STATE AND POST OF A STATE OF

THE OLD ARTIST.

Sature! Ah, there's an artist, if you will. and, oh, the little pictures on the way She painted with her lavish, happy skill!

The very lambs that thronged the meadows knew As well how they should group themselves as though (Nay, better, possibly, than were that so) he "ten o'clock" were taught by every ewe.

and once above the bank a cherry tree ind once above the battle a cherry tree figread out its slender arms of anowdrift white, And made, against the blue, so tair a sight hat Hokusal himself would bend the knee.

Her hand did naught amiss. No words of mine Can tell how exquisite she made the weald; In every field a picture, every field, and all (as I have said) were on the line

The FAITH OF A YAQUI. How Aid Was Carried to

By Rose L. Ellerbee. After a sudden raid into Chihuahua.

Baftasar's band of Yaqui Indians was followed back into its mountain retreats by a volunteer troop. For three weeks the Indians turned and twisted. making dashing raids and picking off their pursuers from unsuspected shelters; but the Chihuahuan captain knew the Sierra Madras too. He cut Baltasar off on this side and headed him on that and at last forced him into La Cajetin canyon, its only entrance a narrow

gorge.
"We have the coyotes in a trap. They cannot escape," the comandante cheerfully assured his men. But what is the use of a trap if you

cannot put your finger upon your prey? The Yaquis would never surrender. There were water and a band of sheen in the valley. Twice the Mexicans tried to force an entry, and then the peones flatly declined to again enter the "passage of death." Gonsalez could only post his guards and wait.

Within the canyon old Baltasar set his watch, too, and if a Mexican sentinel raised his head above the sky line there was one less of the pursuing force. But the old chief knew, as he came down through the valley on the fifth day of the siege, that his men had less than two rounds of ammunition He stood under the stunted oak and let his keen eyes glance carelessly from man to man as they lounged about him. He motioned to one, a young fellow who lay apart from the rest, his wide sombrero drawn low over his alertly watchful eves.

"We are twenty and eight men, my son." Baltasar said quietly, "and we have 37 cartridges."

Isadore did not speak, and the old man continued: "We may drive the dogs back once more, but again"-he shook his head-"and I sent Pablo to Muni. Muni will come to us, if the devils have not shut him in, and then los Meilcanos cannot turn this way or that." He smiled grimly. "They will be forced in here with us, and if we have not cartridges" - throwing his hands apart, he swept them outward. Some man must go there to Don Juan across the border and bring back the

"What does one?" asked Isadore. "There!" The old man turned toward the wall of rock which rose 200 feet sheer at the upper end of the valler. "No guard is there. At the top it is but a shelf and then another canyon, and there is the trail to the north."

The chief fixed a piercing look upon his companion. Isadore had left the Yaqui country in his boyhood. He was an American citizen now. He had married a wife who was as much Mexican as Yaqui. Baltasar was remembering these things, but he knew his man.
"Wilt thou go and return quickly,

The young man straightened his shoulders, and a new light came into his face. "I must search out the way up the wall," he said and stepped lighty out of the hollow.

With a spring the old man caught his sleeve and dragged him back. "Fool!" he groaned as a bullet ticked a stone te fling thy life away at this moment! Aqui!" And he led the way under the shelter of the dry creek until they reached a huge bowlder. Under its shadow they crouched and carefully inspected the bank, Baltasar pointing out that it was rotten stone and showing unsuspected cracks and ledges and then describing the canyon beyond and the trail minutely, for Isadore was a

stranger to the paths of bis fathers. He listened attentively, but his eyes were sparkling and his grave face lighted with a hidden fire. Luisa, the bride of a month, was there at Don Juan. Long miles and unknown dangers lay between them, yet he should see her soon. He had been a vaquero on the Short Stop cattle range for ten years past, and he had loved Luisa ever since. A little wild thing, she had played about him while he worked and told to him alone her thoughts and fancies. She had come back from the convent school a quiet, self possessed young woman, still with little to say to those about her, and her old friend had felt that she was a fit wife for the "boss" self. He had never dreamed of aspleing to her hand until she herself had him that she chose rather to be the wife of an Indian than the mis-

tress of a white man. Then they had gone to the priest. One month of home and happiness was given them before the call for all Maquis to come to the aid of their tribe in resisting Mexican oppression had tome to isndore. Luisa bad protested bitterly. Those people, they drove you out. From them you have only honger and Liowa. Why should you have me to fight their fight? They are naught to us." And his employer explained in vain that Isadore owed to further allegiance to his tribe and

THE DEAF .- A rich lady of her Desine ss and Noises in end by Dr. Nicholson's Arti-Rar Drums, gave \$10,000 to his itule, so that deaf people unable rocure the Ear Drums may have free. Address No. 7660. on Institute, 780 a Avenue, New York.

The One Day Cold Cure.

sid in the head and sore threat use KerChecolates Lawring Orderies, the "One

swore hotly at him as a "hopeless fool," voice broke into a wall—"God help us, in the thin shadow of a rock, and down to translate mildly. But Isadore an. I am very old-very old." swered to everything: "It is my country; they are my people. I must go."

every possibility, in his mind.

ledge to crevice and niche with catlike nimbleness. Once a footbold crumbled. low only by a clutch that left his finlast he reached a granite face on which even the knife could get no hold. He not shoot a man in the back. And, bewasted precious moments in groping over it and then was obliged to retrace his way to a ledge along which he erept upward and outward. A stone rattled downward, and he heard footsteps above. He flattened himself against the rock and waited, but the steps retreated.

The moon swung clear of the Old Woman peak as he dragged himself distance with his eye. He could easupon the top and lay panting and fly reach the window while the watchnerveless, but he must not stop in that pitiless light, and, lying flat, he worked man would not shoot him for looking himself across and began to explore in at a window. He could outrun any the opposite edge for the point where pursuer, but an alarm would mean dehe could most easily descend. Again he heard the pace of the sentry and With an oath he admitted that the risk held his breath while he awaited what was too great. He must go back to should come, but the man had no mind to make himself a target for Yaqui bul- he should never see her again. He hid lets on that bare ledge and turned back his face in his hands, with a groan of before he reached it.

new canyon Isadore found the trail de- away. scribed by Baltasar, and, guided more by instinct than by sight, he followed steadily its obscure but certain leading. Absorbed as he was in keeping to the path that led over rocks and through gulches, lost itself in brush and leaped up and down mountain sides, he was conscious all the time that Baltasar had chosen him, had trusted him above all the rest, and he must not fall Baltasar. And he always heard Luisa's cry of joy to come -that alone would be worth all the toil and danger.

When the moon waned, he slept, but at daybreak he was on foot again. The day was well on before he left the mountains. A wide plain, loosely covered with greasewood, cactus and yuccas and broken by many a dry water course, stretched away to the north. There was no water, no shade, and the August sun scorched the very air, but the Indian trotted warily on, keeping to the scant shelter and the low ground and once lying behind the spare screen of a mesquite bush while a band of the Mexican patrol swept by in the distance.

The moon's magic was turning the barren, dusty plains into cool fields of restful beauty as he at last approached the settlement. Instinctively he turned first to the house where he had left Luisa in the care of a country woman, but time pressed. Reluctantly he passed by and went on to a long, low adobe which stood apart. He gave a signal knock and in a moment was standing inside, while an old man, a boy and three or four women gathered about, questioning, exclaiming, gesturing.

They hushed as he spoke. "Baltasar's band went down into Gonsalez's country. He followed us back. He had many men, we few. He drove us back and back into La Cajeton. I have come for cartridges. They have tried twice to enter and twice borne back their dead, but if they strike again, or if Muni's band comes to aid us and we have not the ammunition, it is the end." Then, turning to the boy, he called: "Go quickly, Juan, and fetch Luisa. Tell her one wishes to see her, but do not speak my name."

A pot of steaming coffee had been placed upon the table. He swallowed two cups of the liquid before he noted the silence in the room and that Juan still remained. "Why stand you there?" he demanded angrily. "I have baste to make, and I must see my wife."

The old man had dragged a heavy box from underneath a bed and was taking from it little green boxes of cartridges. He straightened himself and, coming around the table, laid his hand upon Isadore's arm, "You cannot see your wife, son," he said, using the harsh gutterals of his native dialect. "Is she dead?" cried Isadore, rising.

"No, but she has the pest-smallpox. She will die tomorrow. Teofila says." "Why did you not speak, then?" cried the husband passionately. "Think you I fear the pest? Where is she?" turned toward the door, but the old man stepped in front of him.

"That you must not do!" he cried. "You know the foolishness of the Americanos! They watch day and night No one may enter or leave there. And you, if they see you, a Yaqui rebel, they will give you over to the Mexicans."

"Que caramba! The devil himself shall not keep me from my wife! Let me pass!" But the old man, placing his back

against the door, answered: "Think, What of thy seven and twenty brothers up there? Wilt leave them Isadore hesitated; then he caught the

whisper of one woman to another. "She ralls always for him. Teofila says." "What are the men to me?" he broke out roughly. "They are nothing to me. But she-she is my wife. Send some other man to La Cujetin. Stand aside!" Without moving, old Chepe raised is hand and spoke solemnly: "There in no man else to go. Teblate is dead with the pest. Felipe is shut in yonder, been here is but a boy, and I"-his

The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Felons, Aches, Pains and all Skin Eruptions. Only infallible Pile cure, 25c. a box at A. J. Thomps in & Co.'s drug store.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers,

Unheeding, Isadore shoved the old self there in the shade of the bowlder. For five months now he had followed the door. Outside, the freshness of the hands in joy, then motioned warningly. Baltasar, taking unflinchingly his part sparkling air cooled his brain, and the in the guerrilla warfare, but his heart sight of the distant mountains brought the edge, began to lower it by the reata was not in it. His thoughts were all back the memory of Baltasar and the be had attached. Suddenly a sentinel of the work he had left, his home and men, whose lives depended upon his far down the valley shouted; the sleep-Luisa. He had heard no word since he own life. He paused within the shadhad left her, but now he should see ow and watched the guard turn at the her know that all was well with her. corner of the house where Luisa lay The precious sack dropped to the sand The thought pulsed through him as he and walk with leisurely step down the scanned the wall, fixing every detail, row of black adobe huts. The gleam The ascent must be made in the brief dian. What right had but, man to hour between sunset and moonrise. Stand between him and his dying wife, As he ran through the chapar of his gun barrel maddened the In-At dusk Isadore began to climb, cau- to prevent his looking into her eyes and tiously feeling his way with hand and hearing her voice? He drew out his foot, testing every step, swinging from revolver. It would be easy enough to send a bullet there just under the left shoulder, and then he might take Luisa and he saved himself from dashing be- in his arms, kiss her farewell and escape. His people would help him. His gers torn and bleeding. Sometimes he hands shook as he turned the weapon, must cut his steps in the rock, and at but with his American citizenship he had adopted the cowboy code—he would sides, the man was but carrying out

orders, as he himself was doing. A little gleam of light from the room where he knew his wife must lie attracted him, fascinated him. If he could look into that window, catch one glimpse of her face, hear her voice calling his name, then he might be able to go back to Baltasar. He measured the man's back was turned, and surely the lay, perhaps the failure of his mission the mountains without seeing Luisa; actual physical suffering; then, with a After a little search at the foot of the long look at the little light, be turned

The women, the wives and sisters of Chepe's two sons, who were with Baltasar, were huddled about the door to watch the figure in the shadow. They greeted his return with tears and whisperings of joy, but he pushed past them to old Chepe, who squatted on the floor in front of the black fireplace, his head sunk between his knees. Shaking his shoulder, Isadore said: "Make ready quickly and send Juan for your best horse. Fifty miles must lie behind me before the sun rises."

Soon, with eyes turning again and again toward that feeble little light of the window, he was stealing away through the shadows. Outside the village Juan met him with the horse. There was little danger of interruption now on the lonely road that stretched away, a white thread through the dark mesa, and he put the pony to a steady gallop. He might think now. Just as he had started one of the women had spoken: "The white doctor does great things, and the white doctor gives the medicine to Luisa. She may not die perhaps. Old Teofila-quien sabe?-old Teofila may not speak true."

"Teofila knows well the signs death." Isadore had answered bitterly. But he snatched at the thought. It was true, he had known the doctor to work les, and Teofila might mistakeat least she might mistake the time Luisa might live two days, three days. She might not die at all. "I will see her again yet," he swore to himself "I must carry these accursed cartridges to Baltasar, but I will return. Before the moon goes down again I will be with Luisa, and then she may not dle. We will go back to the rancho, to the little house, and be happy again. Yes," he repeated again, "they may fight if it pleases them, but I will take Luisa and go back to my cattle. That

He burned with impatience when be thought of the distance ahead of him. He grew reckless and urged his horse on with no thought of danger until the steady beat of boofs, muilled by the soft dust, startled him. There was no hiding place here on the open plain. He cursed his carelessness and used his Spanish bit and spurs wickedly. If he could reach the wash, with its broken banks, he might escape unnoticed. But his half starved pony was no match for the long strides of the horses behind. They gained, and at last be heard an order to balt, and a moment later a bullet zipped past his ear. He rode at full speed down a steep bank and wheeled his horse at right angles into a gulch so narrow that his knees scraped the sides. It was a desperate chance, but the patrolmen, wrapped in a cloud of their own dust, dashed by. and by the time they had agreed as to their blunder isadore was galloping across the country out of range.

He was able to push his sturdy, sure footed little beast over some miles of the trail; then, after taking a little food, he started on without waiting for sleep or for daylight. The cartridge belts about his waist twisted and chafed with every movement; the sack of ammunition grew more leaden at every step of the endless, upward climb; his eyes were weighted with sleep and his feet cullisy with weariness, but he paused only to pant for breath after ome beavy pull. He was driven relentlessly on by the thought of the men in peril ahead and behind Luisa dying without him. "No," he gasped: "she will not die before I come. The good God will not permit that."

It was high noon when he at last reached the end of the trail. The thin, clear air pulsated with heat and with silence. He listened, but no sound of living thing came to him, and he shouldered the sack for the last climb with a dull sense of being too late after all. He was on the ridge once more and looking eagerly into La Cajetin. Ah, there under the trees were the men just as he had left them apparently. All was well, then. "Gracias a Dion, he whispered. A hendred yards to the right the Mexican guard was alcoping

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there below-yes, it was Baltasar bimman out of the way and sprang through The old man saw him and threw up his But Isadore, dropping the sack over ing watchman stood up, only to pitch "It seems to us that to confine the below, and Isadore, rising to his feet, work of road improvement to the consent a ringing "adlos" to the men be-

low and, turning, plunged, slipping, As he ran through the chaparral the Mexican soldiers who had given chase snipped the leaves and scattered little whilfs of dust and splinters of rock from the bank beside him. Above the popping of their rifles there came from far down the valley the shouts of men and then the long, high cry of a Yaqui sonaw, mingled with the echoes of fast repeated shots. The Mexicans turned back, and Isadore went on, knowing that his work had been well done-Muni had come.

Nothing but the dogged endurance of generations inured to physical hardship could have kept him in the now familiar trail as he staggered on, feeling nothing, seeing nothing but the vi-sion of his wife calling for him, dying without when he reached the spring where he had left his horse, he drank long and deep, plunging his throbbing head again and again into the little pool. With his hands dabbling in the water, his heavy lids dropped, and in an instant the bliss of sleep was upon him. But as he floated into forgetfulness he seemed to hear a low, sweet voice calling his name. He started up, then struggled to his feet and blindly saddled the pony. Then the faithful beast stumbled on

down the mountain. The soothing light of the moon again rested on the ugly little town when he rode into Don Juan and directly to the little adobe. He dropped from his horse to his knees in front of the hut. The door and window stood wide open. and the long bars of silver illuminated the darkest corner with their mocking light. The room was bare and empty. -Argonaut.

The Flying Switch. observing man, "I used to be interested in the way the engine, caboose and crew of a fast freight would be changed at the junction of two divisions without any stopping of the train. It was a good thing to do this, as the

train carried perishable fruits, rushing from California to the east, and any "Well, the train would come along, and at a certain spot there would be three switches. The engine would leave the train and go by way of one

switch to a roundhouse. Her caboose would be dropped off upon the second switch, and then from the third another engine, with a caboose in front of it, would push out on the main track and overtake the moving train. When the may be argued that this expenditure bump occurred, the new caboose, containing the necessary waybills and the new crew, would be coupled on, enough speed the engine would push it along to where another engine, having come from another switch on to the main line was moving slowly in front. Very nicely and gently the train would overtake this engine and be fastened to it. The pushing engine would then depart, and the freight train, all refitted without a second's stop, would thunder on its eastward way.

"I don't know who originated the clever 'flying switch' idea, but he was a bright man whoever he was."-Philadelphia Record.

Story of a Lost Ring. A well known Boston society woman puddenly missed a valuable diamond ring from her tinger. It was a ring she seldom removed, but all that could be remembered about it was that she had just washed her hands. Fearing it had slipped off in the operation, the plumber was quickly called in and all the traps opened with the faint hope of finding the jewel, but without avail. and serrow relened in the household.

for the diamond was not only in-

trinsically valuable, but a dearly priz ed souvenir. Some time later the set bowl in the bathroom had to be replaced, and when it was removed, lo and behold, crowd ed in behind the water pipes was the skeleton of a mouse, and round the skeleton's thread of a neck bung a dia mond ring Identification was immediate and the mystery quickly cleared up by the poor little beast. He bad feasted on a box of bran which milady kept to whiten her fair hands and into which she undoubtedly dropped the ring. Mousie, through vanity or accident, slipped it over his head, but in trying to escape with the loot be died

a felon's death, -Boston Herald.

When the man of refinement first visits his "uncle," he speaks in and buries himself in one of the booths to do his "bocking" or "putting up the spout," but he quickly gains courage by repeated calls and presently to found standing in the open bargaining for all he is worth. It is more honorsble to pledge one's watch than to borrow from one's friends. Fellows who

friends have a most powerful memory I know a dentist in this city whose dress suit goes in "bock" whenever be needs a dollar. Often he pawns his shoes and breeches for smaller sums. He is a victim of the pawnshop mania, becoming so through a districtination to borrow from his acquaintances. loan, hold him in high esteem,-New York Press.

conveniently forget to repay their

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

Intelligent Effort Can Do Much For Engineering News in a recent editorial on the good roads question expresses the opinion that it is a mistake to confine all effort to the construction of macadam highways and suggests that many of the dirt roads may be made to answer the demands made of them. It

struction of high class roads alone is contrary both to sound engineering and to common sense. The great bulk of our highways must remain dirt roads for one or two generations at least if not indefinitely, but a great deal can be done to improve their condition and facilitate travel over them without resorting to macadam construction. The intelligent use of road machines, provision for drainage, removal of soft mud and replacement with more stable material are examples of work which can be done at very moderate outlay and which will often repay its cost in decreased expenditure for road repairs. Where a road has a large enough traffic to justify greater expenditure gravel top dressing can often be applied in glacial regions at a small cost, or a narrow telford foundation may be placed where the soil makes such a foundation advisable. Local conditions will of course determine local requirements. are sections of the country There where the natural soil forms an admirable road for moderate traffic during the



A RARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

"When I lived in Kansas," said an greater part of the year. There are others where the roads become quagmires at every heavy rainfall, and in such districts, of course, the need for road improvement is far more urgent, and expenditure in this direction is far more justifiable

"If the state is to do the most for the improvement of public highways, it saving of time was a great saving of ought to aid in the improvement of the ordinary highways as well as in high class macadam construction. There are thousands of miles of much traveled highways in almost every state on which an expenditure averaging perhaps \$500 per mile would produce large results, especially if the work were supervised by a competent engineer, as would naturally be required if the state were to bear part of the cost. It would not be a permanent improvement like the construction of a macadamized road, but the real way to measure permanence is by the necessar penditure for maintenance. If either road were left to wear out with no expenditure for maintenance for ten years, it is a question whether a larger percentage of the expenditure on the costly road or on the cheap one would remain intact.

"It must be clearly understood that we are by no means arguing against the construction of macadam roads. Where the traffic warrants them they are without doubt the road to build What we protest against is the idea that no other class of road improvement is worth the attention of englneers or deserving of aid by the state.

"It cannot escape attention, moreover, that in work of this sort the state can secure local co-operation, as it can not on the more expensive roads. In Massachusetts the state pays threefourths of the cost of the state roads. which average nearly \$9,000 per mile in

"Suppose that in a state where I much larger mileage was to be covered and funds were less readily available were determined to spend \$500 to \$1,000 per mile in improving main highways. At such a rate one-half the cost could well be borne by the locality enefited, and a given appropriation by the state could be made to cover a large extent of territory. It may perhaps be contended that such an expenditure is more than could be profitably made on ordinary dirt roads. If this is the case, make the expenditure less and cover a larger territory. only point we contend for is that it is feasible to effect great improvements in ordinary earth roads at a moderate expenditure and that it is worth while for the state to foster such work by financial and other aid.

Repair of Stone Roads. Where the material of the road sur face is very hard and durable a well constructed road may wear quite even ly and require hardly any attention be yond ordinary small repairs until worn out. It is now usually considered the best practice to leave such a road to itself until it wears very thin and then renew it by an entirely new layer of broken stone placed in the worn surface and without in any way disturbing that surface. If a thin layer only of material is to be added at one time, in order that it may unite firmly with the upper layer of the road, it is usually necessary to break the bond.

Good Roads For Mastle At the first public legislative ses of the Philippine commission held at Manila recently bills appropriating \$1,-000,000 gold from the funds of the island for highways and bridges and \$2,-500 in part payment of surveying ex-

This season there is a large death rate among children from cropp relieved me after a number of other and lung troubles. Prompt action medicines and a doctor failed. It will saye the little ones from these is the best liniment I have ever terrible diseases. We know of nothing so certain to give instant relief as One Minute Cough Cure. It can the druggist.

GOOD NEWS STORIES.

Senator Blackburn's Modest Request. She Know His Business-Graclous to the Humble.

horseman, was for seven years a page in congress, during which time he beprominent political leaders of the country. He tells Senator Voorhees' favorite story at the expense of Senator Joe new to the admirers of both gentlemen in these parts. The incident is alleged had on the hard fight to retain his sent in the senate. Ex-Congressman James Belford was a close friend to Blackburn and, knowing his financial condition, asked if a little assistance in that way would not come handy. Blackburn replied that it would, and Belford went to James H. Stratton, the Colorado Springs millionaire, explaining that from Blackburn's fidelity to the silver cause his re-election was almost as important to Colorado as it was to Kentucky. Stratton said he would be pleased to do all in his power and that to raise \$20,000 he would himself contribute half the amount, and by telephoning ten acquaintances he would soon have the balance. This was quickly done, but Stratton got Belford and had him telegraph Blackburn to find out if that would be sufficient, as he would hate to send only \$20,000 when Blackburn might be expecting \$25,000. Bel ford wired and in a short time received this answer from the Kentucky states-

"Ought to have \$400, but can mak \$250 do." Stratton sent \$5,000. - St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Knew His Business

For many years Aqueduct Commis sioner Maurice J. Power of New York was a police instice. Politics, how ever, is not Mr. Power's livelihood. He is a manufacturer and conpolsseur of bronze art work. During the last year of Mr. Power's service on the police



"I DIBREMIMBER HIS NAME, MUM." bench he received a call at his house one evening. A formal dinner was in progress. The visitor failed to make her errand clear to the servant, and the justice's daughter went to the door. "The judge sint me son up to the island this mornin, an I want to see him," said the woman. "What judge?" asked Miss Power.

"I disremimber his name, mum" by this time the justice and two of his friends had gone into the smoking room near the door, where the dialogue was clearly heard—"but he makes thim tin images up in Twenty-fifth street." At this point the justice interrupted the dialogue. The woman did not get her son off the island, but she collecte the rent for her flat and enough ready money to keep her until her wayward boy's sentence had expired.-Saturday

Gracious to the Humble.

Many stories are told of the curious dventures of Queen Margherita on her mountaineering excursions, says Chicago Chronicle. The story of how she entertained a party of tourist climbers in one of the mountain buts is well known, but few have heard of nother little adventure which befell her last summer. The queen, whose energy is always the envy and despair of her suit, had wandered away from her attendants and not only had lost her way, but was both bungry and fatigued, when she saw a peasant' cottage in the distance.

Making her way to it, her knock was answered by an old peasant woman, whom she asked for rest and refresh

"Come in, my dear, and welcome the kindly old peasant said. The queen entered and insisted of belping the hostess to prepare the sim ple meal of milk and bread. Whet the belated attendants reached the cottage, they found the queen and the old woman gossiping of old friends. I was not until some days later, when handsome present arrived at the cot tage, that the woman learned how she had entertained her queen.

Plenty of Room In Texas. Bailey county, Tex., has only four sidents, Cockran has 25, Andrews has 27. Lynn has 17, and Dawson has 26. Twenty-five other counties have popucounties have no running streams with in their borders, some are hundreds of miles from a railroad, and others are almost wholly inhabited by prairie dogs, jack rabbits and rattlesnakes Tom Green county, the largest in the state, is larger than the whole state of Ohio and has but 6,804 inhabitants.

MOTHER, REMEMBER THAT no medicine cures; it simply assists nature in relieving itself of an unpatural condition of the system. Worms disarrange-Shriner's Indian Vermifuge kills and drives them from the system, thus removing the cause of disease. For sale by J. C. Simmons, druggist.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures,

LABOR AND FEED.

The Difference In Keeping Large or Small Flocks of Poultry. There is always a profit derived from a small family flock, because it has two Colonel H. V. Horton, a well known principal advantages compared with the keeping of large numbers. The small flock is a possibility with all, but came intimately acquainted with the the management of several hundred fowls is another matter. One advantage of having the small flock is that the item of labor is eliminated, or, Blackburn of Kentucky and which is rather, it is not estimated in the cost of a family flock, for the reason that where only a dozen or more hens are to have taken place when Blackburn , kept they are attended to by any of the members of the family, and but a few minutes are given the fowls; hence the cost of labor cannot be estimated, nor floes it interfere in any manner with the occupations of those who take an interest in the flock. But when one ventures into raising chicks by the bundreds and retains a large proportion to attain the adult stage the labor necessary becomes a more important item than the food. The second advantage in favor of the small flock is that the cost of the food is materially reduced by the utilization of the waste material from the table. The birds are scavengers to a certain extent and assist in converting into eggs substances that would be of no use, while the scraps would be insignificant if intended as a portion of the ration for a hundred or more fowls. It is the two advantages mentioned that permit one to make several dollars' profit per ben with a small flock and allows only \$1 as profit for each hen in a large flock. Those who have a large number of fowls and who keep strict accounts of all expenses find that the cost of food varies but little from that required for a small flock proportionately, and they estimate their profits by the difference between the cost of food and the receipts, when, in fact, the value of the labor is greater than the cost of the food in many cases, which puts a different aspect on the enterprise. Of course when the owner performs the labor himself he receives the price of that labor in the receipts, but that does not destroy the fact that the labo

must be paid for, as the owner may be

compelled to sacrifice a lucrative posi-

tion in some other business in order to give his flocks his entire attention. American Gardening. The Pigeons Return. Sportsmen of the olden days will re-olce to learn that the wild pigeons, which were so plentiful in former ears, have returned. The American assenger pigeons were spread all over olce to learn that the wild pigeons, which were so plentiful in former years, have returned. The American passenger pigeons were spread all over the northwest in the breeding season and immense roosts were common when they flew in clouds which dark ened the sun at times. The birds have not been seen for 20 years, and even specimen hunters could not secure a BURLINGTON, N. C. single bird. The people made pigeon hunting one of the principal sources of revenue in those days. They were

slaughtered by the hundreds of pounds but still seemed to increase in number. They suddenly disappeared and were supposed to be extinct until their recent appearance, some thinking they had all been killed and others saying they had gathered on the eastern shore in great numbers and had been driven and perished. Others infectious disease had destroyed them. It is a great mystery where they have been for so many years, as they have not frequented their southern feeding grounds during the winter for the same length of time. The only possible theory now is that they migrated to South America. It is hoped they may again become as numerous as formerly. The pigeon is a bird weighing on an average 11/2 pounds and has a very fine, highly flavored meat .-Crookston (Minn.) Times.

Cutting Watch Glasses. In the production of common watch glasses the glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient material being taken to give the desir ed thickness, as the case may be. Disks are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a dlamond at the extremity of one leg There is a knack in detaching the disk after it has been cut. A good workman will, it is said, cut 6,000 glasse ma day.

## **Blood Humors**

It doesn't make any difference whether you believe in the modern theory and speak of the causes of diseases as referable to germs, microbes or bacilit. or whether you use the older and better understood terms of "humors" and blood diseases "- Hood's Sarsapa rilla cures them all.

It cures scrofula, salt rheum or eczema, catarrh, rheumatism, malaria and all other blood poisons; nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling. This is not merely modern theory; if is solid up-to-date fact.

"Sait rheum on my hands so severe I had to wear gloves most of the time, and could not shut my thumb and finger together, was cured by Hood's Saraaparila," Mrs. A. O. Spauldens, North Searsport, Me. "My three months old boy was cured of very bad case of serofula by Hood's Sarsan rilla." Wm. H. Garners, West Earl, Pa. Hood's Sarsaparilla Promises to cure and keeps the prom-

ise. No substitute for Hood's acts like Hood's - be sure to get Hond's.

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It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Fiatulence, Sour Stomach, Nauses, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Pricetec and St. Large size contains 2% times color, and \$1. Large size contains 2% tim all size. Book all about dyspensia mailed? Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicag

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