POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

My Opera by MRS. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD

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I WENT into the house as any gentleman should. That is, I entered the front door by turning the key in the lock. The key was on the inside, and I was on the outside, but my pinchers took hold well. There seemed to be no bolt nor chain, and doubtless the rooms of the inmates were as securely protected! As far as safety from intrusion was concerned they might as well have been sleeping out in the street.

A neighboring clock struck one as I went into the stately old fashioned drawing room and turned on the light. I felt a little awkward as I removed my shoes and put on my sneakers to find that several ancestors, men and women, were gazing down at my proceedings from their places on the walls. Small squares of white paper were stuck in the frames of these portraits. Upon examining them closely I read "To be kept." Those champagne bottle shoulders of the old gentlemen, those ruffs and stomachers of the old ladies, seemed rather too respectable for my business. Their jewels were not the sort that I coveted, so I proceeded on my way, passed through an open door and stood in what I saw at once was a grand sort of music room. Some one lived in this house who loved and understood music—as I had once—for there was not much in the room besides a grand piano, standing well out on the parquet floor, a few chairs and sofas, a few rugs and behind the piano a "grandfather's" clock.

I saw that on many of the pieces of furniture there were small white squares of paper. Examining these I found written upon them, in a fine hand, "For the auction rooms." I now understood the legend that I had read on the papers stuck into the frames of the old fashioned portraits. Those were to remain, these beautiful old pieces were to go. In the centre of the room was a table. Upon this table lay some letters, a typewritten book, like the book of a play, and a quantity of written music. I proceeded at once to read the letters. I always do. They put you at once in touch with the people of the house, and make things easier. The first was from a person named "Jim"—at least so he signed his screed—saying that he would be back that evening. I wondered if he had come and if he was up stairs safely in bed. The letter began, "Dear Nell," and ended, "Don't sit up for me. Just leave some supper in the dining room." "Husband of the lady up stairs, I suppose," I muttered.

The second letter was addressed to

MISS ELEANOR MARTINDALE.

It was signed by Mr. Sidney Creel, the famous manager. It was a short note, and in it he curtly declined an opera. I looked down at the book and music. So this was the opera! I took up the book. It was entitled

LOVE, THE WIZARD.
An Opera.
Words and Music
by
ELEANOR MARTINDALE.

"Words and music!" exclaimed I. "And by a woman! She has the cheek!"

Then I glanced over the words. To my surprise they read rather well. I looked at the music, I had known something of music before my Uncle James cut me off without the proverbial shilling. "Not so bad," I said, humming over a "Woodland Song" and wishing that I might try it on that magnificent Erard. "Now, with an orchestra"—I raised my eyes. Their gaze took in a table in the further room handsomely spread and Jim's supper, still uneaten, awaiting his coming with appetizing invitation. There were two cold birds, a salad, some Roquefort and a tart, topped off by a bottle of my favorite brown stout.

"A perfectly fairy story," I exclaimed, as I seated myself and made way with Jim's delicious supper.

The popping of the cork made more noise than I intended, though I tried to smother it with a napkin about a yard square. I heard a light step overhead and as instantly I left myself in darkness. Then a door was opened and a musical voice called, "Jim, is that you?" I saw a stream of light flooding the stairs. There was naturally no answer, though I might have replied "Yes," for James is my name. The lady was evidently disappointed, for I fancied that I heard a sigh. Then the light was extinguished, the door above closed and I heard the faint footfall crossing the floor again. I turned on the electric. How incongruous and out of place it seemed in this dignified old mansion, but how much easier it made things for me; no scratching of matches, etc. I now looked about to see what sort of a haul I could make. The silver, great massive pieces, stood as carelessly upon the sideboard as if there had never been a housebreaker born into this wicked, thieving world. Indeed, the fork with which I had eaten Jim's supper had predicted what its weight would be, and I proceeded to gather up pots and pitchers, sugar basins, bowels, fruit dishes and mugs. Then I looked about me again for something in which to carry them away. There is always a sheet or a blanket if you are on the second floor, and now my eye glanced through the door and fell upon the gorgeous piano cover. I had noticed it when I first came in. It was handsome enough and old enough to have been the altar cloth of a Doge of Venice, but nothing was too good for my purpose and I spread it out on the floor of the music room and began to carry my pieces quietly in there and lay them upon it, for they were mine now, both by right of discovery and possession.

I had tied together two opposite corners of the cloth and was tying the other two when I again heard the step overhead. The upper door opened; the darkness vanished, some one was coming down the stairs. The step came nearer, there was a rustle of skirts, light flooded all the rooms and I had just time to put myself and my bundle behind the tall clock when a vision entered. There never was such a vision as that—a sea green robe which matched the light in her eyes, white foamy lace, blonde wavy hair flowing down over her shoulders, a rose blush in her cheeks and on her lips! Whenever I hear the word vision now, that one comes back to me. How still I kept! I scarcely breathed. The clock stood in front of a closed door. There was a lambrequin above it with long curtains at the side. To these I was indebted for the concealment of myself and my iniquitous parcel, but as they did not reach the floor, I was forced to stand there and hold the hateful bundle, for it had begun to be very heavy.

"Jim," called that melodious voice. "Where are you Jim?" She entered the dining room. "He has eaten his supper. Jim, Jim!" But only silence answered her anxious voice. She came back to the music room, and taking up Jim's letter she read it through, and held it down with a lonely sigh. Then she took up Mr. Sidney Creel's short note. She read that through also, then dashed it upon the floor. "Hateful creature!" she exclaimed; "declining my dear, dear opera! Better than so many that are put on—and just because I am unknown. My dear, dear music! Could they only hear you!"

She gathered the written sheets in her arms and carried them to the piano, or I judged so, for I dared not look, she was so near me now. And then she seated herself with her back to me, struck a few chords and began to sing—and how she did sing! Talk of thrushes, larks, mocking birds and nightingales! Why, they never were in it—never! She sang the very heart out of me, and I—notwithstanding that hateful bag and my cramped position—I leaned out and read the music and the words over her shoulder and almost sang with her. But that confounded bundle got heavier and heavier. I thought it would break my arm. I wished it in Jericho a hundred times. I wished I had never touched that wretched silver.

Sometimes I almost forgot myself, my hateful profession, the time, the place, as her voice soared and thrilled and the melody gushed forth. Once I tried to shift my plunder from one hand to the other. There was a slight sound. She stopped suddenly, and called "Jim, is that you, Jim?" but again there was grim silence, and again she sang.

"That opera will go on the boards," said I, "and mighty soon."

Suddenly there was a tremendous peal of the front door bell. She started, arose and flew through the rooms with the delighted cry of "Jim! oh Jim!" The front door was opened. I heard a voice, a rather thick and husky voice, saying: "It is not your brother, Miss Martindale; it's me!" A disappointed "oh!" followed this announcement. I put down my bag and followed as far as I dared. "Oh! it's only you," I heard, in what seemed to me a disgusted tone. "I saw a light up stairs (hiccough), and I found the door open, and I thought I'd stop and leave this telegram."

"A telegram, and for me, Mr. Craft, and at this time of night?" At that moment the neighboring clock boomed the hour of two. "Lemme come in and I'll tell you all 'bout it." "No, no, Mr. Craft, it is too late. Tell me at once, please, how you got my telegram." She had torn it open. "It's from my brother," she announced mournfully. "He won't be home until Thursday night." "I was at the office just as they were clo-closin' up. They said it was too late to send away up here and I of (hiccough)—offered to bring it." "And that was?" "At eight o'clock." "So you have kept my telegram for six hours?" "Well, Miss El'nor, I started to come, 'pon honor I did, but I got into a little game, and"—— "Very well, no matter. Thank you. Good night." I could hear her trying to push to the door. "Not so fas', young lady. As you're alone, I may as well come in; help you pass pleasant evening." The brute got no further. He was lying in the gutter muttering drunkenly, and I had closed the door, shutting myself on the outside. I heard a sort of stifled gasp from within. "Lock the door, Miss Martindale," I called, "and be so good as to throw my shoes out of the window." "Your shoes?" I heard her astonished tones. "Oh, yes; here they are!" and then I went and stood under the drawing room window. Presently I heard it opened—my shoes fell upon the grass. I picked them up and under shadow of the balcony I exchanged them for my sneakers.

"Who are you, dear, good man?" cried the girl. "Don't go away—tell me who you are? How can I thank you?" "I am your slave," I cried, "now and always. I shall not go far away until daylight. Go into the music room and look behind the clock. No; wait a moment. Listen! When Mr. Sidney Creel accepts your opera be sure and see your lawyer; fix a time limit and a forfeit." "But I don't know what that means," said Miss Martindale, leaning out of the window, her rippling hair almost touching me where I stood. "But your lawyer will"—

"But Mr. Creel will not accept it."

"He will," said I.

"How can I believe you? Did he send you?"

"No," said I.

"Who are you—what are you?" she cried.

I drew nearer the window.

"Don't be frightened," I said. "I am—now, don't be frightened. I am a burglar."

She burst into a merry laugh.

"You are not a burglar—a gentleman, masquerading, perhaps."

"I wish to God I were," said I. "No; I am what I told you—just a burglar."

She looked at me in astonishment, into which misery welled up and mingled.

"A burglar!" she said. "A burglar! I never saw a burglar before. But you have good eyes. Come back, Mr. Burglar. Come back to a good life. Be honest, be"— I shook my head.

"I am honest, as you will find, but there is no return for me. I am in that outer place where there is weeping and wailing and"—

"What can I do for you for ridding me of that—that"—

"This," said I, "may I?" and I touched reverently the blond tress that lay across

"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED," I SAID "I AM —— NOW DON'T BE FRIGHTENED—I AM A BURGLAR"

my lips, for in the presence of a good woman even such as we get back somewhere near to what we used to be. I had my knife open.

"All of it! All of it!" she cried hysterically!

I took the pale shining mesh between my fingers and cut off this little lock, and then with my arm across my eyes I turned away, following Craft, who was staggering along the street. He turned in at a house a block away, and I stood looking back at a spot where a light streamed out across the pavement. When I heard her close the blind I stood there still, and whn the dawn came I went away to what for want of a better name I call home.

The next evening I was due at Mr. Sidney Creel's, and as I picked the lock of his safe and took out Mrs. Sidney Creel's magnificent tiara of emeralds and diamonds and the splendid necklace that matched it I laughed as I thought of the owner of the jewels, but sighed as I remembered Miss Martindale. With the gorgeous gold pen which lay upon a nearby desk I wrote a note to Mr. Sidney Creel. I printed it, because though handwriting experts as well as detectives, do sometimes die, others are born. My note ran as follows:

"Sir,—You cannot afford to lose these magnificent jewels which I have taken, neither can the author and composer of 'Love the Wizard' afford not to have that opera produced. When that opera is produced as well as you know how to produce it, and when the composer has received from you as good terms as any other composer receives, you will find these jewels intact in your safe. The opera is a good one; I have heard it; it will repay your outlay. The composer does not know me, and if the subject of my request is mentioned to a living soul, or that the theft of the jewels is connected with the production of the opera, you will never see these splendid stones again. The sooner you make the offer the sooner you will get back the jewels.

"Faithfully yours,

"AN HONEST BURGLAR."

This note I deposited in the safe and in the box from which I had taken the ornaments. I wondered how soon the Creel family would discover the theft. As good luck would have it, it was almost at once. I knew that a "manager's benefit" was coming off the next evening, and that Mrs. Creel would wish to appear resplendent and would probably wish to take out her tiara and necklace early in the day, so I waited about the Martindale homestead to watch for developments, and when I saw Mr. Sidney Creel himself enter that door whose threshold I had passed the last night but one I was certain that he had received my note and that it had made the intended impression. He had got into the house no easier than I did, and I am certain he did not enjoy his call as much as I did mine. Soon I heard Miss Martindale's clear notes soaring like the lark's. She was singing the opera for him. On that very evening I was secretly again behind the clock in the music room when Jim really did arrive, and I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Martindale recount to her brother the story of Thursday night's adventures and heard him threaten to "lick Craft within an inch of his life." I heard her describe Mr. Creel's visit and offer for the opera, which he had but just refused, and I heard her describe me. "He has had something to do with it, Jim," she said. "He was really charming—and oh! Jim, under circumstances—" She stopped and sighed. "You see I have taken the labels off the furniture," she continued.

"How lucky! How lucky, Nell!" Then, "Uncle James refused me the money, Nell." I nearly shouted, "They always do." But instead of that I slipped quietly away into outer darkness.

Three months later I attended the first night's performance of "Love the Wizard." I always call it "my opera"—just to myself. It doesn't do any one any harm. What a success this lovely opera made it is not necessary for me to relate here. All the world knows it, and also how the second opera by the same clever author, entitled "The Rape of the Lock," was even a greater success than the preceding one. From my humble seat in the parquet I saw Miss Martindale receiving the congratulations of every one in her box. Even those of Mrs. Sidney Creel—who was not yet as resplendent as of old, for the jewels had not yet found their way back into the safe, though within a few nights the expressman delivered the expected parcel at the door. It was sent from a neighboring town. I hardly cared to trust myself so soon again within the residence of Mrs. Sidney Creel. For me, I go on with my profession—what else have I? But sometimes I wish I were a better man. 'Tis then that I realize all that I have lost, and it is at such times that I take out a little silver heart, and, opening it, I gaze on the blond lock of hair—to which perhaps I ought not press my lips.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURE GIVEN

Rev. Arthur R. Vosburgh in the Opera House Sunday--Spoke on the Idealism of Jesus.

An address by Rev. Arthur R. Vosburgh, C. S. B., a member of the board of lectureship of the first Church of Christ, Scientist, of Boston, was given in the Opera House Sunday before a fair sized audience. The subject was the Idealism of Jesus. David Magee presided and briefly introduced the lecturer. He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—The speaker of the evening will talk to you about Christian Science and tell you some few of the good things connected with this faith. I say some few because in the limited time at his disposal he can do no more than merely touch on a few points. The physical healing connected with their doctrine is the most attractive feature to most people and it is through this medium that most of the adherents of the faith become identified with it; but there are other features still more attractive when once the interest is aroused. The principle of Christian Science is the limitless power of God and is adequate for every human need and is available for us as far as we understand it.

We have divine authority for this claim in the assurance of the Master, "He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also." This promise stands for just as much at the present time as it did then. It is just as capable of fulfilment now as then if we conform to the conditions and we can prove this in the measure of our understanding.

Christian Scientists have proved this great truth for themselves on many occasions and there is not a day in our lives that we do not thank God we have been brought into its light.

On behalf of First Church of Christ Scientist in St. John I have pleasure in introducing to you the Rev. Arthur R. Vosburgh, C. S. B., of Rochester (N. Y.), a member of the Christian Science board of lectureship of the First Church of Christ Scientist in Boston (Mass.)

Mr. Vosburgh, in its opening remarks, spoke of Christian Science having long passed the stage of what was called a Boston fad and referred to its having grown among all classes. He attributed this to the human need for a religion that would appeal to those in sorrow, sickness or pain.

Taking up his subject "The Idealism of Jesus," he said in part:

Jesus presented the ideal which all recognize as the common Christian standard. It was inculcated in His teaching, and exemplified in His life. No one questions its height and beauty; the only question that arises is as to its present adaptability.

The Christ ideal is presented by Jesus as a three-fold one; an ideal of character, an ideal of conduct, and an ideal of achievement; an ideal of character which accredited the Master when he declared Himself to be the "Son of God;" an ideal of conduct that was nothing less than a blameless perfect life; an ideal of achievement that can only be explained on the understanding that there were limitless divine resources at His command.

This threefold ideal is plainly set forth by the New Testament, as the standard for the Christian, that man in His likeness is God's child. Jesus taught this when he taught us to pray, "Our Father." He demanded of his followers the same standard of conduct with Himself, when He enjoined them "to be perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," and that they should do the same works that He Himself did is attested when he promised "He that believeth on Me the works that I do, shall He do also." Scriptural statements in support of these things might be quoted without limit.

These passages that we have noted, and these scriptural statements that we have quoted, are not brought to support the teachings of Christian Science. They are simply noted to call attention to what is the common Christian standard; that it is expected and required of the followers of the Master that they shall recognize and rise into and require the same ideal of character, and conduct, and achievement, that was exemplified in the Master's own character and career.

If Jesus came endowed with powers and gifts vested in Him personally and alone, if for a little while and for a special purpose, He bestowed these upon His followers, and afterwards they were withdrawn; if in other words, as we have sometimes been told, "that was an age of miracles and the age of miracles is past," then all the Scriptural teaching along these lines does not mean what it seems to say, and the Bible holds many a promise "made to the ear to be broken to the hope."

But Jesus distinctly said His works were done in fulfillment of the law. He came "not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it." Then, since law is perpetual it only remains for His followers to enter into an understanding of the law in order to avail themselves of its resources. Christian Scientists have accepted this doctrine because they have found in it the interpretation and demonstration of the divine law, the law which Paul calls, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," which, he says, "Has made me free from the law of sin and death."

Every movement that has been for the world's betterment, has had its appropriate leader. Peculiarly has it been that any spiritual movement, that has marked in any way an epoch in the world's religious history has been directed by some divinely endowed leader. There has always been some Moses or Samuel, or David, some Paul, or Luther or Wesley, to go before, and lead forth the people of God. Then when such a movement as Christian Science should come into the world, it was of necessity that there should be some leader; and because it is inevitable that the knowledge which is divine power should come in gentleness, and beauty and purity and light, it is in the native order of the divine fitness of things that the one who should lead the way in Christian Science should be a woman.

Christian Science has discovered and demonstrated that evil is the result of wrong thinking; and that freedom from evil can and will come, only by learning to do, and doing the thinking that is right. In the phrase of Shakespeare, "There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," and in the statement of the Scripture, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." What kind of thinking is it then that Christian Science has in hope and view? What kind of thinking shall it be that will hold a promise of solving the problem of evil and regenerating mankind?

Let us first say, what kind of thinking it is not. It is not such an education or development of the human mind as will evolve hitherto unknown resources from this mind. It is not an evolution or development of the human will; on the contrary it teaches that all reliance upon the human will must be superseded by a supreme dependence upon the divine will.

It is not a kind of thinking that works by hypnotic suggestion or mesmeric control; it has not in it one element of animal magnetism, but is the polar of all these things. What kind of thinking then is it? It is a thinking that reaches up and lays hold of divine resources outside of ourselves. It is a thinking that will "let this mind be in use which was also in Christ Jesus," and will let this mind work through us the works it wrought through Him. It is the power of God manifested through the spiritual man.

As people come to understand what Christian Science really holds and teaches, a large portion of the opposition of its earlier history is passing away. Wherever man and women come to learn what it really teaches they are today ready, frankly and cordially to acknowledge that much that it teaches is both beautiful and true. There is just one objection that constantly remains, and that is that Christian Science goes too far! Christian Scientists go too far!

Now this is an old and time worn objection, and is threadbare with use. It has always greeted everyone who has brought to the world any idea that should mark one distinct march in the world's progress. It greeted our Master. It has greeted the men who have brought the practical inventions that conduce to everyone's comfort and wellfare today.

In pursuing this line of light, there are needed just two books. First and foremost is always the Bible. Alongside of the Bible, we take another book, the Christian Science text book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Any Weakness in Your Back?

Sometimes you experience pain and weakness without much suffering. Later on the pain will surely come. The trouble can be stopped now by rubbing on Nerviline—rub it in deeply over the spine, and then put on a Nerviline Porous Plaster. In these remedies you will find wonderful and quick relief. They will spare you from an attack of Lumbago which is the outcome of neglected pain in the back or side. For all muscular pains, strains, and weakness, Polson's Nerviline and Nerviline Plasters have no equal. Refuse substitutes.

DECEMBER FERRY BUSINESS A RECORD

More Than 184,000 People Crossed Harbor—Year's Travel Shows Decrease.

More than 184,000 people crossed the harbor on the ferry steamer Ludlow during the month of December, making the heaviest month's travel in the history of the ferry service. This was probably to a great extent due to the mild weather which has prevailed during the month.

While December and some other months have shown a marked increase over previous years, other months have shown decrease, and it is understood that the totals for the year 1907 will be in the vicinity of 20,000 less than 1906, due principally to street railroad competition and unfavorable weather conditions during the year.

A COMPLEX SITUATION.

(St. Louis Star).

Michael Callahan, a section boss for the Southern railroad in the little town of Ludlow (Ky.), has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the railroad tracks, he found a section hand placidly sleeping beside the rails. Callahan looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked:

"Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."

J. E. Hunter, section boss of a railroad, while working recently near the edge of H. W. Smith's woods at Enfield, found several dandelions about ready to blossom.

Thirty-five Deaths from a Razor

A physician in Chicago states that thirty-five deaths have resulted from paring corns with a razor. Avoid poisoning by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. Purely vegetable. Painless and sure is Putnam's.

PROBATE COURT

Wills of W. S. Barker and G. G. Boyne Probated.

Owing to the nature of the business of the late W. S. Barker, it was necessary that his will be probated as speedily as possible and it was admitted Tuesday before Acting Judge C. J. Milligan, letters testamentary being granted to Chas. E. Macmichael and Clarence H. Ferguson, the executors named in the will.

The estate values at $2,000 real and $6,000 personal property.

Bequests were made as follows:—To Eliza B. Young, niece, and George B. McLeod, Harry M. McLeod and Guy H. McLeod, nephews of deceased, $200 each; Lizzie G. Barker, Marion L. Barker, nieces and George F. Barker, nephew of deceased, $100 each; also $100 each to Ella Tomilson, housekeeper; the St. John Horticultural Society and the Home for Incurables.

The balance of the real estate, the income of which is to be handed by the trustees to Helen Louise Barker, deceased's sister, during her lifetime and at her death the trust funds are to be divided into four equal parts among Eliza B. Young and the late Mr. Barker's three nephews, George B, Harry M., and Guy H. McLeod.

The will authorizes the trustees to carry on the business for two years, or to sell at any time, Clarence H. Ferguson is proctor.

The will of the late G. Gordon Boyne was also admitted to probate and letters testamentary granted to W. A. Porter, Arthur G. Boyne and the widow.

The estate which consisted mainly of insurance, values at $4,800 all personal.

Outside of the amount named $3,900 insurance went direct to the widow.

The will showed bequests as follows:—To deceased's widow, $1100; Arthur G. Boyne, son of deceased, $500; Aubrey, an adopted son, $500; the Masonic Relief Board, $50; Diocesan charities, $50; S. P. C. A. $50; Mission Church of St. John Baptist, $100; Mrs. Mary Ann Boyne, $50; Mrs. Mabel Horton, $50; M. Boyne, $50; Hattie Boyne, $50; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, $50; Home for Incurables, $50; Home for Aged Females, $50.

All household furniture and effects are left to deceased's widow. W. Watson Allen is proctor.

FRENCH MARRIED LIFE.

(London Spectator.)

The high average of reasonably happy marriages in France, where marriage is mostly a family arrangement, is not so inexplicable as we might think. One thing, we suppose, the foreigner will never be able to explain, and that is how the French girl passes from her obscure and untried existence before marriage to the wisdom and self-possession of the young French married woman, who seems to wield the experience of all the ages. The adaptability of French women is beyond praise, as it is beyond explanation.

$26,000,000 FOR PAPER WOOD

Enormous Consumption of Pulp Mills--Increased Cost of Printing Paper.

(N. Y. Post).

A circular of the Forest Service says, speaking of the general complaint among publishers that printing paper is constantly growing dearer:

In the face of a threatened shortage of timber, the amount of wood consumed each year for pulp has increased since 1899 from 2,000,000 to 3,500,000 cords. The year 1906 marked an increase of 93,000 cords in the imports of pulp wood, the highest average value per cord for all kinds, and a consumption greater by 469,053 cords than that of any previous year. Spruce, the wood from which in 1899 three-fourths of the pulp was manufactured, is still the leading wood, but it now produces a little less than 70 per cent of the total. Since 1899 poplar, which for years was used in connection with spruce to the exclusion of all other paper woods, has increased in total quantity less than 100,000 cords, and is now outranked by hemlock. Pine, balsam, and cottonwood are used in much smaller amounts.

New York alone consumes each year over a million and a quarter cords of wood in the manufacture of pulp, or more than twice as much as Maine, which ranks next. Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and Michigan follow in the order given. Sixty per cent of the wood used in New York was imported from elsewhere, and even so the supply appears to be waning, since the total consumption for the state shows a small decrease since 1905, whereas the other states named have all increased their consumption. Other states important in the production of pulp are: Massachusetts, Minnesota, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, and West Virginia.

The average cost of pulp delivered at the mill was $7.21. The total value of the wood consumed in 1906 was $26,400,000. The chief item determining the price of paper is the cost of pulp. An example of the increased price of paper is found in the case of a publisher of a daily in the Middle West, who recently paid $1,200 for a carload of paper. The same quantity and grade of paper cost a year ago but $800.

All importations of wood for pulp are from Canada, and comprised, in 1906, 739,000 cords, nearly all of which was spruce. Four and a half million dollars' worth of pulp was imported in 1906, a slight falling off from 1905.

BAD MANNERED COW.

(Woman's Home Companion.)

Down on a Southern plantation the dairy hands were accustomed to do the milking squatting down in a primitive fashion, until the owner introduced milking stools, with other improvements. But the initial experiment with the innovation was not exactly a success. The darky who first sallied forth with the stool returned bruised and battered, and with an empty pail.

"Ah done ma best, sah," he exclaimed. "Dah stool looked all right ter me, but de blamed cow she won't sit on it!"

Eminent Physician Explains Cause of Gout, Rheumatism, Etc.

"The real cause of gout is due to the excessive use of certain articles of food and drink, which in time leads to a disturbance of the functions of the liver. As a result harmful products such as uric acid are thrown into the blood, causing the condition known as gout.

"Consequently it follows that, having proper diet and maintaining liver activity, a cure can be effected.

Probably no physician has achieved such success in liver diseases as Dr. Hamilton. His pills of Mandrake and Butternut are everywhere acknowledged to be a specific for slow, weak or sluggish liver; they give tone and vitality to this organ that enables it to perform its duties with ease and certainty.

Once the liver is corrected, Dr. Hamilton's Pills apply their peculiar merit to the kidneys and eliminating organs. This cleanses the blood and sends it back through the system, full of nourishment and strength.

Rheumatic tendencies are no longer noticed, for pure blood kills the poison that causes rheumatic aches.

Dull, aching twinges, stiff joints, all difficulty of exertion become things of the past.

Of course by rheumatism such complaints as sciatica, lumbago and neuralgia must be included, for after all, what are they but manifestations of rheumatic poison?

Thus it is easily seen that a world of good is accomplished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Acting as a blood renovator and a general tonic for the system their benefit is incalcuable. 25c. per box or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers, and be sure you get the genuine Dr. Hamilton's Pills.