

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Mr. Bower's Spring Suit Has an Unfortunate Effect on His Temper.

The "Kicker" on Western Banking Methods—"Hamlet" With the Cowboy Omitted.

Copyright, 1933, by Charles B. Lewis. MR. AND MRS. BOWER.

When Mr. Bower's new spring suit was sent home by the tailor the other afternoon, Mrs. Bower nervously examined it for the impending crisis. He came home at the usual hour, and as she sat an anxious glance at his face she saw that he was in good humor. Indeed he was chuckling and smiling, and he was hardly inside the door when he broke out with:

"I saw the funniest thing on the car I ever witnessed! There was an old fellow with a mustache and whiskers, and he got up to give his seat to a woman. Just as he did so another—ha! ha! ha!—man—What's in that bundle, Mrs. Bower?"

"Your new suit. What about the other man?"

"Why, you know, old mutton chops was bowing and scraping—ha! ha! ha!—and motioning the lady to take the seat when the other man— Hold on till I see the suit."

"I like the goods very much and must compliment you on your taste," broke in Mrs. Bower as he broke the string.



"LOOK AT ME!"

"Now, by the whiskers of my father, but that speaking, springing, best hearted tailor hasn't made up the cloth I selected," shouted Mr. Bower in great indignation.

"Are you sure, dear? What goods did you select?"

"Why, diagonal, and the villain had the audacity to say that the cloth I selected was diagonal, and very handsome and serviceable too."

"What! Don't you suppose I know a corkscrew from a diagonal? I could tell the difference 40 rods off with my eyes shut."

She ran up stairs and brought down several garments to prove that the new suit was what she stated it to be, and at length Mr. Bower was half inclined to agree with her.

"It's just barely possible that this is the cloth I selected," he said as he went in to dinner, "but I don't propose to be taken for a yahoo. I'll try 'em on after a bit and see how they fit."

Mrs. Bower would have been thankful to get out of the house for the evening, to have had company come in, even to have had a slight fire up stairs or down cellar to put off the crisis, but nothing happened.

"I'll just get into 'em and come down," observed Mr. Bower as he picked up the garments and trotted up stairs. "If that tailor imagines I've just come in off the grass, he'll discover that he's made a sad mistake."

Ten minutes later as Mrs. Bower was trying to quiet her jumping heart there came a soft scuff scuff on the stairs, followed by a tramp! tramp! tramp! in the hall, and then Mr. Bower entered the sitting room. He was very pale. He stood and glared at Mrs. Bower for a moment and then said:

"Well, I'll tell you your work! I hope you are satisfied now!"

"My work, Mr. Bower! Why, what did I have to do with your suit? You didn't even tell me until after you had left your measure! What's wrong with the cloth?"

"Mrs. Bower, look at me!" he replied as he stood before her with arm extended.

"Yes, I'm looking, and I say you've got the best fit you've had in three years."

"Fit! Fit! Why, he hasn't come within a million miles of fitting me! He's made me to look lop shouldered, hump backed and more like a scarecrow than I ever saw in a cornfield! See these trousers!"

"What's wrong with them?"

"What's right with them! Great Scott, but they are 40 rods too long and high enough to hold a load of hay. Mrs. Bower, let's no wonder so many husbands murder their wives!"

"How am I to blame if your clothes don't fit?" she demanded, with considerable temper.

"And how am I?" he demanded in reply as he yanked off the coat and threw it down on a chair. "Look at that garment! Why, a tramp wouldn't be found dead in it! Look at this vest! I wouldn't be guilty of sending it to an African heathen. Look at these infernal, contemptible trousers! Were they made for a saw log or for a respectable law abiding member of this community?"

"They were made for you, and coat, vest and pants are an excellent fit. I don't know when I've seen better work. As for the cloth—"

"I go to a first class tailor," interrupted Mr. Bower. "I select a soft, fine finish diagonal. He takes about half a day to measure me. I try on that blamed old coat 400 times. I tell him over and over again that I want those pants 17 1/2 on the knee. He sends me up a suit made of corkscrew or screwdriver or some other vile fabric woven for convicts, and the

garments would fit a woven wire mattress as well as they do me! The worm turns at last. To-morrow what?" she asked as he passed.

He made motions of wiping out a family of killing three or four tails—of holding the police at bay for a time—and then taking a header into the river. Then he went tramp! tramp! tramp! through the hall and scuff! scuff! scuff! up stairs and got into his old suit, and during the rest of the evening he glared at Mrs. Bower and picked his teeth and read the evening paper by turns. She wisely held her peace, knowing how it would be. Two days later he was wearing the suit and even bragging about the excellent goods and fine fit.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A WORD OF CAUTION.—We understand that parties are here from the east with a view of opening a bank with a capital of \$25,000. This is good news, but we feel it our duty to give these strangers a word of caution. Any banking business is not conducted exactly on eastern principles. For instance, if one of our sterling business men like Colonel Hard should happen to want \$100 some dollars, it was put to the bother of signing a note and giving two or three indorsees he would naturally take it as a slur on his integrity and begin shouting. In the east they allow three days grace on bank paper. Out here they always allow seven, and if the man carries two guns they spit it out to nine or ten and throw in a couple of Sundays. Depositors in the east take chances of the president wrecking a bank or the cashier absconding with the boodle. We are not built that way. About once over five minutes when something from the machine is running, and they expect all inquiries to be satisfactorily answered. A bank official who leaves this town never takes any baggage with him and is always at great pains to explain why he goes and when he expects to return. And his bank will do well here, but it must be run on western ideas. Should a bank open here with a plan to fail after a year or two and pay depositors 50 cents on the dollar, it was better for the officials to go off and die now and save trouble.

DRAMATIC.—Two weeks ago, when the advance agent of "The Standard Theatrical company" billed this town for "Hamlet," we tried to give him some pointers. We thought we knew the people of this locality better than he did, but he was a young man with a swelled head and scorned our advice. There are certain things our theatre going public demand in the play of "Hamlet," and they must be given or there will be a row. At some period of the play at least one cowboy must gallop across the stage in full costume to give things a realistic appearance. There must be at least one barroom scene, and the bottles and glasses must be real. In each act there must be a song and dance to liven up things. Our people prefer a female dancer in light, but will accept a colored man if he can clog well. A 4-round boxing match always takes well, but a trapeze performance can be substituted in case the boxers are not feeling well. We told the young man all these things, but he went his way. The company was greeted by a full house Tuesday evening. The audience waited patiently for the cowboy, the barroom and the song and dance, but they did not show up. A committee waited on the stage for the actor who was to sing and dance, but he was not there. The play was played in New York, Boston, Chicago and elsewhere, and he refused to put in any improvements for our benefit. This of course brought a climax. For a few minutes it looked as if the boys would proceed to extremes, but their counsels prevailed, and they were finally satisfied with the return of the admission. The company had to leave part of its baggage here to secure the hotel bill, and at least two of the actors departed on foot. Every town has its idioms. What life New York won't go down here at all, and what ticksles Chicago or St. Louis makes us sad and serious. We want our "Hamlet" as we want it. We don't want anybody else's "Hamlet." The sooner this fact is thoroughly understood by theatrical companies heading this way the better for all concerned.

SHE WAS A WIDOW.

It was at a circus in a North Carolina town. The performance had begun when a little, old woman wearing a poke bonnet, white cotton gloves and a blue calico dress stepped up to the ticket wagon, laid down 25 cents and held out her hand for a ticket.

"Fifty cents, ma'am," said the man in the wagon.

"I'm a widder," she replied.

"Can't help that."

"Bin a widder for 13 years."

"Yes, but the price of a ticket is 50 cents."

"Buried two children sense I was a widder."

"That makes no difference."

"She picked up her 25 cents and took a walk around and stopped at the wagon once again to hand it up and say:

"Gimme a ticket to the show."

"Fifty cents, ma'am," replied the man.

"But I'm a widder."

"You told me that before, but we make no discount to widows."

"They never pass the contraband box to me in church 'cause I'm a widder. Bin a widder for 13 years."

"Well, you couldn't buy a ticket for 25 cents if you had been a widow for 30 years," he said as he turned away.

She picked up her 25 cents and traveled around the circus tent and stopped at the wagon for the third time.

"Ticket for a widder," she said as she handed up her 25 cents.

"No, haven't I told you that the price was 50 cents, and that you couldn't buy a ticket for less?"

THE LIVERPOOL STAR.

The Liverpool Star was a weekly paper published in a town of 2,000 people situated in a coal mining district. At the age of 22 I was foreman of the office—about the best of my kind in the office—job printer and had the honor of affairs when the editor happened to be out.

As he also had to turn to at the case for two or three days in the week, my authority was limited to giving orders to the apprentice but I had no objection to intelligent unbiased jury, justice can ask for no more.

"A WIDDER."

"Bin a widder for 13 years," she calmly replied.

"I don't care if you have been a widow from the cradle up! Don't bother me any more!"

She took her money and went off in the direction of the show, where the fat boy was on exhibition, and I entered the circus tent. I had not been seated over five minutes when something from beneath the seats pulled at my leg and a voice whispered:

"Stranger, hitch along to the left and give a widder a show!"

I had only hitched, but assisted the little old woman in the poke bonnet to climb up beside me. When she had got her breath, I asked:

"Did the man sell you a ticket for two bits?"

"Osp. He un got no compashun on widder."

"Then how did you get in?"

"Same as I always do. Bin a widder for 13 years, and I've crawled under the canvas 12 seasons. Do you un feel like buyin a lone widder a glass of that air lemonade?"

A GOOD INDIAN.

The old man had a head so bald that one looked over its entire surface in vain for sight of a single hair. I wasn't going to say him any questions, but after we had chatted away on general subjects for half an hour he suddenly said:

"You don't see my hands as bald as mine?"

"That's a fact."

"Probably strikes you as a case of typhoid fever?"

"That would account for it."

"It would, but it don't, stranger. That head is proof that an Injun has gratitude in his heart. Lots of folks contend that they are wrong."

"I should like to hear your story."

"It's a short one. In the year 1867 out in Kansas I found a wounded Injun in the bushes and took him home and cared for him till he was able to set out for home. He acted as if he was grateful, but everybody said he'd never hate no worse for what I'd done. About a year later I was out hunting cattle and was captured by Injuns. They was going to scalp and burn me, but the fellow I had saved turned up and prevented it. He was grateful and wanted to show it."

"And they didn't scalp you?"

"No."

"But how did you lose?"

"I'm coming to that. The fellow saved me, but as I was a long way from home and would likely meet other Injuns they pulled every last blamed hair out by the roots so as not to offer any temptation. They thought I'd better be bald than be dead, and they were right about it."

"There ain't no buta about it, stranger, or is there is, why?"

"And he reached down into a lank, lean satchel and got hold of the butt end of something, and I took up my book and began reading again. M. QUAD.

ABERDEEN FOR CANADA.

LONDON, May 13.—Press comments are favorable on to-day's official notice that the Earl of Aberdeen has been appointed Governor-General of Canada.

The Daily News praises the wide sympathies of both the Earl and the Countess. The Chronicle says: "The Earl is young and energetic and alive to the best democratic movement of the day."

The Westminster Gazette says: "The appointment is generally approved and will afford opportunities of statesmanship, commercial union, independence and emancipation are all in the air, and the future of the Dominion, even of the Empire, may depend on the course of public opinion in Canada during the next few years."

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

A Good Murder Case on Circumstantial Evidence—Old Jack.

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Yes, circumstantial evidence has put the case against White and the necks of innocent men, and circumstantial evidence has sent innocent men to state prison, but nevertheless we must not reject it, nor even doubt it on that account. Circumstantial evidence has tripped up thousands of rascals who had otherwise have gone free. It has been the ally of justice and the friend of innocence ever since we had judges, lawyers and jurors, and it will continue to be until the end of time. Where it has condemned an innocent man to a life sentence, it has also acquitted the guilty. He either falsified or withheld certain facts. To a certain extent he aided in his own conviction. When a detective arrests a man for a certain crime, he naturally believes him guilty of it. All his doubts and misgivings are cast aside, and he endeavors to convict him in the court. He rejects anything going to prove his innocence. We berate the detective for doing this, and yet we see the prosecuting attorney pursuing the same line of conduct and making no criticism whatever. One must believe the prisoner guilty to do his best. The prisoner's counsel must believe him innocent to do his best. When both sides have pursued this line of conduct and no criticism is made, a intelligent unbiased jury, justice can ask for no more.

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refused (false). Fired with jealousy and burning with a desire for revenge (false), he began planning (false) this deed. We saw that White feared him (false), and he would not have gone to the office except he was lured there (false).

The great question, of course, was what had become of the body. It was supposed that I had carried it to some hiding place. Around the town were as many as 50 old coal and iron shafts from 15 to 40 feet deep. Some were covered up and some open. All about us were huge snowdrifts, and the idea was that I had buried White under one of these or flung the body into an open shaft. More than 500 people searched for the body for a week or more, but no trace of it could be found. When I told about the nose blood, no one believed me. The saloon keeper could have set things right, but he maintained silence, afterward explaining that he had been very nervous and had gone over by drink and perished in the snow. Those who came to the office to question me testified:

"The prisoner hesitated (false) to admit that he had lately seen the missing man. He was very nervous (false), and it was very plain that he knew more than he was willing to tell (false)."

One cannot blame a mother for wishing to see justice meted out to her son's murderer, but Mrs. White was truly vindictive. While she perhaps did not intentionally perjure herself, she swore to many things which had no foundation in fact. For instance, she swore that on three different occasions between 10 and 11 o'clock at night she had seen a person whom she believed to be no loiterer about the house in a suspicious manner. She testified that in passing me once on the street I had muttered threats of vengeance; that at another time I had glared at her like a hungry tiger. From the first time she saw me she had sized me up for a desperate villain, she said, and it hardly surprised her when told that I had murdered Albert. As a matter of fact, I did not know the woman by sight.

It might have been a point in my favor had she given the reason for my dropping the girl. I should have had to relate the story told by the editor. He had no proof. I believed it, but no one else would have done so. I was a slim young man, weighing 110 pounds. How had I managed to carry the body of a man weighing 150 pounds clear of the town? The girl got around that question by saying I had dragged it over the snow, and two wonderful coincidences suddenly bobbed to the surface. Across the alley in rear of the barn, I had seen a hole in the board halter rope had been missing since that fateful night. The owner of the barn was a volunteer witness, and he seemed to really enjoy the situation. The rope was even then attached to his boy's hand sled, having been taken from the barn for that purpose. Another reputable citizen swore to having seen a curious trail in the alley next morning, as if a bag of oats had been drawn over the snow. No one else saw it, but his testimony was evidence in the case. The boy was by way of the alley. There were two witnesses who committed deliberate perjury. In a small town a witness in a murder trial is lionized. To secure a share of public admiration three different persons swore to having heard me threaten Albert White's life. They recalled my exact words and the day and hour. When arrested, I was looked up by the town marshal. I didn't think the man wanted to do me a bad turn, but because I had accepted his money, I must be guilty. He was the hero of the hour, of course, and of course he had a good deal to say about how I looked and acted and what I said, everything going to prove my guilt. I never believed he realized what he was saying when he took the stand and swore that I had done it. "Well, it has all come out" when he looked me up. He added that on two different occasions I seemed about to make a clean breast of it, but he repulsed me.

And now what had become of Albert White? All the searching had failed to get traces of him. After I had been held to the higher court certain incidents occurred to me for the first time. I remembered seeing a basket of groceries as he came into the office. I remembered that he said he must go straight home when he left. He lived a full mile beyond the saloon where he had stopped, but could shorten the distance by cutting across the field. I had never crossed this field, but felt sure that Albert had done so. Four old shafts scattered about. I thought it all over as I lay on my cot in jail one night, and next day the editor of The Star was directing a search. At the bottom of a 30-foot shaft, which was not over 250 feet from Mrs. White's front door, and the mouth of which was almost concealed by a snowdrift, they found Albert. This was the seventeenth day after my arrest. He had attempted the short cut in going home. Blinded by the storm, he had fallen into the pit. The fire or six feet of snow at the bottom had broken his fall. In his basket was a loaf of bread, two or three pounds of beef, some sugar and a dozen eggs. He had consumed everything and was a very hungry young man when finally discovered. He had figured that the saloon keeper would give notice of his leaving there at 10:45, because both had remarked the time. He reasoned that search would be made and that the old pits would speedily be examined.

I was at once restored to liberty as a matter of course, but I want you to note the curious phrase of human nature. Neither the prosecutor nor the town marshal took me by the hand and uttered a word of consolation. Not one single witness who had testified against me evinced the slightest desire to rejoice. So far as I could judge, at least one-half the population of the town felt a grudge against me for spoiling the case. This feeling also extended to White. After he had been murdered and a good case made out against me, it was doggone mean to come to life and spoil all! Stranger of all the girl went back on him with the sword and was shortly after married to a chap who had never taken the trouble to run after her.

Circumstantial evidence is good and just and legal evidence, I repeat, but it must be truthful evidence and without bias, or the defendant may be terribly wronged.

OLD JACK.

All men like horses, but only a cavalryman takes horse into full partnership

or gives him that admiration which heroes deserve. Our love for Old Jack began at Gettysburg when we saw the captain who rode him out off from the command and that horse brought him over seven fences company. A bullet had raked the gallant steed, and the men cheered him as they wiped the blood away with their handkerchiefs. Late that fall, after a slashing cavalry fight on a Virginia meadow one afternoon, we found Old Jack standing over the dead body of his master. Other horses were galloping wildly about, but he showed no excitement. Wounded horses approached him to beg for sympathy, but he drove them away for fear they would injure the man at his feet.

Old Jack was with us up and down the Shenandoah valley, and one night when a terrific storm stampeded 300 of our horses over to the enemy he alone returned. He railed and fought throughout that memorable year of 1864 and was wounded twice again. He was ready for the last campaign, and when the surrender came the white flags almost brushed his nose. Only the day before that a piece of shell had given him a severe wound, but when driven to the rear with hundreds of others he literally flung his way back. A quartermaster at Washington got hold of him when we returned from Appomattox, but when we knew that our brigade was to go west we got Old Jack back on the active list again, and he was one of us. At Leavenworth, when they weeded out the horses preparatory to the long jaunt to the Colorado hills, they led Old Jack away to brand him with "C" and sell him to the highest bidder at auction. Company A, second lieutenant bought him before the degrading branding iron had touched his shoulder. We gave him a reception when he returned, and he was the only sort of welcome an old comrade could have counted on.

Up the Platte, as we got into the Indian country, a dozen men were out off from the command one day. It was a race for life. The horse of a pioneer had a broken leg, and the lieutenant took the man up behind him. Old Jack came in bearing double, and an Indian arrow had grazed his quarter while making the last half mile. Farther west it was Old Jack who suddenly raised an alarm one midnight just in time to save us from attack. A week later he was bitten by a rattlesnake. The order was to shoot him, as it had been in the case of a score of other horses, but we would not do it. The horses of a third party were sent to stop the march, and we poured whisky enough down Old Jack's neck to make 10 men drunk. After three or four days he was kicking up his heels as of yore, and every man in the brigade wanted a look at him.

One day, between the forks of the Upper Platte, Old Jack's rider ventured too far from camp and was "rushed" by half a dozen Indians. He dismounted and menaced them over the saddle with his revolver. The horse started like a rocket. They yelled and shrieked and waved blankets and fired their rifles, but they could not stampede him. In the midst of the excitement he saw the relief party while yet a mile away and neighed a shrill recognition and began to ride fast. When I tell you all the things you will not wonder at our kindly feelings toward our horse comrade. There were 35 men of us in Company A. Out on the plains. Had we some day been obliged to accept 35 horses for a full day's rations, no man would have begrudged Old Jack a generous nibble.

I remember when the sad day came as if it were only last week. Two hundred of us were pushing a fresh Indian trail, and the hour was noon, when Old Jack, going at a gallop, put his foot into a gopher hole and broke a foreleg. Two hundred men groaned out at sight of the poor beast standing on three legs after recovering from the fall. We realized that his last hour had come. To leave him alive behind us would be inhuman. There was neither water nor grass for miles around. The wolves would pull him down after a few hours, and he deserved a nobler death. And yet who could have the heart to kill him?"

"Strip off the saddle, and let him lie!" That was the order that came back from the head of the column, and that was the order given by our captain to a sergeant. The saddle was removed. Old Jack must have been in terrible pain, but he did not utter a sigh. His eyes opened wider than usual, and he seemed worried and anxious as he looked around.

"Captain, I can't do it! It would be as bad as shooting down a comrade!" So said the sergeant as he stood revolving in his hand. A second or third were named, but they hung back. A corporal stepped out, placed the muzzle of his revolver to Old Jack's ear, but a hundred men shouted in chorus, and he did not pull trigger.

Compliments of Colonel Blank, with orders to shoot that horse at once!" announced a messenger from the head of the column.

"Sergeant Davis, put the poor beast out of his misery!" ordered the captain.

"I've got to do it or stand a court martial," growled the sergeant, "but I'd sooner try a shot at somebody down in front! Perhaps he isn't so badly hurt."

"Hurry up! Can't you see the bone is broken square off?"

"It's the same thing as murder, and the Lord will never forgive me for it!" Boys, never witness that I'm forced to do it!"

Poor Old Jack! He was rubbing his nose against the sergeant's left hand and whimpering as if he were in agony, and it was all about. Our faces were all turned the other way. Many of the men stopped their ears to shut out the report of the revolver, and no one looked back as the column moved on. Looking straight ahead and with a suspicious quivering of the chin the sergeant whispered:

"I wish I hadn't done it! I wish I had taken arrest and court martial instead! Poor old comrade!"

M. QUAD.

Over Fifty Years.

MR. WESTLOW'S SUFFERING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years and has been successful in curing all kinds of ailments, such as colds, coughs, and asthma. It is a most valuable remedy for all respiratory troubles.

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A Representative Farmer Speaks.