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A doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It is not so with Dr. Goldberg, however, that it is the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write and send the method, as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address Dr. S. Goldberg, 238 Woodward Ave., Room 10, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent to you. Write at once.

DENTAL.

A. A. RICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital, Oral Surgery, Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, Ontario. Office over Turner's drug store, 26 Rutherford Block.

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 48, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.

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JOS. TILT

HOW TO GO NUTTING.

Looping the Boughs Is an Effective Way to Strip a Tree.

Not a few are the devices of skilled nutting. How often shall we see the novice crushing the green bur with a stone—or the chestnut by the same blow—or with many pains from the sharp spines trying to open the bur by hand. The nutter who is better versed has the trick, not mastered until some practice, of a peculiar quick tap of the heel—something between a blow and a cut—which at one deft side stroke lays open the nuts for the hand. The old device of jarring by a heavy stone the tree bole—especially the slim secondary trees of the deeper woods—may be tried, but not its refinement of taking a smaller stone and by a series of quick taps on the trunk "snapping" the upper branches.

Less known and more effective is another good plan. Its elements are a good arm, a ball of strong cord and, attached, a half pound stone, more or less, according to the weight of the string. The theory involves the casting of a weight over a bough of the nut tree and shaking it briskly when looped by the cord. The practice is that many a youngster who deems himself a crack thrower on the ball field will find some lessons to be learned in the precision of "looping" a chestnut branch and in the retarding power of an ascending cord tied to a projectile. Again, with usage comes the art of so releasing the cord from an upper bough as to loop the bough below and, with acquired dexterity, strip half a dozen branches after a single cast—Clarence Deming in Outing.

A Blackened Character.
The city of Pueblo, Colo., is on account of its smelting and refining works one of the smokiest cities in the world. At times the sun is quite obscured, and the light is much like that which precedes a glowering thunder-shower.

One winter a traveler stepped from a train at Denver and, walking up to a policeman, asked him the way to a certain hotel. The officer cast a scornful eye upon the man, who was covered with soot and grime, so that he looked like a chimney sweep, and ironically inquired of the stranger if he was a coal miner.

"No," said the dirty one; "I am not a coal miner nor a charcoal burner; neither am I in the coal dust business. More than that, I am not a negro minstrel."

"What are you?" asked the policeman.

"Lean down," said the man, "and I will whisper to you. I am a millionaire in sore distress. I have been through a snowstorm in Pueblo."

The Magnetic North.
The belief in the constancy of the magnetic compass to the north pole has not the least foundation in fact. At every different place on the globe it points in a different direction, and only one or two of them are due north. Besides, it is always changing. In London, for instance, it points to a place about 17 degrees west of north.

In 1825 it was still farther away, being then 24½ degrees, or a quarter of the way around to the west. In the year 1580 it pointed 11 degrees east. When it began to move north till 1659, when it pointed due north. But it remained thus only for a moment, passing around to its greatest deflection in 1690 years.

Again it turned in 1820 and is still moving nearer the north. It will not reach that point for nearly a century and a half, and so it will go on backward and forward forever.

No Vowels in It.
Many places have curious names, but apparently there is only one place which has a name without any vowels. That place is the little hamlet of Ws, near Paris. Ws being an unpronounceable name, the inhabitants of the hamlet have transformed it into "d'Us," but this change has not been sanctioned legally, and on all the official records the name Ws still appears. The hamlet has 117 inhabitants, and its sole attractions are the Chateau d'Osny, which has been for many years in the possession of Edmond About's family, and the Chateau de Vigny, which is one of the best specimens of the renaissance style of architecture.

Honor to Whom Honor Is Due.
"And now, gentlemen," says the chairman of the committee on awards at the millinery exhibition, "the question before us is to whom shall the chief prize go? Of the many pattern bonnets submitted that of Miss Meekleigh is far and away the most artistic."

"But," persists a more experienced member, "the bonnet exhibited by Mme. Sokkettum is far and away the most expensive."

A few minutes later the medal was pinned on Mme. Sokkettum—Judge.

Peculiar Spot.
Doubtless the most unique spot in Europe is the village of Altenberg, on whose border three countries meet. It is ruled by no monarch, has no soldiers, no police and no taxes. Its inhabitants speak a curious jargon of French and German combined and spend their days in cultivating the land or working in the valuable calamine mine of which the village boasts.

After the Honey-moon.
She—I just know you don't love me as much as you did.
He—But, darling, how can you think that?
"Because you are not half so foolish as you were."—Life.

Great men are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser.—Caryl.

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerfair"

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"The trial was the richest thing I ever attended. Pole had sobered up just enough to be witty, and he had no more respect for Bill Barrett's court than he had for the lecturer's platform. Him an' Barrett used to fish an' hunt together when they was boys, an' Pole kept callin' him Bill. It was Bill this an' Bill that, an' as Barrett had only been in office a month he hardly knewed how to rise to his proper dignity, especially when he saw the crowd was laughin' at his predicament. When I declined to defend 'im, Pole attempted to read the law on the case to Barrett an' show what he was right, but Barrett let 'im talk because he didn't know how to stop 'im, an' Pole made the best defense I ever heard from a lettered man. It kept the crowd in a roar. For awhile I swear it looked like Pole was goin' to clear his head, but Barrett had to do his duty, an' so he fined Pole thirty dollars, or in default thereof to break rock on the streets for ten days. You ort to 'a' heard Pole snort. 'Looky heer, Bill,' he said, 'you know as well as yo're a-settin' cocked over' breath, folks say 'yore honor' a-goin' to break no rock in that brillin' sun fer ten days 'case I beat that skunk at his own game?'

"You'll have to do it if you don't pay out," Barrett told 'im.

"Well, I jest won't pay out, an' I won't break rock nuther," Pole said. "You've heard about the feller that could lead a horse to water, but couldn't make 'im drink, ha'n't you? Well, I'm the hoss."

Yesterday was Pole's first day on the street. They put a ball an' chain to one of his ankles an' sent 'im out with the nigger gang, but all day yesterday an' today he ha'n't worked a lick. He's as stubborn as a mule. There's been a crowd around 'im all the time. You kin see 'im standin' up as straight as a post in the middle of the street from one end of it to the other. I'm sorter sorry for 'im; he looks like he's ashamed at bottom, but don't want to give in. The funniest thing about the whole thing is that Pole seems to know more about the law than the mayor. He says unless they force him to work in the specified ten days they can't hold him any longer, an' that if they attempt to dog 'im, he'll kill the first man that lays hands on him. I think Bill Barrett likes him.



"Look heer, Bishop," he said.

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Must Bear Signature of

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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too well to have 'im whipped, an' the whole town is givin' him an' axin' 'im why he don't make Pole set in."

Alan went down the street to see Pole. He found him seated on a large stone, a long handled rock hammer at his feet. He looked up from under his broad brimmed hat, and a crestfallen look came into his big brown eyes.

"I'm sorry to see this, Pole," said Alan.

Pole stood up at his full height, the chain clanking as he rose. "They ha'n't treated me right about this matter, Alan Bishop," he said, half resentfully, half as if he recognized his own error. "Bill knows he ha'n't done the fair thing. I know I was full, but I jest wanted to have my fun. That don't justify him in puttin' me out heer with these niggers fer folks to gap at, an' he knows it. He ain't a friend right. Me an' him has slep together on the same pile o' leaves, an' I've let 'im pull down a squirrel when I could a' knocked it from its perch, an' I've lent 'im my pointer an' gun many an' many a time. But he's showed what he is! He's got the wrong sow by the year, though, fer ef he keeps me heer till Christmas I'll never crack a rock unless I do it by accidentally steppin' on it. Mark my words, Alan Bishop, thar'll be trouble out o' this."

"Don't talk that way, Pole," said Alan. "You've broken the law, and they had to punish you for it. If they hadn't, they would have made themselves ridiculous. Why didn't you send me word you were in trouble, Pole?"

The fellow hung his head and then blurted out:

"Beca's I knowed you would make a fool o' yo'reself an' try to pay me out. Durn it, Alan Bishop, this ain't no business o' yo're'n!"

"I'll make it my business," said Alan. "How much is your fine? You ought to have sent me word."

"Sent you nothin'," Alan Bishop, growled the prisoner. "When I send you word to help me out of a scrape that whisky got me into, I'll do it after when you've played with me like you have to quit the durn stuff!"

At this point of the conversation Jeff Dukes, a man of medium size, dressed in dark blue uniform, with a nickel plated badge shaped like a shield and bearing the words "Marshal No. 2," came directly toward them from a stonecutter's shop near by.

"Look heer, Bishop," he said dictatorially, "whar'd you git the right to talk to that man?"

Alan looked surprised. "Am I breaking the law too?"

"You are ef you ha'n't got a permit from the mayor in yore pocket."

"Well, I have no permit," replied Alan with a good natured smile. "Have you got another ball and chain handy?"

The officer frowned off his inclination to treat the matter as a jest. "You ort to have more sense than that," he said crustily. "Pole's put out heer to work his time out, an' ef everybody in town is allowed to laugh an' joke with him he'd crack about as many rocks as you or me."

"You are a durn liar, Jeff Dukes," said Pole angrily. "You are a-makin' that up to humiliate me fuder. You know no law like that never was enforced. Ef I ever git you out in Pea Vine desert, I'll knock a dent in that egg shaped head o' yo're'n an' make them eyes look two ways fer Sunday. You know a gentleman like Alan Bishop wouldn't notice you under ordinary circumstances, an' so you trump up that excuse to git his attention."

The two men glared at each other, but Pole seemed to get the best of that sort of combat, for the officer only growled.

"You can insult a man when you are under arrest," he said, "beca's you know I am under bond to keep the peace. But I'm not afeerd of you."

"They tell me you are afeerd o' sperrits, though," retorted the prisoner. "They tell me a little nigger boy that was shot when a nussle o' skunks went to whip his daddy fer vagrancy stands at the foot o' yore bed ever' night. Oh, I know what I'm talkin' about!"

"Yes, you know a lots," said the man sullenly as his eyes fell.

To avoid encouraging the disputants further Alan walked suddenly away. The marshal took willing advantage of the opportunity and followed him.

"I could make a case agin you," he said, catching up, "but I know you didn't mean to violate the ordinance."

"No, of course I didn't," said Alan, "but I want to know if that fellow could be released if I paid his fine."

"You are not fool enough to do it, are you?"

"That's what I am."

"Have you got the money in yore pocket?" The officer was laughing, as if at a good joke.

"I have."

"Well"—the marshal laughed again as he swung his short club round by a string that fastened it to his wrist—"well, you come with me, an' I'll show you a man that wants \$30 wuss than any man I know of. I don't believe Bill Barrett has slept a wink since this thing happened. He'll be tickled to death to git off so easy. The town has deviled the life out of him. He don't go by whar Pole's at work—I mean whar he ain't at work—I mean whar he whenever he sees 'im."

That night when Alan reached home he sent a servant over to tell Mrs. Baker that Pole was all right and that he'd be home soon. He had eaten his supper and had gone upstairs to go to bed when he heard his name called outside. Going to a window and looking out, he recognized Pole Baker standing at the gate in the clear moonlight.

"Alan," he said softly, "come down beer a minute. I want to see you."

Alan went down and joined him. For a moment Pole stood leaning against the fence, his eyes hidden by his broad brimmed slouch hat.

"Did you want to see me, Pole?" Alan asked.



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"Yes, I did," the fellow swallowed. He made a motion as if to reach out his hand, but refrained. Then he looked straight into Alan's face.

"I couldn't go to sleep till I'd said somethin' to you," he began, with another gulp. "I laid down an' made a try at it, but it wasn't no go. I've got to say it. I'm heer to swear that ef God or some'n else don't show me a way to pay you back fer what you done today I'll never draw a satisfied breath. Alan Bishop, yo're a man—a man from yore outside skin to the marrow o' yore bones, an' ef I don't find some way to prove what I think about you I'll jest burn up! I got into that trouble as thoughtless as I'd play a prank with my baby, an' then they all come down on me an' begun to try to drive me like a hog out'n a field with rocks an' sticks, an' the very old Harry fix in me an' defied 'em. I reckon thar wasn't anything Bill could do but carry out the law, an' I knowed it. But you come along an' rendered a verdict in my favor when you needed the money you did it with. Alan, ef I don't show my appreciation it'll be beca's I don't live long enough. You never axed me but one thing, an' that was to quit drinkin' whisky. I'm goin' to make a try at it, not beca's I think that'll pay you but beca's it's a better friend to a sober head I kin be a better friend to yon ef the chance ever comes my way."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Pole," replied Alan, greatly moved by the fellow's earnestness. "I believe you can do it. Then your wife and children?"

"Liang my wife an' children!" snorted Pole. "It's you I'm goin' to work fer—you, I say!"

To Be Continued.

WHY

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