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A Little Surprise.
A London dispatch says that George
M. Barnes, secretary of the Amalgamated
Society of Engineers and one of the
British labor commissioners who
recently visited the United States with
Mr. Mosely, has made public some of
his impressions, which rather surprise
those who have had experience on both
sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Barnes says
of the labor conditions of the two coun-
tries that, so far as wages are
concerned, England lags considerably, but
that in every other respect the com-
parison is in her favor.
"The most noticeable drawbacks in
America," he said, "are the congested
character of the workshops, the disre-
gard for the comfort of the workers
and the bad sanitation. I am persuaded
that on the whole the workmanship of
the American mechanic is inferior to
that of his British cousin. This, how-
ever, is not so observable in the en-
gineering industry as in others.
"With regard to working hours, as a
rule they are longer than in England,
especially in the engineering trade, but,
as I have indicated, the wages are
higher.
"With regard to the social conditions
of the American workman, I think they
are considerably less pleasant than
those prevailing in this country."

Child Labor in New York.
A remarkable revelation of child la-
bor in this city is about to be made
which many who have studied the
matter declare will show that more
child labor exists in New York than in
all the states of the south combined. It
will be a revelation of children put to
work under the legal age through the
widespread perjury of parents; of chil-
dren growing up illiterate under the
shadow of New York's great public
schools; of children stunted in mind
and body by hard work and long hours
in their growing years and of a whole
host of "outlaw" children protected by
no law whatever.
The facts on which this revelation is
based have been gathered in the last
six months by the child labor com-
mittee of New York. Last May the settle-
ment workers of the city organized for
taking concerted action on the child la-
bor question. A child labor committee
was appointed, with Robert Hunter,
head of the University Settlement, as
chairman. This committee has since be-
come an independent body backed by
about 100 of the strongest philantrop-
ists and reformers in New York.—New
York Tribune.

Missing the Stitch in Time.
An interesting illustration of how
great and costly strikes may result
from the action of an employing corpo-
ration on misinformation was given by
one of the speakers at the Civic federa-
tion meeting. A railroad strike tying
up the intercommunication of three
counties, lasting seven months, involv-
ing the presence of state troops and
costing the counties involved about
\$45,000 in addition to the losses inci-
dental to the suspension of travel, be-
gan with the discharge of a man who
had run a train off at a switch. When
the matter was finally settled, the com-
pany investigated the accident, discov-
ered that the man arbitrarily dis-
charged was not in any sense at fault
and promptly reinstated him. To have
found this out when the accident hap-
pened would have been an important
economy.—New York Times.

Fever in Children.
One need not wait for the full devel-
opment of a fever in children before be-
lieving fairly certain as to its character.
There are always early signs. Head-
ache is so common that it must be dis-
regarded. Discharge from the nose and
eyes and redness of eyes, with cough
and quickened breathing, indicate mea-
sles. The signs are very similar to those
seen at the beginning of severe nasal
catarrh. In scarlet fever the charac-
teristic tongue coated on the upper
surface and with red tip and
edges.

They Are Winners.
Jackson, Miss., had a brief street car
strike recently. The trouble lasted only
half an hour, but the tieup of the sys-
tem was complete while it lasted, and
it is the second time that the employes
have been victorious with the company.
The strikers objected to the action of
the superintendent in discharging two
motormen.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]
Probably the most sumptuous smok-
ing rooms in this country are those
which the government has provided for
the members of the house of repre-
sentatives in the rear of representa-
tives' hall. The chairs are luxurious
affairs, upholstered in buff leather,
while the couches and sofas are of the
same material. The rugs and pictures
are as fine as those found in any of
the public buildings, and here the mem-
bers retire and smoke and gossip and
yet are able to keep track of what is
going on in the house through the
wide, swinging glass doors. There is
but one rule in the smoking room, and
it applies to that used by the Democ-
rats as well as that of the Republi-
cans. It hangs in the center of the
wall of each and reads, "Strangers
and cigarettes not permitted in this
room." The rule is religiously obeyed,
although nobody seems to know who
first promulgated it. The most atro-
cious cabbage cigar is permitted to
exhaust itself, but the finest Turkish
cigarette is not tolerated for an instant.
Recently Congressman Joy of Missouri,
who is a confirmed consumer of paper
pipes, inadvertently lit one in the
Republican smoking room. Before he
had taken a second whiff several of
the members ordered an assistant ser-
geant-at-arms to read the rule to him.
Mr. Joy dropped his cigarette and
made his way to the house restaurant,
where everything goes.

White House Electric Plant.
The lighting of the White House will
be a feature of future receptions. The
rehabilitation of the White House in-
cluded the installation of a complete
new electric plant. The contract was
let to Harry Alexander of New York.
Mr. Alexander sent one of the most ex-
pert electricians in the country to su-
perintend the work. This was Charles
M. Maxwell, who had been in charge
of the electrical exhibits at the Paris
exposition and who was formerly su-
perintendent of electric lighting for
George A. Fuller & Co., the contractors
and builders. Mr. Maxwell took great
pride in the work and has received
many compliments on his successful
efforts. Speaking of the plant, Mr.
Maxwell said:
"The electrical installation in this
building is the result of six months'
hard work. There are in all about 168,
000 feet of electric wire, all of which is
inclosed in iron conduits, each system
being entirely distinct one from an-
other."

To Patrol the Atlantic Coast.
One of the most important develop-
ments of the new system of naval
mobilization adopted by the navy de-
partment is the establishment of a
coast division of the north Atlantic
squadron. Its duty will be to patrol the
Atlantic coast. Rear Admiral J. H.
Sands, now in command of the League
Island navy yard, will be given the
command, with the battleship Texas as
his flagship, the squadron including the
monitors Puritan, Amphitrite, Mian-
tomoh, Terror and Arkansas and the
monitors Nevada and Florida as soon
as they are commissioned, together
with the torpedo boat destroyers Decatur
and Chancey, half a dozen torpedo
boats comprising a torpedo boat flotilla
and the submarine Holland and subma-
rines Adder and Moccasin when they
are commissioned.

Bachelors Are Scarce.
The woeful absence of the eternal
masculine in Washington has an im-
portant bearing upon the leniency of social
arbiters. The national capital comes
dismally near being an Adamless Eden
so far as single men are concerned.
Owing to the dearth of commercial
and industrial possibilities practically
all the ambitious young men migrate as
soon as they are old enough to come
to a realization of the situation, where-
as most of the men who come to the
dream city on the Potomac as members
of congress or to assume governmental
positions are married, and not a few of
them leave sons at home and bring
daughters—allured by the prospect of a
social career—to swell the hopeless sur-
plus of young unmarried women.

Senator Hoar's Little Joke.
"Can I say that you have been talk-
ing to the president on the trust prob-
lem?" asked a reporter of Senator Hoar
when he came out of the president's
office this morning. The senator smiled
his most serene smile, stopped, looked
at the sky and said:
"Let me see. Yes, you could say that.
Certainly you could say it."
"Then, senator?" the reporter inter-
rupted.
Senator Hoar waved his hand.
"Yes," he said again, "you could say
that, but it wouldn't be true."
And the venerable man from Massa-
chusetts chuckled for three blocks.

One on Senator Nelson.
During the speech of Senator Nelson
of Minnesota against the admission of
Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona
as states the senator said that 50 per
cent of the population of New Mexico
is Spanish and Mexican. Delegate Ro-
dey of New Mexico, who was listening
to the speech, scribbled a note and
sent it to Nelson. It said:
"Dear Senator.—I recently had occasion to
inquire into the matter, and much to my
surprise I find that 57 per cent of the
population of Minnesota is Norwegian.
How on earth did that state get in?"

Opulence in Washington.
Washington society now contains a
larger percentage than usual of the opu-
lent in addition to the more than
comfortably well off. Some of the
great fortunes of the continent are be-
ing centered here in preference to the
metropolis; hence these dinners, these
dances and these dinner dances; hence
these orchids, this champagne and ter-
rapin, this feast of pate de foie gras
and flow of burundy.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

The SPORTING WORLD

Jimmy Britt's Career.
Jimmy Britt, who defeated Frank
Erne in seven rounds and thus put
himself in line to fight for the light-
weight championship, is a native of
San Francisco and is twenty-two years
old.
At the age of eighteen he took up
with boxing and after a year ago was
the amateur lightweight champion of
the Pacific coast. While as an amateur



JIMMY BRITT.
Britt's record was interesting. After
trimming all the men in his own class
he went afield for bigger game and
even to taking on a 160 pounder.
Britt got tired of winning medals,
and in the professional ranks he
thought he could make considerable
money. His first professional mill was
with Toby Irwin before the Acme Ath-
letic club of Oakland, Cal. It lasted
fifteen rounds, and it was evident that
Irwin had met his master.

The next fight was with Tim Hegan,
the Australian boxer, who came to
this country to lose the big reputa-
tion that he had won on his own health.
Timothy was knocked out cold in the
eighth round by one of Jimmy's lefts
and has not done much since.
The third contest was with the fa-
mous Kid Lavigne, the Saginaw won-
der. Britt beat him to a standstill in
eight rounds, and the Michigan boy's
brother threw up the sponge to save
him from a knockout and serious in-
jury.

As to Anaconda.
The case of Anaconda illustrates the
fact that the lot of the outclassed horse
is a pretty hard one, even if he be out-
classed by but the least trifle, as Ana-
conda is. The "snake loss" can still
pace several heats in a row around 2:02
and 2:03. But unless he catches him
off he can't beat Prince Alert, and he
must meet him every time he starts
next season.

A great many people do not expect to
see him beat Audubon Boy next sum-
mer and perhaps two or three others
that might be named. If he races on
the grand circuit, he will probably
have to be content with second or third
money as a general thing, which is not
particularly glorious nor especially
profitable.
But there is practically nowhere else
for him to race, for he can beat all the
second class pacers so easily that they
would not enter nor race against him
in the free for all on the minor tracks.
Just where to place him becomes, there-
fore, a problem.

The general impression is that he is
a difficult horse to drive and not an
ideal roadster. But for that he would
probably find his way into some speed-
way stable. He has won nearly 100
heats in standard time and probably
twenty-five in 2:05 or better, his earn-
ings reaching close to \$30,000.

Career of Champion Keane.
Figure or "fancy" skating is one of
the most difficult branches of the game
to master. Years of persistent practice
are required before a man can perform
credibly. Dr. Arthur G. Keane, the
present champion of the United States,
has successfully defended the title for
four consecutive years, and the indica-
tions are that he will continue to hold
it for some time.
Dr. Keane is a native of New York
city and, strange to say, has never
competed outside of that city. In 1898
he defeated George D. Phillips, who
had held the leadership for several
years and who worsted Keane in 1896
and 1897.

International Chess Dates.
The Brooklyn Chess club has re-
ceived from the City of London Chess
club notice that April 3 and 4 would be
dates agreeable to the City of London
Chess club on which to play the next
international match for the Sir George
Newnes Anglo-American chess trophy,
now in possession of the Brooklyn
Chess club.
The dates will probably be accepted by
the American committee, as that is
the time when it is expected that Harry
N. Pillsbury and F. J. Marshall will
be in London, after the conclusion of
the Monte Carlo masters' congress.

Goodman Wants to Fight.
Chester Goodman, the Boston ban-
tam, who broke one of his hands in a
recent tilt, has sufficiently recovered
and wants to fight again. He says that
he is ready to engage in a mill with
either Casper Leon or Danny Dougher-
ty of Philadelphia.

FOR THE CHILDREN

A Blind Squirrel.
"Here, Bunny, Bunny, Bunny!" It
was the day of the first snowfall of
this season, and the woman who called
was one of the many women who find
pleasure in going to Central park daily,
carrying with them bags of nuts with
which to feed the squirrels that find
their homes there.
As she called there was a flash of
gray, a whisk of a bushy tail, and there
appeared before her a lively little rod-
ent with his tiny hand raised dramati-
cally to his breast. A dull, white eye-
ball told the story of sightlessness in
one eye.
"You see," said the woman, turning
to an interested onlooker, as the squir-
rel began feeding, "you see, when these
little one eyed pets are eating they al-
ways sit with the blind side toward
their benefactor while devouring the
dainty given them. Do you know why
that is?"

"Well," she explained, throwing the
squirrel another nut, "they are con-
scious that they are near a friend and
need not watch her closely, so they
keep a sharp lookout on the other side
for stray dogs or other enemies."
True enough. Even as the woman
spoke one of the many dogs that take
their daily airing up and down the
walk by the West drive escaped from
its young mistress and, with its leader
dangling, made a dash for the squirrel.
There was another flash of gray,
a whisk of a bushy tail and a sharp
squeak of fear as the wary little crea-
ture with the one eye darted away to a
safe bough to blink and chatter and
finish his peanut in safety.

"Are there many of these blind squir-
rels in Central park?" asked the on-
looker of the woman, who seemed
versed in squirrel lore.
"There are a good many, I'm afraid.
You see, it is the work of mischievous
boys who come here to the park with
slingshots, diabolo-like little instruments
of wood and rubber, and deliberately
shoot out the eyes of these harmless
creatures. However, the policemen
keep a sharp lookout for such boys,
and their misdemeanors are becoming
few, as they have learned that a park
policeman swings his stick with much
vigour."—New York Tribune.

Up From Humble Boyhood.
Difficulties and small beginnings
needn't discourage a boy. For instance,
one of the most respected ministers in
New York city, a man whose opinion is
asked on all the questions of the day,
who dines with President Roosevelt and
who is invited to California and Cana-
da and various places to lecture to
great crowds of people, had to leave
school and work for \$1.50 a week to
help take care of his mother when he
was only nine years old.

The first trousers he and his little
brother had were made of a figured
skirt of their mother's. The boys were
too big for skirts, and yet she was too
poor to buy cloth. The clergyman, who
is white haired now, says he will never
forget the day he put on those bright
colored trousers. The design was such
a large one that only by standing side
by side so their four legs were in a row
could they piece out a whole figure.—
Exchange.

Ink and Fish Trick.
This is really a first class delusion.
You first bring before the spectators a
glass vase full of ink. You dip a ladle
into it and pour out some of the ink
upon a plate in order to convince the
audience that the substance in the vase
is really ink. You then throw a hand-
kerchief over the vase and instantly
withdraw it, when the vase is found to
be filled with pure water, in which a
couple of goldfish are swimming.

This apparent impossibility is per-
formed as follows: To the interior of
the vessel is fitted a black silk lining
which adheres closely to the sides
when pressed and which is drawn into
a hollow handle with an opening into
the bowl. In the handle is a spoonful or
so of ink which runs into the bowl when
it is held downward during the act of
dipping it into the vase.

A New Railway Term.
A small boy was traveling with his
father on an "accommodation" train. A
stop was made at a little distance from
a country station and the rear cars left
standing on a curve while the engine
and forward cars went on to do some
switching.
The laddie became restless and slip-
ped away from his father and was
soon hanging half out of a window in
the rear of the coach. Presently his
surprised little face reappeared, and he
shouted to his father:
"Oh, papa, papa, the train has all
come unbuttoned!"

Where Flint Comes From.
You never would think of it, would
you? But I'm told that flint is nothing
more or less than sponge turned to
stone. Once the sponge grew on the
bottom of the sea, as other sponges
grow now, but that was ages and ages
ago, and since then the sponge, turned
flint, has laid covered by rocks and
earth of many kinds piled thick above
it. Seen with a microscope flint shows
the make of sponge in its fibers.

A Better Name.
When three-year-old Lawrence came home
from the zoo
And described it to all who would hear,
His uncle, to tease him, leaned forward
and asked,
"Can you say 'zoological,' dear?"
Poor Lawrence was silent and squirmed
in his chair
While his little face flushed and grew
dark;
Then, raising his eyes, he courageously
said,
"Uncle Dicky, I call it 'Noah's ark!'"
—Caroline M. Fuller in Youth's Compan-
ion.

TOWING IN A STORM

There were four barges in tow on
Lake Erie in November. First came the
McDougal. I was on the Buckout,
then came the Betts and last the Norris.
Well, a gale came up and right square
after us. We got clear of Point Pelee,
and well out in the lake by daylight,
and the steam barge checked down for
fear of breaking the towline.

We dived and plowed and sheered
and rolled and jumped till afternoon
before anything of interest happened.
It was about 2 o'clock when I heard
some one astern shouting, "Buckout's
ahoy-y-y!" I called the captain, a lit-
tle, dried up, flannel mouthed Irishman,
to answer the hail.
"That do that crazy Frenchman
want?" he asked.

I told him I had no idea, and he came
on deck and stood with one hand on the
rope post to hold himself from going
overboard till he learned.
Again came the hail from astern.
"Hello!" shouted the Irishman in an-
swer.
"Pass the word!" came from the Betts.
"All right!"

Then came a lot of sounds in broken
Canadian French, which made the
Irishman say: "Would yez listen to
that, now! That do the devil is he troln' to
say?" Then he howled: "Phot do yez
say? Talk United States!"

Then we heard: "The Betts, she's
waterlog. Pass de word to de cap'tan
to pull hunder Long point."
The Irishman went forward and hall-
ed the McDougal. The captain of that
craft happened to be a Swede.
"Wot-a you want?" he called in an-
swer to the hail.
"Pass the word!"

"Ole a-right. Wot-a you say?"
Then the Irishman mixed his brogue
and the French Canadian dialect and
the information that Betts was water-
logged and the wish of the crew that
the steam barge would pull under
Long point into one mass of noise and
cast it forth upon the water.

There was a short silence, and then
came back the maddening refrain,
"A-wot-a you say?"
The Irishman walked the deck and
cursed so that every syllable could
have been heard at the steam barge,
but when he at last tried to convey the
information concerning the misfortune
of the Betts he was answered by, "I
hear you a-swear, but wot-a you say?"

Then the Irishman cut it short.
"Ye ould Soweagian, Oi said that the
Betts was waterlogged. Can yez un-
derstand that?"
"Yaas."
"And they want the ould man to pull
under Long point."

"Ole a-right," came back the answer,
and the fair haired descendant of the
Norsemen went forward to pass the
word to the steam barge.
In a little while th. Swede again
halled us, and the Irishman went for-
ward. The Swede's voice was good,
and I could hear every syllable distinctly.

"The ole-a man says to tell the cap-
tain of the Betts to a-go to —!"
The Irishman came aft and passed
the comforting message to the Betts.
"That Frenchman is crazy," said the
Irishman by way of comment. "Sure,
he should know that to trol to pull this
tow off into the troughs of the sea
would break it up in a second."

The Betts dived more deeply and
sheered worse as the hours went by.
Twice the Frenchman induced the
Irishman to pass the word, that the
Betts was sinking, and the same ste-
reotyped reply came back regarding
where the captain of the Betts could
go if he didn't like the way the steam
barge was towing him.

It was about 4 o'clock, and everybody
was aft watching for the line to part,
when the Betts took a long, rolling,
lazy sheer, and a cloud of mist half
way between us told us the craft was
adrift. The crew, huddled together on
the house, made a run for the rigging,
and she bronched to in the troughs of
the sea. When she came out of the
first sea, the deckload was gone, but
the crew was safe half way between
rail and trucks. The Norris, astern,
had cut adrift from her at once, the
line had parted and a little muton leg
sail was run up. Under this sail she
came on, passed the tow and beat it to Bu-
falo by three hours.

We got there in the morning, and at
about noon the Betts was sighted wal-
lowing along in the troughs. No tug
would go out, and we watched her
drift toward the breakwater. Every
third sea would completely cover her
decks, and she rolled like a drifting
log. Everybody, including the woman
cook, was lashed to the rigging, and
when she eventually got within reach
of the tugs there was not one of them
had strength enough to take a line.
The tugs managed to get her before
she struck and towed her under the
breakwater. No one died or was hurt,
and every one of that crew knew that
had the tow barge attempted to pull
under Long point there would have
been four waterlogged barges drifting
into Buffalo instead of one.

Of course it looked as if some one
would be drowned, and there was
nothing to laugh at, but I think I
laughed more and harder listening to
the Frenchman, Irishman and Swede
cursing each other and trying to pass
the word than I ever have before or
since.

Tolstol as a Shoemaker.
Count Tolstol, as is well known, al-
ways wears boots of his own making,
which boots are the admiration of the
shoemaker who taught him the trade.
But the latter was certain that the
count would starve did he endeavor to
earn a living by boot manufacturing, as
the work put into each pair was so ex-
cellent and slow to prove profitable.
Some time ago Count Tolstol tried to
persuade two of his disciples, young
men of education and culture, to turn
shoemakers, but they declined.

Two Rutland Women.

Tell Stories that are Inter-
esting to those
Who Suffer.

Miss Nettie Fitzgerald, of Rutland,
Vt., says: "My sickness began with a
stomach and liver trouble, and then fol-
lowed extreme nervousness and an af-
fection of the kidneys, and I was con-
fined to my bed in a helpless condition.
My attending physician could not find
any medicine to help me. At this criti-



cal moment Dr. David Kennedy's Favor-
ite Remedy was brought to my notice. I
procured a bottle, and it was just the
right thing. I began to pick up in
strength, and it made a perfectly well
woman of me."

Four physicians attended the daugh-
ter of Mrs. Laura A. Kempton, of West
Rutland, Vt., who was stricken with
Bright's Disease. Her ankles, feet and
eyes were terribly swollen, and her life
was despaired of. But a mother's love
surmounts all difficulties, and she deter-
mined to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favor-
ite Remedy. "How happy I am,"
Mrs. Kempton writes, "that I followed



that course, for one by one the well
known symptoms of the disease left
her. Words cannot express my grate-
tude, and I cannot too earnestly recom-
mend this great medicine. Her recov-
ery was entirely due to Favorite Re-
medy, which was the only medicine taken
after her case was abandoned by the
physicians." Dr. David Kennedy's Favor-
ite Remedy has never yet failed
where the disease was within the range
of medicine.

Hundreds of men and women with
that "run down" condition, unable to
work, have recovered health and
strength through this remarkable reme-
dy. It purifies the blood and stirs the
liver and kidneys to a healthy action.
In cases of rheumatism, kidney, liver
and urinary troubles it is a well known
specific.

If you suffer from kidney, liver or
bladder trouble in any form, diabetes,
Bright's disease, rheumatism, dyspeps-
ia, eczema or any form of blood dis-
ease, or, if a woman, from the sick-
nesses peculiar to your sex, and are not
already convinced that Dr. David Ken-
nedy's Favorite Remedy is the medi-
cine you need, you may have a trial
bottle absolutely free, with a valuable
medical pamphlet, by sending your
name, with postoffice address, to the
Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Ron-
dout, N. Y., mentioning this paper.
Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
is for sale by all druggists at \$1 a
bottle or 6 bottles for \$5—less than one
cent a dose.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S GALT BREAM CREAM cures
Skin or Scrofulous Diseases. 50c. Druggists.

A Manchesan Yarn.
Baron Manchesan, when hunting for
deer upon one occasion, encountered
a magnificent animal, but found him-
self without shot. Speedily gathering
together a handful of chery stones he
loaded his gun with them and fired at
the deer, hitting him squarely between
the eyes, not killing him, however. The
deer managed to escape, but some time
later the baron encountered him again
and was surprised to see a beautiful
chery tree growing out of the animal's
forehead, covered with blossoms
and fruit.

Both Dangerous.
"Hi, Br'er Jake, what struck you?
You look like you done had a tussle
wid a will'et."
"I has. I los' my las' cent in er
poker game las' night, en when I git
home Mart' Ann she git me inter an
udder poker game en skin what wuz
lef."—Washington Times.

Poetry is not made out of the under-
standing. The question of common
sense is always, "What is it good for?"
It is a question which would abolish
the rose and be triumphantly answered
by the cabbage.—Lowell.

One Quality Frequently Lacking.
"Do you believe that egotism and
genius go together?"
"Not always. There would be a lot
more genius if they did."—Chicago
Record-Herald.

By the time a man gets old enough
to talk well he has learned the value
of not talking at all.—Chicago News.

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