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Geo. W. Wagenseiler, Editor and Proprietor

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Insurance and Suicide.

The Missouri decision that the insurance company must pay the full value of the policy of a suicide unless it can show that self-murder was contemplated at the time that the policy was taken out will open up the question as to whether the insurance of lives encourages suicide.

There is a new disease of women of fashion due to fashion alone. It is diagnosed, prescribed for and cured by physicians like any other disease.

"I was traveling through a thinly settled district in the south some time ago," said a drummer, "and had occasion to stop at a small town off the line of the road.

The professional kicker has no apparent license to live and many people wonder why he cares to live.

The pushcart man, with liquefied air at five cents a gallon, will soon become a fixture.

A good story is told of the return of a body of regular soldiers from Cuba.

TOO LATE.

Father Sees in a Police Court—A Father Finds His Prodigal Son.

"Sergeant, bring in your prisoners." The first was William Jones, an old man, with a white beard, who glanced nervously around muttering to himself: "Yes, I come all the way from California."

"What is the charge?" "Drunk on the steps of O'Flanigan's saloon, your honor."

At this the old man straightened himself up and addressed the judge: "Judge, did he say drunk?"

"That is the charge." "Judge, I ain't never been drunk in all my born days. I come all the way from California. Excuse me, judge, my head feels kind of queer."

"Well, if you were not drunk, how did you come to be lying where they found you—at O'Flanigan's saloon?"

At the reference again made to the saloon, he for the second time endeavored to collect his ideas.

"Judge," he said, "my boy left his home nine on three years ago. I'm a miner in California, and ever since he left I've been savin' up, and I brought \$20 and some change with me, and come all the way from California."

"But tell us how you came to be at O'Flanigan's."

Again he made an effort and continued: "I had spent all my change, but thinking that I would find my boy in New York, after I had my supper night before last, I wouldn't touch the twenty dollars, 'cause I thought as maybe he would need it."

He stopped for a second and then broke in with the old wail: "Yes, judge, I come all the way from California. Judge, I had walked the streets three days and three nights, and no I come along last night by that place you called a saloon, I seen a

young man I thought was my boy, so I followed him, and when he got under the lights of that place, I took a good look at him, and I seen it couldn't be my boy, he was so much fatter and redder 'an what he was. Yes, I come all the way from California."

"When the man went into the saloon, what did you do?"

"Judge, I was so disappointed and faint-hearted, I cried, and I didn't know nothing till they brought me here. My money was all gone, but I ain't found my boy, and I come all the way from California."

"Never mind, old man, you shall have your twenty dollars and five more for yourself, to buy something to eat," said the judge, and there wasn't a dry eye in the courtroom as the hat was passed around.

"Do you think you were robbed at the saloon?" asked the judge.

"I don't know, I don't know," said the old man, beginning to whimper.

"Drunk! What would my old woman say if she was to hear that they said I was drunk, and I come all the way from California?"

"Come, see how much money you have," said the judge, as the hat was passed back full. "Now, you can have a nice breakfast and be fresh to start on your journey."

"I'm much obliged," said the old man faintly, "but, judge, do you know I ain't a bit hungry now, but I do feel powerful strange."

They led the poor old man away, and the other prisoner was called. "William Smith, charged with fighting at O'Flanigan's." He was a pretty tough looking subject, with a bandage across his right cheek. As he saw the old man he called out with a thick voice:

"Hello, old graybeard, I've seen you before!"

"Young man," said the older one, "you're mighty rude, but I won't say nothing to you, because I had a son once as left his home, and I ain't never stopped a-thinkin' and a-prayin' for him sense, no—and I ain't stopped a-lovin' of him neither. Young man, never give your old father no such a time as I've had a-grievin' for my boy. When he left me my beard was as black as yours; it didn't have no gray hairs in it then, not a one, and I come to find him, yes, I come all the way from California."

During the old man's speech, the younger man had stepped gradually nearer; when he had finished he gave a start and drew from his pocket a well worn pocketbook. Springing forward, he cried: "Father, was it you?"

The old man's face shone with a radiant smile. "It's him!" he cried. "I've found my boy as was lost, yes—it's my boy. Yes, I come all the way from California—" but he had found him—too late!—Helena Laughton, in Union Signal.

Drink and Insanity.

The eight principal causes of insanity have been tabulated, and the results presented to a London scientific society.

Drink stands at the top and accounts for about a third of all the cases.—Christian Work.

Boils and Pimples Give Warning.

AN UNFAILING SIGN THAT NATURE IS APPEALING FOR HELP.

When Nature is overtaxed, she has her own way of giving notice that assistance is needed. She does not ask for help until it is impossible to get along without it.

Boils and pimples are an indication that the system is accumulating impurities which a warning that can not safely be ignored.

To neglect to purify the blood at this time means more than the annoyance of painful boils and unsightly pimples. If these impurities are allowed to remain, the system succumbs to any ordinary illness, and is unable to withstand the many ailments which are so prevalent during spring and summer.

Mrs. L. Gentile, 2004 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash., says: "I was afflicted for a long time with pimples, which were very annoying, as they disfigured my face fearfully. After using many other remedies in vain, S. S. S. promptly and thoroughly cleansed my blood, and now I rejoice in a good complexion, which I never had before."

Capt. W. H. Dunlap, of the A. G. S. R. R., Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Several boils and carbuncles broke out upon me, causing great pain and annoyance. My blood seemed to be in a riotous condition, and nothing I took seemed to do any good. Six bottles of S. S. S. cured me completely and my blood has been perfectly pure ever since."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD is the best blood remedy, because it is purely vegetable and is the only one that is absolutely free from potash and mercury.

Books free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A Stroke of Fortune. "Yes," said Mamie, "my presence of mind is what saved me on commencement day."

"Everybody was saying you must be an intellectual wonder," said Maud, admiringly.

"Well, it was partly luck. When I tied the pages of my essay together, I got them all mixed up, and I didn't discover it till I got on the platform. I was scared nearly to death. But I read straight on as if nothing had happened, and it was all for the best. It sounded too profound for anything."—Washington Star.

Willing to Risk Them. She was shy of germs in the water. She boiled and killed them by steam. She was shy of germs in the butter. And microbes that flourish in cream. She was shy of germs in the stralia. Of germs in the marrowfat bone. She was shy of germs on her money. And germs that you meet at the phone. She was shy of germs at the playhouse. Of germs on the car transfer steps; but she wasn't a bit shy of the microbes. If there were any on Archibald's lips. —Chicago Daily News.

Heartless Woman. "I dunno whether I shall ever take my wife to another ball game," said Mr. Rulter.

"Better you too much?" "O, no; I have finally got her to a point where she understands the game pretty well, but when the umpire robbed us of a run she just laughed and said: 'Ain't that funny?'"—Indianapolis Journal.

Accommodating. "I was going to ask you to take lunch with me to-day," said one board of trade man to another, "but Slims says he has invited you. Sorry he got in ahead of me."

"What time do you lunch?" "At one."

"How fortunate, Slims takes his at 12. I'll be with you."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Their Kind. The little cub a hedgehog spied. Which he begins to whine for. "Hedgehogs are not," the old bear cried. "The kind of pork-you-pine for." —L. A. W. Bulletin.

Corporation Kindness. "Henry, can't you remonstrate about those two telephone poles on our sidewalk?"

"Gracious! no, Ellen, I'm just drafting a vote of thanks to the company for not planting them in our front yard."—Detroit Free Press.

KIDNEY IS A DECEPTIVE DISORDER. It is a deceptive disease—thousands of people have it and don't know it. If you want quick results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy.

The Soldier Boy at Sea. A Kansas boy with the regulars going to Manila writes thus to his folks: "For a time this morning we were very badly frightened because we thought we were lost at sea. One of the sailors told us that the captain had neglected to wind the compass the night before; that it had run down, and that nobody knew where we were or which way to sail. After awhile we found it was one of those fool sailor jokes."—Kansas City Journal.

Does Coffee Agree With You? If not, drink Grain-O—made from pure grains. A lady writes: "The first time I make Grain-O I did not like it but after using it for one week nothing would induce me to go back to coffee." It nourishes and feeds the system. The children can drink it freely with great benefit.

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