

"MEMOIRS OF DAN RICE," THE CLOWN OF OUR DADDIES.

At Last, There is on Sale a Book Brimful of American Humor.

Any bookseller will tell you that the constant quest of his customers is for "a book which will make me laugh." The bookman is compelled to reply that the race of American humorists has run out and comic literature is scarcer than funny plays. A wide sale is therefore predicted for the "Memoirs of Dan Rice," the Clown of Our Daddies, written by Maria Ward Brown, a book guaranteed to make you roar with laughter. The author presents to the public a volume of the great Jester's most pungent jokes, comic harangues, caustic hits upon men and manners, lectures, anecdotes, sketches of adventure, original songs and poetical effusions; wise and witty, serious, satirical, and sentimental sayings of the maddest arena of other days. These "Memoirs" also contain a series of adventures and incidents alternating from grave to gay; descriptive scenes and thrilling events; the record of half a century of a remarkable life, in the course of which the subject was brought into contact with most of the national celebrities of the day. The book abounds in anecdotes, humorous and otherwise; and it affords a clearer view of the inside mysteries of show life than any account heretofore published. Old Dan Rice, as the proprietor of the famous "One Horse Show," was more of a national character than Artemus Ward, and this volume contains the humor which made the nation laugh even while the great Civil War raged. This fascinating book of 500 pages, beautifully illustrated, will be sent postpaid to you for \$1.50. Address Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard street, New York City.

CHARACTER.

The sun set, but set not his hope; Stars rose; his faith was earlier up; Fixed on the enormous galaxy. Deeper and older seemed his eye; And matched his suffrance sublime. The tactfulness of time. He spoke, and words more soft than rain Brought the Age of Gold again; His action won such reverence sweet As hid all measure of the feat. Emerson.

Don't dope yourself for every little pain. It only hurts your stomach. Such pain comes usually from local inflammation. A little rubbing with Hamlin's Wizard Oil will stop it immediately.

"I am a Republican in politics," he wrote, "and an honest young lawyer." "If you are an honest lawyer," came the reply, "you will have no competition, and if you are a Republican the game laws will protect you.—Everybody's Magazine.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

All In.

The Hostess—I hope you will like this punch. My husband worked over it all the afternoon, making it with his own hands.

The Guests—It's grand! Where is your husband? We must congratulate him.

The Hostess—Sorry, but he can't be seen. I just put him to bed.—Puck.

Must Fight Something.

Central American presidents had been warned that their governments must not fight each other.

"But you know we are not strong enough to fight anybody else," they exclaimed agitated.—Philadelphia Ledger.

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."—James McGee.

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CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS.

Reuter's correspondent at Uskub gives some additional particulars with reference to the recent kidnapping of Mr. Robert Abbott, a British subject, in Salonika. When returning home at about 10 o'clock in the evening of March 21 he had just entered the garden and was within a few steps of his father's door when he was attacked by five or six men. One of these he partially stunned with a blow on the side of the head; another he put "hors du combat" by a kick in the stomach; while a third of the assailants had one of his fingers severely bitten while trying to force a gag into Mr. Abbott's mouth. But the victim was speedily overpowered; one of the brigands sat upon his head, and at this moment they seem to have administered chloroform, as Mr. Abbott lost consciousness, and continued in a half-dazed condition, suffering from nausea for two days afterward.

He recollects being half carried and half walking, gagged and blindfolded, for some distance, two men supporting him under the armpits, after which he was thrown into a house, where he immediately fell into a deep sleep. The following night he was removed to another house. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he could see that he was in a room the floor and walls of which were concealed by rush matting, as if to render identification difficult, while the windows were hermetically closed, the only light coming from a lamp which was kept burning day and night. In this room he remained for thirty-six days and nights, constantly watched by two of the band. His guards were quite kind to him, and, except for retaining him as their prisoner, did all they could to meet his wishes.

Immediately after the capture Mr. Alfred Abbott, the father of the victim, sent a trusty servant to scour all the villages in the neighborhood of Salonika; the Vall of Salonika also sent out four secret agents to try to get on the track of the brigands. But these measures were without effect, and communication with the band was at last opened by a letter found on April 6 in Mr. Abbott's garden at Salonika. In this letter Mr. Robert Abbott informed his father that he was in the hands of a brigand band, who demanded for him a ransom of £15,000 Turkish. A postscript, which the brigand chief added in pencil and in an evidently disguised handwriting, threatened that the death or mutilation of the prisoner would be the consequence of any refusal to pay or of any attempt to play false with the band by putting the authorities on their track. The letter also named a rendezvous where an agent of Mr. Abbott's might meet with representatives of the band to arrange details.

The money was sent from Salonika on the evening of April 25 under an escort of four armed men, and was handed over to the brigands at a point among the hills four or five miles from Salonika. More than twenty brigands were seen on this occasion. In conversation with Mr. Abbott's messenger, the brigand chief said that the money would in no sense be thrown away, as it would insure lifelong happiness to a score of honest families.—London Standard.

THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

One day last March the room of the Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington witnessed an unusual scene—the presentation of a medal of honor to a young Irishwoman in recognition of her remarkable heroism five years ago, at the terrible General Slocum disaster. The young woman of to-day was then only a girl of fourteen, scarcely a year over from Ireland, and convalescing in the Contagious Disease Hospital at North Broth Island from a severe attack of scarlet fever. It was hardly to be expected that one of life's great tests should come to a girl of fourteen, ill in a hospital. To this girl, suddenly into the quiet day, came the sight of the blazing vessel with its awful agony.

Without hesitating a second, entirely forgetful of her own weakness, she dashed down the stairs, out to the shore and into the water, seized a baby which had just been thrown from the vessel, and waded with it to the shore. She returned for another and another, until, in all, she had saved nine children; then she herself fainted and would have been drowned had she not been seen and rescued by one of the firemen from the hospital. A nearly fatal relapse followed and when she recovered from that, she went to Washington, leaving no trace of her whereabouts.

Meantime, Representative Goulden, of New York, having learned the story of her heroism, immediately began a search for her, but it was not until a short time ago that she was discovered in a training school for nurses in Washington. Mr. Goulden at once applied to the government for a medal of honor and the sequel was the little ceremony in the Capitol in March.

Quick wit, heroism and self-sacrifice make a good foundation for success in the profession this young woman has chosen, as well as in any other she might choose. The fine little incident only emphasizes afresh the capacity for heroism which burns clear and bright and ready for any

emergency in the heart of the common duties of common days; not in the men and women alone, but often even in children. Heroism is the soul's high heritage and the ranks of those who wear it nobly are always larger than we know.—Youth's Companion.

RUNNING THE BIG RAPIDS.

Where the waters of half a continent become hampered in between the rock walls of the River Saskatchewan, at a point not a third of a mile wide, with such steep descent over huge boulders and rocky islets that it could not be any steeper without being a cataract, one can well believe Miss Agnes Laut's declaration, in Scribner's Magazine, that at such a place "things are doing" in the river. She describes the passage of these rapids as follows:

"We heard the far wh-wh, then the wild roar, then the full-throated shout of triumphant waters. You think your blood will not run any faster at that sound after having run more rapids than you can count? Try it!"

"We sat up from our sluggish, easy postures. Then the river began to round and rise and boil in eddies, and the canoe to bounce forward in leaps without any lift on our part, then a race horse plunge, and we are in the middle of furious tumult.

"The Indian rises at the stern and leans eagerly forward. Even the cool Sessmith admits, 'This is a place where the river really does things, isn't it?' But the Indian is paddling like a concentrated fury. Then we shoot forward into a vortex of whirling sheaves of water.

"She—strong—she—ver—strong rapid! shouts the Indian, as we swirl past one rock and try to catch the current that will whirl us past the next. 'Pull—pull—pull a strong paddle!' And we rise to a leap of wild waters, have plunged into the trough and are climbing again before some one can remark, 'Say, I don't ever like sidling to rapids.'

"There is a rock ahead about the size of a small house, where the waters are breaking, aquiver and white with rage. The Indian had risen again. 'Stop!' he yells. 'Don't paddle! Let her go!' But he himself is steering furiously as we graze past out to the bouncing waves.

"So we run the Big Rapids for about a mile, then ride a third rapid in a long, easy swell, and swerve in to the north."

SAVED BY LUCKY SHOT.

A big black bear taught Hubert Baker, of Croton Falls, a lesson that he will not forget soon, and that is, the next time he goes hunting a bruin it will be with a rifle that shoots a bullet larger than a pea. Arthur Ganung killed this bear just in time to save his friend Baker from a terrible clawing and perhaps death. The animal was full-grown and after blood when he was brought down by a lucky shot.

Hunting parties started out after the bear a week ago when his tracks were first seen in upper Westchester, but not until Monday did any one come up with him. It was a lone hunter who sighted him, and a shot warmed bruin into a run which left the man with the gun far behind. It was late in the afternoon, and he had no dog to follow the trail. Spots of blood in the snow told him that he had wounded the animal, but when the hunter had followed them about a mile he concluded the bullet had done but slight damage and turned homeward.

The news that some one had seen the bear soon spread, and the first thing the next morning Baker and Ganung were out for bruin's scalp. They came upon him unexpectedly and Baker, forgetting the small calibre of his rifle, fired and wounded the bear slightly. Smarling from the shot of the day before, the new wound put the animal into a terrible rage, and he started for Baker, who tried another shot, which went wide.

Ganung called to Baker to take to his heels and leave him to try to bring the angered blackie down as he passed him. Baker was quite willing to take his friend's advice, but he had gone only a few yards when he stumbled. It was a time now to try a man's nerve. Ganung took careful aim and fired.

With a snarl the bear turned upon his new enemy, and tried to reach him. Ganung's bullet, however, had found a spot that tapped the animal's life.—New York World.

A REMARKABLE WAR SCARE.

A scene perhaps unique in warfare is described by Lew Wallace, in his recently published Autobiography. He tells of the approach of a Federal regiment at Shiloh, and of how their commander stopped them from panic when they were under a heavy fire.

"An officer rode swiftly round their left flank, and stopped when in front of them, his back to the enemy. What he said I could not hear, but from the motions of the men he was putting them through the manual of arms—this notwithstanding some of them were dropping in the ranks. Taken all in all, that I think was the most audacious thing that came under my observation during the war. The effect was magical. The colonel returned to his post in the rear, and the regiment, steadied as if on parade, advanced in face of the fire pouring upon them, and actually entered the wood."

Plaster portraits are the fashionable form of "counterfeit presentation" in London. They are done in the form of miniature busts or bas-reliefs at the low price of \$2.50 apiece.

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Death Penalty in France.

The public execution of a matricide in Paris a few days ago marked the restoration of the death penalty in France. It has been fifteen years since the guillotine was used in that country, and dispatches say that the execution on the boulevard in front of the Santo prison attracted a big crowd. Capital punishment was abandoned in France because of the belief that it did not prevent murder, but it has been learned that the abolition of the death penalty does not lessen the number of so-called capital crimes either.

DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope For Despairing Ones.

Kidney troubles make weak, weary, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, languor, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Ailing kidneys are the cause. Cure them. Mrs. E. G. Corbin, 84 N. Depot St., Dalton, Ga., says: "My body was racked with kidney aches and pains, and sometimes my arms were numb. I was dull and miserable all the time and hoped for death to relieve me. Doan's Kidney Pills soon brought improvement, and finally made me a well woman."



Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Satirizes American Millionaires.

In a satirical article entitled "The Natural History of American Millionaires," a writer in the Berliner Tageblatt says: "They all came to New York, Chicago or Philadelphia with one shirt and with one cent in the pocket of the only other garment. All served as bootblacks, errand boys or even in more humble positions, and in the second week had saved enough to buy a waistcoat. After one month they appeared before their respective employers clad in new clothes and told them with imposing self-confidence that the organization of their business was defective and required re-organization. A year later the boy has become a partner, in two years he has outstripped the former boss in wealth, and a year later he has grown smart enough to kill off the benefactor of other days."

Selected Self Made This Ink.

A Chinese newspaper contains the following advertisement of a local manufacturer: "At the shop Tse Shing ('Prosperous in the extreme'), very good ink. Fine! fine! Ancient shop, great grandfather, grandfather, father; very hard; picked with care, selected self made ink. Fine and hard, with attention. This ink is heavy; so in gold. The eyes of the dragon glitter and dazzle; so does this ink. No one makes like it."—Shanghai Courier.

The harbor of Nagasaki, Japan, is one of the safest and most convenient in the Orient. It is spacious and almost land-locked and, having a mud bottom, affords excellent anchorage in depths varying from three and one-half to 15 fathoms at low water, spring tides.

FORESTS FOR INDIANA

Great Tracts of Waste Land Being Planted in Fast Growing Varieties.

There seems to be a revival in tree planting in southern Indiana. The government forester and the Indiana board of forestry have for several years been advising the farmers to plant forest trees. It is only of late years that there seems to have been any marked results of these appeals made by the government and the State, says the Indianapolis Star.

In Warrick county and other counties in the southern part of Indiana many farmers have utilized their waste tracts by setting out black locusts, hardy catalpa and other varieties of fast growing trees. This is due largely to the post famine that the farmers are having to contend with. It is almost impossible to secure good, lasting fence posts and the farmers have found that the black locust, hardy catalpa and Osage orange make posts with considerable longevity. Still, many farmers are growing trees on their waste tracts, considering it a good financial investment.

Soup Without a Spoon.

Soup without a spoon seems even harder to negotiate than meat without a fork, and we can sympathize with the complaint recorded in the diary of Felix Platter, a young Swiss, who went to Montpellier in 1552 in order to study medicine. He lodged in the house of his professor, Celsian, one of the greatest doctors of his time, and yet, writes Platter, "we were compelled to eat our stew in the usual French fashion—that is to say, picking the meat out with our fingers and then drinking the broth. In vain we begged our hostess to let us have spoons, for not a single one was to be found in the house, the only implement on the table being a large knife fastened with an iron chain. No one here seems to have ever heard of spoons, which we at home find so useful." Montaigne was astonished when he visited Switzerland, in 1580, to find that "at all meals they put on the table as many spoons as there are people present."—London Chronicle.

Animal's Length of Life.

The maximum length of life of some of the best known animals is as follows: The horse lives to a maximum of 35 years and the donkey a like period; the dog does not exceed 25 years, the rabbit from eight to 10, the goose 20, the duck, the hen and the turkey a dozen years.

Among the animals having the best established reputation for longevity are: The crow, which lives a hundred years; the parrot and the elephant, which attain an age of 150 years. Carp, on the other hand, appear to have usurped their reputation, which was based on ill understood facts from Chantilly and Fontainebleau. They rarely become centenarians. The tortoise appears to be the animal that lives the longest, and the record of longevity is surely held by one weighing 250 kilograms, which was presented in 1904 to the London zoological gardens by Walter de Rothschild and which is said to have been born in 1750.—La Vulgarisation Scientifique.

Flowers Without Foliage.

One of the most extraordinary flowers in cultivation is Hall's amaryllis, which reverses the order of nature by blooming in midsummer without any foliage. Ordinary bulbs bloom in spring and rest in summer, but Hall's amaryllis suddenly appears out of the bare ground during the dry season.

The extraordinary plant has fragrant, rosy lilac flowers which are banded with yellow. In the spring the leaves make their growth, die down, and after a long interval of rest the flower stalks appear with the strange effect here described.—Garden Magazine.

Sand Sprinkler.

Madgeburg, Germany, has bought from an inventor a sand-strewing wagon, to be used for strewing frozen streets with a coating of sand. The scheme is unusually effective on asphalt streets, where horses have a hard time to maintain a footing in cold weather.

Ninth "Hubby" a Failure. Mrs. Polly Weed Shippert, of Newburg, Ind., 70 years old, who recently married her ninth husband, has brought suit for divorce in the Warrick county circuit court. She says in her complaint that her new husband treated her cruelly; that he made her do all the menial work about the house while he sat around chewing and smoking tobacco and making life miserable for her.



Libby's Cooked Corned Beef

There's a marked distinction between Libby's Cooked Corned Beef and even the best that's sold in bulk.

Evenly and mildly cured and scientifically cooked in Libby's Great White Kitchen, all the natural flavor of the fresh, prime beef is retained. It is pure wholesome, delicious and ready to serve at meal time. Saves work and worry in summer.

Other Libby "Healthful" Meal-Time-Hints, all ready to serve, are:

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- Veal Loaf
- Evaporated Milk
- Baked Beans
- Ohw Ohw
- Mixed Pickles

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