

THE WISE MEN.
Step softly, under snow or rain,
To find the place where men can pray;
The way is all so very plain,
That we may lose the way.
Oh, we have learned to peer and pore
On tortured puzzles from your youth.
We know all labyrinthine lore,
We are the three Wise Men of yore,
And we know all things but the truth.
We have gone round and round the hill,
And lost the wood amidst the trees.
And learned long names for every ill,
And served the mad gods, naming still
The Furies the Eumenides.
The gods of violence took the veil
Of wisdom and philosophy.
The Serpent that brought all men bale,
He bites his own accursed tail
And calls himself Eternity.
Go humbly—it has halted and snowed—
With voices low and lanterns lit,
So very simple is the road,
That we may stray from it.
The world grows terrible and white,
And blinding white the breaking day.
We walk bewildered in the light,
For something is too large for sight,
And something much too plain to say.
The Child that was ere worlds begun
(We need but walk a little way,
We need but see a latch undone),
The Child that played with moon and sun
Is playing with a little boy.
The house from which the heavens are fed,
The old strange house that is our own;
Where tricks of words are never said,
And Mercy is as plain as bread,
And Honor is as hard as stone.
Go humbly: humble are the skies,
And low and large and hence the Star
So very near the Manger lies,
That we may travel far.
Hark! Laughter like a lion wakes
To rear to the resounding plain,
And the whole heaven shouts and shakes
For God Himself is born again,
And we are little children walking
Through the snow and rain.
—G. K. Chesterton.

A FEMALE SHERLOCK HOLMES.

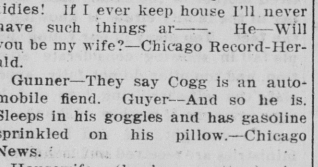
During the assizes held in a Midland town the court was crowded to its utmost capacity, while an impatient mass of swaying humanity awaited the verdict outside. It was a case of phenomenal interest. Two young fellows of good birth, companions since childhood, had set themselves to earn fame and fortune, or the latter, at least, in their native place, Albert Meyrick as an artist, Herbert Carston as a doctor. Their love for each other was brotherly; yet love proved the gulf which separated them. Both had been fascinated with the charms of a sunny-haired, bright-eyed laughing picture of beauty. Her admirers were legion; but her favors were fairly equally bestowed between these two. One morning people were horrified with the report of murder. Meyrick had been shot in his studio. A revolver was found on the table a few inches from the dead body. The bullet, which, after passing through his head, had lodged in the wall opposite, exactly fitted the chamber and was precisely similar to the others which the revolver contained. Both revolver and cartridges were proved to have been bought by Carston within twenty-four hours of the crime. He was known to have been at the house at the time of the crime, as nearly as possible. All these things he fully admitted. Only one fact he denied; but this was the evidence that chiefly condemned him. Edna Dalton, the girl through jealousy of whom he was supposed to have committed the murder, swore to seeing him close to the house. Indeed, she had spoken to him; but he strangely passed her, refusing to speak. The general evidence against him was so overwhelming that there could be no doubt of the issue. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the judge sentenced him to death. Mr. Dickinson, Herbert's solicitor, was disturbed in his office by a young lady, whom he failed at first to recognize as Edna Dalton. What a marvelous change! Her bag-gard face, large eyes, looking larger from their sunken sockets, the fierce, determined expression of her face, made the old lawyer betray his surprise in spite of himself. Was this the airy, smiling creature of a few weeks ago? She had aged years. He placed a seat for her, and inquired the object of her visit. "To free Herbert Carston. He is innocent and I have discovered the culprit!" "Have you any evidence of your statement?" "Ample. The murderer has a foot two inches longer than Herbert. He wore a pair of old goshoses with a cut across the left sole. Herbert never possessed such things. On that night he wore a light suit, the other fellow wore a dark tweed suit, with a red thread—rather a peculiar kind of material, lighter in weight and cheaper." "How, in the name of all that is rational, did you learn all this?" "Thereby hangs my tail. I believed Herbert to be innocent. I obtained permission to see the house. I searched the house without success. I was yielding to despair, and wandered into the back garden. Suddenly Fido capered about me with something in his mouth. It was a handkerchief. I took it. A glance made my heart stop—bloodstains. It was a woman's marked 'B. H.' No. 4. I recognized it, and knew the owner. I smelt it; a very peculiar smell it had. I renewed my search with vigor. For three days I hunted unceasingly. My total discoveries were some threads of cloth torn off while squeezing through a small window, bloodstains on the sash arising from a cut with a rusty nail in the wood, footprints on the ground beneath the window. Very close examination disclosed a peculiar imprint with a cut

across. An inspiration dawned on me—goshoses! From these links, how should I form a chain? First, the handkerchief, and I went to Whitton's, the chemist's. He ransacked his shop, but could not find me a scent like it. I shot an arrow at a venture. "You sold some to Miss Harvey, I think?" "Oh, yes; I know now. I got that especially for her. I am sorry I have none left." "I reeled out of the shop. I was on the track. 'B. H.' were Bertha Harvey's initials; this was her handkerchief. I went straight to her house. During my stay I pretended to have lost my handkerchief. She lent me the exact counterpart of the one I had found, save that it was marked 'No. 7. I twitted her that I knew she was in the habit of lending her handkerchiefs to gentlemen. She laughed and blushed and I bantered her into confession. She had never lent but one, and she told me to whom. I involuntarily jumped from my chair, but had enough self-control to recover myself, pretending I had assumed astonishment. "Now I had fairly run down my game. At one time he paid me such attention that I had to ignore him. I knew his landlady well. My plan was formed immediately: Entice him with the softest words and all your resources of fascination; from him and the old woman you will learn and obtain all. "I succeeded beyond my wildest hopes. By dint of coaxing and presents I induced the old dame to let me do as I pleased. Then I made her confident. I wanted to make her lodge a pair of slippers without his knowledge. She offered me a pair to measure. No; I knew he had an old pair of goshoses somewhere. Could I have them for a day or two? We searched together. Buried in a corner of the wardrobe we found a pair. I turned them up; there was a cut across the sole of the left foot. I took them to poor Mr. Myrick's house; they fitted the prints exactly. "I have traced the suit of clothes, and can prove the purchaser and the date of purchase. But one thing remains undone. I swore I saw Herbert three minutes after the murder close to the back of the house. As Herbert is dark, and the culprit is light, he must have disguised himself, which proves design. A local hairdresser says he lent the same man some wigs, whiskers, etc., for private theatricals. Concerning the deed itself, you know Herbert swore he left the revolver with Mr. Meyrick an hour before." "You astound me," said the old lawyer. "Don't you think there are good grounds for his arrest?" "Certainly. Who is he?" "Mr. Vernon Stanton, the curate of St. Mark's." Mr. Dickinson fairly leaped from his chair with an irreverent expression of surprise. It took him some little time to subside into his usual calm. Then he sent for the inspector of police, putting all details into his possession. Two hours after the officer returned to Mr. Dickinson's office with a somewhat gloomy face. "It is all over, Mr. Dickinson." "What, has he confessed?" "Yes, in words and action. I was going up to Mr. Stanton's rooms, when I saw him coming. He was in a great hurry, carrying a portmanteau. This, with his face, made me think he knew we were after him. Well, I followed him. As I expected, he went to the railway station. I touched him, and advised him not to buy a ticket, as he would waste money. He turned paler than Hamlet's ghost. "Heaven help me. I was mad. It was all for her," he said, in a quavering voice. "Please do not handcuff me," he implored. "Very well, Mr. Stanton," I replied. "Just then the shriek of an express whistle made me start. He dropped his bag and rushed across the platform. He won the race—I lost a prisoner. He jumped clean on to the buffers, which hurled him off like a football, over and over. His body is lying at the morgue now." Every cloud has its silver lining. The sunshine of this story is seen in two faces which reflect the joy of love united, so nearly destroyed by shame and death.—New York News.

FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

She—Oh, I detest sofa pillows and tides! If I ever keep house I'll never have such things as— He—Will you be my wife?—Chicago Record-Herald.
Gunner—They say Cogg is an automobile fiend. Guyer—And so he is. Sleeps in his goggles and has gasoline sprinkled on his pillow.—Chicago News.
Housewife (buying mutton)—Are you sure it is English mutton? Marketman—Well—er—m'am—English parners—er—born in this country.—Harper's Weekly.
Mrs. Black—There goes old Moneybags. They say he is worth a million odd. Mrs. White—Yes, he will be. He carries a million insurance.—Milwaukee Sentinel.
"After all what is the difference between 'shopgirl' and 'saleslady'?" "I don't know, but the differences between salesladies are sometimes fierce." Philadelphia Press.
Old Chum—Does your little girl take after her mother? Married Man—Not especially; she's three years old and can't talk more than half a dozen words.—Detroit Free Press.
"When a man starts in bragging 'bout how honest he is," said Uncle Eben, "it alius kind o' sounds to me like he was 'pologizin' foh not bein' mo' so."—Washington Star.
"I don't believe in suicide." "I should hope not!" "No, of course; but every time I meet a man who brags of being self made I can't help wishing he'd finish himself."—Philadelphia Ledger.
Traveller (just landed)—I learn you have a new government. How does it start out? Native—Splendidly. We owe every nation on earth, and they are all afraid to molest us.—Chicago Tribune.
"Biglins thinks he is a man of great importance." "Yes," answered Mrs. Cayenne. "But I have observed that the opinions of people who think that way seldom amount to much."—Washington Star.
Youngbub—I can't see what all my razor—it's as dull as a hoe. Mrs. Youngbub—Why, that's strange! It was awfully sharp yesterday when I was sharpening my pencil with it.—Cleveland Leader.
"Polly—The way that man looked at me was positively insulting. Dolly—Did he stare at you long and insolently? Polly—No. He gave one glance and then looked at something else."—Minneapolis Tribune.
"We all have our burdens to bear," remarked the minister. "Life at best is but a series of trials." "I don't mind the trials, parson," said Senator Smoothguy. "It's the convictions that hurt."—Philadelphia Bulletin.
"What are the things that touch us most as we look back through the years?" asked a lecturer, impressively. There was a moment's pause, and then a small boy in the audience answered: "Our clothes."—Chicago Journal.
Boroughs—Won't let me have a cent, eh? Well, I've been deceived in you. Markley—That's not my fault. Boroughs—No, it's the fault of some of your friends; they told me you had more money than brains.—Philadelphia Ledger.
We took the twins up to get baptized on Good Friday, and when the parson sprinkled water on those kids they lifted up their lungs and howled. We didn't spank 'em, 'cause they done what any other Reaves would a done.—Hardeman Free Press.
Charles Lamb once said that he hated a certain man. "Do you know him?" Lamb was asked. "No," he answered. "Let me introduce you to him," said Lamb's friend. "No," responded Lamb, humorously. "For if I shall know him I am sure I shall stop hating him."—Philadelphia North American.
The Coming Aristocracy. Visitor (in penitentiary)—Who is that distinguished looking individual? Warden—He is known as No. 1,147. Visitor—He seems to hold himself aloof from his fellows. Warden—Yes; you can hardly expect him to associate with the common herd. Historical cost the State \$260,000. —Chicago Tribune.

CAREY, THE KILL-JOY.
If ye ever see Timothy Carey
Jish't trust to the speed o' yer heels.
Take warnin' from Malachy Cleary—
That's me, an' I know how it feels.
If ye're blint on revivin' yer nature
Wild movin' pleasure, me boy,
Get out o' the way o' this crature—
His thrade is the killin' o' Joy.
Now, wan day, when I sat at me dinner,
"Wild hunger enough an' to spare."
In walks this same gloomy owl slaner
An' leans on the back o' me chair.
"Come an' jine me," sez I; "I'd be hatin'
Mysel' for the glutton I am."
"The lincous biled cabbage an' ham"
"Man alive! Are ye crazy?" sez Carey.
"An' frowns in his soberest way."
"Shure an' have ye forgot, Misther Cleary,
That this is a fast-day the day?"
An' wid that the owl jill-killin' slaner
Jish't turned on his heel an' wipt out,
An' he left me ligitant dinner
Like ashes, stone cowlid, in me mout'.
'Twas a sin o' me, bein' forgetful;
I should have remembered the day,
But I couldn't help feelin' reverent!
To see me feast fadin' away.
For 'twas not for me sowl's sake that Carey
Sleake an' eat 'twas jish't to annoy.
'Tis his nature, that's mane an' contrary—
His thrade is the killin' o' Joy.
—Catholic Standard and Times.



TO RESTOCK GAME COVERS.
Need of More Effective Protection and Providing Supply of Birds.
The thorough restocking of game covers is urged in a report issued by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, in a report on "Game Conditions in January." "Now that the hunting season is practically over," the report says, "the biological survey suggests that efforts be directed toward insuring more effective protection of game and an adequate supply for the future. Owing to the non-migratory character of quail and the consequent depletion of various localities where hunting has been excessive, or the birds have been killed off by the severity of the past two winters, restocking is frequently necessary, but the demand for live birds for this purpose far exceeds the available supply. The difficulty is augmented by the fact that Southern birds are scarcely hardy enough to stand Northern winters, and hence it is difficult for Northern States to secure birds suited to the climate. The game commissioners of some States, particularly Massachusetts and New Jersey, for several years have endeavored to obtain a supply of quail, but have been only partially successful. "Perceiving that absence of food and shelter is the principal cause of mortality, State officials, game associations, and many private individuals have united in attempting to make good these deficiencies. Grain and other food have been distributed freely and systematically after heavy snowfalls, when the usual food is covered, and suitable shelter has been provided. Much activity prevailed last year in Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Maryland, New Jersey, North Carolina and West Virginia. Such measures are needed to preserve the quail from possible ultimate extinction; for with a growing army of sportsmen hunting them annually—an army that now numbers hundreds of thousands in this country—their ranks are each fall reduced so far below the normal that, if the succeeding winter happens to be severe, extermination of many colonies is almost sure to follow. Such a result is deplorable, not only from the standpoint of the sportsman, but owing to the great value of the quail to agricultural interests as the destroyer of insects and the seeds of weeds, from that of the farmer as well."
QUAINT AND CURIOUS.
The shadow of a dangling skeleton on a window shade created great excitement in a London street the other night. An inquiring policeman learned that an ambulance doctor was delivering a lecture on first aid to a roomful of railway employes.
After spending a great part of five months standing up to his neck in the water of Lake Lucerne, Dr. Fastenrath, a Zurich professor, has succeeded in tanning about 200 fish so that they eat out of his hand and let him lift them out of the water. He has also taken some remarkable photographs of his funny friends.
The Choctaw nation is humiliated because one of their number has broken his word. A Choctaw's word has been as good as a white man's bond. This honorable tradition of the tribe has, however, been violated. Robert L. Folsom, a full-blooded Choctaw was charged with murder and the time for his trial fixed. Then he was released, and when the trial day came he did not appear. He was finally arrested in Utah and taken to Durant, in Indian Territory, where he will be tried. Folsom is said to be the first man of his tribe to flee from justice.
The sensation of falling down a precipice is one that few persons have had an opportunity of recording. Prof. Albert Heim, a well known geologist, has been able to describe the experience to the Swiss Alpine Club and relates that he was not troubled in breathing and felt none of the paralyzing terrors that so often overwhelm victims of sudden catastrophe. He felt perfect tranquility, though remarkably quickened mental activity. Old memories were revived pleasantly, much of life was lived over, and then his ears were filled with soft musical sounds, and consciousness was lost as the ground was struck. There was no pain or sensation of shock.
According to a Tientsin newspaper, an author in Peking received from a native publication, together with his rejected manuscript, the following letter from the editor: "Illustrious Brother of the Sun and of the Moon: We have perused your manuscript with celestial delight. By the bones of our ancestors, we swear that we have never met a masterpiece like it. If we publish it his Majesty the Emperor will command us to take it as a criterion and to print nothing that does not equal it. Since that could never be possible in ten thousand years, we return manuscript, trembling and asking your mercy seventeen thousand times. Lo, our head is at your feet and we are the slave of your slave."
One of His Lucid Intervals.
A visitor at a lunatic asylum noticed one of the inmates walking about the grounds pushing in front of him a wheelbarrow turned upside down.
The visitor stopped him and inquired the reason for the unusual proceeding.
"Why, you see," said the demented one, "if I turned it right side up they'd put bricks in it."—Harper's Weekly.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS
TIRED OF LIFE
Aged Inmate of Washington County Home Steps in Front of Freight Train.
"I would be much better off dead," remarked Cornelius Wingett, 70 years old, to a friend in West Washington. His friend, and Wingett then stepped in front of a Baltimore and Ohio railroad freight train and was killed. He was a native of Greene county, but had been an inmate of the Washington county home for several years. He left the institution that morning. Wingett was single, his only near relative being a brother, Moses Wingett, of Washington.
After several conferences with Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker, in which the legal status of the case was fully discussed, Attorney General Hampton L. Carson has announced that he has decided to file bills in equity against George B. Luper, James H. Lambert and Israel W. Durham, former insurance commissioner, and against Actuary Robert E. Forster and J. Clayton Erb. Recovery of about \$197,000 will be sought by the state. It will be contended that the commissioners, the actuary and Mr. Erb misconstrued the law in accepting the fees that came into the insurance department.
Officials of the Mahoning and Shenango Railway and Light company have announced that the merger of the Pennsylvania and Mahoning Valley Traction company and the interests of the Youngstown and Sharon line have been completed. The new officers of the merged concern are: President, E. N. Sanderson; first vice president, Randall Montgomery; second vice president, M. E. McCaskey; treasurer, Alexander S. Webb; secretary, Leighton Calkins. There will be an issue of \$6,000,000 of stock.
A suit containing two bonds, Nos. 157 and 158, of the Central railroad of Pennsylvania, each for \$50,000, and belonging to ex-Congressman James Kerr, the Clearfield coal operator, was stolen recently from a train on the Tyrone and Clearfield division of the Pennsylvania railroad. Detectives located the case, minus the bonds, at the boarding house of Charles Gatto, an Italian, at Retort, 15 miles north of Tyrone. Gatto was arrested and held for court. He is believed to have had an accomplice in the stealing.
A passenger train bound for Pittsburgh ran into coal cars near Murray Hill station on the Chartiers Valley Branch. The locomotive was badly damaged and the passengers received a severe shaking up. Conductor James Kerr, the Clearfield coal operator, was thrown from a coal car and severely injured. Traffic was delayed for hours.
Angered because he claims he was insulted in the presence of his sisters, Santo Paurero, an Italian laborer, shot and killed Roland McCleod, 20 years old, as the latter stood in a crowd of Americans, in the old Washington county fair grounds. After the shooting Paurero was placed in the county jail.
Fire destroyed the plant of the Dunbar firebrick company at Pechin station, owned by T. B. and John Palmer. The loss is placed at \$75,000, partly covered by insurance. Five years ago the plant was destroyed by a blaze started by a locomotive spark. Now 125 men are thrown out of employment.
Union City, 10 miles from Cory, was visited by a disastrous fire. The fire was discovered in John Steva's livery barn and before the firemen arrived the building was a mass of flames and 12 valuable horses had been burned. Loss about \$5,000.
The mill of the Wheeler Lumber company, at Endeavor, Forest county, was destroyed by fire. The flames communicated to the yards and several thousand feet of lumber and three dwelling houses were also burned, total loss, estimated, \$20,000, insurance unknown.
At Butler, John Hilliard, an old soldier, was shot through both hips by John Steops, his neighbor. Steops had slaughtered a steer by shooting it with a revolver. The men were examining the weapon when it was discharged.
The strike at the Pittsburgh Reduction company's plant at New Kensington, has ended. Both employers and employes made concessions. The men will return to work, about 500 of them being affected by the settlement.
James Caldwell, ex-chief of police of Youngwood, was sentenced to pay \$100 and six months in jail upon conviction of aggravated assault and battery. It was alleged that he shot J. S. Naylor after having locked him in the police station.
The following appointments of fourth-class Pennsylvania postmasters were announced: Elk City, Clarion county, Leroy F. Carson; Knoxsonton, Juniata county, L. Edwin Rhoads.
A double frame house owned by John J. Hoffmaster was destroyed by fire at Rochester. Loss on building, \$800, fully insured.
Council at Sharon, passed an anti-splitting ordinance. Anyone caught expectorating on the sidewalk, street cars or other public places will be subject to heavy fines.
Charles Shoaf, majority inspector of election in Georges township, Fayette county, surrendered himself to answer to charges of violating the election laws.
Gideon Martin, 61 years old, committed suicide at Washington, by shooting himself. He was employed in a glass factory and is survived by his wife.

DAZZED WITH PAIN.
The Sufferings of a Citizen of Olympia, Wash.
L. S. Gorham, of 516 East 4th St., Olympia, Wash., says: "Six years ago I got wet and took cold, and was soon flat in bed, suffering tortures with my back. Every movement caused an agonizing pain, and the persistence of it exhausted me, so that for a time I was dazed and stupid. On the advice of a friend I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and soon noticed a change for the better. The kidney secretions had been disordered and contained a heavy sediment, but in a week's time the urine was clear and natural again and the passages regular. Gradually the aching and soreness left my back and then the lameness. I used six boxes to make sure of a cure, and the trouble has never returned." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Photographing Thought.
That brain waves or what may be so termed, are capable of producing photographic effects is the problem that Dr. M. A. Veeder, a well-known resident of Lyons, believes he has solved.
Dr. Veeder invited several friends to the photographic study of Mr. Russell, in that village. A plate from an unopened package was put in the holder and placed on a table, the shutter being closed. Each person present placed one hand about four inches above the plate and table.
After an exposure in this position for about one minute the plate was taken into the darkroom and developed, whereupon it was found that a spot had formed the size and shape of a silver dollar, which, as a matter of fact, was the form of the object which the persons participating in the experiment had in mind at the time.—New York Tribune.
A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.
Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.
Bacon valued at \$30,000,000 was imported by Great Britain in 1904.
STOPS BELCHING BY ABSORPTION—NO DRUGS—A NEW METHOD.
A Box of Waters Free—Have You Acute Indigestion, Stomach Trouble, Irregular Heart, Dizzy Spells, Short Breath, Gas on the Stomach?
Bitter Taste—Bad Breath—Impaired Appetite—A feeling of fullness, weight and pain over the stomach, and, at times, sometimes nausea and vomiting, also fever and sick headache?
What causes it? Any one or all of these: Excessive eating and drinking—abuse of spirits—anxiety and depression—mental effort—mental worry and physical fatigue—bad air—insufficient food—sedentary habits—absence of teeth—bolting of food.
If you suffer from this slow death and miserable existence, let us send you a sample box of Mull's Anti-Belch Waters absolutely free. No drugs. Drugs injure the stomach.
It stops belching and cures a diseased stomach by absorbing the foul odors from undigested food and by imparting activity to the lining of the stomach, enabling it to thoroughly mix the food with the gastric juices, which promotes digestion and cures the disease. This offer may not appear again.
3106 GOOD FOR 25c. 145
Send this coupon with your name and address and your druggist's name and 10c. in stamps or silver, and we will supply you a sample free if you have never used Mull's Anti-Belch Waters, and will also send you a certificate good for 25c. toward the purchase of more Belch Waters. You will find them invaluable for stomach trouble; cures by absorption. Address MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., 328 3d Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
Give Full Address and Write Plainly.
All druggists, 50c. per box, or by mail upon receipt of price. Stamps accepted.
Food for Squirrels.
Most people who feed the gray squirrels in the big parks fail to realize that it is no kindness to give these pretty little animals such soft shell nuts as almonds, peanuts and chestnuts. Human beings who do not have to actually forage for food naturally enough feel that it is thoughtfulness itself to save the squirrels work. The fact is, however, that a squirrel's teeth grow so rapidly that, deprived of their normal use, they might even through their very uselessness become long enough to put this cringing rodent of the trees in danger of starvation. Hickory, pecan and hazel nuts are the proper food to throw to the squirrels.—Brooklyn Life.
TERRIBLE SCALY ECZEMA.
Eruptions Appeared on Chest, and Face and Neck Were All Broken Out—Cured by Cuticura.
"I had an eruption appear on my chest and body and extend upwards and downwards, so that my neck and face were all broken out; also my arms and the lower limbs as far as the knees. I at first thought it was prickly heat. But soon scales or crusts formed where the breaking out was. Instead of going to a physician I purchased a complete treatment of the Cuticura Remedies, in which I had great faith, and all was satisfactory. A year or two later the eruption appeared again, only a little lower, but before it had time to spread I procured another supply of the Cuticura Remedies, and continued their use until the cure was complete. It is now five years since the last attack, and have not seen any signs of a return. I have more faith in Cuticura Remedies for skin diseases than anything I know of. Luma E. Wilson, Liscomb, Iowa, Oct. 3, 1905."
A South African Exposition.
Preliminary arrangements for holding a British South African exhibition in London early in 1907 have been completed by Captain Bam, a member of the Cape Parliament.

met to make her face still more propos. But tereg slin of such of "Seat took h "The has "of the chief, the of "The "of of mine zine "This De Lo from buy a the sa rapidly, chen o door, who a At the and ne eyes a the b and the time l to go just in ing o wrapp Long made the b and "Accel lady," and a politer again. The tr of fro gent "The cross mome to wje increa place four mand are r inatio line b ed a the in seems the \$ the \$ \$3000 \$5000 break incom the h less t ed. draw needs "Is th not b immo The o men ness and cause old replac eerin and d We k laws that tle to en er's l "Qu sache the o It was chief, hems was side cotton de se the s noted chief, toget hems the r When daint loops joine a lar only come