



### A Great Nerve Medicine.

Celery King cleanses the system and builds up. It makes the blood pure. It beautifies the complexion. It cures constipation and liver disorders. It cures headache and most other aches.

Celery King cures Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

**GUARANTEED \$900 Yearly SALARY**

Men and women of good families to represent us, some to travel representing agents, others for local work looking after our interests. \$900 yearly guaranteed salary, extra commissions and expenses, rapid advancement, old established home. Grand chance for earnest man or woman to secure permanent position, liberal income and future. New, brilliant lines. Write at once.

WATFORD PRESS, 23 Church St., New Haven, Conn. 3-21-18.

### WRITERS (CORRESPONDENTS or REPORTERS)

Wanted everywhere. Stories, news, ideas, poems, illustrated articles, advance news, drawings, photographs, unique articles, etc., etc., purchased. Articles revised and prepared for publication. Books published. Send for particulars and full information before sending articles.

The Bulletin Press Association, New York.

### "COMMUNITY OF INTEREST."

Morgan and Harriman Will Direct the Policy of Railroad Combine.

Chicago, June 17.—The Tribune says that the Harriman combine has secured control of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and that a composite agreement has been made to perfect a community of interests among roads with tracks enough to twice belt the globe.

It was asserted last night that all the roads west, northwest and southwest from Chicago to the Pacific coast will be controlled in future by the following interests: Lines west of Chicago to the Pacific coast, by Harriman, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and the Rockefellers; lines northwest from Chicago, by Hill and Morgan; lines southwest from St. Louis, by Gould and the Rockefellers; lines southwest from Chicago, by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, to which probably will be added before long the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific.

J. Pierpont Morgan and E. H. Harriman, however, will be the real dictators and direct the policy to be pursued by these combinations, thus establishing the "community of interest" which has been the dream of Mr. Morgan.

Chicago, June 18.—Settlements with striking machinists were effected yesterday at five plants of local manufacturers, making a total of over 70 Chicago plants in which the strikers have won the fight inaugurated through the general strike of three weeks ago. Under the terms of settlement the strikers returned to work today at all five shops, having been granted the nine hour workday without a cut in the rate of wages paid under the ten hour system. All the firms that settled yesterday belong to the manufacturers' association. Out of the original 2,300 men involved in the local machinists' strike only 1,600 are now out of work.

### Captain King Sent to Prison.

Mobile, Ala., June 18.—In the United States court yesterday Capt. Cyril W. King, former construction quartermaster, U. S. A., at Fort Morgan, Ala., was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for one year and a half and to pay a fine of \$3,000. He gave notice of appeal and made the required bond of \$10,000. King was convicted of receiving a bribe with intent to influence his official conduct.

### BEST FOR THE BOWELS



IF you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or cathartics, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take Cascarets.

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Gripe, Never Sicken, Weakens, or Grips. 10 CENTS per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO OR NEW YORK.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

### How Jess Received the Governor.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON BONNELL.

"JESS will receive him as nicely as a pin, hey, little girl?" "Of course, daddy. What do I go to mademoiselle's for, if I can't receive little things like governors? That comes into our 'manners' course. You and mumsie go and 'joy yourselves like everything. I'll entertain your governor like an angel unawares."

Jessica's gay voice ran on reassuringly, but still little Mrs. Collier hesitated. "If it wasn't for Madeleine's getting all ready for us—" she said; "but I really feel as if we have no right to disappoint her, Ben. Isn't it just like fate, that the two events should come together like this?" "Oh, cruel fate, thou'st unkind!" laughed the big man on the couch. He reached out a long arm and gathered Jess in.

"Don't fret, little Miss Collier," he said; "just leave the governor to this young lady. Mark my words, he'll be struck the minute he lays eyes on her. Be on your dignity, Puss in Boots, above all, be on your dignity." "Jess on her dignity!" jibed Janet, over by the window. Janet was 17, and included in Aunt Madeleine's invitation.

For retaliation Jessica rose and mined across the room to Janet with a stately flirt of her short petticoats and a distracting smile. She extended her hand on a level with the dimple in her chin. "Gov. Ives? Pleased to meet you—aw, really now," she cried, sweetly. "Pray be seated; charming weather."

"Good!" exclaimed Judge Collier, heartily; "there, you have the regular high-handed thing. Get your bonnet on, and we'll start right off, Miss Collier. I'll risk the governor." "Well, I suppose we must go," the little mother said. "But you won't let Midget do anything dreadful, Jessica? And you'll stay on your dignity?"

"Till the curtain drops, mumsie." "Then I'll go and get ready, Ben. Come, Janet. It's really just for an hour or so. What time does the train get in, Ben? We ought to be home by eight."

"Six forty-five, I believe, unless the time-table's up for repairs. It usually is." Jess was rummaging among the papers. She brought out the time-table in triumph and consulted it wisely. "It's set for 6:45, daddy, that's what the table's set for," she proclaimed. "So he won't be here for supper, anyway. It takes half an hour for Jerry to drive him up."

"Still, you must have the table all set for him, Jess—in case, you know," her mother called back from the door, in gentle oblivion to puns. Gov. Ives had been nominated by his party for re-election, and was to make a speech at a campaign rally in Drinkwater the next forenoon. Judge Collier, as the most prominent citizen, had been asked to entertain him. Thus it came about. The coincidence of an important and long-standing engagement at Mrs. Collier's sister, a few miles away, on the very day of the governor's arrival, was an unfortunate accident.

It was 11 by the time they got away. Then Midget woke from her nap and had to be "bread-and-milked," as Jess styled it. They were both in high spirits over their little luncheon. "Think of it, Midge, we're going to receive a real, live governor, you and I," Jess cried, gayly. "Oh, my! You certain possytif he's 'live, Jessie?"

"Mercy, yes; yes, indeed, Midge. And we've got to treat him beautifully, you know, so he'll send daddy to congress some day, or—make him president or something. You never can tell what a governor might do if you gave him a fair chance. What we want to do is to furnish the chance; see, mon enfant?"

The big, beautiful house was in perfect order, but Jess hovered over the rooms in their turn, straightening and smoothing and blowing off imaginary flecks of dust. Little Midget, duly impressed with the occasion's solemnity, trotted in her wake.

"There, all that is needed now are the flowers. We'll go and cut flowers, Midge, of my heart. Mercy, yes; she must have a little pink sunbonnet on when the governor's coming. One more freckle on your nose, Midget Collier, and daddy's political chances would be lost—lost!"

Out on a wide, shady lawn it was beautiful. There was nothing to distract one's attention from the careful selection and arranging of the gubernatorial nosegays. But Jessica glanced across the low hedge occasionally with suspicion.

"It's holidays, I'm afraid 'Rain's at home, Midget," she said.

"Yes'm, so'm I 'fraid, 'cos I know he is—'cos I sawed him this minute." A mop of football hair rose slowly over the hedge. Being red, it was like the rising of the sun, as Jess would have taken pains to tell him, only she had said it so often it was old. She went on with her posy-picking with great dignity.

"Prithee, faire ladye," quavered a voice, timidly, "might a poor menial crave audience, or is it—er—your busy day?" "Yes, it is, Lorain Cox. You mustn't bother. I'm getting ready for the governor's reception to-night."

"Yes, he is; he's a-comin'! The governor's a-comin'!" supplemented Midget, importantly.

"Oh, come off, Midget."

"Lorain Cox, if you don't believe us, you—needn't," Jess cried, indignantly. After the roses were picked and tossed into bowls with happy abandon—Jessica was a born artist for flower effects—there were the pansies to arrange in low glass dishes. It took several trips to the beds in the garden. On the last one Jess discovered a huge placard conspicuously fastened to the mulberry tree, "Please do not talk to the motorman," it read.

"It looks a little 'rainy,'" Jess said aloud. Her brown eyes danced with delight. She exulted in that boy's pranks. They had grown out of pin-flores and kilts, side by side, with only the hawthorn hedge to keep them apart—which it never did. They had sparred and quarreled and taken comfort together. The mischief one alone could not devise, the pair of them had always been able to compass.

"I say, Jess—" "Why, it is 'raining!'" "Oh, I say, Jess, let's be sensible, just to see what the sensation is. See, I'll be the governor and you receive me. Put on all the frills, now."

"Oh, will he come in that way?" murmured Jess in surprise. "Why, Lorain Cox!" She added. For she had discovered his rig. He had on a tall silk hat and carried a gold-headed cane. His tall, lank figure was straightened and dignified, and the dressing-case in his hand completed the disguise perfectly. He might have been the governor himself. The boy had seen that dignity and was copying all his little tricks of manner with artful pains. Jess recognized the imitation and shrieked appreciation.

"Now, then—go ahead practice while the sun shines, why don't you?" "But I can't see it shine—through that tall silk hat," objected Jess innocently.

"Oh, look here, don't you see I've powdered my hair? Call that red?" Lorain lifted the tall hat for a momentary glimpse of his flour-whitened locks. Then the "reception" began and went on hilariously. Midget, the only spectator, was overcome with shyness at the strange "guvvynor's" impressive manners, and fled into the house to Bridget unceremoniously.

"All right, curtain falls. You'll do, Jess," sighed Lorain, mopping his heated face. "You do very well yourself," Jess returned generously. "I wish you were the governor, 'Rain, honest. I dread him."

"Jess Collier—dreads—him. A plain governor. What are we coming to?" "Coming to grief. I feel it in my bones. I know I shall slip up some way," groaned Jessica.

"There, there, don't worry. Bless your little heart, ain't I here? By my broadsword I swear to help you out of whatsoever scrapes you do fall into."

"Good boy!" murmured Jess. It would not have happened but for two circumstances. Those were Jessica's near-sightedness and the governor's special train. Together they conspired against her. If she only hadn't been so proud about wearing her glasses, and the terrible little narrow-gauge road from the junction down hadn't put on airs and a special train for the distinguished guest.

Late in the afternoon, Midget's good behavior gave out and she demanded amusement peremptorily. She would have no more of sitting still, in her best dress, with her small brown fingers clasped in anguish. Change! change! there must something happen.

"Oh, Midge, just a little while longer," coaxed Jess. "You'll get all 'un-ironed!'" "I are it now," wailed Midget, "an' I've smelted the 'fumery all out o' my hangerchief. I'm goin' out an' roll a summersault, that's what."

"Midget Collier, no!" "Right straight this minute," threatened the child. "Then we'll do something nice—nicer'n 'summersaults, my!'" "What's it goin' to be, Jessie Collier?"

"Why, let me see—why," cogitated weary Jess. Then her eyes brightened with inspiration. The very thing! "We'll water the lawn, Midge, 'that's what,'" she cried. "With the water-ropes, same as Jerry. Only you must stand away off, out of the wet. Come along."

There were still nearly two hours before the governor would arrive. Jessica entered into the fun with hilarity. Lorain said Jess and fun went together like a cup and saucer. She dragged out the great hose and coupled it on to the hydrant carefully. Then the good time began. Midge shrieked with glee and danced wildly, just outside the reach of the splendid curving stream of water.

First the rose bushes got a drenching, then the pansies, then the poppy rows. And then, but not quite yet. There's no use anticipating. For ten, 15, 20 minutes the frolic went on hilariously. Midget was entertained. Then the gate clicked and some one came up the long, straight path.

Jess saw him and smiled maliciously. "There he comes, play-acting, again. Now we'll see," she thought, "I'm going to pay off all my bad debts, plenty of 'em! That boy'll find it's the rainy season."

And with a quick tug at the big pipe, she turned its stream full on the advancing figure. "Won't hurt anything; that plug hat's an old attic thing, and the coat's—oh! oh, what shall I do? oh! oh! I'm going to run!"

For it wasn't Lorain. "It's the govynor! You've watered the govynor!" shrieked Midget, in wild excitement. "Oh, he's all drip-drenched! He's all un-ironed! He's drownin'!"

The hose fell heavily and lay tunneling a long sinuous trench in the

path unhindered. Jess fled in frantic terror. She did not once look back. Manners, dignity, responsibility, sanity itself, deserted her for the moment. The horror of what she had done appalled her. She saw prison bars and stripes looming before her. The very heavens seemed shutting down over her head and she gasped for breath.

Behind the hawthorn hedge the laugh froze on Lorain Cox's lips. His fiery head rose out of eclipse slowly, and he saw the worst. The spirit of knighthood burst from bud into blossom in his soul at that moment.

How long Jess lay on her bed with her fingers in her ears she never knew; a minute? an hour? a week? Then she righted herself and got on her feet weakly. It was borne in upon her that she must go down if she died in the attempt. Somewhere, out there on the lawn the governor was slowly "drip-drenching." What was he thinking about? Was he—did governors swear? Did they rave and call down vengeance? Did they, oh, did they carry dry clothes in their grips?

She was made of hero flesh and blood, but her feet almost refused to move. She went to the head of the stairs three times and back. Then with a gasp she plunged out and down the stairs, like a little hunted white animal.

Suddenly, on the landing, she heard a laugh, then another. That one was 'Rain's. The first one boomed out again, deep and hearty. She peeped between the palms in the landing window. They were out there together, the governor and 'Rain. And Midget—Midget was perched on the governor's knee. He did not look terrible with wrath, and he looked, he certainly did, dry!

"No, you couldn't call it a cut and dried reception," drifted up to her in Lorain's voice with Lorain's big laugh at the end. Midge and the governor joined in enjoyingly.

"Rather a cool one, though," added 'Rain, trying to be dignified, with bizarre effect. "You see, she thought she was dousing me—Jess is near-sighted. She meant to be regularly on her dignity when you came, been practicing all day."

He had made the explanation once before, and added another about Mr. and Mrs. Collier's absence. 'Rain was really doing snely. Knighthood sat upon his big, lank figure and freckled face with becoming grace.

"Good boy!" murmured Jess. And, talking heart, she went on downstairs bravely. It was a hurried, meek little maiden who crossed the wet grass to the lawn chairs and held out a little shaking brown hand. Lorain gasped and sought for landmarks, to assure himself that it was Jess.

"He's all ironed again," volunteered Midge, cheerfully. "'Rain ironed him, didn't you, 'Rain? He wasn't so very awful wet."

The governor's eyes danced wickedly, but his heartstrings tugged with pity for the sorry little maid and he forbore.

"Miss Jess?" he said, grasping the limp little hand warmly. "Well, Miss Jess, I am delighted to see you. I've put you into my speech already—your strong temperance principles, I mean!"

And of course Jess laughed. And of course the worst was over. It was a very gay little party, out on the lawn, until Jessica, by and by, stole away to make up for her terrible reception as much as possible by getting the ill-used governor the very daintiest of teas.

When the rest of the family came home at eight, things bore a peaceful, successful aspect that assuaged Mrs. Collier's dim forebodings at once.

Mr. Collier had been undisturbed. When they were alone a moment, he made jovial inquiries. "Well, Puss in Boots, was he struck the minute he clapped eyes on you, eh?"

"Y-yes, daddy, the minute," faltered Jess, demurely. "Ah, told you so, little Miss Collier! And you stayed on your dignity, Puss?"

"No, Oh no, daddy; I'm sorry, but I ran away." "Jessica!" The little mother's voice was stern with reproof.

"He was so wet and drippy, mumsie, you'd have run away yourself," Jess murmured. And then in real humility she told the whole awful story. Nobody laughed but Janet.

That evening late, Jess stole out to the hawthorn hedge and waited. Lorain was sitting on his doormstep in the moonlight, laughing softly to himself. His eyes caught the glint of light on Jessica's glasses—so Jess had "gone into" her specs!—and he sprang to his feet.

"Faire ladye," he began, with his hand on his heart. "No, don't, 'Rain; I'm in earnest," interrupted Jess, soberly. "Kneel down on that side of the hedge. I'm going to knight you."

She leaned across and laid her little open hand on his shoulder gently. "In the name of Saint Somebody, I make thee a knight," she repeated, gravely. "Be brave and—and loyal, and help folks out of their scrapes as you did to-day. Rise, Sir Lorain."

Long afterward these two, made one, remembered that little moonlight ceremony with a wistful tenderness for their lost boyhood and girlhood. But the revelry of the man always ended in a laugh.—Young People.

### MINISTER TO PERSIA.

Lloyd C. Griscom, of Pennsylvania, Secures the Place.

MR. LOOMIS GOES TO PORTUGAL.

He is Succeeded in Venezuela by Herbert W. Bowen, the Present Minister to Persia—Mr. Loomis Loses \$2,500 a Year by the Transfer.

Washington, June 18.—The following changes in diplomatic posts were announced yesterday: Lloyd C. Griscom, of Pennsylvania, present first secretary of the legation at Constantinople, has been made minister to Persia; Francis B. Loomis, minister to Venezuela, has been transferred to Portugal, vice John S. Irwin, of Iowa, resigned; Herbert W. Bowen, of New York, present minister to Persia, has been transferred to Caracas, succeeding Mr. Loomis as minister to Venezuela; Spencer F. Eddy, of Illinois, present second secretary at Paris, has been made first secretary at Constantinople; Arthur Bailly Blanchard, of Louisiana, has been promoted from third to second secretary at Paris.

By his transfer from Venezuela to Portugal Minister Loomis loses \$2,500 a year. He is now on leave in England. His actual rank will be the same, namely, minister extraordinary and envoy plenipotentiary.

Mr. Bowen, who becomes the new minister to Venezuela, has a most



LOYD C. GRISCOM.

creditable record in the consular and diplomatic service. He became United States consul at Barcelona in 1890, and his office at the post was raised to the rank of consulate general five years afterward. Mr. Bowen stuck to his post through the exciting days preceding the Spanish-American war as long as any American could have found safety on Spanish soil. At the conclusion of the war he was about to return to his old post, but instead was appointed minister resident and consul general to Persia.

Lloyd Griscom has had a short but brilliant career as first secretary of legation at Constantinople. He has discharged the full duties of a minister at that important capital for several years, and if the American mission claims have been successfully adjusted at last, a large part of the credit belongs to Mr. Griscom. He receives in his new capacity a salary of \$5,000 a year. He is a son of the president of the American Line Steamship company.

Spencer Eddy has had a good deal of experience in diplomatic life. When Secretary Hay was ambassador to London Mr. Eddy, who was a resident of Chicago, became an honorary and personal attaché to the ambassador. When Mr. Eddy returned with Mr. Hay to Washington he was appointed third secretary of embassy at London in February, 1899. Four months later he was promoted to be second secretary of embassy at Paris, where he has achieved great popularity.

Mr. Blanchard, who becomes the second secretary to the embassy at Paris, has been in Paris less than one year. He is related to ex-Senator Blanchard, of Louisiana.

### Steel Trust Wants It All.

Cleveland, June 15.—The Leader says: "The United States Steel corporation and its allied interests are preparing to control its four big competitors and thereby lay the foundation for a monopoly of the steel industries in the United States. The purpose is to control the iron market when the dull season arrives, and by controlling the entire output possible ruinous competition will be avoided."

### Strike Against Non-Unionists.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 18.—Three hundred and fifty men and boys employed at the Harry E. colliery of the Temple Coal company, at Forty-Fort, went on strike yesterday because three carpenters refused to join the union after being requested to do so. The company officials refused to interfere in the matter. It is thought the carpenters can be induced to join the union and the strike will be short lived.

### Colombian Rebels Still Defiant.

Kingston, Jam., June 18.—Advices received from Colombia say the rebels refuse to lay down their arms, owing to the ill treatment of political prisoners by government officers. Prominent prisoners were paraded through the principal towns. As a warning to Liberal sympathizers the Colombian government has purchased the steamer Darien to be used as a gunboat.

### Holsted.

Crawford-Dauber went out west and sank so low that he stole a horse. Do you suppose his captors realized that the poor devil had once been an artist? Crabshaw—I guess so. As soon as he fell into the hands of the hanging committee they skied him.—Judge.



### After Baby Comes.

In the days following the baby's birth there is often a long up-hill struggle to recover strength, and the nurse busies herself in the preparation of jellies and broths for the invalid.

When Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is used as a preparative for motherhood the baby's advent is practically painless, there is abundant strength to nurse and nourish the child, and a rapid recovery from the shock and strain inseparable from maternity.

"I was pleased that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. C. W. Young, of West Regent Street (Lee Park), Wilkesbarre, Pa.: "When I had those mishaps I began to think I would never have children. My stomach almost broke and I would get sick at my stomach and have such headaches I did not know what to do; they used to get so early in the morning and I used to dread to get up. I had then I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When baby was expected I felt all the time I was that way. I felt all the time and I never got those dizzy spells. I hardly ever have a nervous headache any more. I have a perfect romp of a boy; he is the light of our home. I am now twenty years old and my baby is almost eight months old. I weigh 150 pounds, and the baby 15 pounds. We feel very grateful for the good your medicine did for us. We are both healthy, thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels healthy.

### A Sad Reminder.

He was a weary tramp, and had riddled nearly every house in Trent before anyone recognized his claim to sympathy. Even then he returned the gift of food. "Take back your cake, kind lady; said the tramp. "I returns it unbroken."

"What's the matter, my poor man?" "It brings back sad, sad memories I can't touch it." The lady was moved to tears. "Does it make you think of the cake your mother used to make?" she gently asked.

"No, m'lady—not that. It makes me think of the stones I used to break in Portland!"—London Answers.

### The Dear Old Excuse.

When other people make mistakes they lack somewhere, I claim; but when I err or misbehave, there's always some foul circumstance that ought to bear the blame. —Chicago Record-Herald.

### WILLING TO TRY IT.

She—Do you believe that out of sight is out of mind? He—I am not quite sure. Suppose we turn the gas down and settle the question to our mutual satisfaction. —Chicago Daily News.

### Superseded.

Of statesmen none so more we'll hear. The mighty men will disappear. We'll give attention once again To summer girls and shirt-waist men. —Washington Star.

### She Had No Objection.

Maud (to her friend)—A tramp came to our house and asked me if he had any objection to his eating a little snow out of the front yard, and that he was nearly famished, and ma said: "Certainly not; only to please to try and eat it off the walk as much as he possibly could, so as to save John shoveling."—Judge.

### Too Much Restraint.

"Mamma," said five-year-old Willie, "may I go over to Tommy Jones' to play?" "Why do you want to spend so much of your time at his home?" asked the mother. "Cause his mother hasn't got any new carpets," replied Willie.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Spelling for a Fight.

Judge—This man says you assaulted him Pat. Did he tread on the tail of your coat? Pat—No, yer honor. Judge—Then what made you hit him? Pat—Bekase he didn't trid on it, be jabbers!—Leslie's Weekly.

### The Autocrat.

"Of course I am master in my own house," said Mr. Meekton, a little indignantly. "How do you manage it?" "I tell Henrietta to do just what she pleases. And she goes ahead and does it.—Washington Star.

### DON'T TOBACCO SPT Your Life Away!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily made well, strong, mucous, full of new life and vigor by taking **DR. T. B. BARKER'S** that makes weak men strong. Many get ten pounds in ten days. Over 500,000 bottles. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. BARKER'S REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York.