

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS. H. H. MULLIN, Editor. Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Per year, \$2.00. If paid in advance, \$1.50.

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion. Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line.

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THE FOLLOWING IS TAKEN FROM A RECENT ISSUE OF THE CHICAGO EVENING NEWS: "I see that marrying on 'E. R.' is asking for \$100 a month."

Information that I am fully competent to give him. In fact, the reply effervesces so rapidly that a patent-stopper bottle wouldn't hold it a minute. E. R. wants to know how to make home a success on \$100 a month.

Miss Helen Gould, according to a late report, has discharged her private secretary. The young woman who was hired to attend to Miss Gould's private correspondence seemed to think that her one mission was to exploit Miss Gould.

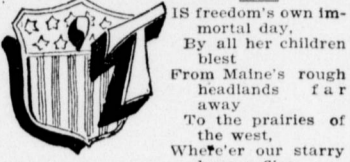
Manilla's climate is almost identical with that of San Juan de Porto Rico, and is comparable with that of the Gulf states during the warmer portion of the year.

John Glenn, of Urbana, O., died the other day, after having made a record for eccentric vows. Because his father bought what he thought was a better suit for his brother than for him, he vowed he would not wear a coat for 20 years.

The Boston board of health has classified tuberculosis as contagious and required reports from physicians of cases of the disease. In the past five years deaths from consumption in Boston have been almost double the combined mortality from scarlet fever, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

The city of New York takes care of its blind residents who are also poor. Every year \$50 or thereabouts is given to each indigent blind person who applies for assistance.

FREEDOM'S DAY JULY 4TH.

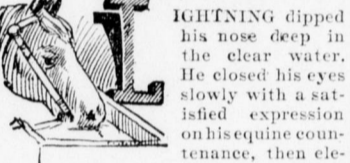


With beauty fold on fold, Adown the wooded glen, The tale that ne'er grows old.

The glorious deeds of Lexington Still in their luster shine, And fame doth crown the sword and gun.

Aye, back from years forever gone, These scenes and sounds still come, And freedom's fair, immortal dawn

MISS ABIGAIL'S FOURTH.



LIGHTNING dipped his nose deep in the clear water. He closed his eyes slowly with a satisfied expression.

Fortunately there was ample time and it was a pleasant spot in which to linger. Before, the road wound out between wide fields palpitating in the noonday heat.

The woman drew a long, satisfied breath, inhaling the wild grape bloom, and her face softened with a happy memory.

"If my little Primrose should ever stand in need of friends, will you take her into your heart, auntie, where you have ever kept Tad."

This was why she was driving down to Stockton on this warm June noon, for, obedient to her direction, the child had started in the charge of acquaintances of Miss Abigail's own.

The station master lounged out to help her tie her steed. "Expectin' the little gal, be ye, Abby?" he asked, with the freedom of long acquaintance.

She nodded. Her hands were clasped tightly upon her reticule when the train rolled in, but her face was calm.

Miss Abigail was distinctly disappointed. She had felt sure of seeing a little gypsy with dark skin and curling auburn hair like Tad's.

"More'n one trunk?" she asked in her driest tones, and Primrose, who had been ready to kiss this aunt whom her dear mother had told her she must love, felt repulsed.

Primrose perched on the upper step, watching the rising moon. Primrose's heart ached for a mothering.

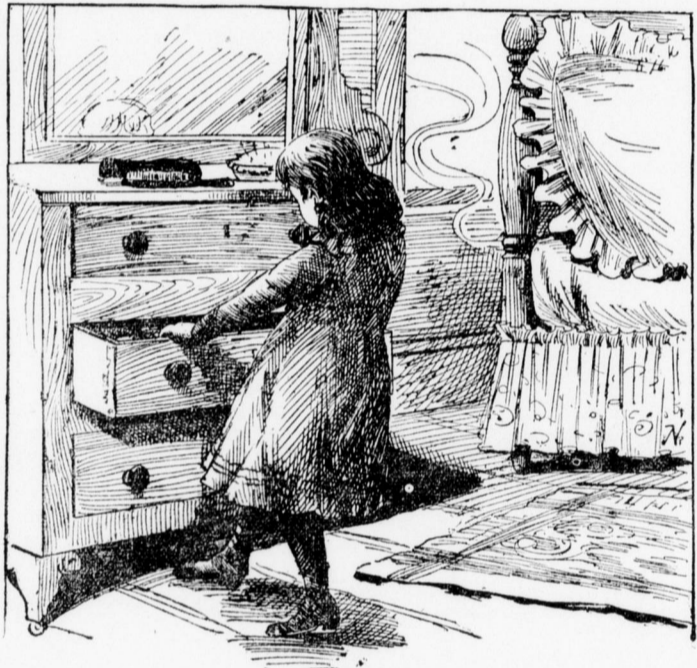
"Been to school, I s'pose," she said, with an effort at sociability. How did one talk to a little girl?

Primrose flushed with embarrassment. "I wasn't strong," she said, apologetically.

Miss Abigail gasped in amazement. But Primrose had sprung out upon the grass, now flooded with moonlight.

Very pretty," was her comment, at length, qualified with—"children didn't dance in my day. It's time you were in bed."

In the east chamber, with its chintz curtains and dragon paper, that had rejoiced the heart of small Thaddeus when he visited the farm.



WITH HOT HASTE SHE GROPED FOR THE "FAMILY."

creaked in the dead of night, and somebody tiptoed in to see if the child was covered, only the angels knew.

Therefore began strange experiences for Primrose. The tangle of bright hair was confined in two tight pigtails.

"I s'pose you think you want some crackers to-morrow?" "Crackers?" Primrose's eyes grew large with wonder.

"I don't know what they are." Primrose tried to modify her objectionable expression.

"Yes'm; Friday." "Don't you know about the Fourth? Sakes alive! Your father used to tear up the whole farm that day.

Miss Abigail strode to the small corner shelf and took down a dingy-covered volume. "It's time you knew some history," she said.

"Lots of noise. Begin early, keep it up all day. Crackers—torpedoes—rockets—when there's any money left.

promise had a sinister sound in Primrose's ears. After dinner, Miss Abigail disappeared in her bedroom.

Primrose found her seated on the floor before an open bureau drawer, her lap full of little cases.

Miss Abigail looked at her suspiciously over her glasses. "What pleases you so?" she asked, stiffly.

"Such funny names," Primrose said, deprecatingly. "Funny! What do you call your own? What under the canopy made your ma call you by such a silly name?"

"I was born on Primrose day," the offender urged. "That's why they called me Primrose."

"Never heard of anybody called Fourth of July or Christmas! There were lots of good family names to choose from."

"I like it 'cause it's yours," Primrose said, timidly, stroking a fold of the other's calico dress.

But, strangely enough, Miss Abigail tramped on the pictures as she seized Primrose in her arms.

"There," she said, as she snapped the last case together, "I don't s'pose you'll remember half I've told you, but I care more for these pictures than for anything I've got.

Dragging a pasteboard box from under the bed, she disclosed a doll's set of pewter dishes, and, with the sight of her childhood treasures, a few look came in her face.

Primrose's face shone, but she was dumb—the favor was so unexpected. Instead, she impulsively kissed Miss Abigail's arm.

"I must get supper, now," said Miss Abigail, but in the kitchen she laid her hand tenderly on the spot and stepped softly that she might hear the clink of the dishes as Primrose put them carefully away against the morrow.

At midnight the Sackett boys began their celebrating, but Primrose slept undisturbed.

She smiled as she looked back at Primrose on the porch, playing party with her dolls and the treasured dishes.

"Hi, here! Want to see a cracker?" Primrose jumped, for Sam stood close behind her.

"Benny, beat the dish-pan! Tommy, bring your drum! Sammy, save your breath to blow!

Sam saw mischief ahead when, suddenly, he saw Jake striding through the garden, and judged it wise to go home—for a season.

denly, he saw Jake striding through the garden, and judged it wise to go home—for a season.

The south porch grew warm, so Primrose gathered up her treasures and carried them into Miss Abigail's room.

Nothing came. The familiar sounds were taken up again. She could hear Jake moving in the lower meadow.

The kitchen clock striking 11 woke her. For a moment she was confused, then something unusual aroused her.

As she started up, every sense alert, she heard an ominous crackling. Out through the kitchen and round the corner of the house she flew.

A sudden thought stopped her. Miss Abigail's treasures were in danger! Wreaths of smoke were coming through the kitchen door.

A line of flame was blinking beneath the window—she must be quick. The heavy mahogany drawer stuck, then yielded.

Something dashed into the yard. That something was the astonished Lightning, urged by an energetic whip.

"Blest if I know," he gasped. "I'll have this out in a jiffy." "Auntie, I've got 'em!" piped a shrill voice from the kitchen door.

Primrose ventured to stroke her wet cheek: "I remembered you said you cared more for the pictures than for anything," she whispered.

"But I care for one thing more," and Miss Abigail kissed the surprised face. "An' there warn't a mite of danger."

"Fun on the Fourth." The little boy said he was bound to have fun.

"Mrs. Cobwigger—I'm afraid something has happened to Freddie. I haven't seen anything of him since morning."

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Francis Amory, in St. Nicholas.

Mrs. Pinkham

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience—experience creates knowledge.

No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for 20 years, day after day and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success—think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

If you are ill get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once—then write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Wheels. Mr. Sappage—I believe I will visit a mind reader and allow him to experiment with me.

The National Conventions. Prohibition at Chicago, June 27-28, 1900. Tickets on sale June 26-27.

A Paris physician tried on himself a long-life elixir he had compounded, with the result that his life in the other world will be longer than he anticipated.—Boston Globe.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Carter's Little Liver Pills. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CHICAGO TO OMAHA Double Daily Service. New line via Rockford, Dubuque, Waterloo, Fort Dodge and Council Bluffs.

Palmer's Lotion CURES PIMPLES, RED SPOTS, ECZEMA, CANKER, SORE EYELIDS, BRUISES, BURNS, and all other skin troubles. Use Lotion Soap in all cases.