

HOW ROOSEVELT KILLED A LION.

Ex-President Describes Exploit In Detail.

HE BROKE THE BEAST'S BACK

Three Well Directed Shots Required to Dispose of the Animal, Which Was on Point of Charging the Hunter—Lady Pease an Interested Spectator of Encounter.

How Colonel Roosevelt killed one of his first lions is told by the former president himself in an article entitled "African Game Trails," written for the November Scribner's. Here is the experience of the distinguished sportsman from his own pen:

"At this moment my black aids, Simba, came running up to me and took hold of the bridle. He had seen the chase from the line of march and had cut across to join me. There was no other aid, or gun bearer, anywhere near, and his action was plucky, for he was the only man afoot, with the lion at bay. Lady Pease had also ridden up and was an interested spectator only some fifty yards behind me.

How Roosevelt Planned.
"Now, an elderly man with a varied past, which includes rheumatism, does not vault lightly into the saddle, as his sons, for instance, can, and I had already made up my mind that in the event of the lion's charging it would be wise for me to trust to straight powder rather than to try to scramble into the saddle and get under way in time. The arrival of my two companions settled matters. I was not sure of the speed of Lady Pease's horse, and Simba was on foot, and it was of course out of the question for me to leave him. So I said, 'Good, Simba; now we'll see this thing through,' and gentle mannered Simba smiled a shy appreciation of my tone, though he could not understand the words.

"The Lion Turned Toward Us."
"I still could not see the lion when I knelt, but he was now standing up, looking first at one group of horses and then at the other, his tail lashing to and fro, his head held low and his lips dropped over his mouth in peculiar fashion, while his harsh and savage growling rolled thunderously over the plain. Seeing Simba and me on foot, he turned toward us, his tail lashing quicker and quicker.

"Resting my elbow on Simba's bent shoulder, I took steady aim and pressed the trigger. The bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, and the lion fell over on his side, one fore leg in the air. He recovered in a moment and stood up, evidently very sick, and once more faced me, growling hoarsely. I think he was on the eve of charging. I fired again at once, and this bullet broke his back just behind the shoulders, and with the next I killed him outright after we had gathered round him."

Kills Leopard Baredhand.
"My friend Carl Akely of Chicago actually killed baredhand a leopard which sprang on him. He had already wounded the beast twice, crippling it in one front and one hind paw, whereupon it charged, followed him as he tried to dodge the charge and struck him full just as he turned. It bit him in one arm, biting again and again as it worked up the arm from the wrist to the elbow, but Akely threw it, holding its throat with the other hand and flinging its body to one side.
"It luckily fell on its side with its two wounded legs uppermost, so that it would not tear him. He fell forward with it and crushed in its chest with his knees until he distinctly felt one of its ribs crack. This, said Akely, was the first moment when he felt he might conquer. Redoubling his efforts, with knees and hand he actually choked and crushed the life out of it, although his arm was badly bitten."

THE LATEST FROM PARIS.

Mme. Noria's New Gown Bags at the Knees, but Not at the Ankles.
Arriving in New York from Paris, Mme. Noria, a singer, wore the most extraordinary suit which has yet been brought over this year and shows which way the Parisian fashions are blowing. It is a very tight fitting chiffon velvet which bags at the knees and is very tight around the ankles. In fact, it is impossible for Mme. Noria to take very long steps while she wears this gown. It is trimmed only with round Spanish buttons, also of black. To top it off she wore a smart turban of white fox and carried a white fox muff and stole. Mme. Noria's appearance on the dock was almost a sensation.

The Crisis.
"Now, Tommy, you must go and wash yourself."
"Ma, if you keep on at this washing business you'll queer me whole vacation."—Century Magazine.

Men's lives are as thoroughly blended each with each as the air they breathe.—Elliot.

Explained.
"You say the defendant pulled the plaintiff's hair. Now, how could the defendant, who is an unusually short man, reach the plaintiff's hair, the plaintiff being fully six feet tall?"
"Why, you see, your honor, the plaintiff was butting him at the time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Evidently a Connoisseur.
"Bliggins is a connoisseur in cigars."
"He must be. Otherwise he might make an occasional mistake and give away a good one."—Washington Star.

A bold onset is half the battle—Garibaldi.
There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca.

HER SCARECROW.

He Proved to Be Even Good Enough For a Husband.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Olida walked down the green aisle of waving corn. The long green leaves flickered high over her sunny head, and the sound of the wind sweeping through the ten acre cornfield was like the roaring swell of the ocean in her ears.

Now and then she tore a plump ear from the juicy stalks and thrust it in her split basket. She did this leisurely, for it was yet early morning, and there were hours before dinner, and she loved to walk in the corn.

The rustle of the leaves drowned all other sounds, and thus it was that she came suddenly upon a man crouching on the ground before her. As her pink skirts came into his range of vision he leaped to his feet and stood, half turned for flight.

The girl grew white with sudden fear and in her turn made as if to run away. The man's face lost its strained intensity and relaxed for an instant. She saw that he was young and good looking and that he was afraid of something.

"What do you want? Why are you here?"
"They're after me," he said grimly.
"Who?"
"The constables."

"What have you done?" She did not shrink away from him as he expected she might do.

"Nothing at all—if you will believe me! The Lauroton railroad station was robbed last night, and it seemed necessary to arrest some one on suspicion. As a matter of fact, I'm one of the faculty of the Moreton school, and I'm taking a walking tour through New England."

"I submitted to arrest, but on my way to the lockup my gorge rose at the thought of the unnecessary ignominy to be thrust upon me, so I broke



"I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TAKE IT DOWN AND PUT ON THE OTHERS."

away and lost myself in this field. I suppose they will get me in the end, for I am dog tired now."

She lifted her troubled eyes to his and read truth in their steady brown depths.

Something black came into view among the stalks and then disappeared. For an instant she started and then laughed. Involuntarily the stranger's face relaxed into a smile.

"They will trace you by your clothes—your appearance?" she asked quickly. He glanced down at his plain gray clothes and nodded assent.

"Come with me." She led the way through the corn, and he followed her, starting back with a muttered ejaculation as a black coat sleeve came into view.

"It's nothing—it's only one of the scarecrows in the corn," she reassured him. "I thought you might take it down and put on the others—they're black—and the hat is different. They're all clean. You see, they've been out in the rain and"—She hesitated.

"That's a glorious idea of yours," he said gratefully. He pulled the man of straw from the post and tore away the tattered garments.

"Now"—he said, but she had rustled away toward her basket, and he heard her plucking juicy ears in the distance.

When he came toward her with his gray clothes on his arm he forgave her the smile that lurked about her red lips.

"The truly great are modest," he said, looking quizzically at the torn and shrunken garments that were distributed more or less effectively over his large frame. "And now how shall I thank you?"

"By making good your escape," she said quickly. "We don't want to make a failure of it now. Give me your gray clothes. There—I'll put them in the bottom of my basket, and some day when it's all over you may come for them. Now follow this row down to the open field. Cross that to the orchard, and in one corner among the apple trees there is the shed where we sort apples for market. In the loft overhead there is clean straw where you can sleep till night, when it will be safe for you to go on. Goodly!"

In an instant she was gone and he was alone in the rustling corn. He heard the distant shout of a man's voice and another voice in reply. Then he turned and went swiftly toward the green alleys toward the orchard.

November winds were whistling through the lifeless stalks now gathered into great sheaves over the stubby field. Olida walked slowly over the brown earth, drinking in the tang of the coming frost and the zest of the dying year.

Suddenly she came upon the place where she had met the fleeing stranger whom she had aided in the midsummer. She looked at the fantastic figure perched on a shock of corn, and her lips parted in a joyous laugh.

"It is you—you have come back?" she asked.

The scarecrow man grinned happily. "I came back for my clothes," he admitted.

Olida flushed under the brown of her cheek. "They are in the house. I told mother about you. We have been ex-

pecting you to come back."
"I am glad of that," he said simply. "You saw the papers after I escaped? You know that I spoke the truth to you that day. They captured the real criminal." He regarded her steadily.

"I read all about it, and we were very glad."
"Thank you. And I hope you were not annoyed that day you met the constable and his men." He was standing beside her, looking down at her sweet face with a certain earnestness in his own that had never been there before.

"Yes; I met them and told them I had seen one man and that he looked like a scarecrow." She laughed and added mischievously, "The constable said that couldn't be the man because he was looking for a dude."

They laughed in unison as the stranger picked up a suit case and prepared to follow Olida toward the farmhouse. When they were in sight of the comfortable dwelling the man stopped and looked wistfully at the girl beside him.

"Do you know, I rather hate to part with these 'scarecrow garments.' They have served me more than one good turn."

"More than one?" repeated Olida, faltering.

"More than one," with an enigmatic smile. "So with your permission I shall carry them away with me, that once while I may come back and play the scarecrow as I did this morning."

"We shall not need a scarecrow until next May, when the corn is up, but you might come and practice."

And so it happened that when the following August came and the rustling corn formed arching green alleys Olida and the scarecrow man walked together in the cornfield.

"And you do not object to having a scarecrow for a husband?" he was saying, tenderly, her hand lost in his grasp.

"No, indeed!" blushed Olida happily.

Died at Eighty-eight, as She Predicted. Prophesying early in life that she would live to see her eighty-eighth birthday, Mrs. Julia H. Hancock of Brockton, Mass., died a few days ago on the day she had previously set for her death. Infirmities of age are given as the cause. She gave no particular reason for her prediction, although she seemed imbued with the belief that her prophecy would come true.

Small axes fell great trees.—German Proverb.
He Wasn't Glad. Steve Long is noted for attending to his own business and saying very little about it. One morning an inquisitive neighbor met him returning from the woods with his gun over his shoulder.

"Hello, Steve! Where hev yer been—a-shootin'?"
"Yep."
"What ye been a-shootin'?"
"Dog."
"Yer dog? My! Was he mad?"
"Waal, he didn't look so danged well pleased."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Blind Leading the Blind. Neither Mabel nor Willie has quite mastered the intricacies of English pronunciation, but each delights in correcting the other's mistakes. Last Sunday, while the family was at dinner, Mabel said:

"Please pass the dravy."
Willie saw his chance and quickly exclaimed:

"Well, Mabel! If I couldn't say dravy I'd say dress."—Woman's Home Companion.

Pretty Ancient. "Billinger has some very ancient airs in his new comic opera."
"Ancient! Say, I'll bet he has gone back for some of them to the time when the morning stars sang together!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Double Job. "Tell me—ah—are you a—er—ah—a good, careful, excellent cook and a—er—a very superior laundress?"
"Ah-h! No! Wot dye take me fer—twins?"—Harper's Weekly.

Inconsistent. "Your pictures are inconsistent."
"Why?"
"You illustrate this hobo joke with a wash drawing."—Kansas City Times.

Winter finds out what summer lays up.—Anderson.

MRS. BELMONT IS NOW AN AUTHOR

She Combines Suffragette Promoting With Literature.

STORIES OF CHILD LIFE.

The Volume Records Doings of Mrs. Belmont's Own Children—French Artist the Illustrator—Disposal of the Profits.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the New York society woman who has joined the woman's suffrage movement, has written a story book for children which is almost ready for the publisher's hands, and if it were not for the great demands made upon her time by suffrage work the set of tales would have been among this year's holiday offerings.

As a story writer Mrs. Belmont appears in a new guise, for few if any of her most intimate friends have had the slightest inkling of this gift. The book was begun several months ago and has been written for her own pleasure and for the entertainment of her grandchildren, the two sons of the Duchess of Marlborough.

The stories have pleased this audience of two, the youthful Marquis of Blanford and Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill, both of whom have listened eagerly to the recital of stirring tales of the two heroes and one heroine who are the principal characters in the book.

It was her grandchildren's absorbed interest in these stories, which they have clamored for ever since they were old enough to listen to stories, that suggested the idea of collecting the tales and presenting them in book form for others to read, for Mrs. Belmont explained, "if these tales of other children give pleasure to my grandchildren might they not interest and entertain others?"

Stories of the Vanderbilts. The charm of this little volume is that they are all true stories, being a faithful chronicle of the doings of Mrs. Belmont's own children when they were growing up, so that when the sons of the Duchess of Marlborough listen to these stories of the pranks and the childish plays of the two heroes and the heroine in the book they are really hearing about their own mother and their two uncles, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mr. Harold Sterling Vanderbilt.

The book will be handsomely illustrated, Mrs. Belmont says, she herself having arranged personally with a well known French artist to make the drawings, and it will be a volume of unusual beauty as well as of unusual interest.

It has not been decided by the author to what purpose the funds from the sale of the book will be placed, but it would not be at all surprising if they were devoted to the cause of woman suffrage, in which Mrs. Belmont is interested.

Where Nature Cooks the Food. In certain parts of New Zealand both native and white women use the natural hot springs to do their cooking. In the Rotorua region, it matters not whether the cook wishes to roast a piece of meat, boil potatoes or steam pudding, all she has to do is to step out of doors and place the cooking utensil in a steam hole. The cover is then put on, and a piece of coarse sack over the whole completes the operation. In a short time dinner is ready. At Whakarewarewa the entire earth just beneath the surface is a mass of boiling springs. Millions of gallons of hot water hiss and steam, sending vapors skyward in great white clouds. Strike the ground almost anywhere with a stick and the hole thus formed fills with hot water. Hot water for baths, the week's washing and for the ordinary purposes of the household is always on hand.

AN ESKIMO CHURCH.

The Sealskin Sweatbox Finally Went to the Dogs.

The missionary sent to the States for a magic lantern and the necessary slides. Thirteen months later they reached him.

Everything in Budin Land dates from that ever memorable magic lantern exhibition. From 300 miles around the expectant Eskimos came in behind their dog teams to participate in the wonderful event. The spectators were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The scent of sperm oil and blubber and sweat soaked furs mingled in the air. Although the thermometer outside registered 40 degrees below zero, the perspiration poured in streams down the faces of the enthusiastic audience. And when the struggling list of arctic explorers who have touched at Cumberland sound have long since been forgotten the recollection of that magic lantern show will linger in the minds of the Eskimo from Meta Incognita to Cockburn Land.

But a few nights later a sad fate befell the sealskin church. It was eaten up by a pack of hungry Eskimo dogs. These savage creatures, starved almost to death, made a raid on the edifice during a blinding snowstorm. Managing to get on top of the roof, they soon tore holes in the sealskin covering and, in spite of the exertions of the missionary and his entire congregation, they actually ran away with the greater portion of the frozen skin, which, at a safe distance, they proceeded to devour.—Everybody's Magazine.

Lingering Superstitions. "Will a lucky gentleman give an unlucky one a tiny nasot to bring luck?" runs an advertisement in an English paper. Here was a poor soul—for if there is a creature on the face of the earth whose fate calls for pity it is a gentleman who is down-keeping in her poverty some of that superstition or faith, whatever it may be called, which is the only thing that keeps misfortune from crushing the sufferer. If only she could get the right charm she might induce fate to look kindly on her! People call this a practical age, but evidences of superstition continue to appear. A lawsuit not long ago revealed the fact that an astrologer kept a motorcar and had a fine house, etc., all of which came out of the proceeds of a zodiacal magazine.

As Exemplified. Having given his order twenty minutes before and seeing no indications that his dinner was ready, the man with the sparse whiskers beckoned to a waiter.

"My friend," he said, "perhaps I have made a mistake. Is this a pay as you enter restaurant?"

"No, sir," responded the young man in the white apron, yawning. "This is a dinner cooked while you wait restaurant."

Thereupon he resumed his dreamy, contemplative attitude, and the man with the sparse whiskers waited some more.—Chicago Tribune.

A Failure. "There isn't enough analogy in the English language," proclaimed the bright young student. "If we say 'maie and female' to distinguish sex, why not say 'lion and feilon' too?"

"Wouldn't distinguish," replied the practical professor, "considering both are felines."—Baltimore American.

Her Very Picture. He (rhapsodically)—I adore every thing that is grand, exquisite, super eminent. I love the peerless, the serene, the perfect in life. She (blushing coyly)—Oh, George, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?

Our Neighbor. What is meant by our neighbor we cannot doubt. It is every one with whom we are brought into contact, whoever it be, whom we have any means of helping.—Dean Stanley.

The Awakener. Romantic Girl—Oh, George, what a sweet dream is love! Cynical Bus Driver—Yes, and matrimony is the alarm clock.—Illustrated Bits.

Tomorrow's Breakfast — Have it Shot from Guns

Surprise your folks tomorrow morning with a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Then let them pass judgment. Go back to the old foods if your folks think them better. But we know that you won't go back. These are curious foods, but not made to be curious. The object was to make them digestible. They are exploded by steam for the simple purpose of blasting the starch granules to pieces. But the result is crisp, gigantic grains, made four times as porous as bread. The result is unbroken, nut-like grains, ready to melt in the mouth. Foods that the children like. They are liked so well that seventeen million dishes were consumed last month. Now it is your turn to try them.

Puffed Wheat—10c Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process: The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

TO SAVE THE BABIES.

Conference to Be Held to Consider Ways and Means.

CAUSES OF HIGH MORTALITY.

Most Blame Placed on Congestion Under Unfavorable Conditions as to Light and Air—Improved Tenements May Be Solution of Problem.

Appropos of the appalling mortality among the babies not only in our own land, but throughout the civilized world, no single factor can be pointed out as the primary cause of this blot on our modern civilization. The problem and the possibility of its prevention are to be considered at a special conference arranged by the American Academy of Medicine, to be held at New Haven, Conn., Nov. 11 and 12. What are regarded as contributory causes can be gathered from some of the subjects mentioned in the announcement for the meeting. Four avenues for the introduction of preventive measures are indicated by the titles of the sessions—medical, philanthropic, institutional and educational. Practically all causes suggested under these headings are summarized in the four mentioned in the section on medical prevention—congenital debility, unsuitable nourishment, improper care and communicable or infectious diseases.

When it is recalled that the men who are in the thick of the fight against the heedless and unnecessary waste of baby life assert that the present infant death rate could be cut in half by the enactment and rigid enforcement of laws requiring the adequate inspection of the sources of the milk supply, coupled with the sanitary inspection of tenements, the accurate registration of births and the instruction of the mothers by visiting nurses or other properly accredited representatives of the local boards of health, it is readily seen that two very grave sources of danger are to be found in the quality of the nourishment fed to babies and the conditions of the homes themselves. Serious as the problem of a pure milk supply is, it is much less difficult of solution than the more complicated one of housing conditions.

Overcrowding a Prime Cause.

One hundred years ago three and one-third per cent of the population of the United States lived in the cities. Today thirty-three and one-third per cent of our 85,000,000 people are crowded into the cities. Overcrowding, the congestion of population in slum districts, the herding together of the great unassimilated mass of immigrants in inadequate and insanitary quarters, the selfishness of property owners, the apathy of municipal governments in dealing with situations which require drastic measures, all contribute to make this one of the most complex as well as one of the most disheartening factors in the big problem of the prevention of infant mortality. According to a recent report, there are 300,000 absolutely dark bedrooms in the city of New York alone, where humankind, old as well as young, are supposed to live and move and have their being.

That congestion of population within a given area would not necessarily mean the absence of hygienic conditions was pointed out recently in a paper by Dr. Stowell of New York, visiting physician to the New York City Children's hospital and schools.

As instances of congestion under favorable and under unfavorable conditions he contrasted the largest apartment hotel in New York—the Ansonia—which houses 1,292 persons to the acre, with the notorious Christie street tenement block, in which 1,280 persons are housed in a single acre. The hotel covers a total area of 1.6 acres of ground, and houses 2,000 persons in 2,500 rooms. As there are sixteen inhabitable floors, the total area amounts to about twenty-six acres, and all of the rooms are open to the outside, admitting the sovereign preventives of disease, light and air. In the seven years since the place was opened not one of the 400 employees has become a victim of tuberculosis. The tenement block, on the other hand, has been a veritable breeding ground for that disease.

"Garden Cities" Established.

As a means of decreasing the overwhelming mortality in congested industrial centers the "garden city," like that at Bourneville, near Birmingham, England, is being established in some parts of Great Britain and in our own country. The removal of the manufacturing plant which employs very large numbers of individuals to some suburban district and the erection of cottages with gardens attached for the workers and their families, the establishment of schools and other features of city life and the development of the property along community lines with the agreement that all interest over 5 per cent on the investment shall be devoted to public improvements are features of this plan.

Obvious difficulties make the application of the plan on a general scale impracticable, and the improved tenement offers a more feasible solution of the problem for the majority of cities. The registration of slum property is advocated by some English investigators as a means of weeding out the undesirable and insanitary tenement house. Owners of slum property are not particularly sensitive, as a rule, to their responsibility as their brothers' keepers. But nobody can tell what the future may have in store.

The Architecture of Madeira.

We saw no suggestion of modern architecture or European innovation, no blot anywhere except a single motorcar. Without knowing anything on the subject I should say that the architecture of Madeira is a mixture of Spanish and Moorish, like that of Mexico, only it is better than anything in Mexico. From the ship the stucco, the roofed city is flawless, and as we steam away and night comes down and lights break out and become a jeweled necklace along the water's edge our one regret is that we are leaving it all behind.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Outing Magazine.

NATION TO TEACH HOUSEKEEPING

Government Plans to Teach Domestic Science to Women.

TO AID THE FARMERS' WIVES

Department of Agriculture Has the Project Under Way, and Details of the Movement Are Already Decided. On—Farmers' Institutes For Women" Is the Slogan.

Convinced that the country woman is not getting the necessary training in the way to manage a home and because of the fact that instruction in domestic science is for the most part confined to students in towns and cities the department of agriculture has taken up seriously the question of how to train the women of the rural districts to do their work and manage their homes.

The individual brought up in the country may suspect that the farmer's wife knows more about running a home properly than her sister in the city, but the department of agriculture doesn't feel that way about it. It finds a great need for instructing the farmers' wives and daughters in domestic science and purposes to make a beginning through farmers' institutes for women.

Results of Ignorance in Home.

According to a report on the subject by John Hamilton, farmers' institute specialist of the department of agriculture, comparatively little is being done in training women and girls who live in the country in domestic science or the management of the home. The rural schools do little, and other opportunities are few. Ignorance in the home of the proper way to manage it, Mr. Hamilton points out, means food improperly prepared and sanitary conditions neglected. Moreover, the selection and cooking of food and the keeping of things clean are not all the items in the duties of the countrywoman. Other problems exist, such as those connected with the rearing and education of children, the clothing of the family and the social, intellectual and aesthetic improvement of the housewife herself.

Radical Change in Methods.

According to the census of 1900, there were 37,244,145 women and girls in this country. About 25 per cent, or over 13,000,000, lived in the rural districts. Mr. Hamilton says that to reach this great multitude with even limited educational facilities for the study of domestic science and household art will require, as Mr. Hamilton views it, a radical change in the methods heretofore pursued. The introduction of the study of domestic science and household art into the rural schools, the high schools and the normal schools is only a part of the work that will be required.

"Winter schools for adult women will have to be organized," says Mr. Hamilton. "Movable schools in large numbers will have to be sent out; suitable demonstration schemes will need to be devised; expert advisers to visit countrywomen will have to be employed, and publications adapted to the capacity and needs of rural housewives will have to be introduced into their homes."

Institutes For Women.

Farmers' institutes heretofore have been largely conducted for men. If women attended, they have had to consider the same subjects as the men, as a rule. But now the movement for distinct farmers' institutes for women is rapidly growing, and it is considered by the department the best agency at present to increase the countrywoman's knowledge of domestic science. Last year 732 meetings for countrywomen were held by the farmers' institute directors in the several states. The work in such institutes is far from perfect, but it is in the right direction.

As in the case of many other things, other more progressive nations in such matters are far ahead of the United States, though the American finds it hard to realize it. Austria, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, France and the German states have for many years been conducting schools of domestic science and home economics specially adapted to country people and also courses of study in these subjects in fixed institutions in towns and cities.

Cent Fine by Judge Landis.

Judge K. M. Landis, who fined the Standard Oil company \$20,240,000, has fined John Bower of Rockford, Ill., 1 cent. Bower had sent a threatening letter to his brother-in-law, who is alleged to have misused members of his family. The judge apparently sympathized with Bower and told him that if he had said to the relative what he had written to him it would have been all right.

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