Gone is a great ancestral home!
To millions was it blest;
For centuries its doors have stood
Open to every guest.

Gone are its wondrous arches now!

No more, at night's decline,

Will they resound — from countless

No record of its guests have we, Sheltered beneath its dome; But myriads of nature's kin Have called this place their home.

Scattered throughout the land are

To north, to south, to west—
The deer that drank its waters cool,
Birds that here learned to nest.

Where they were born and bread

Nothing can bring peace but your

self. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—Emerson.

The Man who Could Shoot

A Tale of the Old Days of the Wild

"Talkin' about marshals of tough

Twice a year the cattle were driven

from that vast region to the railroad at Baxter Springs, for shipment to

market. Twice a year this gave the cowboys an opportunity to touch civilization, 'drink up its whiskey, go against fare and monte, and shoot the

town full of holes. \(\)
The class of citizens necessary for the entertainment of these visitors

sed to decorate lone trees on the prairie. The push got so strong some-

times that it was necessary to do these things. I remember once a mass

meetin' was called on matters of pubie importance. Among a few it was known that a vigilance committee was

to be organized. Several prominent citizens had been marked. These men

came to the meeting and were doin

It was sudden, but it had its effect

shacklin' frame houses, with a saloon

every other door, glittering with red lights at night that were an invitation

to dangers as well as dissipation. It always seems to me that any man who asked to be marshal of Baxter

Springs had grown tired of living, but shrank from killing himself with his own hand. In nine cases out of ten, it was about the same as suicide to

get the place. The marshal was a mark for every bad man that came up the trail. It was a cowboy's am-bition to shoot a town marshal. Many times the marshal was tough himself,

"Baxter Springs was built of low,

nore talkin' than anybody, when suddealy they were so zed, hauled to the edge of the town and swung up in a row on the himb of a big cotton-tree.

Oh, nevermore will they return, These hillside paths to tread, For gone is their ancestral home

To melodies divine!

habitaley, October to teex



F. N. MILLIREN, M.D., Rogersville, Pa.:

"I find your remedy to be the best I have ever 'tried in the treatment of whooping -couping, attarrhal fever, asthma, also for disinfecting rooms where scarlet fever and diphtheria prevail."

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You don't take Vapo-Cresolene into the stomach, you breath it. Put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath and then breathe-in the vapor. It's easy, convenient, safe. It can be used with success, even for infants.

Don't you see at once how valuable such a remedy must be for hay fever, diphtheria, sore throat, catarrh, asthma, and other diseases of the air passages? For whooping-cough it is a perfect specific, often curing the disease in from one to three days.

What is Vapo-Cresolene? It is what the doctors call a coal-tar product; that is it's something like carbolic acid, only it destroys disease germs.

Keep Vapo-Cresolene on hand; it's not expensive, for the vaporizer lasts a lifetime and the Cresolene costs but little.

You Breathe it

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Vapo-Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimoniais free upon request. VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 170 Fulton St. New York.

Recommended and sold by C H Gunn & Co.

THE PEOPLE'S PROOF

Want anything stronger to convince of the merit of any article in daily



Range has all Canada to its back in testifying to its merits in everything that goes to make it the most perfect stove in the world of stoves to-day-and the army of "Souvenir" owners recruits by the thousands every year. Would that be the case if it had not been proven "the best by test"-for appearance - for durability - for convenience-for up-todateness in appointmentsprovements-economy in fuel and general good service as a heater, cooker and

venir" to the test. Sold everywhere. One will last a lifetime.

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SK KAKKAK KAK KAK KAK KAK KAK KA

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If you ever contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus of polson has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, nicers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, aching pains itchiness of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't rain your system with the old fogy treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when happy in domestic life. Don't tet quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds that the disease will dever return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no rek—not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

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targes reasonable. Beoks free.—The Golden Monitor [illustrated] on Diseases of m. "Diseases of Women" "The Wages of Sin." "Varicocele, Stricture and Gleet."

No readicing sent C. Q. D. No names on bexes or envelopes. Everything onfide tigl. Question list and Cost of Treatment, FREE, for Home Cure.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERG

In South Africa -A General Without an Army.

wires as follows:

"In his speech returning thanks for the sword of honor, Sir Redvers Buller made a spirited defence of his strategy. He said he did not believe that any general had ever faced a situation of difficult as that which connation so difficult as that which confronted him when he disembarked a Cape Town without an army, and with no hope of one for another sever

weeks longer,
"'I found Mafeking and Kimberley
beleaguered,' he continued, 'and the
two main avenues across the Free
State, Bethulie bridge and Norval's
Pont in the hands of the enemy, with
Yedwamith nearly surrounded. If I Ladysmith nearly surrounded. If had waited for an army and then ac vanced on B'oemfontein it would have been at least twelve weeks before l could have exerted any influence on the situation. In that time the Boers would have completely overrun and occupied Natal, and what would have been the effect of that on Europe

and the British people? 'Gen. Buller then proceeded to make the interesting approuncement that Sir Eivelyn Wood had wired asking to be allowed to come out and serve under him. He said he was never so tempted in his life to take a man a his word, for he had begun to look upon Natal as a forforn hope; but would have been cowardly to have let Sir Elvelyn come to take the risk. 'I knew that if I failed to relieve Ladysmith,' he exclaimed, 'I should lose the supreme command. I lost it, and rightly, I think, But I had taken on the task, and was bound to see it through to a conclusion.' see it through to a conclusion.

"Sir Redvers paid the highest com-pliments to the loyalty and gallantry of his troops under the tremendous strain, a strain, he believed, such as no soldiers in the history of the world had ever to undergo before."

Zinc as a Scale Preventer. It is well known that zinc slabs suspended in steam boilers prevent the formation of scale, and large quanti-ties are used annually for this purpose. The following directions will enable anyone to use it successfully. The proportions necessary to insure complete protection are one square loot of zinc to fifty square feet of heating surface in new boilers, which may be diminished after a time to one in seventy-five or even one in 100 square

"It has seemed strange to me," said Mr. Naggleby, "to see eggs among the things that are set out on the window sill at this season to keep cool. Milk always seems all right there, and but-ter, and some other things; but eggs didn't seem so clear. But Mr. Naggle-by tells me that eggs are always kept by tells me that eggs are always kept in a cool place; usually in the refrigarator; that they keep better cool, and heat much better, and that indeed it is set unusual when eggs are to be beat in to set them first right en the ica."—

If the conditions of the soil will admit, now is the time to set out strawberry plants.

In His Gwn Defence He Tells of the Difficulties

He Had to Face When he First Landed London, Oct. 19 .- The Pietermaritz-

but this only added to the excitement of the fights. He was regarded as the representative of that element of society which the tough citize rearned and which he had gone into uninhabit ed regions to escape.
"Baxter Springs had tried all kinds of marshals, big and little, slugger

and shooters, but practically all of them had shown defects. The last marshall had just been killed when Taylor was first heard of. Where he came from no one ever knew. drifted into town from somewhere ou west. He was never known by any other name than just plain Taylor. He was a quiet, inoffensive-looking chap, with light, dusty-colored hair and thin flaxen mustache that barely cov ered his lip. He was slenderly built, but nearly six feet tall. He had cold blue eyes without a glint or sparkle to soften their expression. Taylor was at first his request for the appoint ment was laughed at as a joke, as the place was one of more responsibility than that of mayor. The only recom-mendation he offered was that he had had some experience in Arizona. In some way which I never understood

Taylor got the place!
"By the very nature of life at Bax ter Springs, Taylor was compelled to begin making a record the moment he put on his star. Every bully in town primed himself to take Taylor down the line. Taylor had only two trustworthy friends—his pistol and his phy-sical strength. His strength was remarkable. He was not muscular, but his sinews were like steel. He could take a man by the collar and flounce

him all over the street.

"The bully of bullies was a farmer named Dave Ramsey, a giant in both size and strength. Dave always wore a red flannel shirt, open at the neck and showing his hairy chest; a big, slouching sombrero, and his trousers without suspenders, stuffed into his high-heeled boots. His face was cov-ered with a thicket of black whisk-ers. Peaceful when sober, he was a Cheyenne with a scalping knife in each hand when tanked up with boose. It was his custom to go on the warpath once a week. He had fought over every foot of ground in Baxter Springs. No marshal had ever been Springs. No marshal had ever been able to take him single-handed or make him knock under with a bluff

fice, and and came down the street spoutin' brimstone. Everybody was on hand to see the fun. Taylor walk-oed up to Ramsay, just as easy as buyin' chips in faro, and to'd him to buyin' chips in faro, and to'd him to stop his war dance and go home. Ramsey leered at Taylor a moment and then roared with laughter, wantin' to know "where that tow-headed kid blew in from.' Ramsey made a few side steps and bentered Taylor to fight. Taylor jumped him like a streak of lightning, and down they went, with Taylor on top. Baxter Springs had seen lots of fights but nothin' like that one. Taylor just plugged Ramsey until Ramsey couldn't talk, and then threw him into his wagon bodily and told him to sail for home, and he went. His defeat and the guyin' of friends/worried Ramsey. He decided to try it again and came

AFTER THE FELLING OF THE FORto town and began tankin'. Taylor didn't wait for any invitation this time, but just maused the life out of him, dragged him down the street and threw him into the calaboose. Friends passed whiskey and wedges into the calaboose and Dave steamed up and broke open the door. Taylor heard of it and as Dave stepped into the street predicting that he would de-stroy the world, Taylor walked up and

said meek'y as a lamb:
"See here, Ramsey, I'm tired of you,
now you've got just ten seconds to get back
in there or I'll kill you."
"Dave looked at Taylor's gun and then at

his eyes, and began to wilt. He saw death starin' him in the face. Suddenly he turned and walked in. That was the last of the worst bully of Baxter Springs. He cut the town off his map when he went

spreein'.

"That gave Taylor standin' among the fighters and his reputation spread. Gentlemen handy with their guns began to show up for a whirl with the new marshal of Baxter Springs. Tayl r killed 'em right and left and at the drop of the hat, coolly, calmly, as if drivin' nails in a board never hetraving the least excitement and goin' betraying the least excitement and goin' about the streets and into the dives as if he was the only man in town. He walked into saloons filed with drunken cowboys and always brought out his man He and always brought out his man He seemed to bear a charmed life. He didn't seemed to bear a charmed life. He didn't talk about law and order or bein' respectable and all that; he simply said that he was drawin' his salary and keepin' the peace, and he intended to do it if every coyote on the trail from Baxter Springs to Texas came to town in a bunch.

towns, I often think of Taylor, who was at Baxter Springs, Kas, in the early days," said an old-timer as he shifted his chair and began his story. "In those days Baxter Springs was the jumpin off place. It lay close to the Indian Territory line, beyond which was nothing but cattle and cowboys and hell as far as the Rio Grande. Twice a year the cattle were driven "Did any of you cow punchers ever know Can Rector of Texa." You don't know nuch about the cow business if you didn't much about the cow business if you didn't.
Can Rector counted his money in piles them
days. He used to drive a train load of steers
into Baxter Springs, sell 'em and see how
fast he could spend the money Can was
the meanest cuss when drunk that ever kiyiod in a dance hall. He always carried his hootin' irons, and was known as a killer. He pulled into town with his outfit one day and was soop trying to stampede everything in sight. He got tangled up with a yap in a saloon and shootin' began. Can chased the yap down the street, firing at every jump, but missing all the time. The yap was scared till his teeth rattled. He dedged into a livery, stable before Can could get a head livery stable before Can could get a bead on him and the proprietor sbut him up in a whip closet so small that the fellow could was no small part of the population of Baxter Springs, in spite of the fact that many of them in the course of a year were killed off, chewed up and haidly breathe.
"'Where's the Piute that came

heah?' yelled Can. I'm gwine to kill "He just sailed through and went

"He just sailed through and went out the back way,' said the proprietor, and Can kept goin'.

"Somebody told Can that Taylor would nail him if he kept on cuttin' up, and Can took'it to heart. He said publicly on the street, 'I've got just one job to do before I pull my freight out of this heah town-I'm gwine to kill that marshal of yours. Taylor heard of it. Can was in a saloon with his cowboys, tryin' to push the roof off. Taylor was warned not to go in

as there were too many for him and there would be a killin' in which he would be the dead man. "'Don't you worry about that, said Taylor.' I always believed that Taylor suspected Can was a coward. Anyway, he pushes open the door and walks in. Can was leanin' on the bar,

drinkin' and cussin'. "Hello, Can Rector, I hear that you've been talkin' about killin' me before you left town, says Taylor. "Can straightened out and seein'

Taylor's eyes, stuttered a moment and answered, 'The man that said that, suh, is a damn liah, suh,' "'Well, I didn't know,' replied Taylor, layin' his hand on his gun, 'I just thought I'd call around and see you about it.' Can left town that day, knowin' that he would get killed if he

stayed.
"How did Taylor wind up? Just the same as any man that makes a busi ness of carryin' a gun. Now, I'm not sayin' anything about the lady, but there was a woman in the case somewhere deep down. The affair got to the shootin' stage when Taylor passed a saloon one day and a feller hops out with a double-barrelied gun loaded with buckshot and bangs away at him alose we Kill him? Newer touched a close up. Kill him? Never touched a to run, but Taylor pulls his gun and bored a hole in him as big as an auger. Right there was the beginnin of the end for Taylor.
"None of you fellers ever saw.

pirate, of course, but there was a man livin' at Baxter Springs in them days that looked just like one. His name was Boyd. By the cards gettin' stacked in some way he had been elected mayor. This man Boyd was a fright, He was six feet tall, straight as a cot-tonwood, with a face red as fire from drink. His hair and long droopin' moustache were always dyed blue black. Pushed down into this fiery face were two small blue eyes. He were the finest broadcloth clothes with a frock coat that struck his knees. Around his neck and reaching to his waistcoat pocket was a long gold chain as big as your thumb. All this riggin' was topped off with a tall black slouch hat. Nothin' was known about his antecedents, but he always acted mysterious. His reputation was that he had killed scads of men. Gam-blin' and drinkin' and killin' was his occupation. He carried two or three guns and had a habit of keepin' ha hands in his pockets. The woman's story was whispered around and there was bettin' that there would be a

funeral.
"Boyd nearly killed a man in a fight one day and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest. Taylor was to serve it. Some of us kept our eyes peeled toward where Boyd was sittin in a chair on the sidewalk leanin hack against the front of a store. He had a pet gun, a big iyoryhandled six-shooter, which was generally in sight. Boyd had both hands in his pockets when Taylor walked up. He listened to the readin' of the warrant without makin' a kick and said that he would go along. As Boyd got to his feet Taylor

along. As Boyd got to his feet Taylor said:

"'Sorry, but I'll have to have that gun,' pointing to the six-shooter.

"'Certainly, with pleasure,' answered Boyd, handin' over the weapon.
"Both men were watchin' each other like hawks, Quick as a flash Boyd jerked back his long coat and a pistol went off. He had fired from his trousers' pocket with a derringer. As Taylor fell he pulled his own gun, but death had him and his finger was too weak to press the trigger. That was the end of the only marshal that ever put the brukes on Baxter Springs. What about the woman! Well, that's another story."—N. Y. Sun.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death. One proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride and fear.

BEGINS

Just a chance meeting in the rain and so many things to talk about. That means wet feet and a neglected cold. Then comes the hacking, lingering cough, and the doctor looks serious and talks of pine

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ket to advance. It is not subject to the speculation of the bulls and bears on the board of trade. It is a load that galls and frets and

chafes. It is a burden that the farmer cannot shake off . It is with him morning, noon and

night. It eats with him at the table

It gets under his pillow when he It rides upon his shoulders during the day.

It devours his cattle

fattest steers.
It shares the children's bread, and robs them of half their clothes.

It stoops the toiler's back with its

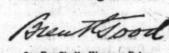
remorseless burden of care. It hardens his hands, benumbs his intellect, prematurely whitens his locks, and oftentimes sends him and his aged wife over the hill to the poor house. It is the inexorable and exacting task-master.

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Fifth Street, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting
brethren heartily welcomed.
J. S. TURNER, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

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Attention, United Workmen A successful year is closing and business of importance requires the unit-ed judgment of the membership of Peninsular Lodge. Therefore, on Fri-day, Oct. 19, every Workman who can possibly attend is expected at his post.

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