c bottles.

There is no wrong a man can do but is a thwarting of the living right. —MacDonald.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

When the worst comes to the worst one may as well try to make the best of it.

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

The decay of poetry may be due to the fact that so much of it is rotten.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

You miss a great deal of the pleasures of life if your stomach has "gone back on you"—but don't remain in that condition. The Bitters will set things right and prevent Indigestion, Costiveness & Headache.