

There is a big surplus over the public expenditure in Russia. Elections to the new Russian Douma show continued Socialist gains.

Relentless war on gambling is being waged in France by the Premier, M. Clemenceau.

Consul-General Foster gave a luncheon in honor of Secretary Root at Ottawa, Canada.

Jamaica supports a population of 750,000 people, only two per cent. of whom are white.

The one hundredth anniversary of General Lee's birth was celebrated throughout the South.

The St. Louis Electric Bridge Company has been licensed to span the Mississippi at Venice, Ill.

Senator Bravo, Moderate leader, declared that the hope of Cuba lies in an American protectorate.

Josiah Flynt Willard, widely known as the author tramp under the name of Josiah Flynt, died in Chicago.

There were \$60,000,000 worth of motor cars manufactured and sold in the United States the past season.

The Supreme Court ordered that the defendants in the Chattanooga lynching case appear and give bail.

Grand Duke Vladimir returned to Tsarkoe-Selo, as the St. Petersburg police would not guarantee his safety.

Premier Clemenceau effectively broke up what was meant to be a gigantic Socialist demonstration in Paris.

Archibald R. Eldridge, assistant chief engineer of the Burlington Railroad, killed himself at Chicago while cleaning a revolver.

The police authorities of Paris acknowledged that their force is not large enough to deal with the criminals that are just now infesting the poorer districts of the city.

New Military Step for Japan.

The Japanese army has decided to discontinue the German system in the march step and adopt a new system in connection with a revision of the infantry drill book.

DR. GREWER

Medical and Surgical Institute, Rooms 7 and 8, Postoffice Building, DUBOIS, PA.



DR. E. GREWER, Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

Dr. E. Grewer, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and one of the leading specialists of this State, is now permanently located at the above address, where he treats all chronic diseases of Men, Women and Children.

Lost Manhood Restored. Weaknesses of Young Men Cured and All Private Diseases.

Varicocele, Hydrocele and Rupture promptly cured without pain and no detention from business.

He will forfeit the sum of \$5,000 for any case of Fits or Epileptic Convulsions that he cannot cure.

Consultation free in English and German and strictly confidential. Write if you cannot call.



"Big Records" Cost.

With an average cow it is possible to get a production of 7000 or 8000 pounds of milk in a year at a moderate cost, but when you get beyond this and try to make a "big record" it adds materially to the cost.

Keeping Cattle From Choking.

To keep a cow from choking when eating potatoes and apples, which you wish to feed, tie a rope around the horns and to the foot to keep her from raising her head above a level; or, if in stable, fasten a block across the stanchion for the same purpose.

Importance of Pedigree.

The importance of pedigree is highly appreciated by breeders. A sire of relatively low personal standard, but of good ancestry, is more to be desired than one of inferior pedigree, though of individual excellence.

Utilizing All Food.

All animals on the farm prefer foods that may not be relished by some others. The farmer should take advantage of this fact and utilize all the materials that might be wasted if there were some animals that would accept them.

Alkaline Soil Conditions.

Lime can also do harm if used injudiciously. It may induce the soil to give up plant foods by drawing too heavily upon the resources of the land.

Don't Side-Line Your Pigs.

I know a farmer who formerly regarded his hogs as a side line to his business of grain growing. He raised a number every year, but they were very scrubby stock; yet he always looked to his hog money for taxes, insurance, fence repairs, etc.

Farm Notes.

What do you think of the high-class, high-priced thoroughbreds that follow the fairs like the lawyers used to follow the courts? Fine, surely; but it is the high-class grades that fill the butchers' stalls.

Clover bloat or hoven is more common among cattle in wet seasons than in dry. The cow that has had some dry hay and salt immediately before being turned on the clover is not likely to have bloat.

The orchard is a good place to feed hogs in. The hogs may get an extra mouthful that is clear gain, and they will prepare for the trees many a good meal for next spring and summer.

Don't let the months pass without a thorough cleaning up of the stables, barn and barnyard. Every shovelful of manure is worth money if you get it to the right place—garden, orchard or meadow.

The yearlings may be wintered much more cheaply, and make a great deal better growth if comfortably housed. Pigs to be kept over should, by all means, have dry, comfortable quarters.

Young Ladies' Club.

A well-meaning lot of young ladies in Cowley County, forming themselves into a reform club, will be responsible for many a young man's downfall.

Poultry Manure Valuable.

One of the best and most available manures is that which our poultry supplies. It costs no ready money and is an article of value to any farmer who will utilize it.

THE FUTURE.

BY MISS

Do not behold that sea? It stretches out before thee, bright and still; No sound of tumult does the calm air fill; All speaks serenely!

crushed many a cock-sure witness into a quivering heap. "Good heavens, Cyrus, if every man in Frisco whose wife had strayed behaved like you, the city would be an inferno."

"Then the coffin contained—interjected the lawyer. "Bricks," replied Biggerst "Bricks and my honor."

Already his passion was dying from exhaustion; his future pose illuminated the skyline of his thought. The picture of a grave, gray-haired man who never smiled rose before him, pacing slowly down the years in lonely majesty.

For nearly a quarter of an hour Biggerst sat bent in meditation. Moran followed him to the regions of thought, tracing circles in the air with his index finger.

The formula begot its stereotyped reply in Moran, more mystified than ever, and before his brain could control the machine movements of his tongue, Cyrus Biggerstake had gone forth from his presence, the complete martyr, leaving a faint odor of gasoline.

Presently the flaring Sunday editions showed their heads. The late Mrs. Biggerstake, the supposed victim of an automobile accident, sworn dead by her husband, certified dead by Dr. Falloon, buried to all appearances, was alive, and living with the aforesaid doctor at Los Angeles!

"I have lost Sadie," he said, "but I will not lose San Francisco." The fascination of Frisco held him in thrall. The erect alert carriage of the inhabitants, due to gazing up at the Twin Peaks from one end of Market street, and at the "Spreckels column" and the Ferry Building clock from the other, had his heart.

"Ob, he's bughouse," replied the man, contemptuously. "Should be Napa for his. The grave's empty"—and so on, with the whole story embellished and enlarged.

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If, on the contrary, cleaning is done before repairing, all the repaired parts will have to be cleaned again, thus not only increasing the cost of the job, but prolonging the time of delivery.

California's buy more baseballs and bats, proportionately, than the people of any other State.

BRICKS AND HIS HONOR.

The Story of Cyrus Biggerstake, Complete Martyr.

Cyrus Biggerstake, of Montana, discovered San Francisco and Miss Sadie Van Vinka simultaneously. This corpulent little man with one eye on Providence—alluded to by his friends as "that horrible squint"—adopted the former without question, and was similarly adopted by the latter.

Mr. Biggerstake took to the idea of double harness kindly when she proposed to him behind a potted palm in the Palace Hotel. He was suffering from one of his periodical fits of somnolent boredom, and, though marriage had always been labeled in his mind as a splendid sin he would never have the courage to commit, when this dashing vision, with courage enough it seemed for the two of them, paused for reply, he coyly mumbled: "As soon as you like," and minutely inspected the roof.

As his bride prospective was a "Van" and a popular society belle, and he himself a reputed millionaire, the press at once took the matter in hand, giving a generous measure of bold black type surrounding impressionist portraits, and, after having raked up a few dubious scandals in connection with Miss Van Vinka, and commented disagreeably on Biggerstake's Montana antecedents, they unanimously united in blessing the happy couple, and let it go at that.

The result, however, was quite pitiful. Cyrus Biggerstake discovered he was passionately in love with his wife, while his wife discovered that a leading physician, Dr. Charles Falloon, was the only man in Frisco for her. Not that Cyrus had ever let it appear he had still this discovery to make, or that Sadie let it appear her discovery was made.

Mrs. Biggerstake had the courage of Pacific Coast opinions. She was not one of those people with the fear of Sunday editions in their hearts. In fact, she was rather partial to headlines, but she was strongly averse to any vulgar scandal as became a late society belle and a "Van," having that nice discrimination in her character that enables Justice in this country to distinguish between a "rake-off" and a gratuity.

The doctor became her cavalier and confidant, as Cyrus possessed his guide, philosopher, and friend in the person of Silas Moran, a prominent lawyer and "divorce specialist"—(as advertised); and, fortified by her girlhood's experiences in France (where they manage these things so much better), it must be conceded that she handled all parties concerned with consummate skill.

"My little Masticator," he would say, reaching up to dab a cautious thrilled finger into cosmical snowiness, "San Franciscan society always reminds me of popular photographs of the moon." Sadie, with her pearliness impaired, her temper ruffled, and her brain awl in cryptic labyrinths, would have gnashed her teeth with rage had they not been firmly embedded in gum.

What was to be done with a man who had even written a book?—though in truth it had never been published and Silas Moran was the only reader thereof—to return it to his anxious friend with laconic criticism: "The—er—punctuation is admirable."

"In tragic life, God wot, No villian need be"

—he was only Sadie's long felt want; a man of little or no individualism, cast iron in manner, to be broken but not bent, but with just enough, for her purpose, of the sentiment, peculiar to young nations, that enters more or less into American character.

"He is totally ignorant of bridge, thinks gambling sinful, abhors racing, and is odiously polite," she confided with heaving bosom into her doctor's "cold, calculating ear." "He calls her a Jesuit in disguise" and chuckles. He says he comes from Montana, but"—appalled—"he must be an Englishman!"

Grim-featured Falloon, whom she had trained to stand on his hind legs a la Dr. Johnson's dog, gave her complete satisfaction. Mystery stalked a-tiptoe. "Shade of Boccaccio, we are burning expensive incense!" and so it was plotted.

In the midst of his petty hustlings—rushing in, rushing out, between intervals of "browsing" in his library; sudden gusts of passion that compelled him to dance attendance up to the very doors of society, there to hand Mrs. Biggerstake out of the automobile, bow, twiddle his mustaches, and betake himself off; moon-struck periods during which he gaped like the mouth of Hades, swallowing his wife's little sins of omission and commission that came flying in his face from all directions—"Caesar's wife!" he whispered to himself—in the midst of all this, with hints and warnings thrown clean over his head by well-meaning enemies, and muddy insinuations cast by friends falling from his unstained heart, Cyrus Biggerstake, running out of his library one summer's day, bubbling over with importance, fell plump against Death and Tragedy in a grim procession passing through the hall.

Picture the poor little man, with arms flung aloft and blanched face, a wobbling note of interrogation! Dr. Falloon, pale and bloody, treading by the stretcher, gazed solemnly at him, finger to lip. Friends and servants held him back, to hold him up a minute later, when the conclusive word, flitting on breathless wings from tongue to tongue, fluttered at last within his ear and sucked his senses from him.

Judge then of the stir among the brethren of the pen when one blazing October forenoon Cyrus Biggerstake whirled down Market street in his automobile like a tornado, urging his mahout to slay and spare not the already outraged speed regulation, and with waving arms and specimen oaths from Montana, darted under the brandished policebatons, and turned the corner into Montgomery street on two wheels.

The fraternity resurrecting their features from foaming schooners, real or imaginary, streaming in frantic pursuit, found the chariot indeed—the mahout panting explanations to the scandalized majesty of law—but within the building, whither he had fled, an elevator boy, seared by his frantic appearance, shot their object skyward like a rocket from their upturned eyes and lolling tongues.

"Elijah leaves us his mantle," quoth a brother, diving onto an envelope addressed to Biggerstake in a feminine hand. The pack picked ears and surged. But excitedly torn apart the envelope was found to contain—nothing.

Silas Moran, chewing a choice Trinidad over the morning's mail, nearly bolted it whole at his friend's cyclonic advent. Sinking into a padded elbow chair in the lawyer's sanctum, Cyrus could only toss his hands and jerk about: "My wife—my wife—" puffing noisily. Moran recovered himself, discarded the cigar, and waited in curious patience.

"Yes, my dear old friend," he said at last soothingly, "the loss of your good wife must be a terrible grief to you, but—"

"Good wife!" shrieked Cyrus, suddenly recovering his breath. "Good wife indeed! She's not dead, Silas. The whole thing was a put-up job. She's gone off with Falloon. Jeers at me from Los Angeles."

His voice broke into a scream, and he threw his limbs about like a rake handled jointed doll.